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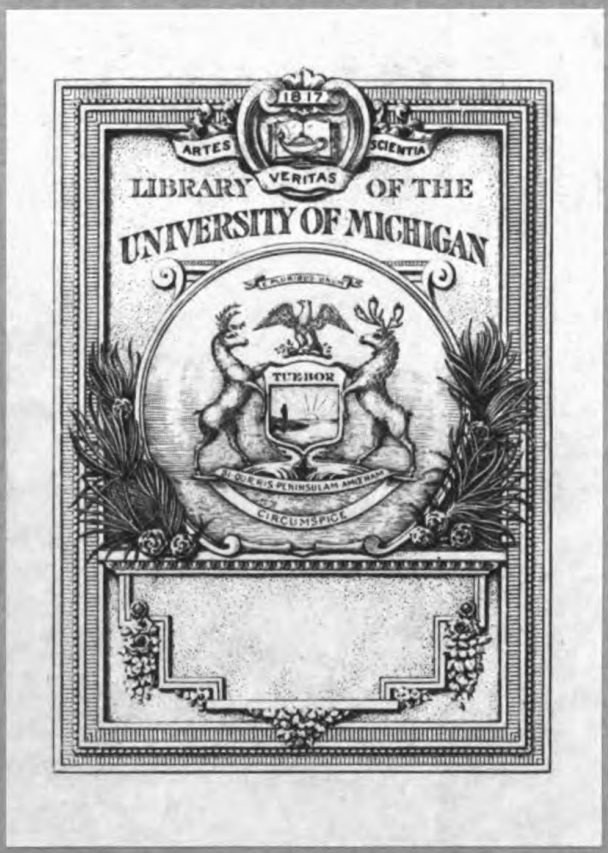
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HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME LXVIII.

DECEMBER, 1883, TO MAY, 1884.

2

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
327 to 335 PEARL STREET,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.
1884.

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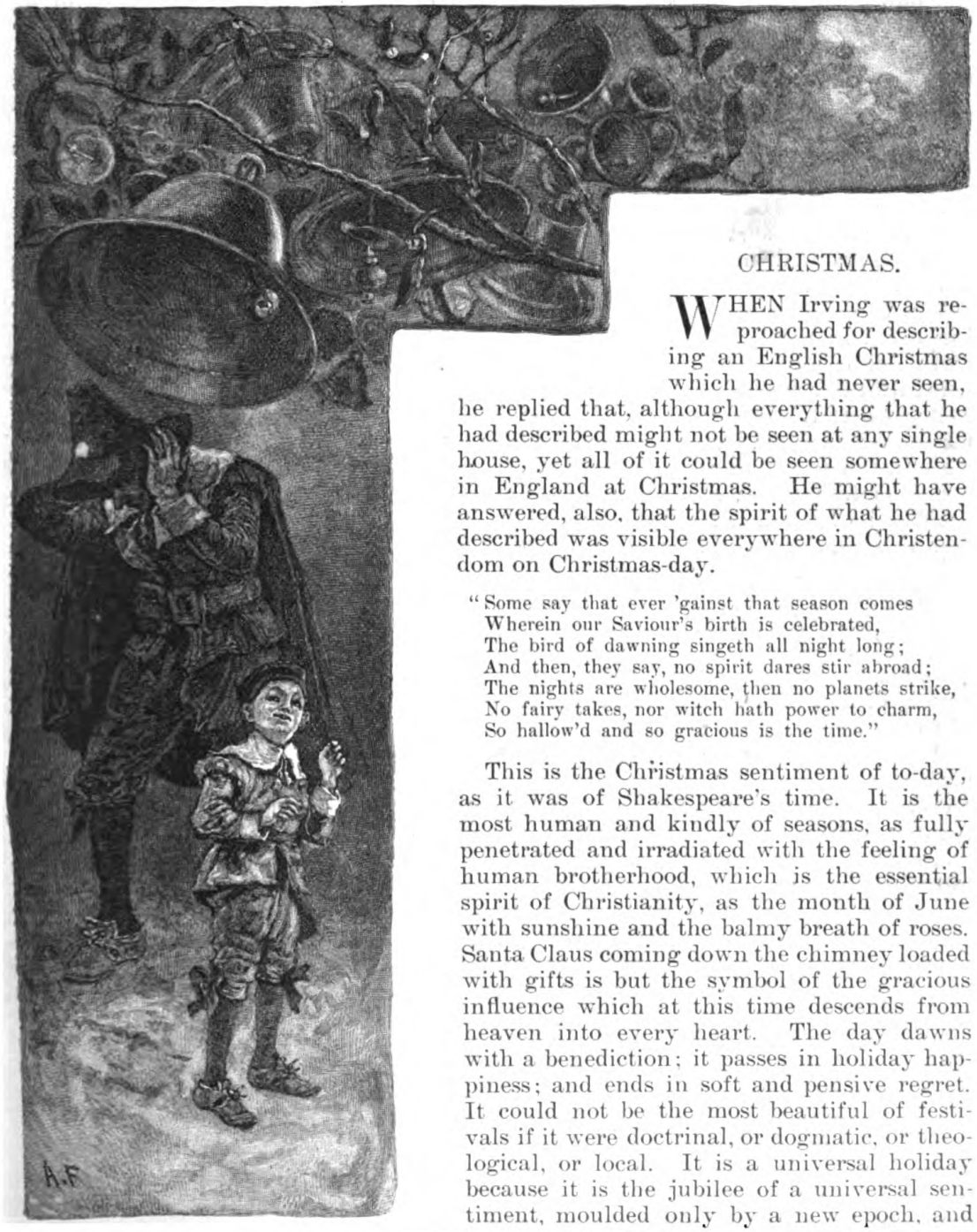
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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCIII.—DECEMBER, 1883.—Vol. LXVIII.



CHRISTMAS.

WHEN Irving was reproached for describing an English Christmas which he had never seen, he replied that, although everything that he had described might not be seen at any single house, yet all of it could be seen somewhere in England at Christmas. He might have answered, also, that the spirit of what he had described was visible everywhere in Christendom on Christmas-day.

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

This is the Christmas sentiment of to-day, as it was of Shakespeare's time. It is the most human and kindly of seasons, as fully penetrated and irradiated with the feeling of human brotherhood, which is the essential spirit of Christianity, as the month of June with sunshine and the balmy breath of roses. Santa Claus coming down the chimney loaded with gifts is but the symbol of the gracious influence which at this time descends from heaven into every heart. The day dawns with a benediction; it passes in holiday happiness; and ends in soft and pensive regret. It could not be the most beautiful of festivals if it were doctrinal, or dogmatic, or theological, or local. It is a universal holiday because it is the jubilee of a universal sentiment, moulded only by a new epoch, and

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subtly adapted to newer forms of the old faith.

Christmas looks out at us from the dim shadow of the groves of the Druids who knew not Christ, and it is dear to those who now renounce the name of Christian. The Christmas log, which Herrick exhorts his merrie, merrie boys to bring with a noise to the firing, is but the Saxon Yule-log burning on the English hearth, and the blazing holiday temples of Saturn shine again in the illuminated Christian churches. It is the pagan mistletoe under which the Christian youth kisses the Christian maid. It is the holly of the old Roman Saturnalia which decorates Bracebridge Hall on Christmas-eve. The huge smoking baron of beef, the flowing oceans of ale, are but the survivals of the tremendous eating and drinking of the Scandinavian Walhalla.

The Christian and ante-Christian feeling blend in the happy season, and the Christian observance mingles at every point with the pagan rite. It is not easy to say where the paganism ends and the Christianity begins. The carols and the wassail, the prayers and the games, the generous hospitality, Hobby-Horse and the Lord of Misrule, Maid Marian and Santa Claus, are a curious medley of the old and the new. As the religious thought of all ages and countries, when it reaches a certain elevation, flows into an expression which makes the Scriptures of the most divergent nations harmonious, the history of this happy festival is evidence of the common humanity of the earlier and later races; and the stranger in Bracebridge Hall, musing by the glowing hearth on Christmas-eve, as he watches the romping revelry beneath the glistening berries, and listens to the waits carolling outside in the moonlight, or as he is wakened on Christmas morning by the hushed patter of children's feet in the passage, and the shy music of children's voices at his door, may well seem to hear a more celestial strain, and to catch a deeper meaning in the words, "Before Abraham was, I am."

The English Christmas tradition makes good cheer the glory of the day. Forty years ago, when Leech was beginning his career, Kenny Meadows was the "character artist" of the *Illustrated London News*, and its chief holiday pictures were drawn by him. They were all scenes of eating and drinking, of games and jollity. They were full of bottles and smoking bowls, of roast beef and plum-pudding and mince-pie, of burning brandy and kissing under the mistletoe. "Old Christmas" was represented as a flowing-bearded satyr crowned with ivy and pouring huge flagons of wine, or as a rollicking boon companion stretching out one hand to the spectator over decanters and jugs and glasses, while the other holds an open tankard. The typical faces of the Christmas figures were those of the rubicund middle-class John Bull, and his hearty daughter gayly resisting the efforts of the young soldier—Irving's Julia and the Captain—to draw her under the permissive bough; or of the buxom chambermaid and greedy children in a frenzy of delight over the smoking plum-pudding. Christmas, according to these delectable pictures, was all guzzling and gobbling, love-making and other blindman's-buff; and as the reader of to-day looks with amused curiosity at these holiday sketches of yesterday, he too, like the stranger by the fire in Bracebridge Hall, through all the fun and the feasting, hears the music of the old Christmas song:

"'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year."

This is the spirit of Dickens's Christmas, and of Thackeray's, and, in a great degree, of Irving's, touched in all of them by the modern humanitarian sentiment. It is the traditional English Christmas, when no man should go hungry. For there is no joy upon an empty stomach—except, indeed, the thin ecstasy of the starving saints in old pictures, and they were already dehumanized. This is a Christian truth which asceticism has forgotten. To identify squalor, emaciation, and denial of all human delights with especial sanctity was to degrade the rich and generous religious spirit which taught that all the world is for man's benefit and pleasure. It was George Herbert of whom Richard Baxter said that he sang as one whose business in this world was most with God, and whose beautiful lines,

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,"

are as fresh as when they were written, who also said,

"For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heavens move, and fountains flow:

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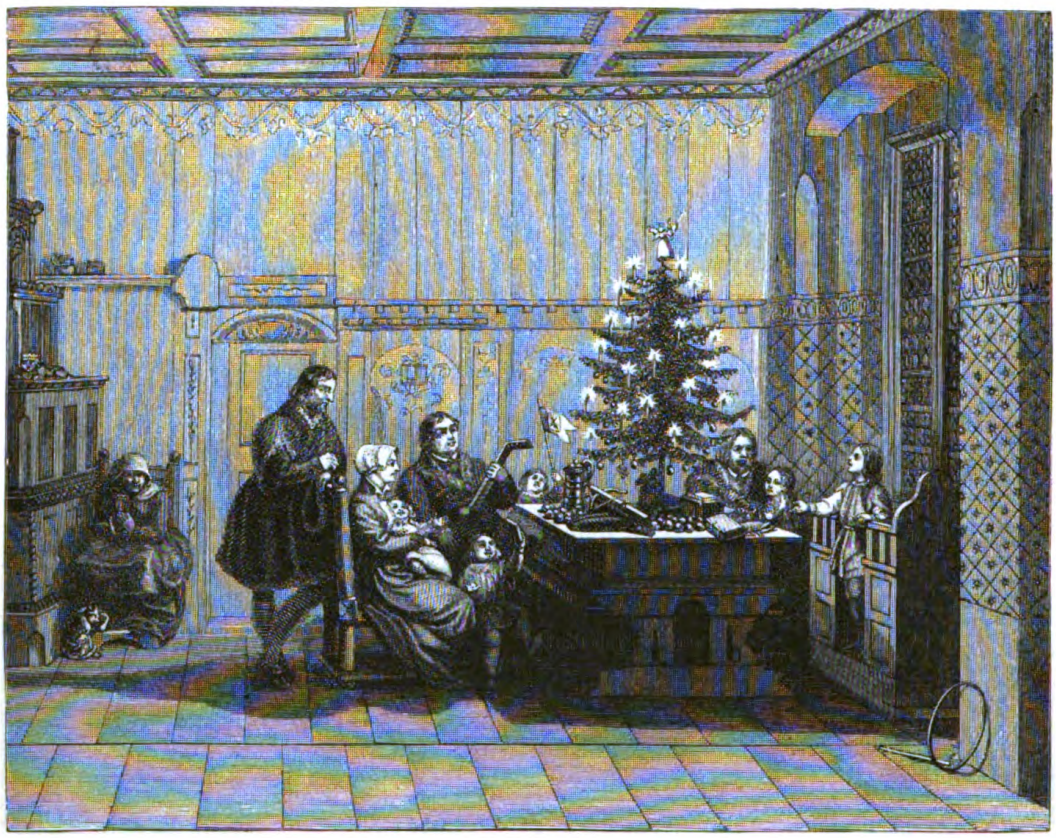
THE CHRISTMAS WAITS AT BRACEBRIDGE HALL.

Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure."

Christianity does not decline any wholesome use or beauty of the world, and it would be a sorry preacher in the church embowered and scented with Christmas greens who did not hold that Christmas good cheer contemplates body as well as soul.

But, despite the ancient and generous English tradition, mince-pie and the mistletoe, the sacred rite and all the pretty

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MARTIN LUTHER AND HIS FAMILY ON CHRISTMAS-EVE.

pagan train, were assaulted in the house of their friends. The Puritans, who broke the crucifix as an idolatrous symbol, and cut down the pictures of the saints as wicked vanity, also waged war with Snapdragon, and frowned on Santa Claus as Antichrist. And this was not surprising. To reverse Paine's metaphor, they had felt too sorely the ravening beak of the bird to admire, or even to tolerate, its glossy plumage. Ritualistic decorations and delights, the pomp and splendor of holy-days, the gorgeous vestment and the marriage ring, were not only reliques of popery, but their retention was a sign of the fond cleaving of the Church of England to the hideous abominations of the scarlet woman of Rome. Even Wyclif, more than two hundred years before the Puritan exodus from England, had protested against ecclesiastical ceremonies and festival days: they were but gauds of the flesh, and spiritual snares. And Luther, coming later, saw them all embodied in the magnificent Leo, lapped in the luxury of the Vatican, a triple-crowned monarch, whose kingdom was too plainly of this world.

But Luther's hearty and affluent nature sympathized with the joyousness of the Christian spirit which did not scorn the flowers of the field, and found Solomon less royally arrayed than the wild rose and the lily. None of the traditional external characteristics of the Puritan are associated with Luther. He attacks the common enemy not with austere severity, but with cheerful vigor. His healthy soul was resolved, with Charles Wesley, that the devil should not have all the good tunes. The sunshine with which God bathed the world should shine into his heart and be reflected in his life. And he who began the continuous organized movement of Protestantism remains to this day the most comprehensive and satisfactory type of its spirit—a purifying and elevating but not ascetic force, rich in all human sympathies and affections as in all divine aspirations; a lover of children and of sweet and simple pleasures, of flowers and harmless sport; whose

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MERRY CHRISTMAS.—FROM THE PICTURE BY KENNY MEADOWS.

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voice rings down to us through the four centuries since his birth which this year completes, now in hearty laughter at a merry jest, now in the soft strain of a sacred song. Luther's name is the synonym of jubilant strength, of cheery health, of unquailing courage. The pioneer of the spiritual emancipation of the modern world, his simple and child-like but resistless faith and energy, like Goldsmith's village pastor,

"Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

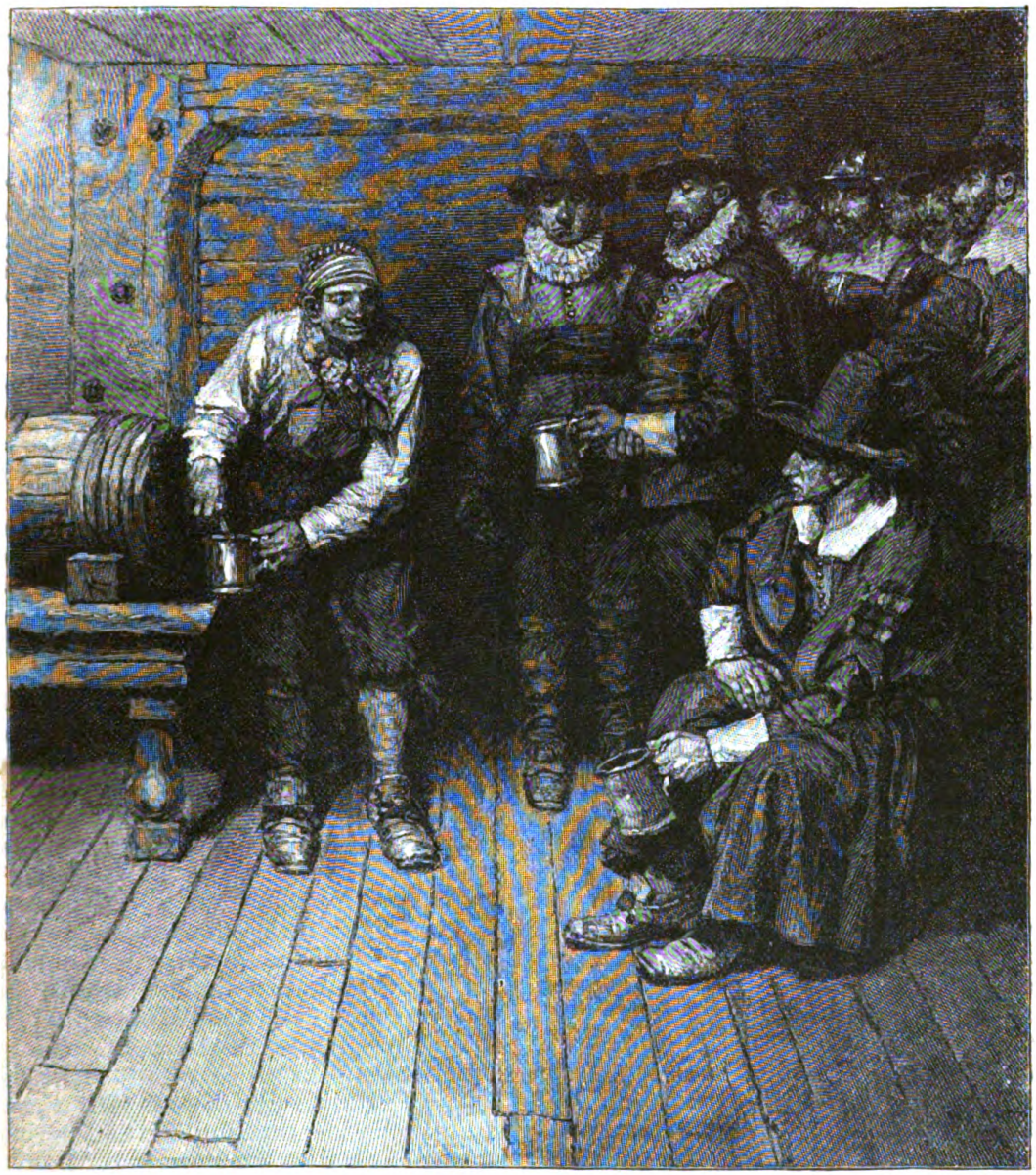
Luther's protest was not against the frescoed galleries and the fountained gardens of the Vatican, not against the mistletoe and the kissing under it, nor the minstrels on Christmas-eve and the children's happiness; not against Christmas, but the abuse of Christmas; not against pictures, but the worship of pictures; not against statues, but against idols. One of the most significant and characteristic pictures of him represents him sitting on Christmas-eve at the family table, with his wife, the beautiful Catharine Bora, at his side, holding her infant, while the other children stand delighted around him. The old mother sits by the great German stove, and two of his friends are with him. Luther himself holds his lute, and his hands are playing with the strings. But he, and his wife and mother, and all the children, and the guests, are looking happily upon the Christmas tree that stands upon the table, glittering with lights above the gifts which are profusely heaped around it. And—what is this?—a huge tankard stands before Father Luther amidst fruit and bread. The blessing of domestic peace and joy rests upon the scene. Yet that is the sturdy aspect which all the devils, were they as many as the tiles upon the roofs, could not daunt nor dismay. That is the steady hand which burned the bull of Rome, defying death here and hereafter, and which hurled the inkstand at the mocking fiend. O stout heart, clear brain, indomitable will, that lifted the world out of the deepening rut and sent it swiftly forward on a smoother way!

Christmas did not fear or fly Martin Luther. It was not his cordial humanity, but the ascetic severity of Calvin, which marked the later Puritan movement. This was not surprising, for every such movement constantly tends to the most radical form. The ceremonies and festival days which Wyclif denounced smacked of the ecclesiastical tyranny, splendid and plausible, under whose smooth touch all dissent felt the lacerating claw. Two centuries after Wyclif, his spiritual children, a body of English Puritans, separated from the English Church, "seeing they could not have the Word freely preached and the sacraments administered without idolatrous gear." Saints' days, and Christmas with all its rejoicings, were part of this gear. The unbending reformers were resolved to part from it all. Heroic and devoted, bearing the fine gold of religious and civil liberty in the rugged ore, and as curiously careful of the dross as of the gold, they departed from the country as well as from the Church, and from the continent as well as from the country.

There is something singularly harmonious in the story of their final expatriation. In the bleak winter they reached the strange and savage coast. The severity of the icy shore welcomed with grim fitness the severe iconoclasts from whose religion sweet graces and kindly delights and suggestive rites were rigorously banished, like the singing-birds and bright flowers from the desolate sands of Cape Cod. By the irony of fate they arrived at the very time of the generous and humane holiday, as if an opportunity were given them to begin their settlement by symbolic disregard of the chief feast of the Church against which their voluntary exile was the sternest of protests. Deciding at last where to plant their settlement, they began to provide timber. Sunday dawned upon their toil, and although they had no shelter upon the land, there must be no stroke of work upon the Lord's day. The next day, Monday, they were ready to begin their first house. It was Christmas, indeed; but what was Christmas? Had Christ or His apostles made it a holy-day? It was a survival of the old pagan Saturnalia which they had contemned in Holland, and the New World they would keep virgin from its roistering touch.

In this spirit Bradford, the contemporary historian, who with Edward Winslow had been "the forwardest" youth at Leyden, to whom the sacred secret of the proposed migration to America had been divulged, records, careful not so much as to mention the holiday, "The 25th day began to erect the first house for common use to receive them and their goods." Mourt, more in detail, says, "Munday, the 25. day,

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"THE MASTER CAUSED VS TO HAUE SOME BEERE."

we went on shore, some to fell tymber, some to saw, some to rive, and some to carry; so no man rested all that day." "They were as cheerfully employed in building their first house for common use," says Hubbard, "as their friends elsewhere about their cheer according to the custom of the day." All other Christians in the world that day stayed their hands, but the Pilgrims, in stern and silent protest, did not rest. Mourt continues—and upon his page, enlarging Bradford's description, the very name of the holiday has a cheerful look and a pleasant music: "Munday the 25. being Christmas-day, we began to drinke water aboord, but at night the master caused vs to haue some Beere."

This is the first and only touch of English Christmas in the story of that day. How the little passage lights up the sombre narrative! Imagination at once accepts the master, "caled Mr. Joans," as the one worldly soul among the grim saints who had a kindly weakness for the generous traditions of the day, and that it might not pass wholly unobserved he "caused vs to haue some Beere" at evening. It is true that the supply with which

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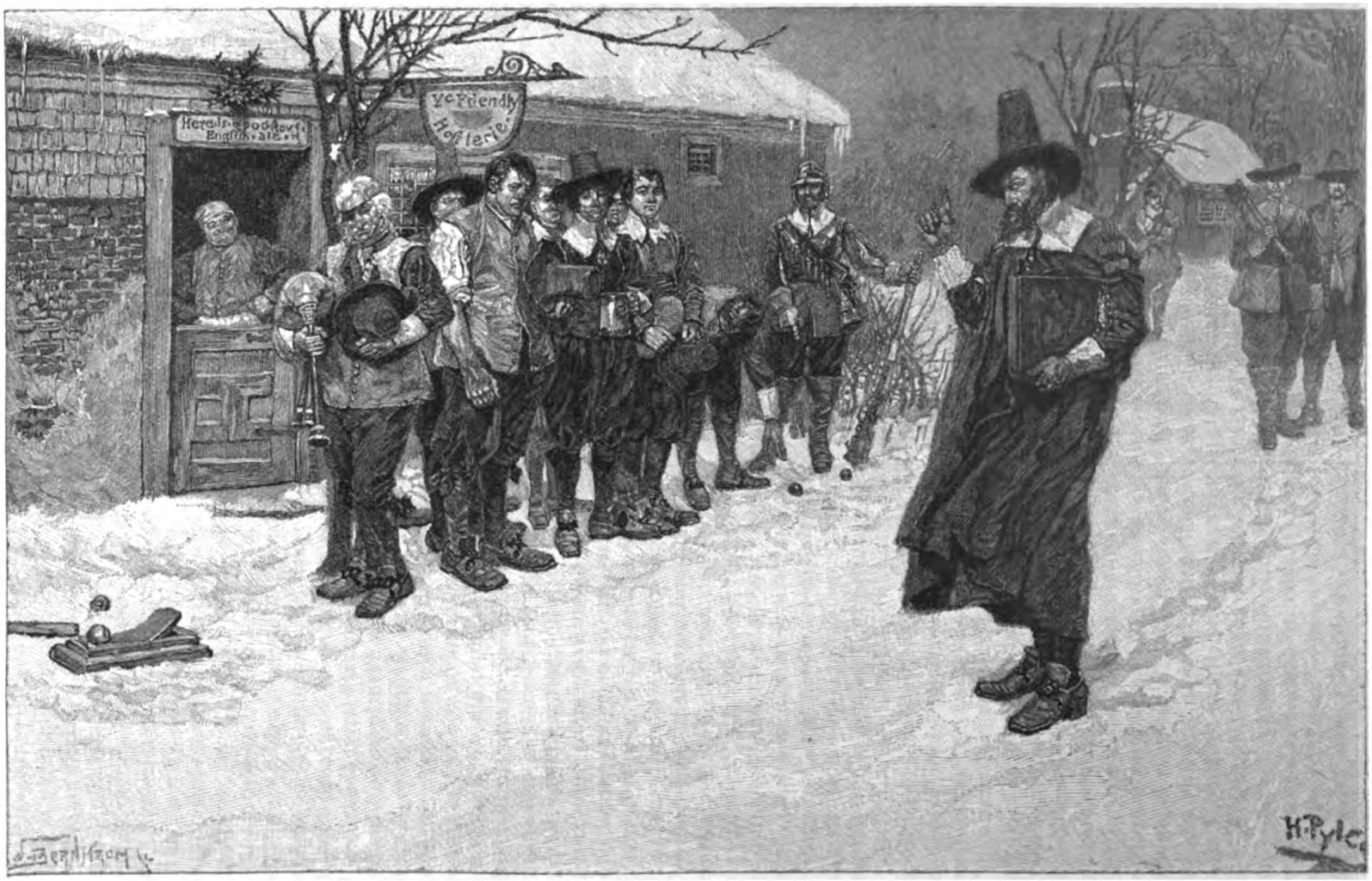
they had left England was running low, and that the allowance was shortened. But it was a special grace this day, the good master, doubtless pitying the poor souls who not only denied themselves even a holiday at Christmas, but, with cruel refinement of renunciation, began on that day, of all days in the year, to refrain from their customary drink, would not suffer the gracious time to pass with what doubtless seemed to him the desecration of absolute abstinence, and since conscience forbade them mince-pie and a carol, they should at least taste beer. So even then and there, despite the Puritan will, the Christmas tradition was not wholly broken.

But besides this visible commemoration of a day which they had renounced, there must have been many a secret spiritual celebration of the ancient festival. Indomitable and self-sacrificing as they were, the Puritans, too, were men and lovers. It was not, later, at Merrymount alone, nor among tipsy outlaws and reckless revellers, that what they called the natural and unregenerate heart asserted itself. The soft sympathies and affections to which certain days and associations appeal were not extinguished even in those heroic and uncompromising souls. Bradford would not stain his page with the name of Christmas, but it was a day too hallowed, too long inwrought with the tenderest association, to be wholly forgotten by men and women reared in England, and whose hearts, despite themselves, must have turned homeward on the great day of religious remembrance. As in Boughton's picture of the return of the *Mayflower* the young Plymouth lovers gaze with wistful eyes at the far receding sail upon the solitary waters, speeding toward the old home, land of the peaceful landscape and of domestic delight, so on that first Christmas morning in the wild New World the ring of the axe and the singing of the saw must have reminded some yearning memories in that busy company of another music in church and by fireside, which seemed never so sweet and penetrating and inspiring as now when it was lost forever.

The difficulty of repressing the joyous frolic of the day even at the farthest wintry outpost of extreme Puritanism is shown by Bradford's record of Christmas time in the following year. In November, 1621, about a year after the arrival of the *Mayflower*, came the little ship *Fortune*, of fifty-five tons, bringing a welcome addition to the settlement of thirty-five persons. Bradford sententiously remarks, "Most of them were lusty yonge men, and many of them wild enough," and then proceeds: "And herewith I shall end this year, only I shall remember one passage more, rather of mirth than of waight. One ye day called Christmas-day, ye Govr caled them out to worke (as was used), but ye most of this newcompany excused themselves and said it went against their consciences to worke on ye day. So ye Govr tould them that if they made it mater of conscience, he would spare them till they were better informed. So he led-aw[illegible] e rest, and left them; but when they ca[illegible] home at noone from their worke, he found them in ye streete at play, openly: some pitching ye barr, and some at stoole-ball and shuch like sports. So he went to them and tooke away their implements, and tould them that was against his conscience that they should play and others worke. If they made ye keeping of it matter of devotion, let them kepe their houses, but ther should be no gameing or revelling in ye streets. Since which time nothing hath been atempted that way, at least openly." It was against the Governor's conscience that the "lusty yonge men" should follow their consciences, and the last sentence of the historian is as significant as Sebastiani's famous words, the modern echo of the *Solitudinem faciunt* of Tacitus—"Order reigns in Warsaw."

But there were all degrees in the Puritan protest, although there is still a general popular identification of the Pilgrims of Plymouth with the Puritans of Boston and Salem. Puritanism is the general name of the movement which aimed at purifying religion, and there might be different views of the proper methods of purification. The two early divisions were Separatist and Non-conformist. But even the Separatists were separated. There were the rigid Separatists and the Semi-Separatists. The first were called Brownists, and the second Robinsonians, both from the names of their pastors. When the two withdrew from England to Holland, the Brownists settled at Amsterdam, and would hardly hold communion with the Robinsonians, who finally settled at Leyden. These last were called Independents, and, as Governor Winslow says,

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THE PURITAN GOVERNOR INTERRUPTING THE CHRISTMAS SPORTS.

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they did not require separation from the Church of England. But against its government and liturgy they protested. The Pilgrims of Plymouth were Independents: not absolute Separatists and Brownists, but Semi-Separatists, waiting patiently in Holland as strangers for a change of policy in England which would enable them to return to their country and to their Church. When they abandoned that hope and crossed the sea, they still did not formally separate. Lyford wrote that the Pilgrims would have none remain in Plymouth but Separatists, but Bradford branded the assertion as "a false calumniation," showing that many highly esteemed citizens, of whose company the colony was glad, and whom it would gladly see multiplied, were not Separatists. In Holland the Robinsonians invited Episcopalians to their communion, and Robinson himself proposed the employment of some Non-conformist minister during his absence, and advised his people to unite with the godly brethren of the Church of England, to whose godly ministers Winslow says that his spirit clave. The Pilgrims of Plymouth never quite lost this spirit. They had always a certain gentle tolerance which was unfamiliar to the colony of the Bay.

The Non-conformists were Puritans who remained longer in England. They did not separate either from the country or from the Church. They had not so thoroughly stripped themselves of "ecclesiastical gear" as their fellow-Puritans, who had either abjured the old Church altogether, or were waiting hopefully for its reformation. The Non-conformists were the Puritan section of the Church. They were the conservatives, the Puritan Gironde. They claimed the name Puritan for themselves especially, and when the English company of adventurers under whose auspices the Plymouth Pilgrims came discovered that the Pilgrims were Independents, and not, as the "adventurers" distinctively called themselves, Puritans, they attempted to obtain control of the Plymouth colony. And it shows how strong is the feeling of the profound differences between these two branches of the Puritans that this effort is even now called the Puritan conspiracy against the Pilgrim Fathers.

But as the ecclesiastical situation in England grew more and more difficult, the more zealous Non-conformists felt that they too must withdraw from the country if not from the Church. They came first to Salem and then to Boston, and they brought with them a feeling for the old Church of which there was no sign at Plymouth. "Farewell the Church of God in England, and all the Christian friends there," said Higginson, as he turned toward America, but with a heart that clung to his native land with that English tenacity of affection which makes the sacrifice of the early settlers of New England still more sublime: "We do not go to New England as separatists from the Church of England, though we can not but separate from the corruptions in it." And as Winthrop and his friends sailed in the *Arbella* from Yarmouth they sent a tender message "to the rest of their brethren in and of the Church of England." Their farewell, addressed to the Reverend Fathers and Brethren of that Church, was a declaration that they were "as those who esteeme it our honour to call the Church of England, from whence wee rise, our deare mother, and can not part from our native countrie, where she specially resideth, without much sadness of heart and many tears in our eyes; ever acknowledging that such hope and part as we have obtained in the common salvation wee have received in her bosome, and suckt it from her breasts." It is not surprising, therefore, that during the first three years of its existence Puritan Salem worshipped in the form of the Church of England.

In harmony with this filial feeling, and notwithstanding that his fellow-Puritans in Holland had already abjured saints' days and festivals, the first words in Winthrop's journal recording the voyage from England and the planting of the great Puritan colony are "Easter Monday." In a Puritan journal which begins with a commemoration of Easter we might fairly expect to see some friendly mention of Christmas. But Winthrop is as sternly silent as Bradford in his first entry, and never recognizes the day. Indeed, the gentle, regretful spirit of Higginson, and the loyalty of Winthrop to the old Church, soon yielded to the stern logic of the situation. On March 29, 1630, riding at the Cowes, Winthrop writes "Easter Monday." But four years later, on the 13th of November, 1634, he writes "11 mo. 13." But this, as we said, is the inevitable tendency of all such movements. Protestant-

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ism itself took its hue from the severe Calvin, and not from the generous Luther. In Old England Presbyterianism was overpowered by Independency. In New England Non-conformity became even severer than Separatism.

In such a community old Christmas was in sore peril. On both sides of the sea, indeed, in New England and in his fond ancestral seat of Old England, he was equally an outlaw. "Religion," says Neal, slyly, meaning certain forms of conduct, "was the fashion of these times." Already in 1644, while Charles I. was still King, Maypoles were ordered to be pulled down. All persons were ordered to apply themselves to the exercise of piety and religion on the Lord's day. The laws against profanity were rigorously enforced. Dancing, games, wrestling, shooting, and ringing bells for pleasure were prohibited under a penalty, and the King's indulgence for lawful sports on the Lord's day was called in.

It was plain that if such a mild offender as the May-pole was punished severely, so hoary and hardened a culprit as Christmas could expect no mercy, and he received none. In June, 1647, the Parliament abolished the observance of saints' days and "the three grand festivals" of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, "any law, statute, custom, constitution, or canon to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding." The King protested. But he was answered. In London, nevertheless, there was an alarming disposition to observe Christmas. The mob attacked those who by opening their shops flouted the holiday. In several counties the disorder was threatening. But Parliament took strong measures, and during the twelve years in which the great festivals were discountenanced there was no further tumult, and the observance of Christmas as a general holiday ceased. In New England also the insidious advances of Satan were strenuously resisted.

At last the formal blow fell, and Christmas had no longer a legal home either in Old or New England. In 1659 the General Court of Massachusetts enacted that "anybody who is found observing, by abstinence from labor, feasting, or any other way, any such day as Christmas day, shall pay for every such offense five shillings." And Peters, the old historian of Connecticut, who did not love the Puritans, and who had a malicious wit, says that one of the blue-laws of Connecticut forbade reading Common Prayer, keeping Christmas or saints' days, making minced-pies, dancing, playing cards, or playing on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet, and Jew's-harp. So Christmas, which the Plymouth Pilgrims had silently contemned, old Christmas, the cheerful personification in English tradition of charity and universal good feeling, of blameless gayety and religious joy, was outlawed in New England. The kindliest spirit of the old form of faith was proscribed in prohibiting Christmas; the freest spirit of the new form—a spirit which John Robinson in his most famous words had foretold—was wronged in banishing Roger Williams.

Such acts of the Puritans will be the gibe and scoff of Merrymount to the end of time. But those who secretly pity the fate of the revellers at Mount Wollaston, and suspect that they were really wiser and more human than their austere neighbors, have but to ask themselves whether Morton and the spirit of Morton could have founded a state upon that rigorous shore. Doubtless, as Wendell Phillips keenly says, the Puritan air was black with sermons. But it is in such an air, not in the brightness of soft lullabies and roistering choruses, that liberty took root and grew upon this continent. Measured by our standards, the sad-faced Puritan who drove Christmas and Roger Williams into exile was a sour fanatic, a narrow and intolerant bigot. But, however we may describe them, history replies that Melanchthon could not do the work of Luther, nor any but the Puritans themselves, and in their own way, the work of the Puritans. If they denounced a gorgeous prelacy and an imposing ritual, and worshipped God in ice-cold barns and with endless nasal prayers—if they mutilated statues, and cut down pictures, and silenced the organ peal and the surpliced choir—if they put Christmas in the stocks, and drove Roger Williams among savages, and hung Quakers and witches, they yet planted the greatest of free commonwealths, and, without professing to love or to serve liberty, they established its empire both in church and state upon immutable foundations.

Certainly they gave Christmas no quarter, nor any to the Church with which it was identified. In 1665 an Episcopal chaplain came with the Commissioners of Charles II., but there was no church for him in which to hold service. Twenty

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years later most of the inhabitants had never seen a Church of England assembly, and there was but one Episcopal minister in the country. Yet the General Court in 1677 had agreed that no person should be hindered from performing the Episcopal service. But the repugnance of public opinion was profound, and in 1686, when Sir Edmond Andros arrived, it was one of the complaints against him that the service of the English Church had been forced into the meeting-houses. A year or two later Deacon Frairey interrupted the Episcopal minister in the midst of a burial service, for which gratification of his Non-conformist principles, although doubtless shared by a great multitude, Deacon Frairey was bound over to keep the peace.

The relaxation of the ancient severity was shown by the repeal in 1681 of the law prohibiting the observance of Christmas. But the repeal was bitter to old Puritanism. Four years later Judge Sewall records, with satisfaction, that carts come to town on Christmas-day, and shops are open as usual. "Some, somehow, observe the day, but are vexed, I believe, that the Body of the People profane it; and, blessed be God! no Authority yet to compell them to keep it." The next year the shops and the carts give him great pleasure again, although Governor Andros does go to the Episcopal service with a redcoat on his right and a captain on his left. Eleven years later, in 1697, on the same day: "Joseph tells me that though most of the Boys went to the Church, yet he went not." In 1705 and 1706, to the judge's continued comfort, the carts still came and the shops were open. But in 1714 Christmas fell on Saturday, and because of its observance at the church the unbending judge goes to keep the Sabbath and sit down at the Lord's table with Mr. John Webb, that he may "put respect upon that affronted, despised Lord's day. For the Church of England had the Lord's supper yesterday, the last day of the week, but will not have it to-day, the day that the Lord has made."

But among Puritans forbidding Christmas and spurning the other "idolatrous gear" of Episcopacy, the appearance of the Quakers denouncing Puritanism as the Puritans denounced prelacy is one of the grimmest ironies of history. Peters said of the Puritans that in New England they out-Pop'd the Pope, out-King'd the King, and out-bishop'd the bishops. But the Quakers out-Puritaned the Puritans. If the Puritans abjured prelacy and papal pomp, the Quakers testified against a Puritan hireling ministry. If the Puritans reviled the Roman Catholic churches as mass-houses, the Quakers stigmatized the Puritan churches as steeple-houses. The Puritans contemned the name of priest, and the Quakers translated into stinging prose Milton's flowing line:

"New presbyter is but old priest writ large."

If Judge Sewall eschewed mince-pie, and held plum-pudding at Christmas to be *anathema maranatha*, William Leddra and Mary Dyer reprobated Judge Sewall as guilty of denying the supremacy of the inner light, and of renouncing the colloquial yea, yea, and nay, nay, of primitive Christianity. A century ago, in a country church in Connecticut, the lineal descendant of the Puritan meeting-house, when the ancient leading and lining of the hymn gave way to modern psalmody, one of the deacons arose and left the house, crying, "Popery! popery!" But more than a century before, Lydia Wardel, a devoted Quaker, had been obliged to protest against the idolatrous gear of the Puritan church at Newbury by appearing among the scandalized congregation without any gear whatever.

It is one of the unconscious jests of history that by-and-by the Quakers and the Puritans were included in a common gibe from the English Church, against which they both protested. The Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts sent a missionary to Newport, in Rhode Island, in 1704. Occasionally the good missionary, whose name survives in that of Honeyman's Hill in Newport, went up Narragansett Bay to preach at Providence, which all of the contemporary Puritan authorities regarded as a vile nest of Anabaptists or other licentious sons of Belial. Yet the practical good sense of that first of free commonwealths had already appeared in the sly humor of its reply to Massachusetts when it was invoked to unite with the Bay in severe measures to repress the Quakers. Rhode Island answered, as if to show her sister colony how to deal with the matter, that the Quakers throve upon persecution, and loathed Rhode Island because it allowed them full liberty.

It was but natural that in 1722, when

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Mr. Honeyman sought to erect a church of the English form in Providence, he should make representations to the Society in London which caused its secretary to say of that abode of Puritan Dissenters, Quakers, and of all persons held to be unsettled in judgment, that the people were negligent of all religion till about the year 1722, when the Reverend Mr. Honeyman had been tilling the hard soil for some years, and that the very best of the irreligious crew were "such as called themselves Baptists or Quakers." Yet this people who "were negligent of all religion" until the prelatical missionary arrived were originally members of the Puritan Plymouth and Massachusetts churches.

The church which sprang from Mr. Honeyman's zeal, St. John's Church in Providence, still stands prosperous and peaceful by Roger Williams's spring. Calvinist and Quaker and Baptist and Congregationalist and Methodist and Unitarian and Roman Catholic now dwell with it amicably side by side. Half a century ago, when the numbers of English Churchmen in the stanch old Dissenting city were few, the sonorous bell of St. John's—whose predecessor was the first church bell in Providence—rang out solitarily and blithely on Christmas-eve. To many a child in the city, bred in an austerer or a simpler rite, the airy music of that evening bell, and the cheerful church next morning, dressed with aromatic hemlock sprays, were his only Christmas. With what rapture he listened in the still night to the joyous peal proclaiming that old Christmas had come again — Christmas, so long forbidden to land upon the Western shore; Christmas of the mistletoe and Santa Claus, of the open heart and the open hand; Christmas of the quaint "idolatrous gear"—who would depart no more!

So the Church, from whose fatal errors, as the Puritans held them to be, and from whose stately ritual and splendid festivals, the Pilgrims had fled to Holland and over the sea, had followed them closely with bell, book, and candle, bringing Christmas in its train. Meanwhile, however, the people with whom the Pilgrims had tarried in Holland, but with whom they were not willing to marry—both because they wished their posterity to be English, and because, as they alleged, of the Dutch profanation of the true holyday, the Lord's day—had also planted themselves upon this continent. A cheerful, thrifty, jovial folk, they brought with them a genuine love of holidays, Christmas first of all, and then the New-Year, Passover, Whitsuntide, and San Claas or day of Saint Nicholas, the saint who generously filled the Christmas stocking and loaded the Christmas tree, the saint who, with the beneficent Valentine, is the best beloved of all the saintly host.

While their neighbors upon Massachusetts Bay were banning Christmas, the Dutch at New Amsterdam gladly welcomed and honored him, and nowhere has he been so truly at home upon the continent as in the Dutch city. The character of the inhabitants naturally determined that of the day. It was less an ecclesiastical festival than a social and domestic holiday. The glittering tree of gifts was its lighted and decorated altar, and hearty good eating and drinking were its genial ceremonial rites. Hereditary Dutch pride sometimes looks askance and even angrily at Diedrich Knickerbocker's story. But it is plain that the gay exaggeration of the old chronicler only emphasized the truth, and that his humorous imaginative touch produced a likeness as accurate as that of Bradford of the Pilgrims, or that of Winthrop and Sewall of the Puritans. The tranquil, contented burghers whom he drew were sure to make the most of Christmas-tide, and their neighbors who cursed it must have seemed to them the most whimsical of lunatics.

It was natural that the genius which described those burghers with so subtle a sympathy should seem to be kindred with them. Indeed, there was so much of the true Knickerbocker spirit in Irving that he is usually supposed, by those who do not reflect, to be of Dutch descent. It is this quality, perhaps, this ready sympathy with cheerful and simple domestic enjoyment, which made the author of *Knickerbocker's History* the laureate of English Christmas. The holiday that he describes affects him as it affected the citizen of New Amsterdam, as a day of pleasure consecrated by religious association. And the enduring popularity of his charming essay shows that this is the Christmas of the English-speaking race. Even the New England air, which was so black with sermons that it suffocated Christmas, now murmurs softly with Christmas bells. The children of the resolute God-fearing men who did not rest from labor on that first Christmas morning now rest and re-

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joice in the happy day whose dawn is a benediction.

But it is no longer a superstition of any scarlet woman, no longer a festival whose observance implies perilous adherence to papal or prelatical errors. The purifying spiritual fire, historically known as Puritanism, has purged the theological and ecclesiastical dross away, and has left the pure gold of religious faith and human sympathy. When the neophyte asked his confessor what was the central truth of Christianity, the old man answered, "Charity." Then he explained that charity meant love, and that love meant the spirit of universal fraternity. The almsgiving which is the technical interpretation of the word is but a symbol of that giving of the heart and soul and life to help others of which the supreme sacrifice of Christ is the accepted type. The day that commemorates His birth is the festival of humanity, as the inspiring sentiment of actual life. The lovely legends of the day, the stories, and the songs, and the half fairy-lore that gathers around it, the ancient traditions of dusky woods and mystic rites; the magnificence or simplicity of Christian observance, from the Pope in his triple tiara, borne upon his portative throne in gorgeous state to celebrate pontifical high mass at the great altar of St. Peter's, to George Herbert humbly kneeling in his rustic church at Bemerton, or to the bare service in some missionary chapel upon the American frontier; the lighting of Christmas trees and hanging up of Christmas stockings, the profuse giving, the happy family meetings, the dinner, the game, the dance —they are all the natural signs and symbols, the flower and fruit, of Christmas. For Christmas is the day of days which declares the universal human consciousness that peace on earth comes only from good-will to man.

THE SUPPER OF ST. GREGORY.

A TALE for Roman guides to tell
To careless, sight-worn travellers still,
Who pause beside the narrow cell
Of Gregory on the Cælian Hill.

One day before the monk's door came
A beggar, stretching empty palms,
Fainting and fast-sick, in the name
Of the Most Holy asking alms.

And the monk answered: "All I have
In this poor cell of mine I give,
The silver cup my mother gave;
In Christ's name take thou it, and live."

Years passed; and, called at last to bear
The pastoral crook and keys of Rome,
The poor monk, in St. Peter's chair,
Sat the crowned lord of Christendom.

"Prepare a feast," St. Gregory cried,
"And let twelve beggars sit thereat."
The beggars came, and one beside,
An unknown stranger, with them sat.

"I asked thee not," the Pontiff spake,
"O stranger; but if need be thine,
I bid thee welcome, for the sake
Of Him who is thy Lord and mine."

A grave, calm face the stranger raised,
Like His who on Gennesaret trod,
Or His on whom the Chaldeans gazed,
Whose form was as the Son of God.

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"Know'st thou," he said, "thy gift of old?"
And in the hand he lifted up
The Pontiff marvelled to behold
Once more his mother's silver cup.

"Thy prayers and alms have risen, and bloom
Sweetly among the flowers of heaven.
I am The Wonderful, through whom
Whate'er thou askest shall be given."

He spake and vanished. Gregory fell
With his twelve guests in mute accord
Prone on their faces, knowing well
Their eyes of flesh had seen the Lord.

The old-time legend is not vain;
Nor vain thy art, Verona's Paul,
Telling it o'er and o'er again
On gray Vicenza's frescoed wall.

Still wheresoever pity shares
Its bread with sorrow, want, and sin,
And love the beggar's feast prepares,
The uninvited Guest comes in.

Unheard, because our ears are dull,
Unseen, because our eyes are dim,
He walks our earth, The Wonderful,
And all good deeds are done to Him.



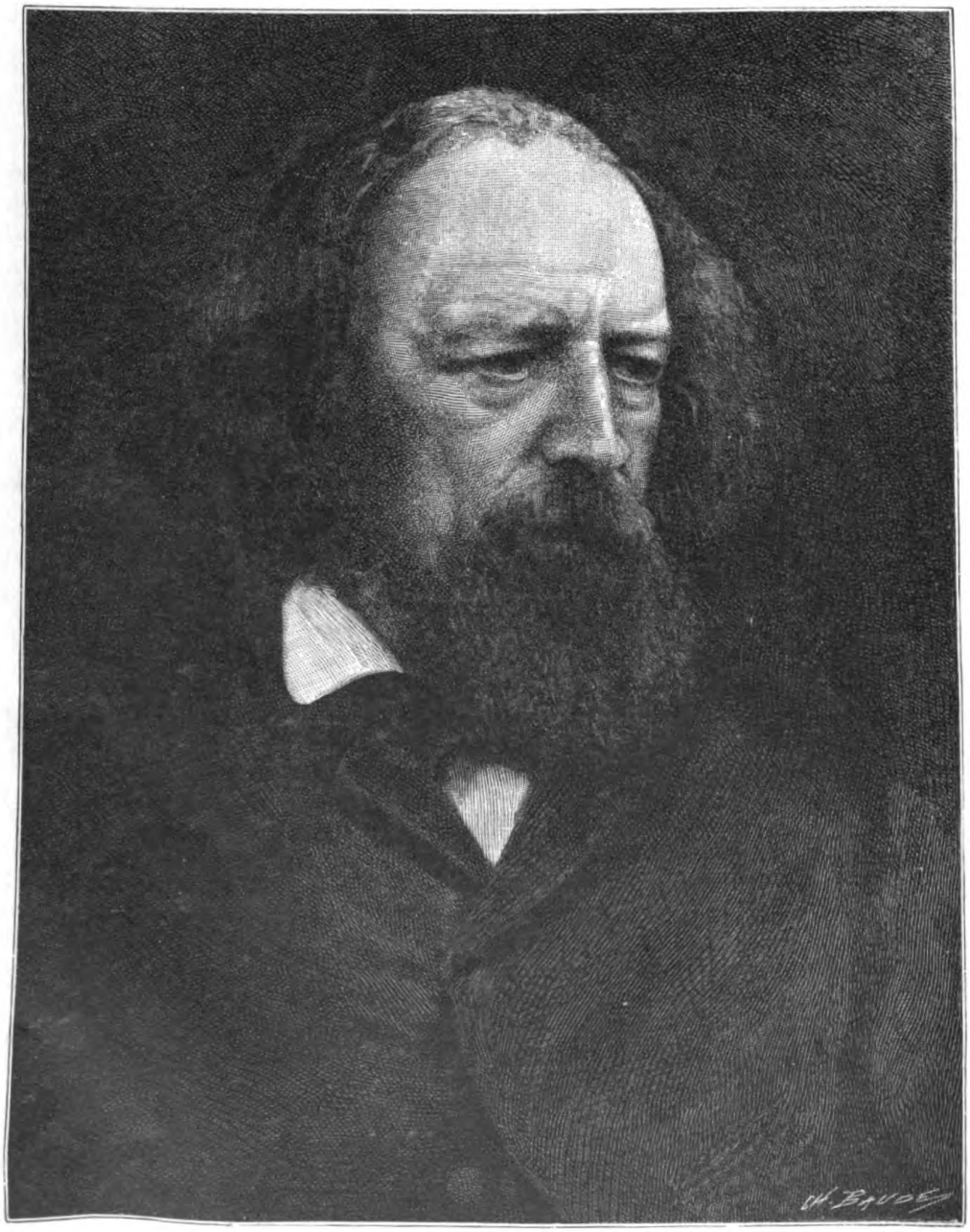
"UNSEEN, BECAUSE OUR EYES ARE DIM."

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ALFRED TENNYSON.
From a photograph by the Autotype Company, London.

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ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.

THERE is a place called Somersby in Lincolnshire, where an old white rectory stands on the slope of a hill, and the winding lanes are shadowed by tall ashes and elm-trees, and where two brooks meet at the bottom of the glebe field. It is a place far away from us in silence and in distance, lying upon the "ridgèd wolds." They bound the horizon of the rectory garden, whence they are to be seen flowing to meet the sky. I have never known Somersby, but I have often heard it described, and the pastoral country all about, and the quiet scattered homes. One can picture the rectory to one's self with something of a monastic sweetness and quiet; an ancient Norman cross is standing in the church-yard, and perhaps there is still a sound in the air of the bleating of flocks. It all comes before one as one reads the sketch of Tennyson's native place in the *Homes and Haunts of the British Poets:* the village not far from the fens, "in a pretty pastoral district of softly sloping hills and large ash-trees.... The little glen in the neighborhood called by the old monkish name of Holywell." Mr. Tennyson sometimes speaks of this glen, which he remembers white with snow-drops in the season; and who will not recall the exquisite invocation:

"Come from the woods that belt the gray hill-side,
The seven elms, the poplars four
That stand beside my father's door,
And chiefly from the brook that loves
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbèd sand,
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves....
O! hither lead thy feet!
Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat
Of the thick-fleecèd sheep from wattled folds,
Upon the ridgèd wolds."

The wind that goes blowing where it listeth, once, in the early beginning of this century, came sweeping through the garden of this old Lincolnshire rectory, and, as the wind blew, a sturdy child of five years old with shining locks stood opening his arms upon the blast and letting himself be blown along, and as he travelled on he made his first line of poetry and said, "I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind," and he tossed his arms, and the gust whirled on, sweeping into the great abyss of winds. One might perhaps still trace in the noble familiar face of our Poet Laureate the features of this child, one of many deep-eyed sons and daughters born in the quiet rectory among the elm-trees.

Alfred Tennyson was born on the 6th of August, 1809. He has heard many and many a voice calling to him since the time when he listened to the wind as he played alone in his father's garden, or joined the other children at their games and jousts. They were a noble little clan of poets and of knights, coming of a knightly race, with castles to defend, with mimic tournaments to fight. Somersby was so far away from the world, so behindhand in its echoes (which must have come there softened through all manner of green and tranquil things, and as it were hushed into pastoral silence), that though the early part of the century was stirring with the clang of legions, few of its rumors seem to have reached the children. They never heard at the time of the battle of Waterloo. They grew up together playing their own games, living their own life; and where is such life to be found as that of a happy, eager family of boys and girls before Doubt, the steps of Time, the shocks of Chance, the blows of Death, have come to shake their creed?

These handsome children had beyond most children that wondrous toy at their command which some people call imagination. The boys played great games like Arthur's knights; they were champions and warriors defending a stone heap, or again they would set up opposing camps with a king in the midst of each. The king was a willow wand stuck into the ground, with an outer circle of immortals to defend him of firmer, stiffer sticks. Then each party would come with stones, hurling at each other's king, and trying to overthrow him. Perhaps as the day wore on they became romancers, leaving the jousts deserted. When dinner-time came, and they all sat round the table, each in turn put a chapter of his history underneath the potato bowl—long endless histories, chapter after chapter diffuse, absorbing, unending, as are the stories of real life of which each sunrise opens on a new part; some of these romances were in letters, like *Clarissa Harlowe.* Alfred used to tell a story which lasted for months, and which was called "The Old Horse."

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TENNYSON'S BIRTH-PLACE, SOMERSBY RECTORY, LINCOLNSHIRE.
Drawn by Alfred Parsons, after photograph by Carlton and Sons, Horncastle.

Alfred's first verses, so I once heard him say, were written upon a slate which his brother Charles put into his hand one Sunday at Louth, when all the elders of the party were going into church, and the child was left alone. Charles gave him a subject—the flowers in the garden—and when he came back from church little Alfred brought the slate to his brother all covered with written lines of blank verse. They were made on the models of Thomson's *Seasons*, the only poetry he had ever read. One can picture it all to one's self, the flowers in the garden, the verses, the little poet with waiting eyes, and the young brother scanning the lines. "Yes, you can write," said Charles, and he gave Alfred back the slate.

I have also heard another story of his grandfather, later on, asking him to write an elegy on his grandmother, who had recently died, and when it was written, putting ten shillings into his hands and saying, "There, that is the first money you have ever earned by your poetry, and, take my word for it, it will be the last."

The Tennysons are a striking example of the theory of family inheritance. Alfred was one of twelve children, of whom the eldest, Frederick, who was educated at Eton, is known as the author of a very imaginative volume of poems. Charles was the second son, and Alfred, whose name is more widely known, was the third. He and Charles were sent for a few years to the Grammar School at Louth, where the Laureate still remembers walking adorned with blue ribbons in a procession for the proclamation of the coronation of George the Fourth. The old wives said at the time that the boys made the prettiest part of the show.

Charles Tennyson—Charles Turner he was afterward called, for he took the name with a property which he inherited—was little Alfred's special friend and brother. In his own most sweet degree, Charles Tennyson too was a true poet. Who that has ever read his sonnets will cease to love them? His brother loves and quotes them with affection. Coleridge loved them; James Spedding, wise critic, life-long friend, read them with unaltered delight from his youth to his much-honored age. In an introductory essay to a volume of the collected sonnets,

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published after Charles Turner's death, Mr. Spedding quotes the picture of a summer's daybreak:

"But one sole star, none other anywhere;
A wild-rose odor from the fields was borne;
The lark's mysterious joy filled earth and air,
And from the wind's top met the hunter's horn;
The aspen trembled wildly; and the morn
Breathed up in rosy clouds divinely fair."

Charles Tennyson was in looks not unlike his younger brother. He was stately, too, though shorter in stature, gentle, spiritual, very noble, simple. I once saw him kneeling in a church, and only once again. He was like something out of another world, more holy, more silent than that in which most of us are living; there is a picture in the National Gallery of St. Jerome which always recalls him to me. The sons must have inherited their poetic gifts from their father, George Clayton Tennyson, LL.D., a tall, striking, and impressive man, full of accomplishments and parts, a strong nature, high-souled, high-tempered. He was the head of the old family; but his own elder-brother share of its good things had passed by will into the hands of another branch, which is still represented by the Tennysons d'Eyncourt. Perhaps before he died he may have realized that to one of his had come possessions greater than any ever yet entailed by lawyer's deeds—an inheritance, a priceless Benjamin's portion, not to be measured or defined.

II.

Alfred Tennyson, as he grew up toward manhood, found other and stronger inspirations than Thomson's gentle *Seasons*. Byron's spell had fallen on his generation, and for a boy of genius it must have been absolute and overmastering. Tennyson was soon to find his own voice, but meanwhile he began to write like Byron. He produced poems and verses in profusion and endless abundance: trying his wings, as people say, before starting on his own strong flight. One day the news came to the village—the dire news which spread across the land, filling men's hearts with consternation—that Byron was dead. Alfred was then a boy about fifteen.

"Byron was dead! I thought the whole world was at an end," he once said, speaking of these by-gone days. "I thought everything was over and finished for every one—that nothing else mattered. I remember I walked out alone, and carved 'Byron is dead' into the sandstone."

I have spoken of Tennyson from the account of an old friend, whose recollections go back to those days, which seem perhaps more distant to us than others of earlier date and later fashion. Mrs. Tennyson, the mother of the family, so this same friend tells me, was a sweet and gentle and most imaginative woman; so kind-hearted that it had passed into a proverb, and the wicked inhabitants of a neighboring village used to bring their dogs to her windows and beat them in order to be bribed to leave off by the gentle lady, or to make advantageous bargains by selling her the worthless curs. She was intensely, fervently religious, as a poet's mother should be. After her husband's death (he had added to the rectory, and made it suitable for his large family) she still lived on at Somersby with her children and their friends. The daughters were growing up, the elder sons were going to college. Frederick, the eldest, went first to Trinity, Cambridge, and his brothers followed him there in turn. Life was opening for them, they were seeing new aspects and places, making new friends, and bringing them home to their Lincolnshire rectory. "In Memoriam" gives many a glimpse of the old home, of which the echoes still reach us across half a century.

"O sound to rout the brood of cares,
The sweep of scythe in morning dew,
The gust that round the garden flew,
And tumbled half the mellowing pears!

O bliss, when all in circle drawn
About him, heart and ear were fed
To hear him, as he lay and read
The Tuscan poets on the lawn:

Or in the all-golden afternoon
A guest, or happy sister, sung,
Or here she brought the harp and flung
A ballad to the brightening moon."

Dean Garden was one of those friends sometimes spoken of who, with Arthur Hallam, the reader of the Tuscan poets, and James Spedding and others, used to gather upon the lawn at Somersby—the young men and women in the light of their youth and high spirits, the widowed mother leading her quiet life within the rectory walls. Was it not a happy sister herself who in after-days once described how, on a lovely summer night, they had all sat up so late talking in the starlight that the dawn came shining unawares;

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MRS. TENNYSON.—After the painting at Aldworth by G. F. Watts, R.A.

but the young men, instead of going to bed, then and there set off for a long walk across the hills in the sunrise.

"And suck'd from out the distant gloom
A breeze began to tremble o'er
The large leaves of the sycamore,*
And fluctuate all the still perfume,

And gathering freshlier overhead,
Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and swung
The heavy-folded rose, and flung
The lilies to and fro, and said

'The dawn, the dawn,' and died away;
And East and West, without a breath,
Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
To broaden into boundless day."

* The sycamore has been cut down, and the lawn is altered to another shape.

III.

One thing which can not fail to strike us when we are looking over the records of these earlier days is the remarkable influence which Alfred Tennyson seems to have had from the very first upon his contemporaries, even before his genius had been recognized by the rest of the world. Not only those of his own generation, but his elders and masters seem to have felt something of this. I remember long ago hearing one of Tennyson's oldest friends, who has the best right of any to recall the fact, say that "Whewell, who was a man himself, and who knew a man when he saw him," used to pass over in Alfred Tennyson certain informalities and for-

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getfulness of combinations as to gowns, and places, and times, which in another he would never have overlooked.

Whewell ruled a noble generation—a race of men born in the beginning of the century, whose praise and loyal friendship were indeed worth having, and whose good opinion Tennyson himself may have been proud to possess. Wise, sincere, and witty, these contemporaries of his spoke with authority, with the modesty of conscious strength. Those of this race whom I have known in later days—for they were many of them my father's friends also—have all been men of unmistakable stamp, of great culture, of a certain dignified bearing, and of independence of mind and of character.

Most of them have succeeded in life as men do who are possessed of intellect and high character. Some have not made the less mark upon their time because their names are less widely known; but each name is a memorable chapter in life to one and another of us who have known them from our youth. One of those old friends, who also loved my father, and whom he loved, who has himself just



TENNYSON'S CHILDREN.—After the painting at Aldworth by G. F. Watts, R.A.

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passed away, one who saw life with his own eyes, described Alfred in his youth, in a pamphlet or book which has been privately printed, and which is a remembrance, a sort of waking dream, of some by-gone days and talks. How many of us might have been glad to listen to our poet, and to the poet who has made the philosophy of Omar Khâyâm known to the world, as they discoursed together; of life, of boyish memories, of books, and again more books, of chivalry — mainly but another name for youth—of a possible old age, so thoroughly seasoned with its spirit that all the experience of the world should serve not to freeze but to direct the genial current of the soul! and who that has known them both will not recognize the truth of this description of Alfred in those early days?

"A man at all points, of grand proportion and feature, significant of that inward chivalry becoming his ancient and honorable race; when himself a 'Yonge Squire,' like him in Chaucer, 'of grete strength,' that could hurl the crowbar farther than any of the neighboring clowns, whose humors, as well as of their betters — knight, squire, landlord, and lieutenant—he took quiet note of, like Chaucer himself; like Wordsworth on the mountain, he too when a lad abroad on the world, sometimes of a night with the shepherd, watching not only the flock on the greensward, but also

'the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas,'

along with those other Zodiacal constellations which Aries, I think, leads over the field of heaven."

Arthur Hallam has also written in some lines to R. J. Tennant of

"a friend, a rare one,
A noble being full of clearest insight,
. . . . whose fame
Is couching now with pantherized intent,
As who shall say, I'll spring to him anon,
And have him for my own."

All these men could understand each other, although they had not then told the world their secrets. Poets, critics, men of learning—such names as Trench and Monckton Milnes, George Stovin Venables, the Lushingtons and Kinglake, need no comment; many more there are, and deans and canons, and the Master of Trinity himself—

"a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
And labor, and the changing mart,
And all the frame-work of the land;
When one would aim an arrow fair,
But send it slackly from the string;
And one would pierce an outer ring,
And one an inner, here and there;
And last the master-bowman, he,
Would cleave the mark."

The lines to J. S. were written to one of these earlier associates.

"And gently comes the world to those
That are cast in gentle mould."

It was the prophecy of a whole lifetime. There were but few signs of age in James Spedding's looks, none in his charming companionship, when the accident befell him which took him away from those who loved him. To another old companion, the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, is dedicated that sonnet which flows like an echo of Cambridge chimes on a Sabbath morning. It is in this sonnet that Tennyson speaks of "him the lost light of those dawn-golden times," who was himself one of that generation of which I have been writing.

IV.

Arthur Hallam was the same age as my own father, and born in 1811. When he died he was but twenty-three; but he had lived long enough to show what his life might have been.

In the preface to a little volume of his collected poems and essays, published some time after his death, there is a pathetic introduction. "He seemed to tread the earth as a spirit from some better world," writes his father; and a correspondent, who, I have been told, is Arthur Hallam's and Tennyson's common friend, Mr. Gladstone, and whose letter is quoted, says, with true feeling: "It has pleased God that in his death, as well as in his life and nature, he should be marked beyond ordinary men. When much time has elapsed, when most bereavements will be forgotten, he will still be remembered, and his place, I fear, will be felt to be still vacant; singularly as his mind was calculated by its native tendencies to work powerfully and for good, in an age full of import to the nature and destinies of man."

How completely these words have been carried out must strike us all now. The father lived to see the young man's unconscious influence working through his friend's genius, and reaching a whole generation unborn as yet on the day when he died. A lady, speaking of Arthur Hallam after his death, said to Mr. Tennyson, "I think he was perfect." "And so he

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CLEVEDON COURT.—After an unpublished sketch by W. M. Thackeray.

was," said Mr. Tennyson, "as near perfection as a mortal man can be." Arthur Hallam was a man of remarkable intellect. He could take in the most difficult and abstruse ideas with an extraordinary rapidity and insight. On one occasion he began to work one afternoon, and mastered a difficult book of Descartes at one single sitting. In the preface to the *Memorials* Mr. Hallam speaks of this peculiar clearness of perception and facility for acquiring knowledge; but, above all, the father dwells on his son's undeviating sweetness of disposition and adherence to his sense of what was right. In the quarterlies and reviews of the time, his opinion is quoted here and there with a respect which shows in what esteem it was already held.

At the time Arthur Hallam died, he was engaged to be married to a sister of the poet's. She was scarcely seventeen at the time. One of the sonnets, addressed by Arthur Hallam to his betrothed, was written when he began to teach her Italian.

"Lady, I bid thee to a sunny dome,
Ringing with echoes of Italian song;
Henceforth to thee these magic halls belong,
And all the pleasant place is like a home.
Hark, on the right, with full piano tone,
Old Dante's voice encircles all the air;
Hark yet again, like flute-tones mingling rare
Comes the keen sweetness of Petrarca's moan.
Pass thou the lintel freely; without fear
Feast on the music. I do better know thee
Than to suspect this pleasure thou dost owe me
Will wrong thy gentle spirit, or make less dear
That element whence thou must draw thy life—
An English maiden and an English wife."

As we read the pages of this little book, we come upon more than one happy moment saved out of the past, hours of delight and peaceful friendship, saddened by no foreboding, and complete in themselves.

"Alfred, I would that you beheld me now,
Sitting beneath an ivied, mossy wall.
. . . . Above my head
Dilates immeasurable a wild of leaves,
Seeming received into the blue expanse
That vaults the summer noon."

There is something touching in the tranquil ring of the voice calling out in the summer noontide with all a young man's expansion.

It seemed to be but the beginning of a beautiful happy life, when suddenly the end came. Arthur Hallam was travelling with his father in Austria when he died very suddenly, with scarce a warning sign of illness. Mr. Hallam had come home and found his son, as he supposed, sleeping upon a couch; but it was death, not sleep. "Those whose eyes must long be dim with tears"—so writes the heart-stricken father—"brought him home to rest among his kindred and in his own country." They chose his resting-place in a tranquil spot on a lone hill that overhangs the Bristol Channel. He was buried in the chancel of Clevedon Church, in Somerset, by Clevedon Court, which had been his mother's early home.

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"The Danube to the Severn gave
The darken'd heart that beat no more:
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills."

In all England there is not a sweeter place than the sunny old Court* upon the hill, with its wide prospects and grassy terraces, where Arthur Hallam must have played in his childhood, whence others of his kindred, touched with his own bright and beautiful spirit, have come forth. His brother Harry, a gentle and delightful person, used to be constantly at the house of their cousin, Mrs. Brookfield. He too was carried off in his youth of fullest promise. When Mr. Hallam, after a life of repeated sorrows, at last went to his rest with his wife and his children, it was Alfred Tennyson who wrote his epitaph, which may still be read in the chancel of the old church.

V.

Once in their early youth we hear of the two friends, Tennyson and Hallam, travelling in the Pyrenees. This was at the time of the war of early Spanish independence, when many generous young men went over with funds and good energies to help the cause of liberty. These two were taking money, and letters written in invisible ink, to certain conspirators who were then revolting against the intolerable tyranny of Ferdinand, and who were chiefly hiding in the Pyrenees. The young men met, among others, a Señor Ojeda, who confided to Alfred his intentions, which were to *couper la gorge à tous les curés.* Señor Ojeda could not talk English or fully explain all his aspirations. "*Mais vous connaissez mon cœur,*" said he, effusively; and a pretty black one it is, thought the poet. I have heard Alfred described in those days as "straight and with a broad breast," and when he had crossed over from the Continent and was coming back, walking through Wales, he went one day into a little way-side inn, where an old man sat by the fire, who looked up, and asked many questions. "Are you from the army? Not from the army? Then where do you come from?" said the old man. "I am just come from the Pyrenees," said Alfred. "Ah, I knew there was a something," said the wise old man.

John Kemble was among those who had gone over to Spain, and one day a rumor came to distant Somersby that he was to be tried for his life by the Spanish authorities. No one else knew much about him except Alfred Tennyson, who started before dawn to drive across the country in search of some person of authority who knew the consul at Cadiz, and who could send letters of protection to the poor prisoner.

It was a false alarm. John Kemble came home to make a name for himself in other fields. Meanwhile Alfred Tennyson's own reputation was growing, and when the first two volumes of his collected poems were published in 1842, followed by *The Princess* in 1847, his fame spread throughout the land.

Some of the reviews were violent and antagonistic at first. One in particular had tasted blood, and the "Hang, draw, and *Quarterly,*" as it has been called, of those days, having lately cut up *Endymion*, now proceeded to demolish Tennyson.

But this was a passing phase. It is curious to note the sudden change in the tone of the criticisms—the absolute surrender of these knights of the pen to the irresistible and brilliant advance of the unknown and visored warrior. The visor is raised now, the face is familiar to us all, but the arms, though tested in a hundred fights, are shining and unconquered still.

William Howitt, whom we have already quoted, has written an article upon the Tennyson of these earlier days. It is fanciful, suggestive, full of interest, with a gentle mysterious play and tender appreciation. Speaking of the poet himself, he asks, with the rest of the world of that time: "You may hear his voice, but where is the man? He is wandering in some dream-land, beneath the shade of old and charmed forests, by far-off shores, where

'all night
The plunging seas draw backward from the land
Their moon-led waters white;'

by the old mill-dam, thinking of the merry miller and his pretty daughter; or wandering over the open wolds where

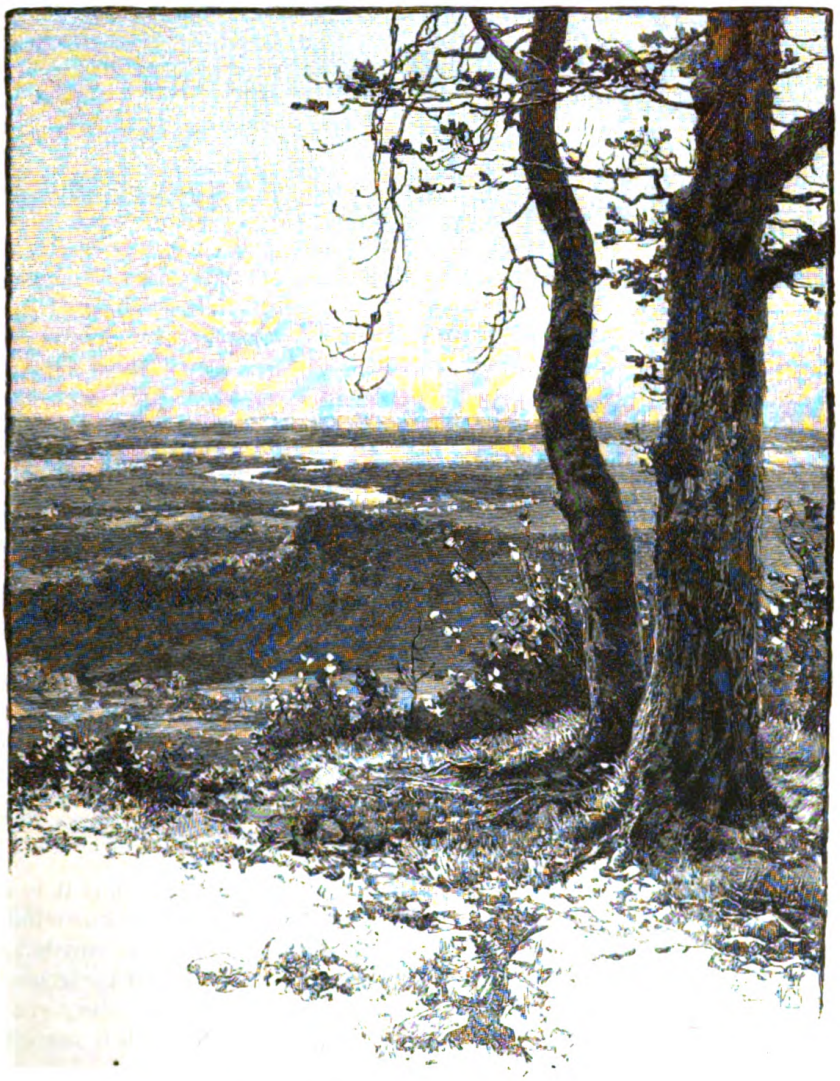
'Norland whirlwinds blow.'

From all these places—from the silent corridor of an ancient convent, from some

* As I correct these proofs for the press, comes the disastrous news of the burning of the lovely old house.

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shrine where a devoted knight recites his vows, from the drear monotony of 'the moated grange,' or the forest beneath the 'talking oak'—comes the voice of Tennyson, rich, dreamy, passionate, yet not impatient, musical with the airs of chivalrous ous and romantic music. One must be English born, I think, to know how English is the spell which this great enchanter casts over us; the very spirit of the land falls upon us as the visions he evokes come closing round. Whether it is the



THE MEETING OF THE SEVERN AND WYE.

ages, yet mingling in his song the theme and the spirit of those that are yet to come."

This article was written many years ago, when but the first chords had sounded, before the glorious Muse, passing beyond her morning joy, had met with the sorrow of life. But it is well that as we travel on through later, sadder scenes we should still carry in our hearts this joy- moated grange that he shows us, or Locksley Hall that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts, or Dora standing in the corn, or the sight of the brimming wave that swings through quiet meadows round the mill, it is all home in its broadest, sweetest aspect. Take the gallant wooing of the Lord of Burleigh:

"So she goes by him attended,
Hears him lovingly converse,

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BURLEIGH HOUSE, BY STAMFORD TOWN.

Sees whatever fair and splendid
Lay betwixt his home and hers;
Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and order'd gardens great,
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.
All he shows her makes him dearer:
Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage growing nearer,
Where they twain will spend their days.
O but she will love him truly!
He shall have a cheerful home,
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come.
Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till a gateway she discerns
With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns;
Sees a mansion more majestic
Than all those she saw before."

But one might go on quoting forever.

Another critic, writing even before this time, had said of Tennyson, "He imitates nobody; in him we recognize the spirit of his age." It would not be easy for a generation that has grown up to the music of Tennyson, that has in a manner beaten time to it with the pulse of its life, to imagine what the world would be without it. Even the most original amongst us must needs think of things more or less in the shape in which they come before us. The mystery of the charm of words is as great as that by which a wonder of natural beauty comes around us, and lays hold of our imagination. It may be fancy, but I for one feel as if summer-time could scarcely be summer without the song of the familiar green books.

VI.

In Memoriam, with music in its cantos, belonging to the school of all men's sad hearts, rings the awful *De Profundis* of death, faced and realized as far as may be by a human soul. It came striking suddenly into all the sweet ideal beauty and lovely wealth which had gone before, with a revelation of that secret of life which is told to each of us in turn by the sorrow of its own soul. Nothing can be more simple than the form of the poem as it flows.

"Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away,"

the poet says himself, but it is something else which we can all acknowledge—something which has given words and ease to many of those who in their lonely frozen grief perhaps felt that they are no longer quite alone, when such a voice as this can reach them:

"Peace; come away: the song of woe
Is after all an earthly song:
Peace; come away: we do him wrong
To sing so wildly: let us go."

And as the cry passes away, come signs of peace and dawning light:

"Be neither song, nor game, nor feast;
Nor harp be touch'd, nor flute be blown;
No dance, no motion, save alone
What lightens in the lucid east

"Of rising worlds by yonder wood.
Long sleeps the summer in the seed;
Run out your measured arcs, and lead
The closing cycle rich in good."

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And the teacher who can read the great book of nature interprets for us as he turns the page.

With *In Memoriam*, which was not published till 1850, Alfred Tennyson's fame was firmly established; and when Wordsworth died, April 23, its author was appointed by the Queen Poet Laureate. There is a story that at the time Sir Robert Peel was consulted he had never read any Tennyson, but he read "Ulysses" and warmed up, and acknowledged the right of this new-come poet to be England's Laureate.

The home at Somersby was broken up by this time, by marriages and other family events. Alfred Tennyson had come to live in London. He was poor; he had in turn to meet that struggle with wholesome poverty which brings the vagueness of genius into contact with reality, and teaches, better, perhaps, than any other science, the patience, the forbearance, and knowledge of life which belong to it.

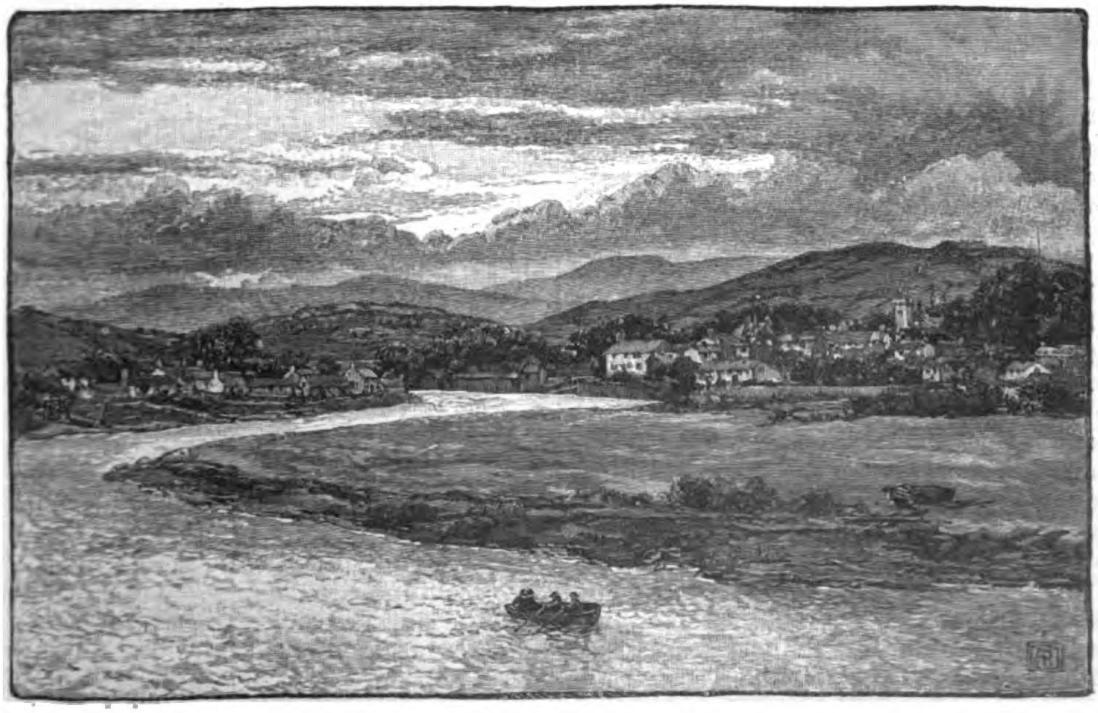
The Princess, with all her lovely court and glowing harmonies, was born in London, among the fogs and smuts of Lincoln's Inn, although, like all works of true art, this poem had grown by degrees in other times and places. The poet came and went, free, unshackled, meditating, inditing. One of my family remembers hearing Tennyson say that "Tears, idle Tears," was suggested by Tintern Abbey: who shall say by what mysterious wonder of beauty and regret, by what sense of the "transient with the abiding"?

In Memoriam was followed by the first part of the *Idylls*, and the record of the court King Arthur held at Camelot, and at "old Caerleon upon Usk" on that eventful Whitsuntide when Prince Geraint came quickly flashing through the shallow ford to the little knoll where the queen stood with her maiden, and

> ...."listen'd for the distant hunt,
> And chiefly for the baying of Cavall."

If *In Memoriam* is the record of a human soul, the *Idylls* mean the history, not of one man or of one generation, but of a whole cycle, of the faith of a nation failing and falling away into darkness. "It is the dream of man coming into practical life, and ruined by one sin." Birth is a mystery, and death is a mystery, and in the midst lies the table-land of life, and its struggle and performance.

The first "Idyll" and the last, I have heard Mr. Tennyson say, are intentionally more archaic than the others. He once told us that the song of the knights marching



CAERLEON UPON USK.

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past the king at the marriage of Arthur was made one spring afternoon on Clapham Common as he walked along.

"Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May;
Blow trumpet, the long night hath roll'd away!
Blow through the living world—'Let the King reign.'"

So sang the young knights in the first bright days of early chivalry.

"Clang battle-axe, and clash brand! Let the King reign.
The King will follow Christ, and we the King."

And then when the doom of evil spread, bringing not sorrow alone, but destruction in its train, not death only, but hopelessness and consternation, the song is finally changed into an echo of strange woe; we hear no shout of triumph, but the dim shocks of battle,

"the crash
Of battle-axe on shatter'd helms, and shrieks
After the Christ, of those who falling down
Look'd up for heaven, and only saw the mist."

All is over with the fair court; Guinevere's golden head is low; she has fled to Almesbury—

"Fled all night long by glimmering waste and weald,
And heard the Spirits of the waste and weald
Moan as she fled, or thought she heard them moan:
And in herself she moan'd, 'Too late, too late!'
Till in the cold wind that foreruns the morn,
A blot in heaven, the Raven, flying high,
Croak'd, and she thought, 'He spies a field of death.'"

And finally comes the conclusion, and the "Passing of Arthur," and he vanishes as he came, in mystery, silently floating away upon the barge toward the East, whence all religions are said to come.

I have heard them all speak of these London days when Alfred Tennyson lived in poverty with his friends and his golden dreams. He lived in the Temple, at 58 Lincoln's Inn Fields, and elsewhere.

It was about this time that Carlyle introduced Sir John Simeon to Tennyson one night at Bath House, and made the often-quoted speech, "There he sits upon a dung-heap surrounded by innumerable dead dogs;" by which dead dogs he meant "Œnone" and other Greek versions and adaptations. He had said the same thing of Landor and his Hellenics. "I was told of this," said Mr. Tennyson, "and some time afterward I repeated it to Carlyle: 'I'm told that is what you say of me.' He gave a kind of guffaw. 'Eh, that wasn't a very luminous description of you,' he answered."

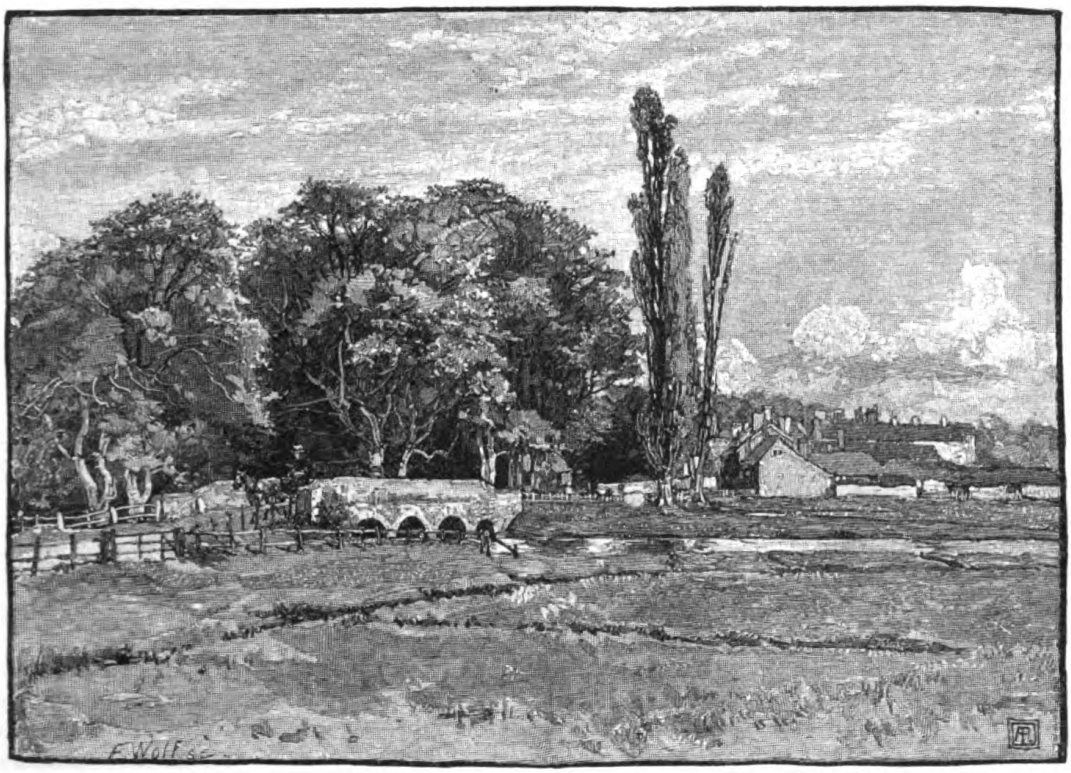
The story is well worth retelling, so completely does it illustrate the grim humor and unaffected candor of a dyspeptic man of genius, who flung words and epithets without malice, who neither realized the pain his chance sallies might give, nor the indelible flash which branded them upon people's memories.

The world has pointed its moral finger of late at the old man in his great old age, accusing himself in the face of all, and confessing the overpowering irritations which the suffering of a lifetime had laid upon him and upon her he loved. That old caustic man of deepest feeling, with an ill temper and a tender heart and a racking imagination, speaking from the grave, and bearing unto it that cross of passionate remorse which few among us dare to face, seems to some of us now a figure nobler and truer, a teacher greater far, than in the days when all his pain and love and remorse were still hidden from us all.

Carlyle and Mr. Fitzgerald used to be often with Tennyson at that time. They used to dine together at the "Cock" tavern in the Strand among other places; sometimes Tennyson and Carlyle took long solitary walks late into the night.

The other day a lady was describing a by-gone feast given about this time by the poet to Lady Duff Gordon, and to another young and beautiful lady, a niece of Mr. Hallam's. Harry Hallam was also asked. Mr. Tennyson, in his hospitality, had sent for a carpenter to change the whole furniture of his bedroom in order to prepare a proper drawing-room for the ladies. Mr. Brookfield, coming in, was in time to suggest some compromise, to which the host reluctantly agreed. One can imagine that it was a delightful feast, but indeed it is always a feast-day when one breaks bread with those one loves, and the writer is glad to think that she too has been among those to sit at the kind board where the salt has not lost its savor in the years that have passed, and where the guests can say their grace not for bread and wine alone. May she add that the first occasion of her having the honor of breaking bread in company with Mr. Tennyson was in her father's house, when she was propped up in a tall chair between her parents?

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ALMESBURY.

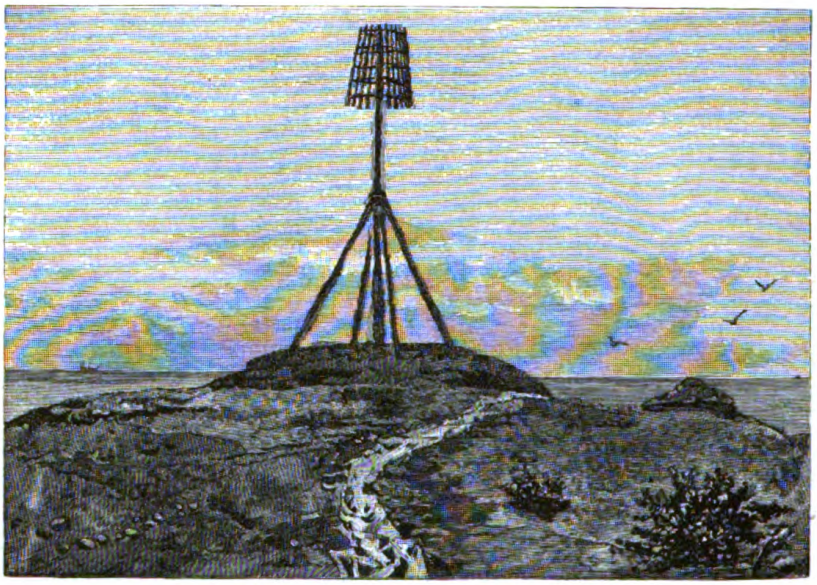
VII.

Some of the writer's earliest recollections are of days now long gone by, when many of these young men of whom she has been speaking, grown to be middle-aged, used to come from time to time to her father's house, and smoke with him, and talk and laugh quietly, taking life seriously, but humorously too, with a certain loyalty to others and self-respect which was their characteristic. They were somewhat melancholy men at soul, but for that very reason, perhaps, the humors of life may have struck them more especially. It is no less possible that our children will think of us as cheerful folks upon the whole, with no little affectation of melancholy and all the graces.

I can remember on one occasion through a cloud of smoke looking across a darkening room at the noble, grave head of the Poet Laureate. He was sitting with my father in the twilight after some family meal in the old house in Kensington. It is Mr. Tennyson himself who has reminded me how upon this occasion, while my father was speaking to me, my little sister looked up suddenly from the book over which she had been absorbed, saying, in her sweet childish voice, "Papa, why do you not write books like *Nicholas Nickleby?*" Then again I seem to hear, across that same familiar table, voices without shape or name, talking and telling each other that Mr. Tennyson was married—that he and his wife had been met walking on the terrace at Clevedon Court; and then the clouds descend again, except, indeed, that I still see my father riding off on his brown cob to Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson's house at Twickenham to attend the christening of Hallam, their eldest son. In after-years we were shown the old ivy-grown church and the rectory at Shiplake, by the deep bend of the Thames, where their marriage took place. One can not but believe that which one has seen and heard, and yet it is hard to realize that some homes were not always there, created in one breath, complete in themselves and in their blessings.

It was at Somersby that Alfred Tennyson first became acquainted with his wife. She was eldest daughter of Henry Sell-

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FARRINGFORD BEACON.—From an unpublished sketch by Frederick Walker.

wood, the last but one of a family of country gentlemen settled in Berkshire in the time of Charles I., and before that, in Saxon times, as it is said, more important people in the forest of their name. Her mother was a sister of Sir John Franklin.

Not many years after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson settled at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight. There is a photograph I have always liked, in which it seems to me the history of this home is written, as such histories should be written, in sunlight, in the flashing of a bright beam, in an instant, and forever. It was taken in the green glade at Farringford. Hallam and Lionel Tennyson stand on either side of their parents, the sun is shining, and no doubt the thrushes and robins are singing and fluttering in the wind-blown branches of the trees, as the father and mother and the children come advancing toward us. Who does not know the beautiful lines of the poet:

> "Dear, near, and true—no truer Time himself
> Can prove you, though he make you evermore
> Dearer and nearer."

And though years have passed, and the children with their wind-blown locks are now men, and it is another generation—little golden-haired Ally and his brother Charlie babbling of life's new wine—who are now picking the daffodils under the Farringford hedge, yet the old picture remains, and shines through to the present.

As the writer notes down these various fragments of remembrance, and compiles this sketch of present things, she can not but feel how much of the past it all means to her, and how very much her own feeling is an inheritance which has gathered interest during a lifetime, so that the chief claim of her words to be regarded is that they are those of an old friend. Her father's warmth of admiration comes back vividly as she writes, all his pleasure when he secured "Tithonus" for one of the early numbers of the *Cornhill Magazine*, his immense and outspoken admiration for the *Idylls of the King*.

VIII.

One autumn, when everything seemed bright at home, Mrs. Cameron took me with her to Freshwater for a few happy weeks, and then, for the first time, I lived with them all, and with kind Mrs. Cameron, in the ivy-grown house near the gates of Farringford. For the first time I staid in the island, and with the people who were dwelling there, and walked with Tennyson along High Down, treading the turf, listening to his talk, while the gulls came sideways, flashing their white breasts against the edge of the cliffs, and the poet's cloak beat time to the gusts of the west wind.

The house at Farringford itself seemed like a charmed palace, with green walls

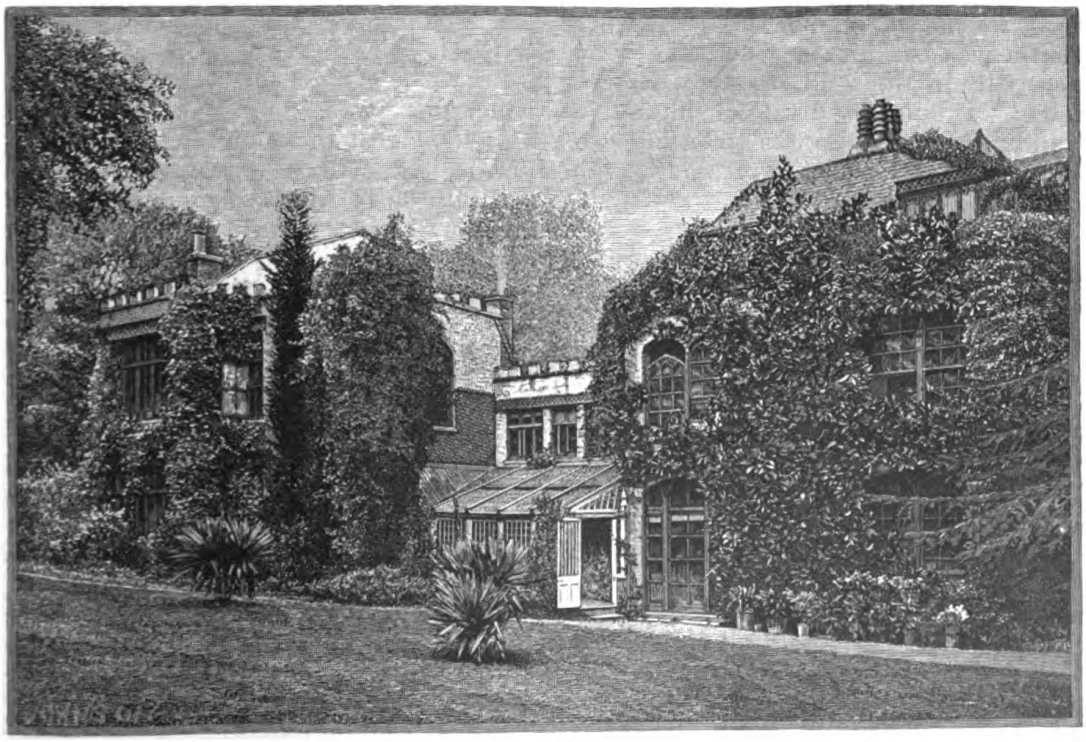
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without, and speaking walls within. There hung Dante with his solemn nose and wreath; Italy gleamed over the doorways; friends' faces lined the way; books filled the shelves, and a glow of crimson was everywhere; the great oriel drawing-room window was full of green and golden leaves, of the sound of birds and of the distant sea.

The very names of the people who have stood upon the lawn at Farringford would be an interesting study for some future biographer: Longfellow, Maurice, Kingsley, the Duke of Argyll, Locker, Dean Stanley, the Prince Consort. Good Garibaldi once planted a tree there, off which some too ardent republican broke a branch before twenty-four hours had passed. Here came Clough in the last year of his life. Here Mrs. Cameron fixed her lens, marking the well-known faces as they passed: Darwin and Henry Taylor, Watts and Aubrey de Vere, Lecky and Jowett, and a score of others.

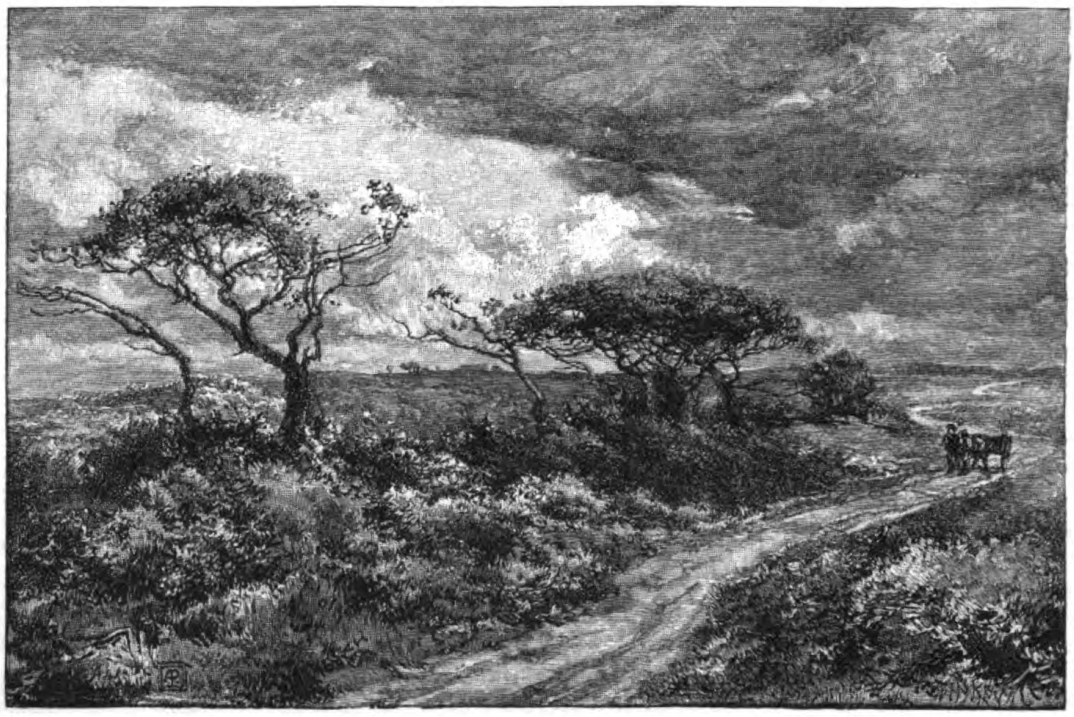
I first knew the place in the autumn, but perhaps it is even more beautiful in spring-time, when all day the lark trills high overhead, and then when the lark has flown out of our hearing the thrushes begin, and the air is sweet with scents from the many fragrant shrubs. The woods are full of anemones and primroses; narcissus grows wild in the lower fields; a lovely creamy stream of flowers flows along the lanes, and lies hidden in the levels; hyacinth pools of blue shine in the woods; and then with a later burst of glory comes the gorse, lighting up the country round about, and blazing round about the beacon hill. The little sketch here given was made early one morning by Frederick Walker, who had come over to see us at Freshwater. The beacon hill stands behind Farringford. If you cross the little wood of nightingales and thrushes, and follow the lane where the blackthorn hedges shine in spring-time (lovely dials that illuminate to show the hour), you come to the downs, and climbing their smooth steeps you reach "Mr. Tennyson's Down," where the beacon-staff stands firm upon the mound. Then, following the line of the coast, you come at last to the Needles, and may look down upon the ridge of rocks that rises, crisp, sharp, shining, out of the blue wash of fierce delicious waters.

The lovely places and sweet country all about Farringford are not among the least of its charms. Beyond the Prim-



FARRINGFORD HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.—From a photograph by Perkins and Son, London.

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IN THE NEW FOREST.

rose Island itself and the blue Solent, the New Forest spreads its shades, and the green depths reach to the very shores. Have we not all read of the forest where Merlin was becharmed, where the winds were still in the wild woods of Broceliande? The forest of Brockenhurst, in Hampshire, waves no less green, its ferns and depths are no less sweet and sylvan, than those of Brittany.

> "Before an oak, so hollow, huge, and old
> It look'd a tower of ruin'd mason-work,
> At Merlin's feet the wily Vivien lay."

I have heard of Mr. Tennyson wandering for days together in the glades round about Lyndhurst. Some people once told me of meeting a mysterious figure in a cloak coming out of a deep glade, passing straight on, looking neither to the right nor the left. "It was either a ghost or it was Mr. Tennyson," said they.

In Sir John Simeon's lifetime there was a constant intercourse between Farringford and Swainston. Sir John was one of Tennyson's most constant companions—a knight of courtesy he calls him in the sad lines written in the garden at Swainston.

Maud grew out of a remark of Sir John Simeon's, to whom Mr. Tennyson had read the lines,

> "O that 'twere possible
> After long grief and pain,"

which lines were, so to speak, the heart of *Maud*. Sir John said that it seemed to him as if something were wanting to explain the story of this poem, and so by degrees it all grew. One little story was told me on the authority of Mr. Henry Sidgwick, who was perhaps present on that occasion. Mr. Tennyson was reading the poem to a silent company assembled in the twilight, and when he got to the birds in the high hall garden calling Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud, he stopped short, and asked an authoress who happened to be present what birds these were. The authoress, much alarmed, and feeling that she must speak, and that the eyes of the whole company were upon her, faltered out, "Nightingales, sir." "Pooh," said Tennyson, "what a cockney you are! Nightingales don't say Maud. Rooks do, or something like it. Caw, caw, caw, caw, caw." Then he went on reading.

Reading, is it? One can hardly de-

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scribe it. It is a sort of mystical incantation, a chant in which every note rises and falls and reverberates again. As we sit around the twilight room at Farringford, with its great oriel-window looking to the garden, across fields of hyacinth and self-sowed daffodils toward the sea, where the waves wash against the rock, we seem carried by a tide not unlike the ocean's sound; it fills the room, it ebbs and flows away; and when we leave, it is with a strange music in our ears, feeling that we have for the first time, perhaps, heard what we may have read a hundred times before.



TENNYSON READING "MAUD."—From a sketch by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, 1855.*

More than once after a reading I can remember the whole party starting forth into the night to listen to the song of the

* This early sketch was preserved by Robert Browning, to whose courtesy we are indebted for its use, and was one of the interesting pictures of the Rossetti exhibition held in London after the painter's death. Mrs. Browning was another of the distinguished company.

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nightingale coming across the field or the quiet park. The nightingales in the island do not sing with passion, but calmly and delightfully, to their mates as they sit upon their nests, singing and stopping, and singing again. Once when Mr. Tennyson was in Yorkshire, so he told me, as he was walking at night in a friend's garden, he heard a nightingale singing with such a frenzy of passion that it was unconscious of everything else, and not frightened though he came and stood quite close beside it; he could see its eye flashing, and feel the air bubble in his ear through the vibration. Our poet, with his short-sighted eyes, can see farther than most people. Almost the first time I ever walked out with him, he told me to look and tell him if the field-lark did not come down sideways upon its wing.

Like his friend Mr. Browning, he instinctively knows everything that is going on round about him, though at the time he may not always stop to note it. There is a tribute to this peculiar gift in Mrs. Gaskell's story of *Cranford;* it is from the old farmer who had lived so long before the young poet came who taught him that ash buds were black in May. Nature in its various aspects makes up a larger part of this man's life than it does for other people. He goes his way unconsciously absorbing life, and its lights and sounds, and teaching us to do the same as far as may be. There is an instance of this given in the pamphlet already quoted from, where the two friends talk on of one theme and another from Kenelm Digby to Aristophanes, and the poet is described as saying, among other things, that he knows of no human outlook so solemn as that from an infant's eyes, and that it was from those of his own he learned that those of the Divine Child in Raffaello's Sistine Madonna were not overcharged with expression.

Here is a reminiscence of Tennyson's about the echo at Killarney, where he said to the boatman, "When I last was here I heard eight echoes, and now I only hear one." To which the man, who had heard people quoting the bugle song, replied, "Why, you must be the gentleman that brought all the money to the place."

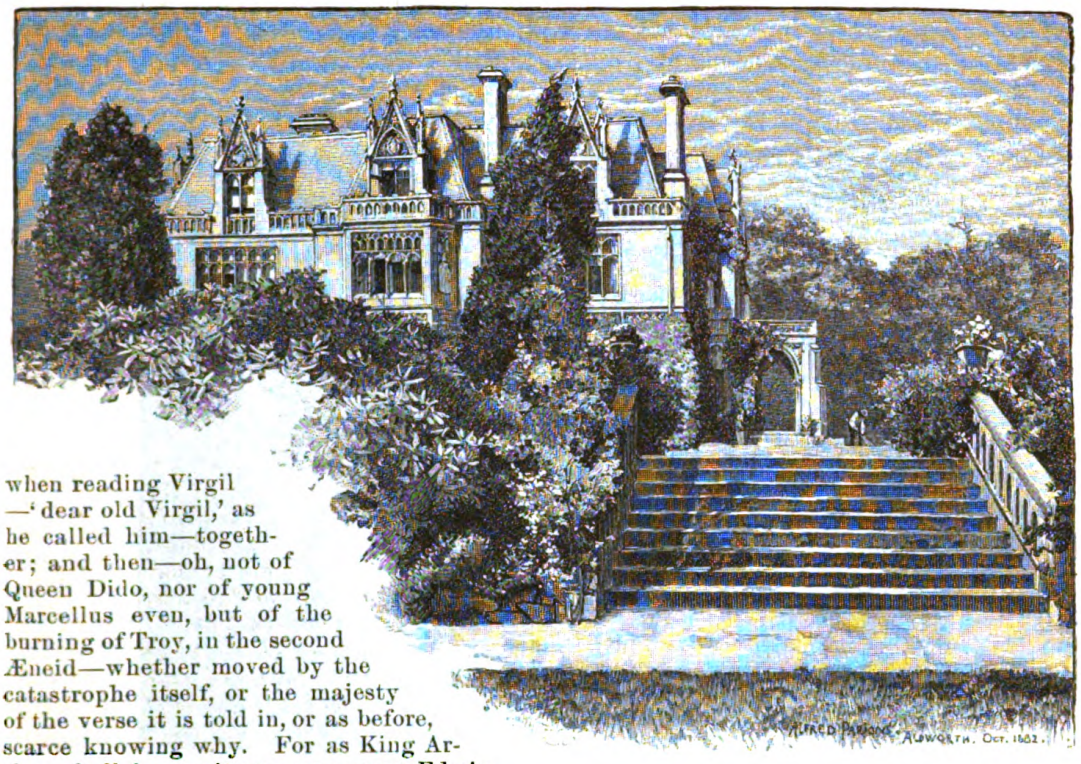
People have different ideas of poets. Mrs. B——, of Totland's Bay, once asked a Freshwater boy, who was driving her, "if he knew Mr. Tennyson." "He makes poets for the Queen," said the boy. "What do you mean?" said the lady, amused. "I don't know what they means," said the boy, "but p'liceman often seen him walking about a-making of 'em under the stars." The author of *Euphranor* has his own definition of a poet:

"The only living—and like to live—poet I have known, when he found himself beside the 'bonnie Doon,' whether it were from recollection of poor Burns, or of 'the days that are no more' which haunt us all, I know not—I think he did not know—'broke into a passion of tears' (as he told me). Of tears, which during a pretty long and intimate intercourse I had never seen glistening in his eyes but once,



THE EDGE OF BLACKDOWN, SHOWING TENNYSON'S HOUSE.

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TENNYSON'S HOME AT ALDWORTH, SURREY.

when reading Virgil —'dear old Virgil,' as he called him—together; and then—oh, not of Queen Dido, nor of young Marcellus even, but of the burning of Troy, in the second Æneid—whether moved by the catastrophe itself, or the majesty of the verse it is told in, or as before, scarce knowing why. For as King Arthur shall bear witness, no young Edwin he, though, as a great poet, comprehending all the softer stops of human emotion in that diapason where the intellectual, no less than what is called the poetical, faculty predominated."

"You will last," Douglas Jerrold said. And there was Carlyle's "Eh! he has got the grip of it," when Tennyson read him the *Revenge*. But perhaps the best compliment Mr. Tennyson ever received was one day when walking in Covent Garden, when he was stopped by a rough-looking man, who held out his hand, and said: "You're Mr. Tennyson. Look here, sir, here am I. I've been drunk for six days out of the seven, but if you will shake me by the hand, I'm d——d if I ever get drunk again."

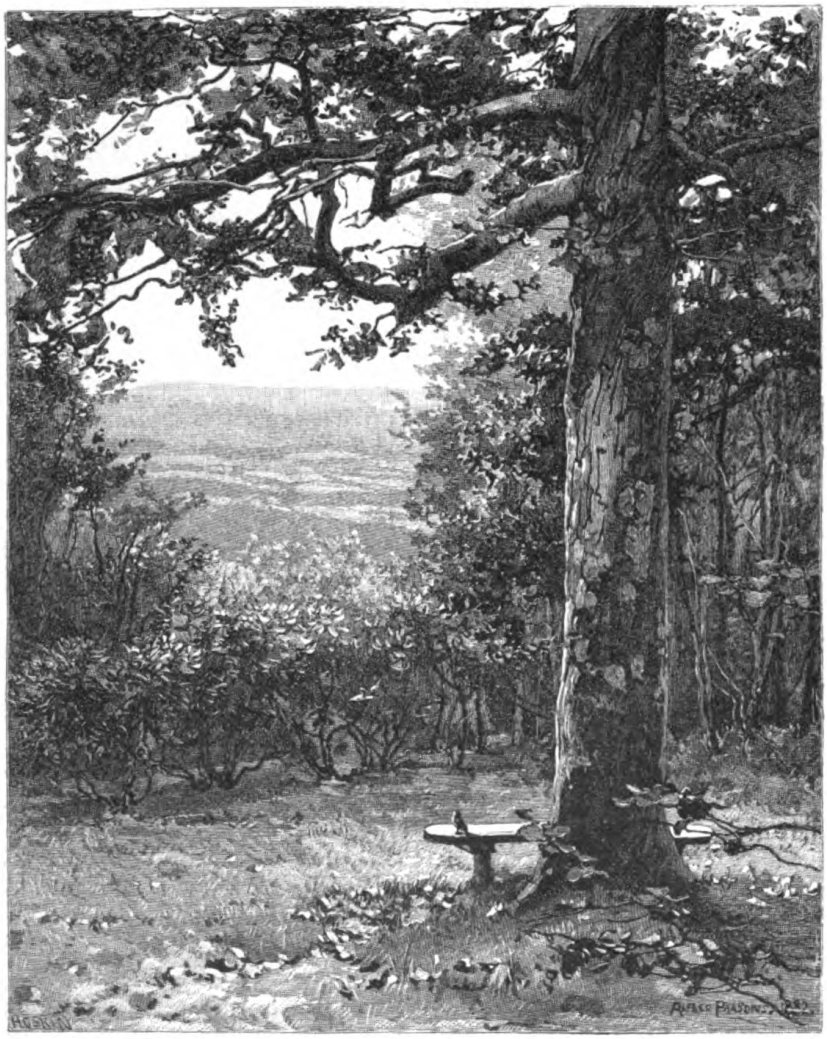
IX.

Aldworth was built some dozen years ago, when Mrs. Tennyson had been ordered change, and Freshwater was found to be unbearable and overcrowded during the summer months. It must be borne in mind that to hospitable people there are dangers from friendly inroads as well as from the attacks of enemies. The new house, where for many years past the family has spent its summers, stands on the summit of a high lonely hill in Surrey, and yet it is not quite out of reach of London life. It is a white stone house with many broad windows facing a great view and a long terrace, like some one of those at Siena or Perugia, with a low parapet of stone, where ivies and roses are trained, making a foreground to the lovely haze of the distance. Sometimes at Aldworth, when the summer days are at their brightest, and high Blackdown top has been well warmed and sunned, I have seen a little procession coming along the terrace walk, and proceeding by its green boundary into a garden, where the sun shines its hottest upon a sheltered lawn, and where standard rose-trees burn their flames. Mr. Tennyson in his broad hat goes first, dragging the garden chair in which Mrs. Tennyson lies; perhaps one son is pushing from behind, while another follows with rugs and cushions for the rest of the party. If the little grandsons and their young mother are there, the family group is complete. One special day I remember when we all sat for an hour round about the homely chair and its gentle occupant. It seemed not unlike a realization of some Italian picture that I had

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somewhere seen, the tranquil eyes, the peaceful heights, the glorious summer day, some sense of lasting calm, of beauty beyond the present hour.

Mr. Tennyson works alone in the early hours of the morning, and comes down long after his own frugal meal is over to find his guests assembling round the social



THE OAK LAWN, ALDWORTH.

No impression of this life at Aldworth and Farringford would be complete if, beside the parents, the sons were not seen, adding each in his own measure to the grateful sight of a united household. Hallam, the eldest son, has been for years past the adviser, the friend, and companion of his father and mother at home; and Lionel, the younger, although living away in London in his own home, all the same holds fast to the family tradition of parents and children closely united through the chances and changes of life, and trusting and supporting one another.

breakfast table. He generally goes out for a walk before luncheon, with a son and a friend, perhaps, and followed by a couple of dogs. All Londoners know the look of the stalwart figure and the fine face and broad-brimmed felt hat as he advances.

There is one little ceremony peculiar to the Tennyson family, and reminding one of some college custom, which is, that when dinner is over the guests are brought away into a second room, where stands a white table, upon which fruit and wine are set, and a fire burns bright, and a

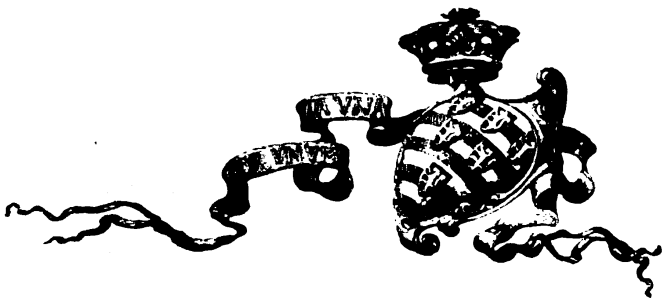
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pleasant hour passes, while the master of the house sits in his carved chair and discourses upon any topic suggested by his guests, or brings forth reminiscences of early Lincolnshire days, or from the facts he remembers out of the lives of past men who have been his friends. There was Rogers, among the rest, for whom he had a great affection, with whom he constantly lived during that lonely time in London. "I have dined alone with him," I heard Mr. Tennyson say, "and we have talked about death till the tears rolled down his face."

Tennyson met Tom Moore at Rogers's, and there, too, he first met Mr. Gladstone. John Forster, Leigh Hunt, and Landor were also friends of that time. One of Tennyson's often companions in those days was Mr. Hallam, whose opinion he once asked of Carlyle's *French Revolution*. Mr. Hallam replied, in his quick, rapid way, "Upon my word, I once opened the book, and read four or five pages. The style is so abominable I could not get on with it." Whereas Carlyle's own criticism upon the *History of the Middle Ages* was, "Eh! the poor, miserable skeleton of a book!"

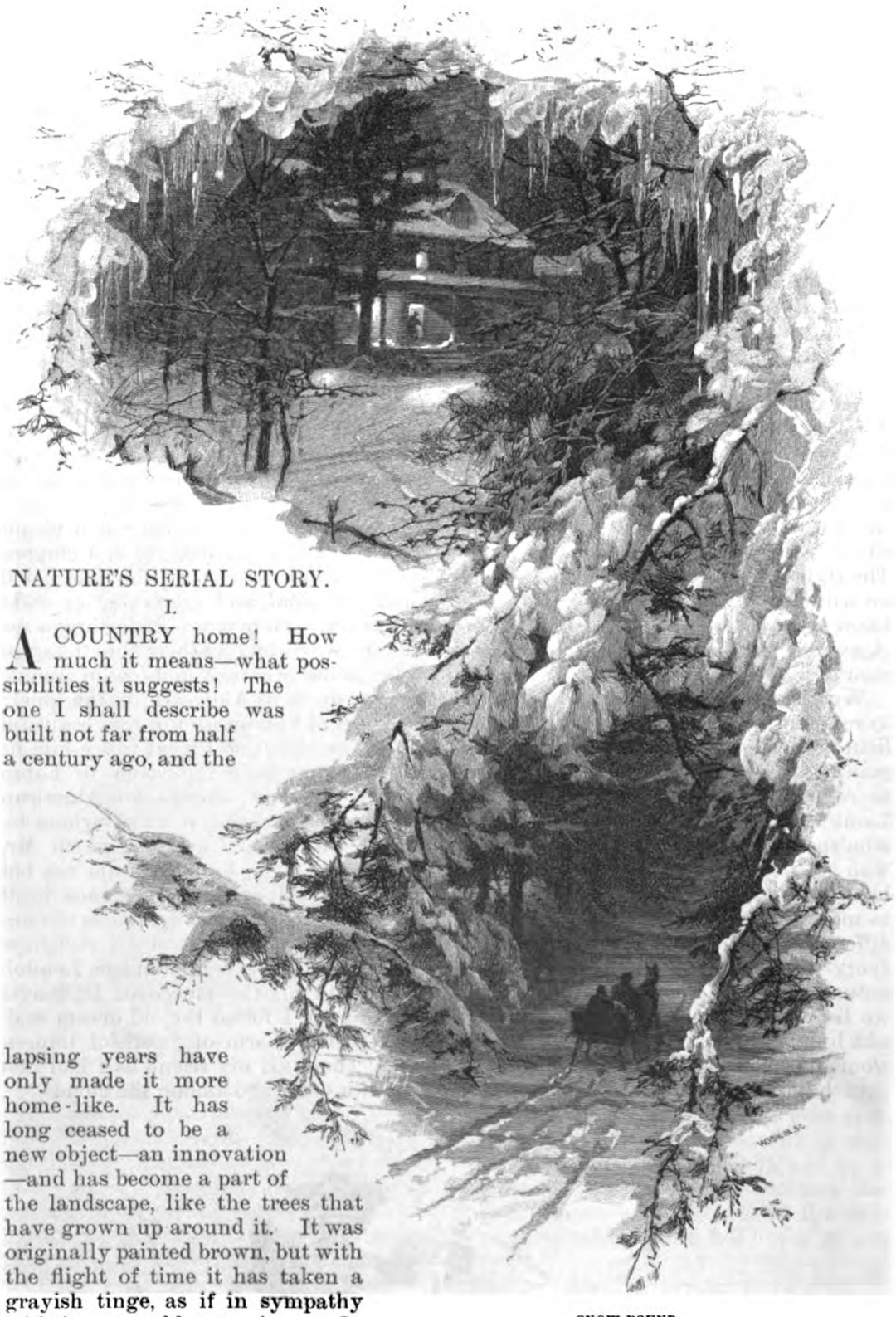
Was it not Charles Lamb who wanted to return grace after reading Shakspeare, little deeming in humble simplicity that many of us yet to come would be glad to return thanks for a jest of Charles Lamb's. The difference between those who speak with natural reality, and those who go through life fitting their second-hand ideas to other people's words, is one so marked that even a child may tell the difference. When the Laureate speaks, every word comes wise, racy, absolutely natural, and sincere; and how gladly do we listen to his delightful stories, full of odd humors and knowledge of men and women, or to his graver talk! When a man has read so much and thought so much, it is an epitome of the knowledge of to-day we find in him, touched by the solemn strain of the poet's own gift. I once heard Mr. Tennyson talking to some actors, to no less a person indeed than to Hamlet himself, for after the curtain fell the whole play seemed to flow from off the stage into the box where we had been sitting, and I could scarcely tell at last where reality began and Shakspeare ended. The play was over, and we ourselves seemed a part of it still; here were the players, and our own prince poet, in that familiar simple voice we all know, explaining the art, going straight to the point in his own downright fashion, criticising with delicate appreciation, by the simple force of truth and conviction carrying all before him. "You are a good actor lost," one of these real actors said to him.

It is a gain to the world when people are content to be themselves, not chipped to the smooth pattern of the times, but simple, original, and unaffected in ways and words. Here is a poet leading a poet's life; where he goes there goes the spirit of his home, whether in London among the crowds, or at Aldworth on the lonely height, or at Farringford in that beautiful bay. The last time I went to see him he was smoking in a top room in Eaton Square. It may interest an American public to be told that it was Durham tobacco from North Carolina, which Mr. Lowell had given him. I could not but feel how little even circumstance itself can contribute to that mysterious essence of individuality which we all recognize and love. In this commonplace London room, with all the stucco of Belgravia round about, I found the old dream realized, the old charm of youthful impression. There sat my friend as I had first seen him years ago among the clouds.



THE TENNYSON COAT OF ARMS.

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SNOW-BOUND.

NATURE'S SERIAL STORY.

I.

A COUNTRY home! How much it means—what possibilities it suggests! The one I shall describe was built not far from half a century ago, and the lapsing years have only made it more home-like. It has long ceased to be a new object—an innovation—and has become a part of the landscape, like the trees that have grown up around it. It was originally painted brown, but with the flight of time it has taken a grayish tinge, as if in sympathy with its venerable proprietor. In summer it stands back from the roadway in modest seclusion. Elms, maples, and shrubbery give to the passer-by but chance glimpses of the wide veranda which is indicated rather than revealed beyond the thickly clustering vines.

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It is now late December, and in contrast with its leafy retirement the old homestead stands out with a sharp distinctness in the white landscape; and yet its sober hue harmonizes with the dark boles of the trees, and suggests that, like them, it is a natural growth of the soil, and quite as capable of clothing itself with foliage in the coming spring. This in a sense will be true when the greenery and blossoms of the wistaria, honeysuckle, and grape-vines appear, for their fibres and tendrils have clung to the old house so long that they may well be deemed an inseparable part of it. Even now it seems that the warmth, light, and comfort within are the sustaining influences which will carry them through the coming days of frost and storm. A tall pine-tree towers above the northern gable of the dwelling, and it is ever sighing and moaning to itself, as if it possessed some unhappy family secret which it can neither reveal nor forget. On the hither side of its shade a carriage-drive curved toward an ancient horse-block, with many a lichen growing on the under side of the weather-beaten planks and supports. From this platform, where guests had been alighting for a generation or more, the drive passed to an old-fashioned carriage-house, in which were the great family sleigh and a light and gayly painted cutter, revealing that the home was not devoid of the young life to which winter's most exhilarating pastime is so dear. A quaint corn-crib was near, with its mossy posts capped with inverted tin pans much corroded with rust, which prevented prowling rats and mice from climbing up into the golden treasure-house. Still further beyond were the gray old barn and stables, facing the south. Near their doors on the sunny side of the ample yard stood half a dozen ruminating cows, with possibly a dim consciousness between their wide-branching horns of the fields, now so white and cold, from which had been cropped far juicier morsels in the summer long past. Even into their sheltered nook the sun, far down in the south, threw but cold and watery gleams from a steel-colored sky, and as the northern blast eddied around the sheltering buildings the poor creatures shivered, and when their morning airing was over, were glad to return to their warm, straw-littered stalls. Even the gallant and champion cock of the yard was chilled. With one foot gathered up into his fluffy feathers he stood motionless in the midst of his disconsolate harem with his eye fixed vacantly on the forbidding outlook. His dames appeared neither to miss nor to invite his attentions, and their eyes, usually so bright and alert, often filmed in weary discontent. Nature, however, was oblivious to all the dumb protests of the barn-yard, and the cold steadily strengthened.

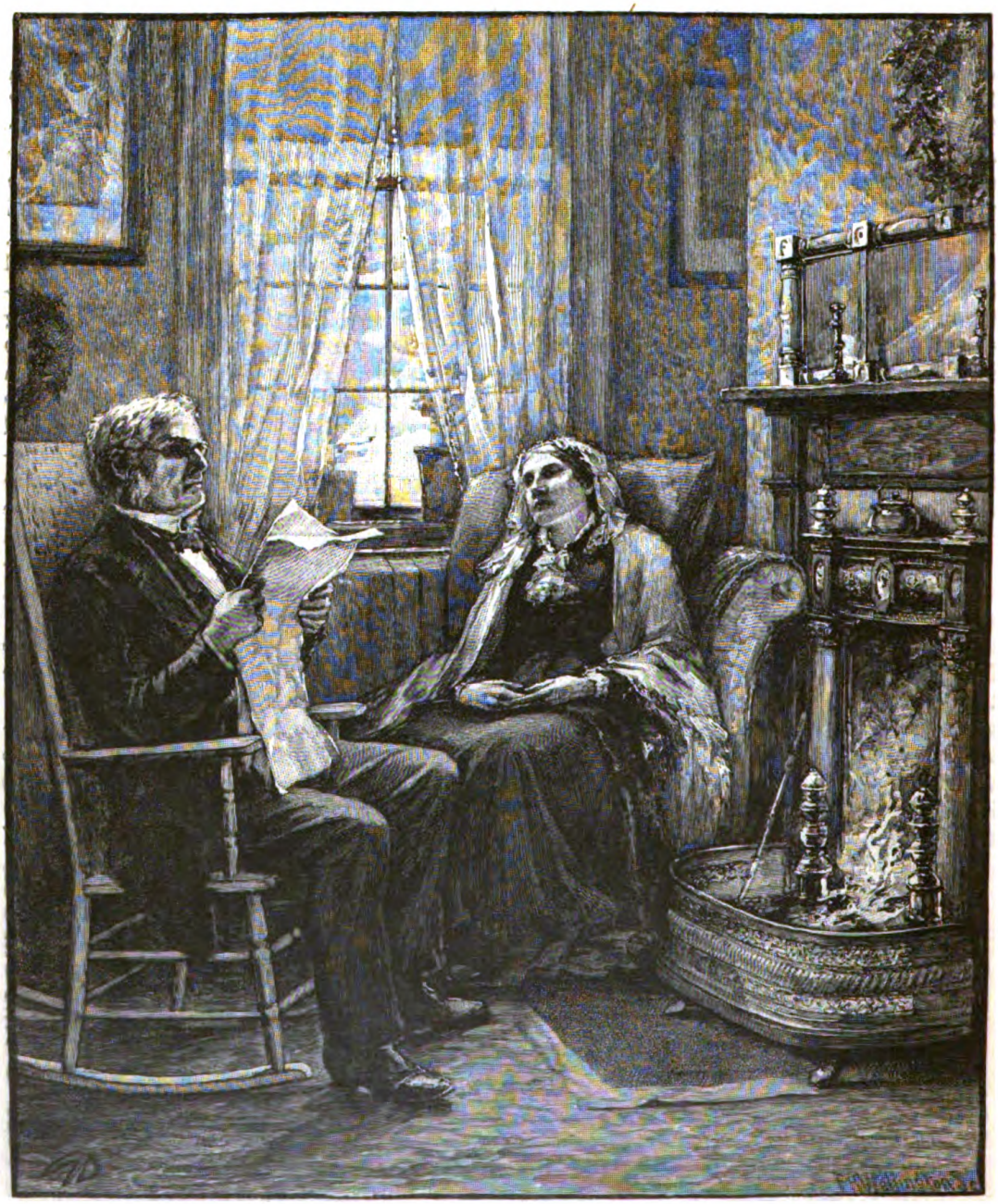
Away on every side stretched the angular fields, outlined by fences that were often but white continuous mounds, and also marked by trees and shrubs that in their earlier life had run the gauntlet of



THE BARN-YARD.

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the bush-hook. Here and there the stones of the higher and more abrupt walls would crop out, while the board and rail fences appeared strangely dwarfed by the snow that had fallen and drifted around them. The groves and wood-crowned hills still further away looked as drearily uninviting as roofless dwellings with icy hearth-stones and smokeless chimneys. Towering above all on the right was Storm King Mountain, its granite rocks and precipices showing darkly here and there, as if its huge white mantle were old and ragged indeed. One might well shiver at the lonely, desolate wastes lying beyond it, grim hills and early-shadowed valleys where the half-starved fox prowls and watches for unwary rabbits venturing from their coverts



GRANDMOTHER'S ROOM.

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to nibble the frozen twigs. The river, which above the Highlands broadens out into Newburgh Bay, has become a snowy plain devoid on this bitter day of every sign of life. The Beacon hills on the farther side frown forbiddingly through the intervening northern gale, sweeping southward into the mountain gorge.

On a day like this the most ardent lover of nature could scarcely fail to shrink from her cold, pallid face and colder breath. Our return to the home, whose ruddy fire-light is seen through the frosted window-panes, will be all the more welcome because we have been shivering so long without. The grace of hospitality has been a characteristic of the master of the house for over half a century, and therefore the reader need not fear to enter, especially at this Christmas-time, when the world, as if to make amends for the churlish welcome it gave to its Divine Guest, for whom no better place was found than a stable, now throws open the door and heart in kindly feeling and unselfish impulses.

We propose to make a long visit at this old-fashioned homestead; we shall become the close friends of its inmates, and share in their family life. They will introduce us to some of their neighbors, and take us on many breezy drives and pleasant excursions, with which it is their custom to relieve their busy life. We shall take part in their rural labors, and learn from them the secret of obtaining from nature that which nourishes both soul and body: They will admit us to their confidence, and give us glimpses of that mystery of mysteries, the human heart; and we shall learn how the ceaseless story of life, with its hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows, repeats itself in the quiet seclusion of a country home as truly as in the turmoil of the city. Nor would our visit be complete did we not witness among the ripened fruits of conjugal affection the bud and blossom of that immortal flower which first opened in Eden, and which ever springs unbidden from the heart when the conditions that give it life and sustenance are present.

The hallway of this central scene of our story is wide, and extends to a small piazza in the rear. The front half of this family thoroughfare had been partitioned off by sliding-doors, and thus could be made into quite a roomy apartment. Its breezy coolness caused it to be a favorite resort on sultry days, but now it is forsaken, except as a great heater, with its ample rotundity and glowing heart, suggested to the visitor that it stood there as a representative of the host until he could appear. Some portraits, a fine old engraving, a map of the county, and some sprays of evergreen intermingled with red berries, take away all bareness from the walls, while in a corner near the door stands a rack, formed in part by the branching antlers of a stag, on which hang fur caps and collars, warm wraps and coats, all suggesting abundant means of robbing winter of its rigor. On hooks above the sliding-doors are suspended a modern rifle and a double-barrelled shot-gun, and above these a firelock musket that had done good service in the Revolution.

The doors opening into the rear hall were pushed back, revealing a broad stairway, leading with an abrupt turn and landing to the upper chambers. A cheerful apartment on the left of this hall was the abode of an invalid, whose life disease for many years had vainly sought to darken. There were lines of suffering on her thin white face, and her hair, once black, was silvered; but it would seem that courage and hope had been kindled rather than quenched by pain in the dark lustrous eyes of the patient woman. She was now reclining on a sofa, which had been wheeled near to a wood fire glowing on the hearth of a large Franklin stove; and her dreamy, absent expression often gave place to one of passing interest as her husband, sitting opposite, read from his paper an item of news—some echo from the busy, troubled world that seemed so remote from their seclusion and peaceful age. The venerable man appeared, however, as if he might still do his share in keeping the world busy, and also in banishing some of its evils. Although time had whitened his locks, it had touched kindly his stalwart frame, while his square jaw and strong features indicated a character that had met life's vicissitudes as a man should meet them. His native strength and force, however, were like the beautiful region in which he dwelt—once wild and rugged indeed, but now softened and humanized by generations of culture. Even his spectacles could not obscure the friendly and benevolent expression of his large blue eyes. It was evident that he looked at the world, as mirrored before him in the daily journal, with neither cynicism nor mere curi-

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osity, but with a heart in sympathy with all the influences that were making it better.

The chime of a bell caused the old man to rise and assist his wife to her feet; then, with an affectionate manner tinged with a fine courtesy of the old school, he supported her to the dining-room, placed her in a cushioned chair on his right at the head of the table, and drew a footstool to her feet. There was a gentleness and solicitude in his bearing which indicated that her weakness was more potent than strength would have been in maintaining her ascendency.

Meanwhile the rest of the family flocked in with an alacrity which proved either that the bitter cold had sharpened their appetites, or that the old-fashioned one-o'clock dinner was a cheerful break in the monotony of the day. There was a middle-aged man, who was evidently the strong stay and staff on which the old people leaned. His wife was the housekeeper of the family, and she was emphatically the "house-mother" as the Germans phrase it. Every line of her good but rather care-worn face bespoke an anxious solicitude about everybody and everything except herself. It was apparent that she had inherited not a little of the "Martha" spirit, and "was careful about many things"; but her slight tendency to worry saved others a world of worriment, for she was the household providence, and her numberless little anxieties led to so much prevention of evil that there was not much left to cure. Such was her untiring attention that her thoughtless growing children seemed cared for by the silent forces of nature. Their clothes came to them like the leaves on the trees, and her deft fingers added little ornaments that cost the wearers no more thought than did the blossoms of spring to the unconscious plants of the garden. She was as essential to her husband as the oxygen in the air, and he knew it, although demonstrating his knowledge rather quietly perhaps. But she understood him, and enjoyed a little secret exultation over the strong man's almost ludicrous helplessness and desolation when her occasional absences suspended for a brief time their conjugal partnership. She surrounded the old people with a perpetual Indian-summer haze of kindliness, which banished all hard bleak outlines from their late autumnal life. In brief, she was what God and nature designed woman to be—the gracious pervading spirit that filled the roomy house with comfort and rest. Sitting near were her eldest son and pride, a lad about thirteen years of age, and a girl who, when a baby, had looked so like a boy that her father had called her "Johnnie," a sobriquet which still clung to her. Close to the mother's side was a little embodiment of vitality, mischief, and frolic in the form of a four-year-old boy, the dear torment of the whole house.

There remain but two others to be mentioned, and the Clifford family will be complete, as constituted at present. The first was the youngest son of the aged man at the head of the table. He had inherited his father's features; but there was a dash of recklessness blended with the manifest frankness of his expression, and in his blue eyes there was little trace of shrewd calculation or forethought. Even during the quiet mid-day meal they flashed with an irrepressible mirthfulness, and not one at the table escaped his aggressive nonsense. His brother, two or three years his senior, was of a very different type, and seemed somewhat overshadowed by the other's brilliancy. He had his mother's dark eyes, but they were deep and grave, and he appeared reserved and silent even in the home circle. His bronzed features were almost rugged in their strength, but a heavy mustache gave a touch of something like manly beauty to his rather sombre face. You felt instinctively that he was one who would take life seriously—perhaps a little too seriously—and whether it brought him joy or sorrow, he would admit the world but charily to his confidence.

Burtis, the youngest brother, had gone through college after a sort of neck-or-nothing fashion, and had been destined for one of the learned professions; but while his natural ability had enabled him to run the gauntlet of examinations, he had evinced such an unconquerable dislike for restraint and plodding study that he had been welcomed back to the paternal acres, which were broad enough for them all. Mr. Clifford by various means had acquired considerable property in his day, and was not at all disappointed that his sons should prefer the primal calling to any other, since it was within his power to establish them well when they were ready for a separate domestic life. It must be admitted, however, that thus far the rural tastes of Burtis, his youngest son, were chiefly for free out-of-door life, with its accessories of rod, gun, and horses.

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But Leonard, the eldest, and Webb, the second in years, were true children of the soil in the better sense of the word. Their country home had been so replete with interest from earliest memory that they had taken root there like the trees which their father had planted. Leonard was a practical farmer, content in a measure to follow the traditions of the elders. Webb, on the other hand, was disposed to look past the outward aspects of nature to her hidden moods and motives, and to take all the advantage possible of his discoveries. The farm was to him a laboratory, and with something of the spirit of the old alchemists he read, studied, and brooded over the problem of producing the largest results at the least cost. He was by no means deficient in imagination, or even in appreciation of the beautiful side of nature, when his thoughts were directed to this phase of the outer world; but his imagination had become materialistic, and led only to an eager quest after the obscure laws of cause and effect, which might enable him to accomplish what to his plodding neighbors would seem almost miraculous. He understood that the forces with which he was dealing were well-nigh infinite; and it was his delight to study them, to combine them, and make them his servants. It was his theory that the energy in nature was like a vast motive power, over which man could throw the belt of his skill and knowledge, and so produce results commensurate with the force of which he availed himself. There was therefore an unfailing zest in his work, and the majority of his labors had the character of experiments, which nevertheless were so guided by experience that they were rarely futile or unremunerative. On themes that accorded with his tastes and pursuits he would often talk earnestly and well, but his silence and preoccupation at other times proved that it is not well to be dominated by one idea, even though it be a large one.

The reader may now consider himself introduced to the household with whom he is invited to sojourn. In time he will grow better acquainted with the different members of the family, as they, in their several ways, develop their own individuality. A remark from old Mr. Clifford indicates that another guest is expected, who, unlike ourselves, will be present in reality, not fancy, and is destined to become a permanent inmate of the home.

"This is a bitter day," he said, "for little Amy to come to us; and yet, unless something unforeseen prevents, she will be at the station this evening."

"Don't worry about the child," Burtis responded, promptly; "I'll meet her, and am glad of an excuse to go out this horrid day. I'll wrap her up in furs like an Esquimau."

"Yes, and upset her in the drifts with your wild driving," said good-natured Leonard, the eldest brother. "Your horse Thunder is bad enough at any time; but of late, between the cold, high feeding, and idleness, he'll have to be broken over again: lucky if he don't break your neck in the operation. The little girl will feel strange enough, anyway, coming among people that she has never seen, and I don't intend that she shall be frightened out of her wits into the bargain by your harum-scarum ways. You'd give her the impression that we were only half-civilized. So I'll drive over for her in the family sleigh, and take Alf with me." (Alf, or Alfred, was his eldest boy, the lad of thirteen.) "He will be nearer her own age, and help to break the ice. If you want a lark, go out by yourself, and drive where you please after your own break-neck style."

"Leonard is right," resumed Mr. Clifford, emphatically. "The ward committed to me by my dear old friend should be brought to her home with every mark of respect and affection by the one who has the best right to represent me. I'd go myself were not the cold so severe; but then Leonard's ways are almost as fatherly as my own; and when his good wife there gets hold of the child she'll soon be fused into the family in spite of the zero weather. She'll find all the cold without the door."

"I yield," said Burtis, with a careless laugh. "Len shall bring home the little chick, and put her under his wife's wing. I probably would misrepresent the family, and make a bad first impression; and as for Webb, you might as well send the undertaker for her."

"I don't think she will feel strange among us very long," said Maggie, Leonard's wife. "She shall hang up her stocking to-night like the other children, and I have some nice little knickknacks with which to fill it. These, and the gifts which the rest of you have provided, will delight her, as they do all little people, and make

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her feel at once that she is part of the family."

"Maggie expresses my purpose fully," concluded Mr. Clifford. "As far as it is within our power we should make her one of the family. In view of my friend's letters, this is the position that I desire her to sustain, and it will be the simplest and most natural relation for us all. Your mother and I will receive her as a daughter, and it is my wish that my sons should treat her as a sister from the first."

Amy Winfield, the subject of the above remarks, was the only daughter of a gentleman who had once been Mr. Clifford's most intimate friend, and also a partner in many business transactions. Mr. Winfield had long resided abroad, and there had lost the wife whom he had married rather late in life. When feeling his own end drawing near, his thoughts turned wistfully to the friend of his early manhood, and as he recalled Mr. Clifford's rural home he felt that he could desire no better refuge for his child. He had always written of her as his "little girl," and such she was in his fond eyes, although in fact she had seen eighteen summers. Her slight figure and girlish ways had never dispelled the illusion that she was still a child, and as such he had commended her to his friend, who had responded to the appeal as to a sacred claim, and had already decided to give her a daughter's place in his warm heart. Mr. Winfield could not have chosen a better guardian for the orphan and her property, and a knowledge of this truth had soothed the last hours of the dying man.

It struck Leonard that the muffled figure he picked up at the station and carried through the dusk and snow to the sleigh was rather tall and heavy for the child he was expecting; but he wrapped her warmly, almost beyond the possibility of speaking, or even breathing, and spoke the hearty and encouraging words which are naturally addressed to a little girl. After seeing that her trunks were safely bestowed in a large box sledge, under the charge of black Abram, one of the farm hands, he drove rapidly homeward, admonishing his young son Alfred on the way "to be sociable." The boy, however, had burrowed so deeply under the robes as to be invisible and oblivious. When Leonard was about to lift her out of the sleigh, as he had placed her in it, the young girl protested, and said,

"I fear I shall disappoint you all by being larger and older than you expect."

A moment later he was surprised to find that the "child" was as tall as his wife, who, with abounding motherly kindness, had received the girl with open arms. Scarcely less demonstrative and affectionate was the greeting of old Mr. Clifford, and the orphan felt almost from the first that she had found a second father.

"Why, Maggie," whispered Leonard to his wife, "the child is as tall as you are!"

"There's only the more to welcome, then," was the genial answer, and turning to the young girl, she continued, "Come with me, my dear; I'm not going to have you frightened and bewildered with all your new relations before you can take breath. You shall unwrap in your own room, and feel from the start that you have a nook where no one can molest you nor make you afraid, to which you can always retreat;" and she led the way to a snug apartment, where an air-tight stove created summer warmth. There was a caressing touch in Mrs. Leonard's assistance which the young girl felt in her very soul, for tears came into her eyes as she sat down on a low chair with a deep sigh of relief.

"I feared I would be a stranger among strangers," she murmured; "but I already feel as if I were at home."

"You are, Amy," was the prompt reply, spoken with that quiet emphasis which banishes all trace of doubt. "You are at home as truly as I am. There is nothing half-way in this house. Do you know we all thought that you were a child? I now foresee that we shall be companions, and very companionable too, I am sure."

There was a world of grateful good-will in the dark hazel eyes which Amy lifted to the motherly face bending over her.

"And now come," pursued Mrs. Leonard; "mother Clifford, the boys, and the children are all eager to see you. You won't find much ice to break, and before the evening is over you will feel that you belong to us and we to you. Don't be afraid."

"I'm not afraid any more. I was, though, on my way here. Everything looked so cold and dismal from the car windows, and the gentleman in whose care I was had little to say, though kind and attentive enough. I was left to my own thoughts, and gave way to a foolish depression; but

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when your husband picked me up in his strong arms, and re-assured me as if I were a little girl, my feeling of desolation began to pass away. Your greeting and that of dear old Mr. Clifford have banished it altogether. I felt as if my own father were blessing me in the friend who is now my guardian, and of whom I have heard so often; and after my long winter journey among strangers you've no idea what a refuge this warm room has already become. Oh, I know I shall be happy. I only wish that dear papa knew how well he has provided for me."

"He knows, my dear. But come, or that incorrigible Burtis will be bursting upon us in his impatience, and the little mother must not be kept waiting either. You will soon learn to love her dearly. Weak and gentle as she is, she rules us all."

Mother's room was, in truth, the favorite haunt of the house, and only her need of quiet kept it from being full much of the time. There was nothing bleak or repelling in the age it sheltered, and children and grandchildren gathered about the old people almost as instinctively as around their genial open fire. This momentous Christmas-eve found them all there, a committee of reception awaiting the new inmate of their home. There was an eager desire to know what Amy was like, but it was a curiosity wholly devoid of the spirit of criticism. The circumstances under which the orphan came to them would banish any such tendency from people less kindly than the Cliffords; but their home life meant so much to them all that they were naturally solicitous concerning one who must, from the intimate relations she would sustain, take from or add much to it. Therefore it was with a flutter of no ordinary expectancy that they waited for her appearance. The only one indifferent was Leonard's youngest boy, who, astride his grandpa's cane, was trotting quietly about, unrestricted in his gambols. Alfred had thawed out since his return from the station, and was eager to take the measure of a possible playmate; but with the shyness of a boy who is to meet a "strange girl," he sought a partial cover behind his grandfather's chair. Little "Johnnie" was flitting about impatiently, with her least mutilated doll upon her arm; while her uncle Burtis, seated on a low stool by his mother's sofa, pretended to be exceedingly jealous, and was deprecating the fact that he would now be no longer petted as her baby, since the child of her adoption must assuredly take his place. Webb, who, as usual, was somewhat apart from the family group, kept up a poor pretense of reading; and genial Leonard stood with his back to the fire, his hands clasped behind him, beaming upon all, and waiting to shine on the new-comer. Mr. Clifford only seemed uninfluenced by the warm bright present, for he gazed fixedly into the flickering blaze, and occasionally took off his spectacles to wipe away the moisture that gathered in his eyes. His thoughts evidently were busy with years long past, and were following that old tried friend who had committed to his hands so sacred a trust.

The door opened, and Mrs. Leonard led Amy forward. The latter hesitated a moment, bewildered by the number of eyes turned toward her, and the new relations into which she was entering. She proved that she was not a child by her quick blushing consciousness of the presence of two young men, who were as yet utter strangers; and they, in turn, involuntarily gave to the slender brown-haired girl quite a different welcome from the one they had expected to bestow upon a child. Old Mr. Clifford did not permit her embarrassment to last a moment, for, stepping hastily forward, and encircling her with his arm, he led her to his wife, who brought tears into the eyes of the motherless girl by the gentle warmth of her greeting. She monopolized her ward so long that impatient Burtis began to expostulate and ask when his turn was coming. The young girl turned a shy, blushing face toward him, and her cheeks, mantling under the full rays of the lamp, rendered the exquisite purity of her complexion all the more apparent. He also began to feel that he was flushing absurdly, but he carried it off with his usual audacity.

"I am much embarrassed and perplexed," he said. "I was led to expect a little sister that I could romp with, and pick up and kiss; but here is a young lady that almost paralyzes me with awe."

"I'd like to see you paralyzed from any such cause just once," Leonard remarked, laughingly. "Go kiss your sister like a little man."

The young fellow seemed to relish the ceremony exceedingly, and responsive

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mirthfulness gleamed for a moment in Amy's eyes. Then he dragged Webb forward, saying, "Let me introduce to you the grave and learned member of the family, to whom we all speak with bated breath. You must not expect him to get acquainted with you in any ordinary way. He will investigate you, and never rest until he has discovered all the hidden laws of your being. Now, Webb, I will support you while Amy kisses you, and then you may sit down and analyze your sensations, and perhaps cipher out a method by which a kiss can be rendered tenfold more effective."

Unmoved by his brother's raillery, Webb took the young girl's hand, and looked at her so earnestly with his dark grave eyes that hers drooped. "Sister Amy," he said, gently and quietly, "I was prepared to welcome you on general principles, but I now welcome you for your own sake. Rattlebrain Burt will make a good playmate, but you will come to me when you are in trouble;" and he kissed her brow.

The girl looked up with a swift, grateful glance; it seemed odd to her even at that moment of strong and confused impressions, and with the salutes of her guardians still warm upon her cheek, that she felt a sense of rest and security never known before. "He will be my brother in very truth," was the interpretation which her heart gave to his quiet words. They all smiled, for the course of the reticent and undemonstrative young man was rather unexpected. Burtis indulged in a ringing laugh, as he said:

"Father, mother, you must both feel wonderfully relieved. Webb is to look after Amy in her hours of woe, which, of course, will be frequent in this vale of tears. He will console you, Amy, by explaining how tears are formed, and how, by a proper regard for the sequence of cause and effect, there might be more or less of them according to your desire."

"I think I understand Webb," was her smiling answer.

"Don't imagine it. He is a perfect sphinx. Never before has he opened his mouth so widely, and only an occasion like this could have moved him. You must have unconsciously revealed a hidden law, or else he would have been as mum as an oyster."

Leonard, meanwhile, had seated himself, and was holding on his knee his little boy Edwin, or Ned, as he was familiarly called, his arm at the same time encircling shy, sensitive Johnnie, who was fairly trembling with excited expectancy. Ned, with his thumb in his mouth, regarded his new relative in the most critical and nonchalant manner; but to the little girl the home world was *the* world, and the arrival in its midst of the beautiful lady never seen before was as wonderful as any fairy tale. Indeed, that such a June-like creature should come to them that wintry day—that she had crossed the terrible ocean from a foreign realm far more remote in the child's consciousness than fairy-land—seemed quite as strange as if Cinderella had stepped out of the story-book with the avowed purpose of remaining with them until her lost slipper was found. Leonard, big and strong as he was, felt and interpreted the delicate and thrilling organism of his child, and as Amy turned toward him he said, with a smile:

"No matter about me. We're old friends; for I've known you ever since you were a little girl at the station. What if you did grow to be a young woman while riding home! Stranger things than that happen every day in story-books, don't they, Johnnie? Johnnie, you must know, has the advantage of the rest of us. She likes bread and butter and kindred realities of our matter-of-fact sphere; but she also has a world of her own, which is quite as real. I think she is inclined to believe that you are a fairy princess, and that you may have a wand in your pocket by which you can restore to her doll the missing nose and arm."

Amy scarcely needed Leonard's words in order to understand the child, for the period was not remote when in her own mind the sharp outlines of fact had shaded off into the manifold mysteries of wonderland. Therefore with an appreciation and gentleness which won anew all hearts, she took the little girl on her lap, and said, smilingly:

"I have a wee wand with which I'm sure I can do much for you, and perhaps something for dolly. I can't claim to be a fairy princess, but I shall try to be as good to you as if I were one."

Webb, with his book upside down, looked at the young girl in a way which proved that he shared in Johnnie's wonder and vague anticipation. Alfred, behind his grandfather's chair, was the only one who felt aggrieved and disappointed. Thus far

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he had been overlooked, but he did not much care, for this great girl could be no companion for him. Amy, however, had woman's best grace—tact—and guessed his trouble. "Alf," she said, calling him by his household name, and turning upon him her large hazel eyes, which contained spells as yet unknown even to herself—"Alf, don't be disappointed. You shall find that I am not too big to play with you."

The boy yielded at once to a grace which he would be years in learning to understand, and which yet affected him subtly, and with something of the same influence that it had upon Webb, who felt that a new element was entering into his life. Mercurial Burtis, however, found nothing peculiar in his own pleasant sensations. He had a score of young lady friends, and was merely delighted to find in Amy a very attractive young woman, instead of a child or a dull, plain-featured girl, toward whom brotherly attentions might often become a bore. He lived intensely in the present hour, and was more than content that his adopted sister was quite to his taste.

"Well, Amy," said Mr. Clifford, benignantly, "you seem to have stepped in among us as if there had always been a niche waiting for you, and I think that after you have broken bread with us, and have had a quiet sleep under the old roof, you will feel at home. Come, I'm going to take you out to supper to-night, and, Burt, do you be as gallant to your mother."

The young fellow made them all laugh by imitating his father's old-style courtesy; and a happy circle of faces gathered around the board in the cheerful supper-room, to which a profuse decoration of evergreens gave a delightfully aromatic odor. Mr. Clifford's "grace" was not a formal mumble, but a grateful acknowledgment of the source from which, as he truly believed, had flowed all the good that had blessed their life; and then followed the genial, unrestrained table-talk of a household that as yet possessed no closeted skeleton. The orphan sat among them, and her mourning weeds spoke of a great and recent sorrow, which might have been desolation, but already her kindling eyes and flushed cheeks proved that this strong bright current of family life would have the power to carry her forward to a new spring-like experience. To her foreign-bred eyes there was an abundance of novelty in this American home, but it was like the strangeness of heaven to the poor girl, who for months had been so sad and almost despairing. With the strong reaction natural to youth after long depression, her heart responded to the glad life about her, and again she repeated the words to herself, "I'm sure—oh, I am sure I shall be happy here."

After supper they all gathered for a time in the large general sitting-room, and careful Leonard went the rounds of the barn and out-buildings. Mr. Clifford, with considerate kindness, had resolved to defer all conversation with Amy relating to her bereavement and the scenes that ensued. At this holiday-time they would make every effort within their power to pierce with light and warmth the cold gray clouds that of late had gathered so heavily over the poor child's life. At the same time their festivities would be subdued by the memory of her recent sorrow, and restricted to their immediate family circle. But instead of obtrusive kindness they enveloped her in the home atmosphere, and made her one of them. The manner with which old Mrs. Clifford kept her near and retained her hand was a benediction in itself.

Leonard was soon heard stamping the snow from his boots on the back piazza, and in a few moments he entered, shivering.

"The coldest night of the year," he exclaimed. "Ten below zero, and it will probably be twelve before morning. It's too bad, Amy, that you have had such a cold reception."

"The thermometer makes a good foil for your smile," she replied. "Indeed, I think the mercury rose a little while you were looking at it."

"Oh no," he said, laughing, "even you could not make it rise to-night. Heigho! Ned, coming to kiss good-night? I say, Ned, tell us what mamma has for Amy's stocking. What a good joke it is, to be sure! We all had the impression you were a little girl, you know, and selected our gifts accordingly. Burt actually bought you a doll. Ha! ha! ha! Maggie had planned to have you hang up your stocking with the children, and such a lot of little traps and sweets she has for you!"

The boy, to whom going to bed at the usual hour was a heavy cross on this momentous evening, promptly availed himself of a chance for delay by climbing on

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Amy's lap, and going into a voluble inventory of the contents of a drawer into which he had obtained several surreptitious peeps. His effort to tell an interminable story that he might sit up longer, his droll havoc with the king's English, and the naming of the toys that were destined for the supposed child, evoked an unforced merriment which banished the last vestige of restraint.

"Well, I'm glad it has all happened so," said Amy, after the little fellow had reluctantly come to the end of his facts and his invention also. "You make me feel as if I had known you for years—almost, indeed, as if I had come to you as a little girl, and had grown up among you. Come, Ned, it shall all turn out just as you expected. I'll go with you upstairs, and hang my stocking beside yours, and mamma shall put into it all the lovely things you have told me about. Santa Claus does not know much about my coming here, nor what kind of a girl I am, so your kind mamma meant to act the part of Santa Claus in my behalf this year, and give him a chance to get acquainted with me. But he knows all about you, and there's no telling how soon he may come to fill your stocking. You know he has to fill the stockings of all the little boys and girls in the country, and that will take a long time. So I think we had better go at once, for I don't believe he would like it if he came and found you up and awake."

This put a new aspect upon going to bed early, and having seen his short chubby stocking dangling with a long slender one of Amy's by the chimney-side, Ned closed his eyes with ineffable content and faith. Amy then returned to the sitting-room, whither she was soon followed by Maggie, and after some further light and laughing talk the conversation naturally drifted toward those subjects in which the family was practically interested.

"What do you think, father?" Leonard asked. "Won't this finish the peach and cherry buds? I've always heard that ten degrees of cold below zero destroyed the fruit germs."

"Not always," replied the man of long experience. "It depends much upon their condition when winter sets in, and whether, previous to the cold snap, there have been prolonged thaws. The new growth on the trees ripened thoroughly last fall, and the frost since has been gradual and steady. I've known peach buds to survive fifteen below zero; but there's always danger in weather like this. We'll know what the prospects are after the buds thaw out."

"How will that be possible?" Amy asked, in surprise.

"Now, Webb, is your chance to shine," cried Burtis. "Hitherto, Amy, the oracle has usually been dumb, but you may become a priestess who will evoke untold stores of wisdom."

Webb flushed slightly, but again proved that his brother's banter had little influence.

"If you are willing to wait a few days," he said, with a smile, "I can make clear to you with the aid of a microscope what father means much better than I can explain. I can then show you the fruit germs either perfect, or blackened by the frost."

"I'll wait, and remind you of your promise, too. I don't know nearly as much about the country as a butterfly or a bird, but should be quite as unhappy as they, were I condemned to city life. So you must not laugh at me if I ask no end of questions, and try to put my finger into some of your horticultural pies."

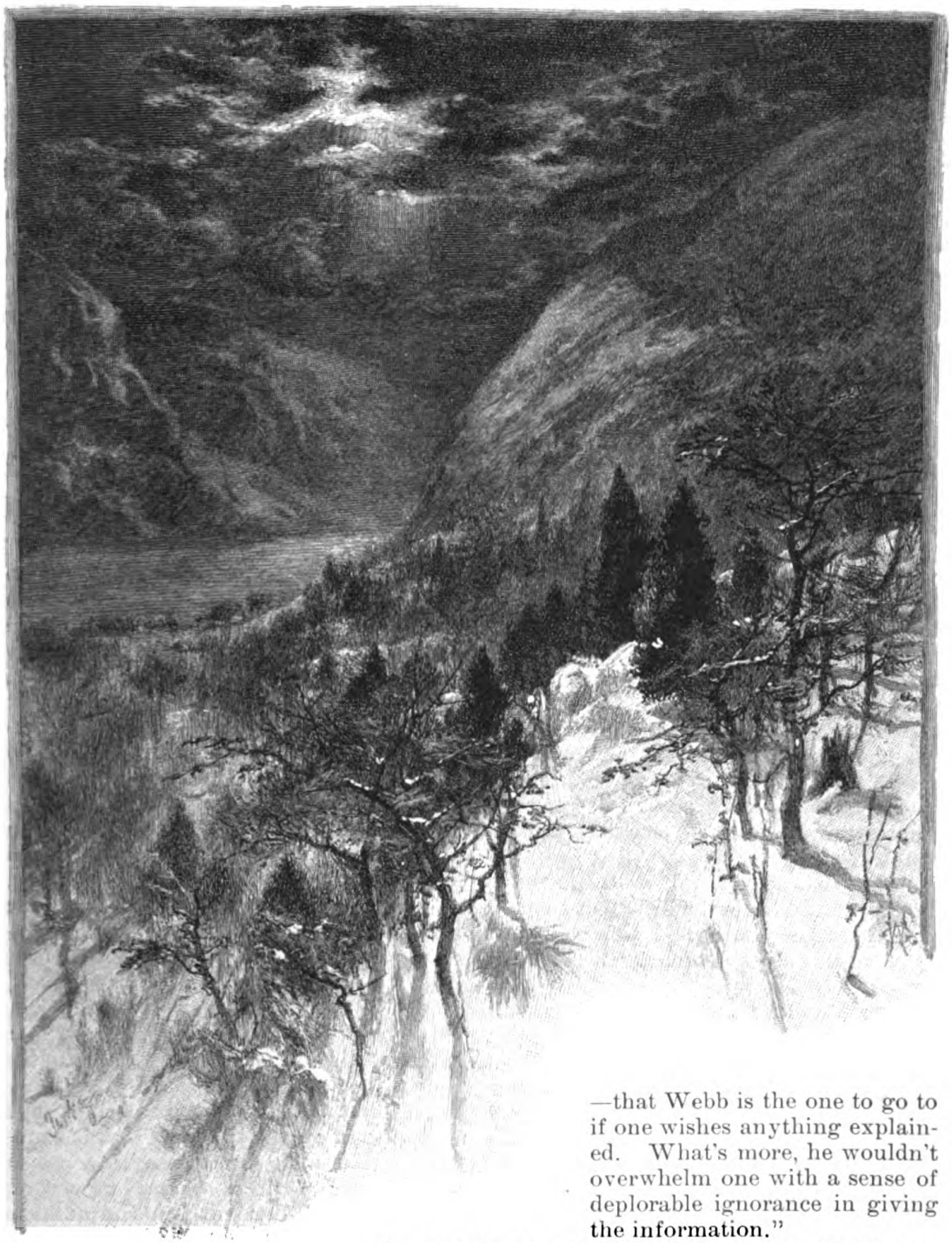
His pleased look contained all the assurance she needed, and he resumed, speaking generally: "The true places for growing peaches—indeed, all the stone fruits—successfully in this region are the plateaus and slopes of the mountains beyond us. At their height the mercury never falls as low as it does with us, and when we have not a peach or cherry I have found such trees as existed high up among the hills well laden."

"Look here, Uncle Webb," cried Alf, "you've forgotten your geography. The higher you go up the colder it gets."

The young man patiently explained to the boy that the height of the Highlands was not sufficient to cause any material change in climate, while on still nights the coldest air sank to the lowest levels, and therefore the trees in the valleys and at the base of the mountains suffered the most. "But what you say," he concluded, "is true as a rule. The thermometer does range lower on the hills; and if they were a thousand or fifteen hundred feet higher, peaches could not be grown at all."

Amy mentally soliloquized: "I am learning not only about the mercury, but also what Alf has no doubt already found out

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MOONLIGHT IN THE HIGHLANDS.

—that Webb is the one to go to if one wishes anything explained. What's more, he wouldn't overwhelm one with a sense of deplorable ignorance in giving the information."

In accordance with his practical bent, Webb continued: "I believe that a great deal of money could be made in the Highlands by raising peaches. The crop would be almost certain, and the large late varieties are those which bring the extraordinary prices. What is more, the mountain land would probably have the quality of virgin soil. You remember, father, don't you, when peaches in this region were scarcely troubled by disease?"

"Indeed I do. There was a time when they would live on almost like apple-trees,

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and give us an abundance of great luscious fruit year after year. Even with the help of the pigs we could not dispose of the crops, the bulk of which in many instances, I am sorry to say, went into brandy. What was that you were reading the other day about peaches in Hawthorne's description of the Old Manse?"

Webb took the book and read: "'Peach-trees which, in a good year, tormented me with peaches neither to be eaten nor kept, nor, without labor and perplexity, to be given away.'"

"That hits it exactly," resumed the old gentleman, laughing, "only every year was a good year then, and we had not the New York market within three hours of us. Even if we had, a large modern orchard would have supplied it. One of the most remarkable of the changes I've witnessed in my time is the enormous consumption of fruit in large cities. Why, more is disposed of in Newburgh than used to go to New York. But to return to peaches; our only chance for a long time has been to plant young trees every year or two, and we scarcely secured a crop more than once in three years. Even then the yellows often destroyed the trees before they were old enough to bear much. They are doing far better of late along the Hudson, and there is good prospect that this region will become the greatest peach-growing locality in the country."

"I'm sure you are right," assented Webb, "and I think it will pay us to plant largely in the spring. I don't suppose you ever saw a peach orchard in England, Amy?"

"I don't think I ever did. They were all grown in front of sunny walls, *espalier*, as papa termed it. We had some in our garden."

"Yes," resumed Webb, "the climate there is too cool and humid for even the wood to ripen. Here, on the contrary, we often have too vivid sunshine. I propose that we put out all the north slope in peaches."

"Do you think a northern exposure best?" Leonard asked.

"I certainly do. In my opinion it is not the frost, unless it be very severe, that plays the mischief with the buds, but alternate freezing and thawing, especially after the buds have started in spring. On a northern slope the buds usually remain dormant until the danger of late frosts is over. I am quite sure, too, that the yellows is a disease due chiefly to careless or dishonest propagation. Pits and buds have been taken from infected trees, and thus the evil has been spread far and wide. There is as much to be gained in the careful and long-continued selection of fruits and vegetables as in the judicious breeding of stock."

"Has no remedy for the yellows been discovered?" Leonard again queried.

"Only the axe and fire. The evil should be extirpated as fast as it appears. Prevention is far better than any attempt at cure. The thing to do is to obtain healthier trees, and then set them out on new land. That's why I think the north slope will be a good place, for peaches have never been grown there in my memory."

"Come, Amy," said Burtis. "Len and Webb are now fairly astride of their horticultural hobbies. Come with me, and see the moon shining on old Storm King."

They pushed aside the heavy crimson curtains, which added a sense of warmth to the cheerful room, and looked at the cold white world without—a ghost of a world, it seemed to Amy. The moon, nearly full, had risen in the gap of the Highlands, and now had climbed well above the mountains, softening and ethe-realizing them until every harsh, rugged outline was lost. The river at their feet looked pallid and ghostly also. When not enchained by frost, lights twinkled here and there all over its broad surface, and the intervals were brief when the throbbing engines of some passing steamer were not heard. Now it was like the face of the dead after a busy life is over.

"It's all very beautiful," said Amy, shivering, "but too cold and still. I love life, and this reminds one of death, the thoughts of which, with all that it involves, have oppressed me so long that I must throw off the burden. I was growing morbid, and giving way to a deeper and deeper depression, and now your sunny home life seems just the antidote for it all."

The warm-hearted fellow was touched, for there were tears in the young girl's eyes. He seized her hand and said, eagerly: "You have come to the right place, Amy. You can not love life more than I, and I promise to make it lively for you. I'm just the physician to minister to the mind diseased with melancholy. Trust me. I can do a hundredfold more for

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PASTURES WHITE AND COOL.

you than delving, matter-of-fact Webb. So come to me when you have the blues. Let us make an alliance offensive and defensive against all the powers of dullness and gloom."

"I'll do my best," she replied, smiling; "but there will be hours, and perhaps days, when the past with its shadows will come back too vividly for me to escape it."

"I'll banish all shadows, never fear. I'll make the present so real and jolly that you will forget the past."

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"I don't wish to forget, but only to think of it without the dreary foreboding and sinking of heart that oppressed me till I came here. I know you will do much for me, but I am sure I shall like Webb also."

"Oh, of course you will. He's one of the best fellows in the world. Don't think that I misunderstand him or fail to appreciate his worth because I love to run him so. Perhaps you'll wake him up and get him out of his ruts. But I foresee that I'm the medicine you most need. Come to the fire; you are shivering."

"Oh, I'm so glad that I've found such a home," she said, with a grateful glance, as she emerged from the curtains.

Webb saw the glance from eyes on which were still traces of tears; he also saw his brother's look of sympathy; and with the kindly purpose of creating a diversion to her thoughts he started up, breaking off his discussion with Leonard, and left the room. A moment later he returned from the hall with the double-barrelled gun.

"What now, Webb?" cried Burtis, all on the *qui vive*. "You will make Amy think we are attacked by Indians."

"If you are not afraid of the cold, get your gun, and I think I can give you some sport, and, for a wonder, make you useful also," Webb replied. "While you were careering this afternoon I examined the young trees in the nursery, and found that the rabbits were doing no end of mischief. It has been so cold, and the snow is so deep, that the little rascals are gathering near the house. They have gnawed nearly all the bark off the stems of some of the trees, and I doubt whether I can save them. At first I was puzzled by their performances. You know, father, that short nursery row grafted with our seedling apple, the Highland Beauty? Well, I found many of the lower twigs taken off with a sharp, slanting cut, as if they had been severed with a knife, and I imagined that a thrifty neighbor had resolved to share in our monopoly of the new variety, but soon discovered that the cuttings had been made too much at random to confirm the impression that some one had been gathering scions for grafting. Tracks on the snow, and girdled trees, soon made it evident that rabbits were the depredators. One of the little pests must have climbed into a bushy tree at least eighteen inches from the snow, in order to have reached the twigs I found cut."

"A rabbit up a tree!" exclaimed Leonard. "Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Well, you can see for yourself to-morrow," Webb resumed. "Of course we can't afford to pasture the little fellows on our young trees, and so must feed them until they can be shot or trapped. The latter method will be good fun for you, Alf. This afternoon I placed sweet apples, cabbage leaves, and turnips around the edge of a little thicket near the trees; and, Burt, you know there is a clump of evergreens near, from whose cover I think we can obtain some good shots. So get your gun, and we'll start even."

At the prospect of sport Burtis forgot Amy and everything else, and dashed off.

"Oh, papa, can't I go with them?" pleaded Alf.

"What do you think, Maggie?" Leonard asked his wife, who now entered.

"Well, boys will be boys. If you will let mamma bundle you up—"

"Oh yes, anything, if I can only go!" cried Alf, trembling with excitement.

"Sister Amy," Webb remarked, a little diffidently, "if you care to see the fun, you can get a good view from the window of your room. I'll load my gun in the hall."

"Can I see you load?" Amy asked, catching some of Alf's strong interest. "It's all so novel to me."

"Certainly. I think you will soon find that you can do pretty much as you please in your new home. You are now among republicans, you know, and we are scarcely conscious of any government."

"But I have already discovered one very strong law in this household," she smilingly asserted, as she stood beside him near the hall table, on which he had placed his powder-flask and shot-pouch.

"Ah, what is that?" he asked, pouring the powder carefully into the muzzles of the gun.

"The law of kindness, of good-will. Why," she exclaimed, "I expected to be weeks in getting acquainted, but here you are all calling me sister Amy as if it were the most natural thing in the world. It seems so odd," she laughed, "that I am not a bit afraid of you, even with your gun, and yet we have just met, as it were. The way you and your brothers say 'sister Amy' makes the relation seem real. I can scarcely believe that I am the same

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THE RABBIT HUNT.

girl that stepped down at the station this evening, nor can I get over my pleased wonder at the transformation."

"Amy," said the young man, earnestly, "your coming promises so much to us all! You were just the one element lacking in our home. I now see that it was so. I already have the presentiment that you will do more for us than we can for you."

"I ought to do all that the deepest gratitude could prompt. You have never known what it is to be desolate one hour, and to find an ideal home the next."

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"I wish it might be an ideal home to you; but don't expect too much. You will find some of us very human."

"Therefore I shall feel the more at home. Papa always spoiled me by letting me have my own way, and I shall often tax your patience. Do you know, I never saw a gun loaded before. There seems to be so much going on here, and I have lived such a quiet life of late. How will you make the thing go off?"

"These little percussion-caps will do the business. It seems to me that I've always been quiet, and perhaps a trifle heavy. I hope you will think it your mission to render me less matter-of-fact. I'm ready now, and here comes Burt with his breech-loader. If you will go to your room now, you can see our shots."

A moment later she stood with Johnnie at her window, both almost holding their breath in expectation as they saw the young men, with Alf following, stealing toward a clump of evergreens back of the house.

"Quiet and steady now," Webb cautioned his eager brother; "and, Alf, you step in my tracks, so there may be no noise." Thus they made their way among the pines, and peered cautiously out. "Hold on, Burt," Webb whispered, as the former was bringing his gun to his shoulder, "I want a crack at them as well as yourself. Let's reconnoitre. Yes, there are three or four of the scamps. Let Alf see them. They look so pretty in the moonlight that I've scarcely the heart to disturb, much less to kill them."

"Oh, stop your sentimental nonsense!" muttered Burtis, impatiently. "It's confoundedly cold, and they may take fright and disappear."

"Black ingratitude!" Webb exclaimed. "If there isn't one in the apple nursery in spite of all my provision for them! That ends my compunctions. I'll take him, and you that big fellow munching a cabbage leaf. We'll count three—now, one, two—" The two reports rang out as one, and the watchers at the window saw the flashes, and thrilled at the reverberating echoes.

"It's almost as exciting as if they were shooting Indians, robbers, or giants," cried Johnnie, clapping her hands and jumping up and down.

"Back," said Webb to Alf, who was about to rush forward to secure the game; "we may get another shot."

They waited a few moments in vain, and then succumbed to the cold. To Alf was given the supreme delight of picking up the game that lay on the snow, making with their blood the one bit of color in all the white garden.

"Poor little chaps!" Webb remarked, as he joined the family gathered around Alf and the rabbits in the sitting-room. "It's a pity the world wasn't wide enough for us all."

"What has come over you, Webb?" asked Burtis, lifting his eyebrows. "Has there been a hidden spring of sentiment in your nature all these years, which has just struck the surface?"

It was evident that nearly all shared in Webb's mild regret that such a sudden period had been put to life at once so pretty, innocent, and harmful. Alf, however, was conscious of only pure exultation. Your boy usually is a genuine savage, governed solely by the primal instinct of the chase and destruction of wild animals. He stroked the fur, and with eyes of absorbed curiosity examined the mischievous teeth, the long ears, the queer little feet that never get cold, and the places where the lead had entered with the sharp deadly shock that had driven out into the chill night the nameless something which had been the little creatures' life. Amy too stroked the fur with a pity on her face which made it very sweet to Webb, while tender-hearted Johnnie was exceedingly remorseful, and wished to know whether "the bunnies, if put by the fire, would not come to life before morning." Indeed, there was a general chorus of commiseration, which Burtis brought to a prosaic conclusion by saying: "Crocodile tears, every one. You'll all enjoy the pot-pie to-morrow with great gusto. By-the-way, I'll prop up one of these little fellows at the foot of Ned's crib, and in the morning he'll think that the original 'B'rer Rabbit' has hopped out of Uncle Remus's stories to make him a Christmas visit."

Old Mrs. Clifford now created a diversion by asking: "How about our plants to-night, Maggie? Ought we not to take some precautions? Once before when as cold as this we lost some, you know."

"Leonard," said his wife, in response to the suggestion, "it will be safer for you to put a tub of water in the flower-room; that will draw the frost from the plants. Mother is the queen of the flowers in this house," continued Mrs. Leonard, turning

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to Amy, "and I think she will be inclined to appoint you first lady in attendance. She finds me cumbered with too many other cares. But it doesn't matter. Mother has only to look at the plants to make them grow and bloom."

"There you are mistaken," replied the old lady, laughing. "Flowers are like babies. I never made much of a fuss over my babies, but I loved them, and saw that they had just what they needed at the right time."

"That accounts for Webb's exuberant growth and spirit, and the ethereal beauty of Len's mature blossoming," remarked Burtis.

"Come, Maggie," said Mrs. Clifford, "sing a Christmas carol before we separate. It will be a pleasant way of bringing our happy evening to a close."

Mrs. Leonard went to the piano. "Amy," she asked, "can't you help me?"

"I'll do my best, if you will choose something I know."

A selection was soon made, and Amy modestly blended a clear sweet voice with the air that Mrs. Leonard sang, and as the sympathetic tones of the young girl swelled the rich volume of song, the others exchanged looks of unaffected pleasure.

"Amy," said Mr. Clifford, "do you know an old Christmas hymn that your father and I loved when we were as young as you are?" and he named it.

"I have often sung it for him, and he usually spoke of you when I did so;" and she sang a sweet, quaint air to sweet, undying words in a voice that trembled with feeling.

The old gentleman wiped his eyes again and again. "Ah!" he said, "how that takes me back into the past! My friend and I knew and loved that air and hymn over sixty years ago. I can see him now as he looked then. God bless his child, and now my child!" he added, as he drew Amy caressingly toward him. "A brief evening has made you one of us. I thank God that He has sent one whom it will be so easy for us all to love; and we gratefully accept you as a Christmas gift from Heaven."

Then, with the simplicity of an ancient patriarch, he gathered his household around the family altar, black Abram and two maids entering at his summons, and taking seats with respectful deference near the door. Not long afterward the old house stood silent and dark in the pallid landscape.

A GOSSIP ABOUT THE WEST HIGHLANDERS.

MY DEAR ——,—It would be but a poor return for many and many an act of kindness if I were to fail to say a word about the West Highlanders when asked to do so. I may say that I know a little about them; for, as a boy, I have slept in crofters' huts in Islay; as a lad I wandered through and over glen and hill, in search of botanical rarities, from Avon to Inverness; while, later on, and partly for idling, and partly for the making of books, I have explored pretty nearly every bay and creek from the Mull of Cantire to the Butt of Lewis. The difficulty is to know how to set about it. It must be next to impossible for an Englishman or an American to understand, and still more to sympathize with, traits of character which are largely the result, as it seems to me, of a phase of civilization through which neither England, since she became England, nor America has ever passed. The sentiment of clanship—a sentiment which habitually showed itself to be stronger than any tie of blood, or the common love of life—was not altogether eradicated from the Highland character when the government disbanded the clans after Culloden; though now it exists but passively, or reveals itself in peculiarities which the Lowland Scotchman, for example, regards as only so many childish weaknesses. Indeed, no two races could be more markedly distinct than the inhabitants of the south and the inhabitants of the northwest (I am less familiar with the northern Highlanders, and this rambling gossip must be confined to personal experiences) of Scotland. There is as much difference between a Lowlander and a Highlander as there is between a Prussian drill-sergeant and a Neapolitan lazzarone. The Lowlander, of broad and sturdy Saxon build, is hardy, economical, and industrious; an enterprising and excellent colonist; reticent of speech, opinionated, and not overcivil to strangers; theological to a degree, and argumentative; humorous in a grim and sardonic fashion; and generally of an uncompromising, self-assert-

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ive type; whereas the Highlander, with his pensive Celtic temperament, is superstitious rather than theological; not humorous at all (all the best Highland stories are told as against Highlanders by the Lowlanders); he is a most unwilling emigrant, though the poorness of the soil has from time to time (and greatly to his own ultimate advantage) forced him away from the glens and the hills he can never forget; he is gentle and pleasant in manner and speech, but at the same time quick-tempered at any fancied slight; he is hospitable, obliging, and ready to do a stranger any service, yet always with a certain self-respect; too courteous to be strictly veracious, for he will tell you not that which is, but that which he thinks will please you; he is content with the poorest living, and has but little enterprise; while I fancy that the traditions of clanship are responsible for his willing dependence on any superior power, his devotion to a good master, coupled with a curious sense of equality, and a touch of communism as regards food and drink. Perhaps this last is only an outcome of the old-fashioned Highland hospitality; but at all events an English lady told me the other day she had never known that so many people lived in her neighborhood until she got a Highland cook, who proceeded to keep open kitchen, especially for children, and who, when gently remonstrated with about her indiscriminate kindness, only stared in astonishment and said, "Indeed, mem, you would not hef me send away the poor things without a piece of bread and jam!"

I have said that they are intensely loyal to a good master, and proud of his skill in deer-stalking, or the number of his sheep, or the swiftness of his yacht, just as if these things were their own; but they can take the measure of the master shrewdly; and it must be remembered that nowadays the lairds are a race quite apart from the people. Speaking generally there is nothing to distinguish a well-to-do Highland laird from an ordinary English gentleman. The chances are that he has been educated at an English school; that he has gone for a time to an English University; and that he is more familiar with Paris or Florence than with either Edinburgh or Glasgow. Here and there, of course, scarcity of means or some other cause may keep a laird tied to the soil, so that he may acquire local peculiarities of speech or habits; but as a rule the Highland laird is pretty much like an English landlord, though he is served with a devotion and personal interest that the English landlord is not likely to experience. That is to say, when he understands the people and their ways. I was once talking to a Highland skipper about a certain proprietor—the representative of one of the oldest families in the West Highlands.

"Ay, but he is a real fine man, Mr. ——; he is just a real fine chentleman, is Mr. ——; he wass over at the market, and he wass shaking hands with me, and he said when I came to —— the next time I wass to come in and see him. There is not any one in all the islands is more liked as Mr. ——; and there is just not anything that the people at —— would not do for him."

I then mentioned a neighboring proprietor who by reason of his name and spacious estates ought to have stood high in the esteem of a Highlander; but the answer was cautious:

"I am not thinking they like him mich."

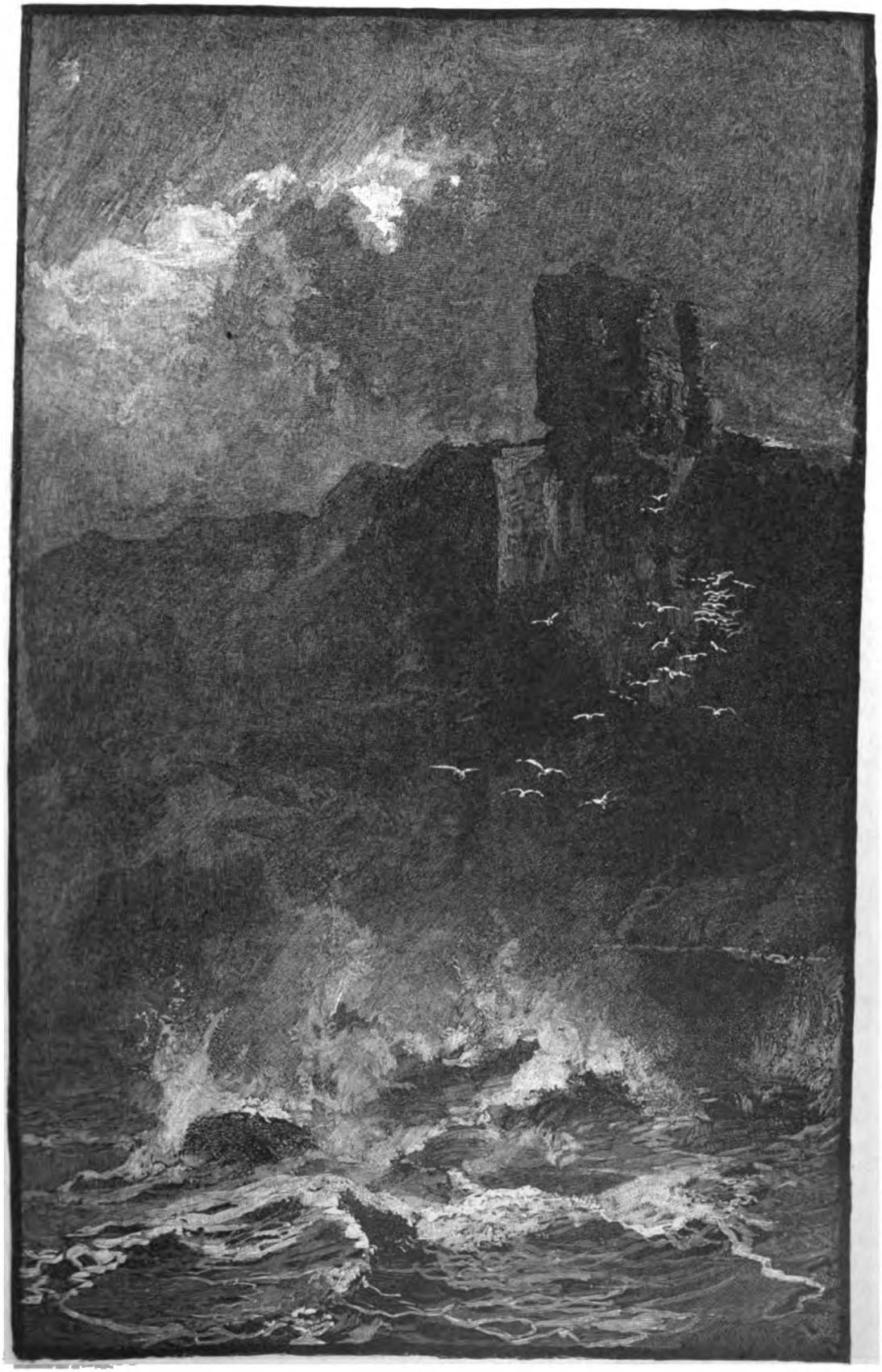
Being pressed for a reason, Captain Sandy hesitated for a little, and then said, looking vaguely round the horizon the while:

"They were telling me he wass not a ferry siffil person; but I wass not acquainted with him myself."

However, he had a far more definite charge to bring against another laird—to our great surprise. For this landlord was an Englishman who had bought an island in the Hebrides, and who had so high a notion of his duties as a landlord that he had forthwith set about getting back, at his own expense, a number of poor people who had been evicted from their crofts by the previous (Highland) proprietor. Now what had a Highlander to say against so praiseworthy a landlord?

"It wass me and my brother we had a cargo of coals in the smack, and Mr. —— [the landlord in question] he wass come down in his steam-yacht for coals the ferry day before the New-Year. And in the evening he wass asking me the price of the coals, and I wass saying I would give them to him for sixteen shillings the ton; and 'Ferry well,' said he, 'I will tek them. But,' says he, 'you and your brother will hef to put them on board to-night, for I want to be away in the morning.' 'But,' says I, 'Mr. ——, this

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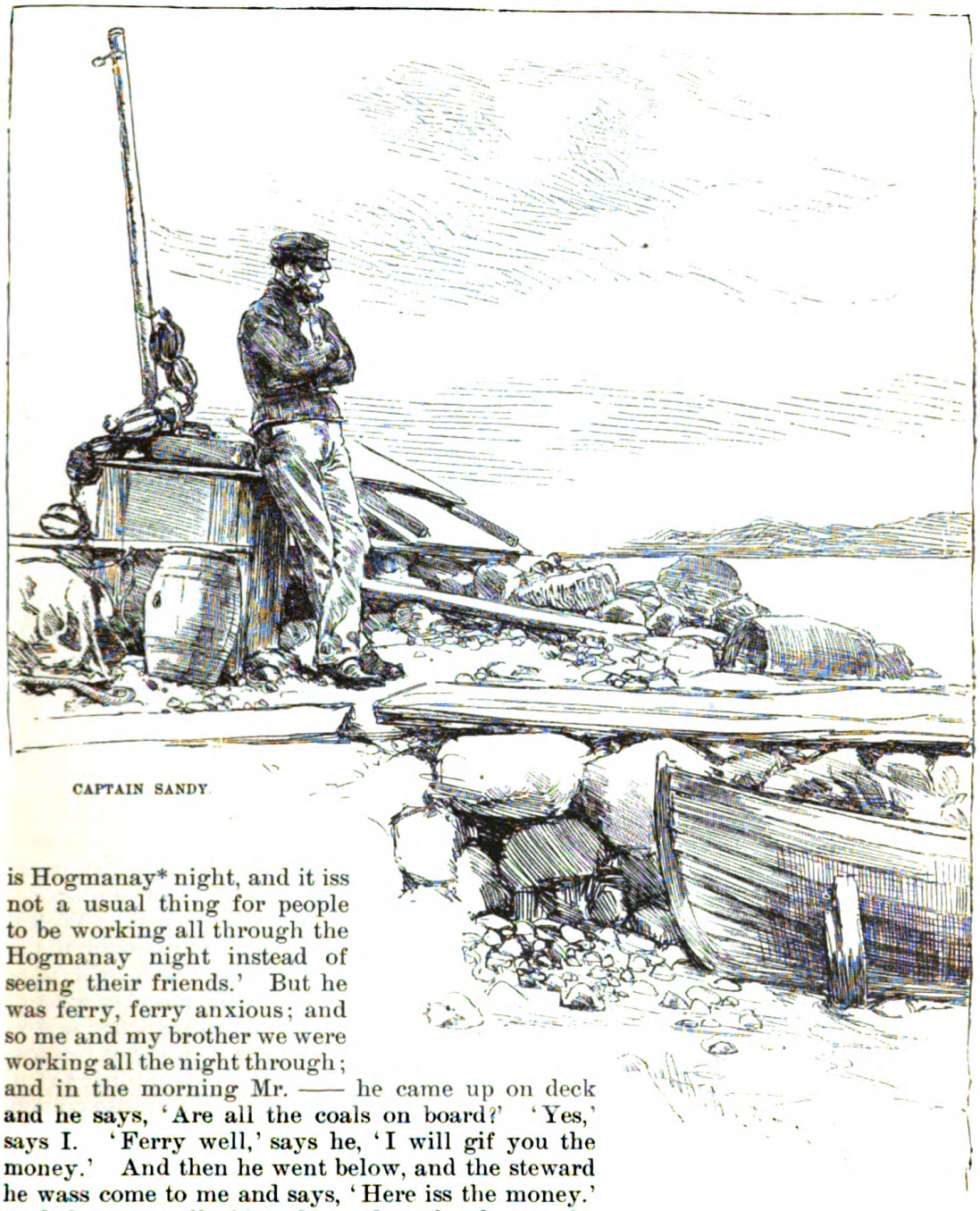
AROS, SOUND OF MULL.—From a Drawing by E. A. Abbey.

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CAPTAIN SANDY.

is Hogmanay* night, and it iss not a usual thing for people to be working all through the Hogmanay night instead of seeing their friends.' But he was ferry, ferry anxious; and so me and my brother we were working all the night through; and in the morning Mr. —— he came up on deck and he says, 'Are all the coals on board?' 'Yes,' says I. 'Ferry well,' says he, 'I will gif you the money.' And then he went below, and the steward he wass come to me and says, 'Here iss the money.' And that wass all of it! Me and my brother working all the night through, and the Hogmanay night mirover, and not a glass of whiskey and not a thank-you!"

This complimentary glass of whiskey, the absence of which had rankled in Captain Sandy's mind for over three years, is a pernicious institution in the Highlands, but it is not easy to see how it is to be done away with. Among a people who are distinctly not mercenary, who are much given to small courtesies and civilities, and who are sensitive and proud, cases are continually occurring in which you can not requite a kindness in any other way. Say, for example, that after

* Hogmanay, the night before New-Year's Day, is celebrated throughout Scotland with all sorts of rites and ceremonies. At midnight "first-footing" begins, and it is considered very lucky if your first visitor should be a dark-haired man. There is a good deal of whiskey about.

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DUART CASTLE, SOUND OF MULL.

a long and weary night outside you sail into the smooth and shining waters of a Hebridean bay with the first light of the morning, and find, half an hour afterward, a boat come out from the shore and approach the yacht. A young fellow, by look a gamekeeper, gets up and says, "Mr. ——'s compliments, and here iss a bottle of fresh milk for you." Mr. —— does not in the least know you; you do not know Mr. ——; this is merely a civility shown to every yacht that anchors in the remote little bay; but the whole transaction is one into which money obviously can not in any way be allowed to enter. It is not nice to think of this smart young chap gulping down a glass of raw whiskey before his breakfast; but still the ceremony is picturesque enough if a lady happens to be on deck to pour out the glass with her own hand and give it him, for then he stands up in the boat and takes his cap off and smiles his thanks, which are more intelligible than the little Gaelic speech that accompanies them. Sometimes, indeed, these civilities take a bulkier form than a bottle of milk. We were once very hard pressed indeed; the steward had been all over the country-side, but they had not been "killing" at any of the farms, and not a piece of mutton nor a fowl was to be had anywhere. Well, I went ashore, and was lucky enough to run against a young fellow who held some small official post in the place, to whom I represented our dire distress. He said he thought he could get us a leg of mutton, and that he would ask his mother to kill a couple of hens for us; and sure enough these welcome stores, relieving us from the melancholy monotony of tinned meats, were sent on board the same afternoon. But when, next morning, before setting out again, I asked our friend what was to be paid for these things, the answer I got was a thoroughly Highland one. "Indeed, if it had been a matter of payment, I would not have taken the trouble."

The pleasantest people to travel amongst whom I know are the Irish of the south of Ireland; they are so good-natured, garrulous, and cheerful. But then they speak English freely (I mean in the less savage districts), whereas the Highlander, espe-

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cially of the islands, often appears reserved or downright stupid when he is only shy of revealing his defective English, or when he is slowly translating his answer to you from the Gaelic into this acquired tongue. As a rule the Highlander's English, what there is of it, is fairly correct; at all events it is English, and not Scotch. (When you see in a novel a Highlander described as saying "ken" and "speir" and "muckle," and so forth, be sure the author knows more about the Gallowgate of Glasgow than about the Highland glens.) The chief peculiarity is the softening of the *v*'s and *s*'s in pronunciation, and a fearful hashing up of the past tense. Occasionally it is quite ludicrously correct. The keeper here, who has very little English indeed, remarked the other day, after carefully watching the flight of a grouse, "I thought she wass wounded; and I thought she would fall; but she made another effort and disappeared." This was the slowly delivered speech of a young fellow who did not know the word weasel, and had to fall back on "the bloodthirsty animal," until some one suggested the name of the beast, whereupon he continued his story: "The sweasel that wass hanging on to the wild-duck when I shot him," etc. Of course this knowledge or ignorance of English varies in every degree, from the laird who is not to be distinguished from an Englishman, to the old shepherd who has no English at all.

Whether people coming to the Highlands for a time (those who merely run through the Highlands see nothing of the Highlanders in hotel smoking-rooms, or in the shops of small towns, or at steamboat quays) will like the natives or not must depend, I should think, very much on their own disposition. Some people could not brook the familiarity, the sort of interfering personal interest and guardianship, that an elderly Highland servant, for example, displays as a matter of course. An English lady come for a time to live in the Highlands might probably be surprised that the cook should wish to kiss the children all round and shake hands with the mistress on their leaving. Moreover, it is more than likely that during the three months' stay the cook has done not so much what the mistress has told her as what she thinks the mistress ought to have known was best; and that she has been somewhat prodigal in her charity, all for the proper honor and dignity of the house. But what if, six months after, a parcel should arrive in the south containing a lot of woollen things that Catherine or Maggie or Jessie had knitted for "the little misses" during the



IONA AND THE SOUND.

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leisure of the winter months, and that parcel accompanied by the most affectionate messages, but *bearing no address* on the sheet of note-paper? Then perhaps Jessie's prompt refusal to cook eels, or some such act of chivalrous insubordination, would be quite forgotten; and the mistress might even say, "What English servant would have remembered us, after being with us only three months?"

No doubt the maternal or paternal interference of domestics, however well meant, may become at times obtrusive. I remember being in a Highland hotel with a distinguished American author, who one morning came down-stairs in a state of the most violent indignation. The Highlanders were so and so, the Highland hotels were so and so, Highland servants ought to be kicked out of creation, and so forth. It appeared on inquiry that my friend was in the habit of drinking a cup of hot water before breakfast; that he had rung and ordered that peculiar form of refreshment; and that Duncan, the Boots, having brought it into the room, instead of at once leaving, had paused for a moment, and regarded the visitor with an air of civil remonstrance, remarking, "Dear me, sir! ye are surely not going to drink *that!*" On another occasion I remember this friendly sort of interference very nearly producing a mutiny on board ship. The old tub of a yacht we then had was in at Bunessan, on the west coast of Mull, and we wished to go to Iona merely for the afternoon. Now the simplest plan was to land at Bunessan, get a dog-cart there, and drive six miles to Fhion-port, where we could cross the Sound of Iona by the ferry. Orders were accordingly given to have the gig lowered, that we might go ashore. We waited; there was no sign of the boat being lowered. Then the steward, a most useful intermediary, was summoned.

"What is the matter? Why doesn't Sandy* have the gig lowered?"

John hesitated for a moment, and then said, with a sort of apologetic smile, "They are not liking to think, sir, of your going over the land, and going to Iona in the ferry-boat."

"What do they want, then? Do they want to pull all the way to Iona and back?"

"That wass what they were saying," John admitted.

"Do they want to pull eighteen miles, with a heavy sea driving outside?"

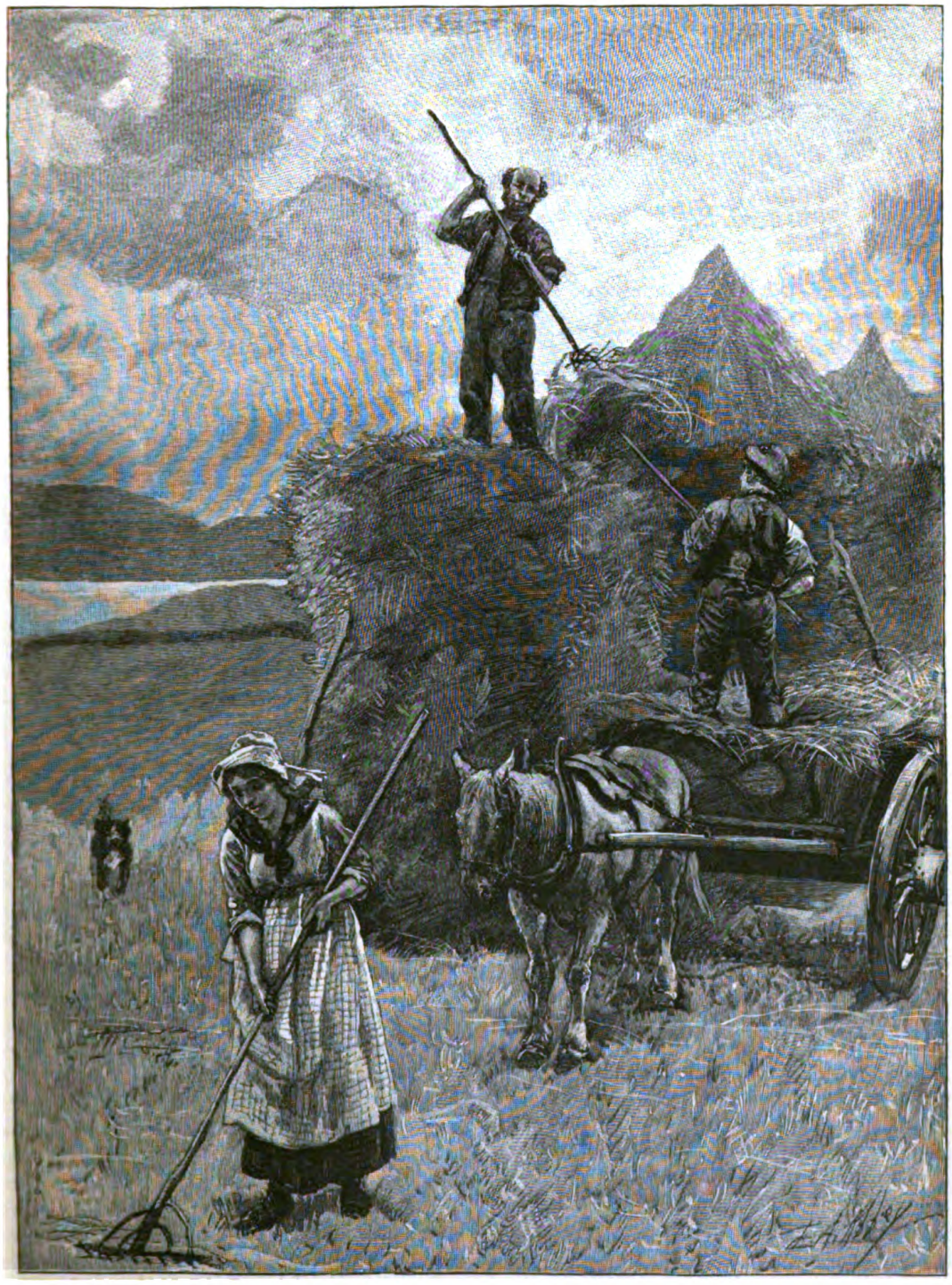
"They will not mind that. It wass Sandy he wass saying that Mr. Black should go ashore at Iona in his own gig, and not in any ferry-boat, and they were all saying that too."

And indeed the upshot of it was that they had their way, the steady swing of the four long oars bearing us to Iona in a far briefer time than we could have expected (though we got a shower of spray over us occasionally); and then on our homeward voyage we were lucky enough to get a tow for a mile or two from a small sailing vessel making in for the harbor.

They are a wiry and hard-enduring rather than a muscularly massive race, though here and there the Scandinavian physique is found to prevail. In the island of Lewis it is odd to note how in the north, where the names of the villages and mountains have Norse terminations (*bost* and *bhal*), the population is of the stalwart, tall, fair-haired, Scandinavian type, while the smaller black-haired or red-haired Celt occupies the southern half of the island, in which the names of the streams and mountains and lakes are mostly Celtic. The handsomest man I have ever seen was a boatman on the west of Skye, the calm and serious dignity of whose face seemed more suggestive of Leonardo da Vinci than of herring-fishing; and the handsomest woman I have ever seen was a young married lady who, some years ago, happened to be travelling in the *Clansman*, and whose gently modulated English indicated an Inverness origin. When a Highland girl, even of the peasant class, is pretty (and the phenomenon is not of very rare occurrence), the prettiness is of a refined and intellectual type: the forehead high, the eyes clear, full, and contemplative, the mouth fine, and the expression of the face gentle and yet firm. Wordsworth never forgot the beauty of the Highland girl he saw at Inversnaid: indeed, it is said he had to recur to that fount of inspiration when he wished to

* Perhaps I ought to beg Captain Sandy's pardon; but in a country where everybody is a Maclean, or a Macleod, or a Macdougall, or a Campbell, the use of the Christian name is universal, as the only way of distinguishing people. The lairds, of course, are known by the name of their estate, so that at a Highland gathering you will hear Alp calling to Alp, and island answering island. But even those who are accustomed to this usage are sometimes surprised when they are told that Loch Fell has been ordered to try hot baths, or that Glen-Skeoch went south yesterday by the steamer.

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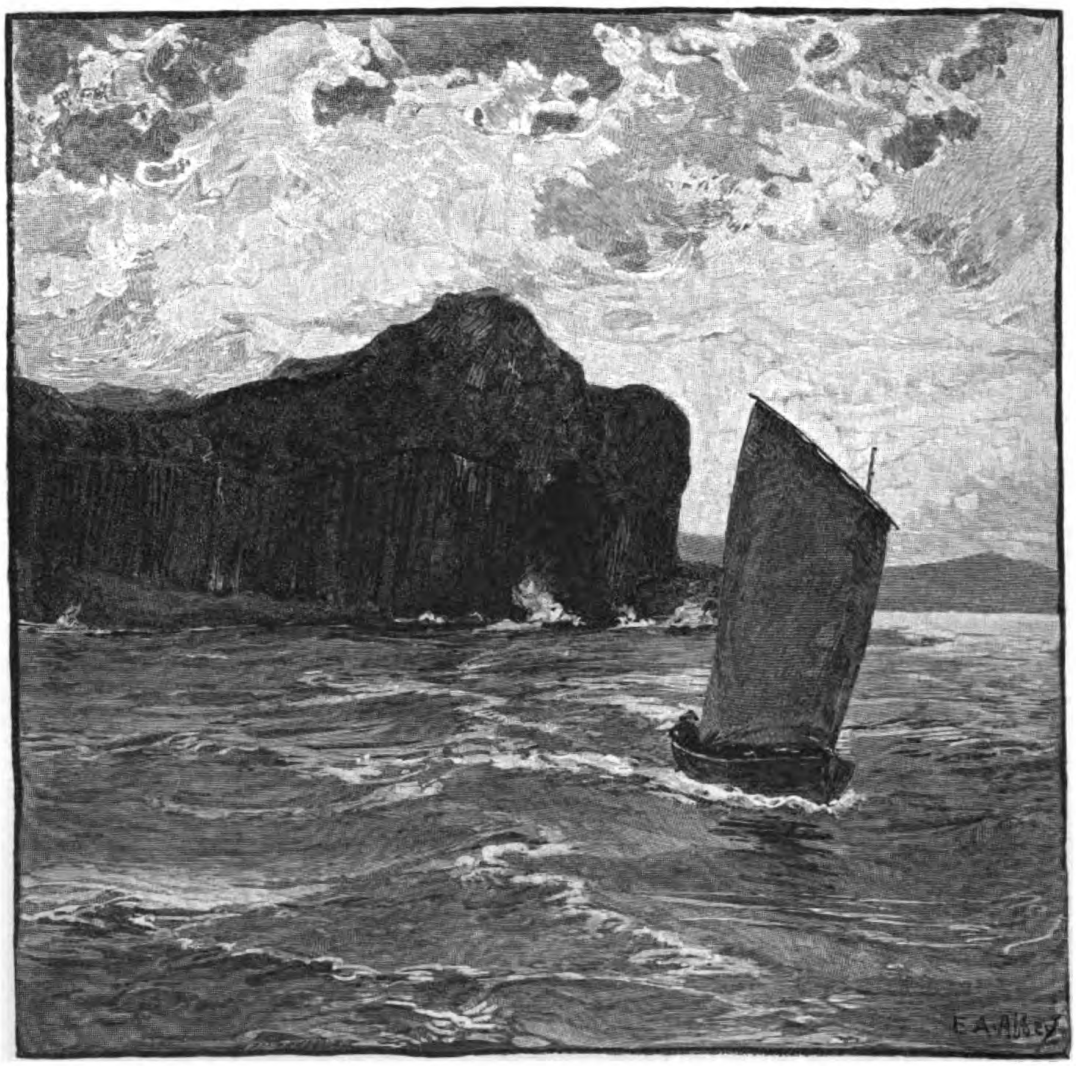


HARVESTING.

pay a poetical compliment to his wife. For the rest, the way in which an educated Highland young lady speaks English is one of the most delightful things in the world, though no doubt she would be very much surprised, and even indignant, if she were told she had any accent at all.

One final word about the climate and the scenery. I have heard Mr. Millais declare that three hours' sunshine in Scot-

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FINGAL'S CAVE, STAFFA.

land is worth three months' sunshine at Cairo; and the same authority, I believe, is responsible for the admirable aphorism that Scotland was like a wet pebble, with the colors brought out by the rain. Certainly the vividness of the colors one finds in the Western Highlands, especially in changeable weather, the dazzling whiteness of the clouds, the purple gloom of the islands in shadow, the brilliancy of the scorching sunlight on the silver-gray bowlder, the yellow lichen, the crimson heather, and the clear tea-brown burn—all this is at once the delight and the bewilderment of the landscape artist, and must arise chiefly, one would think, from the fact that the atmosphere, instead of being loaded with the haze of continuous fine weather, is being continually washed clear by Atlantic squalls.

This must account also for the intensity of the blue of the sky, which is a deep germander-speedwell sort of blue, and has nothing in common with the pale turquoise blue of countries where far better weather prevails. As for the sunsets over these western seas, the splendor of them is beyond anything I have ever seen elsewhere—except, indeed, one evening in mid-Atlantic, and then the sea became of so extraordinary golden green a color that even the "commies" were drawn from their poker in the smoking-room to stare at it. In fact, that mid-Atlantic phenomenon was too extraordinary; it looked unnatural and theatrical, like the

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blue-fire light in the Grotto Azzurro at Capri. Mr. Lockyer, to whom these sunsets in the West Highlands were something of a revelation, tells me he imagines that the moisture in the atmosphere must have something to do with the brilliancy of the colors; but there is also this to be remembered, that the place seems to have been constructed by a landscape artist for the express purpose of producing fine sunsets; for while the glow of the sky above is reflected in the sea beneath, the chances are that you find between these two breadths of light a long and mountainous island, the ruddy purple of which grows more and more sombre as the light above and below grows more wonderful. On the other hand, it must be admitted that a steadily rainy day in the West Highlands, especially if you are at sea, is more devoid of color and more empty and cheerless than anything that can be imagined. A waste of gray above; a waste of gray beneath; around you a soft, continuous "smurr" of rain that drips from the sails on to the wet decks; and a few black figures in shining oil-skins—that is the picture. Then the long and low islands, like Coll and Tiree, grow more sad and remote, or disappear altogether in the mist; and the higher, mountainous islands, like Rum and Skye, grow more awful and melancholy as the gloom gathers on their jagged peaks. The world seems to have newly arisen from this waste of waters, for there is not a sign of life along the voiceless shores. And then, again, so changeable is this climate, hope revives in the afternoon when a touch of lemon-yellow becomes visible in the west. The air feels warmer and drier. Clouds begin to bank up, and heavy gray masses drift slowly inland across Arisaig and Ardnamurchan, up by Knoidart and Glenelg. Later on the heavens open over the western horizon, and a stormy sunset declares itself; the Atlantic seems on fire; Haleval and Haskeval, away in the north, are touched by the ruddy glow. But no squall comes tearing up; there is scarcely enough wind to fill the sails; the dusk of the evening finds everything smooth and still; after dinner, rugs and shawls are brought on deck. And then the moonlight night!



GLENCOE.

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—the heavens a clear violet, the moon golden and full, a lane of light lying on the lapping waves, the radiance shining more palely as it strikes the deck and the tall masts. The sea and the islands and the shores seem all asleep, and there is not a sound but the soft "Kurroo! kurroo!" of the unseen guillemots; but there is a sign of human life in the red star of Runa-Gaul light-house; and perhaps in the silence the dark figure at the bow begins to hum a Gaelic song. If he does, be sure it is a song of farewell, for they have scarcely any other: it may be "Farewell to Finnorie," or "Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell to my Jean," or, "O boatman, a hundred farewells to you, wherever it is you may be going!" And so a farewell to you also, my dear ——, and to these dry bones of reminiscence; and I hope Mr. Abbey will come along and help me with his pencil, though I never in my life saw despair so visibly depicted on a human countenance as when he took out his neat little sketch-book and then looked up at the mountain giants of Glencoe.

Yours very faithfully,

WILLIAM BLACK.

LERAGS, LOCH FEOCHAN, NORTH BRITAIN.

THE REGISTER.

I.

MISS ETHEL REED AND MISS HENRIETTA SPAULDING.

IN an upper chamber of a boarding-house in Melanchthon Place, Boston, a mature, plain young lady, with every appearance of establishing herself in the room for the first time, moves about, bestowing little touches of decoration here and there, and talking with another young lady, whose voice comes through the open doorway of an inner room.

Miss Ethel Reed, from within: "What in the world are you doing, Nettie?"

Miss Henrietta Spaulding: "Oh, sticking up a household god or two. What are you doing?"

Miss Reed: "Despairing."

Miss Spaulding: "Still?"

Miss Reed, tragically: "*Still*. How soon did you expect me to stop? I am here on the sofa, where I flung myself two hours ago, and I don't think I shall ever get up. There is no reason *why* I ever should."

Miss Spaulding, suggestively: "Dinner."

Miss Reed: "Oh, dinner! Dinner, to a broken heart!"

Miss Spaulding: "I don't believe your heart is broken."

Miss Reed: "But I tell you it is! I ought to know when my own heart is broken, I should hope. What makes you think it isn't?"

Miss Spaulding: "Oh, it's happened so often!"

Miss Reed: "But this is a real case. You ought to feel my forehead. It's as *hot!*"

Miss Spaulding: "You ought to get up and help me put this room to rights, and then you would feel better."

Miss Reed: "No; I should feel worse. The idea of household gods makes me sick. Sylvan deities are what *I* want; the great god Pan among the cat-tails and arrow-heads in the 'ma'sh' at Ponkwasset; the dryads of the birch woods—there are no oaks—the nymphs that haunt the heights and hollows of the dear old mountain; the—"

Miss Spaulding: "Wha-a-at? I can't hear a word you say."

Miss Reed: "That's because you keep fussing about so. Why don't you be quiet, if you want to hear?" She lifts her voice to its highest pitch, with a pause for distinctness between the words: "I'm heart-broken for—Ponkwasset. The dryads—of the—birch woods. The nymphs—and the great—god—Pan—in the reeds—by the river. And all—that—sort of—thing!"

Miss Spaulding: "You know very well you're not."

Miss Reed: "I'm not? What's the reason I'm not? Then what am I heart-broken for?"

Miss Spaulding: "You're not heart-broken at all. You know very well that he'll call before we've been here twenty-four hours."

Miss Reed: "Who?"

Miss Spaulding: "The great god Pan."

Miss Reed: "Oh, how cruel you are, to

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mock me so! Come in here and sympathize a little! Do, Nettie."

Miss Spaulding: "No; you come out here and utilize a little. I'm acting for your best good, as they say at Ponkwasset."

Miss Reed: "When they want to be disagreeable!"

Miss Spaulding: "If this room isn't in order by the time he calls, you'll be everlastingly disgraced."

Miss Reed: "I'm that now. I can't be more so—there is that comfort. What makes you think he'll call?"

Miss Spaulding: "Because he's a gentleman, and will want to apologize. He behaved very rudely to you."

Miss Reed: "No, Nettie; *I* behaved rudely to *him*. Yes! Besides, if he behaved rudely, he was no gentleman. It's a contradiction in terms, don't you see? But I'll tell you what I'm going to do if he comes. I'm going to show a proper spirit for once in my life. I'm going to refuse to see him. *You've* got to see him."

Miss Spaulding: "Nonsense!"

Miss Reed: "Why nonsense? Oh, why? Expound!"

Miss Spaulding: "Because he wasn't rude to me, and he doesn't want to see me. Because I'm plain, and you're pretty."

Miss Reed: "I'm *not!* You know it perfectly well. I'm hideous!"

Miss Spaulding: "Because I'm poor, and you're a person of independent property."

Miss Reed: "*Dependent* property, I should call it: just enough to be useless on! But that's insulting to *him*. How can you say it's because I have a little money?"

Miss Spaulding: "Well, then, I won't. I take it back. I'll say it's because you're young, and I'm old."

Miss Reed: "You're *not* old. You're as young as anybody, Nettie Spaulding. And you know I'm not young; I'm twenty-seven, if I'm a day. I'm just dropping into the grave. But I can't argue with you, miles off so, any longer." Miss Reed appears at the open door, dragging languidly after her the shawl which she had evidently drawn round her on the sofa; her fair hair is a little disordered, and she presses it into shape with one hand as she comes forward; a lovely flush vies with a heavenly pallor in her cheeks; she looks a little pensive in the arching eyebrows, and a little humorous



"BUT I CAN'T ARGUE WITH YOU, MILES OFF SO, ANY LONGER."

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about the dimpled mouth. "Now I can prove that you are entirely wrong. Where were you?—This room *is* rather an improvement over the one we had last winter. There is more of a view"—she goes to the window—"of the houses across the place; and I always think the swell front gives a pretty shape to a room. I'm sorry they've stopped building them. Your piano goes very nicely into that little alcove. Yes, we're quite palatial. And, on the whole, I'm glad there's no fire-place. It's a pleasure at times; but for the most part it's a vanity and a vexation, getting dust and ashes over everything. Yes; after all, give me the good old-fashioned, clean, convenient register! Ugh! My feet are like ice." She pulls an easy-chair up to the register in the corner of the room, and pushes open its valves with the toe of her slipper. As she settles herself luxuriously in the chair, and poises her feet daintily over the register: "Ah, this is something like! Henrietta Spaulding, ma'am! Did I ever tell you that you were the best friend I have in the world?"

Miss Spaulding, who continues her work of arranging the room: "Often."

Miss Reed: "Did you ever believe it?"

Miss Spaulding: "Never."

Miss Reed: "Why?"

Miss Spaulding, thoughtfully regarding a vase which she holds in her hand, after several times shifting it from a bracket to the corner of her piano and back: "I wish I could tell where you *do* look best!"

Miss Reed, leaning forward wistfully, with her hands clasped and resting on her knees: "I wish you would tell me *why* you don't believe you're the best friend I have in the world."

Miss Spaulding, finally placing the vase on the bracket: "Because you've said so too often."

Miss Reed: "Oh, that's no reason! I can prove to you that you are. Who else but you would have taken in a homeless and friendless creature like me, and let her stay bothering round in demoralizing idleness, while you were seriously teaching the young idea how to drub the piano?"

Miss Spaulding: "Anybody who wanted a room-mate as much as I did, and could have found one willing to pay more than her share of the lodging."

Miss Reed, thoughtfully: "Do you think so, Henrietta?"

Miss Spaulding: "I know so."

Miss Reed: "And you're not afraid that you wrong yourself?"

Miss Spaulding: "Not the least."

Miss Reed: "Well, be it so—as they say in novels. I will not contradict you; I will not say you are my *best* friend; I will merely say that you are my *only* friend. Come here, Henrietta. Draw up your chair, and put your little hand in mine."

Miss Spaulding, with severe distrust: "What do you want, Ethel Reed?"

Miss Reed: "I want—I want—to talk it over with you."

Miss Spaulding, recoiling: "I knew it! Well, now, we've talked it over enough; we've talked it over till there's nothing left of it."

Miss Reed: "Oh, there's everything left! It remains in all its original enormity. Perhaps we shall get some new light upon it." She extends a pleading hand toward Miss Spaulding. "Come, Henrietta, my only friend, shake!—as the 'good Indians' say. Let your Ethel pour her hackneyed sorrows into your bosom. (Such an uncomfortable image, it always seems, doesn't it, pouring sorrows into bosoms!) Come!"

Miss Spaulding, decidedly: "No, I won't! And you needn't try wheedling any longer. I won't sympathize with you on that basis at all."

Miss Reed: "What shall I try, then, if you won't let me try wheedling?"

Miss Spaulding, going to the piano and opening it: "Try courage; try self-respect."

Miss Reed: "Oh dear! when I haven't a morsel of either. Are you going to practice, you cruel maid?"

Miss Spaulding: "Of course I am. It's half past four, and if I don't do it now I sha'n't be prepared to-morrow for Miss Robins: she takes this piece."

Miss Reed: "Well, well, perhaps it's all for the best. If music be the food of —umph-umph!—you know what!—play on." They both laugh, and Miss Spaulding pushes back a little from the piano, and wheels toward her friend, letting one hand rest slightly on the keys.

Miss Spaulding: "Ethel Reed, you're the most ridiculous girl in the world."

Miss Reed: "Correct!"

Miss Spaulding: "And I don't believe you ever were in love, or ever will be."

Miss Reed: "Ah, there you wrong me, Henrietta! I have been, and I shall be—lots of times."

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Miss Spaulding: "Well, what do you want to say now? You must hurry, for I can't lose any more time."

Miss Reed: "I will free my mind with all possible neatness and dispatch. I simply wish to go over the whole affair, from Alfred to Omaha; and you've got to let me talk as much slang and nonsense as I want. And then I'll skip all the details I can. Will you?"

Miss Spaulding, with impatient patience: "Oh, I suppose so!"

Miss Reed: "That's very sweet of you, though you don't look it. Now, where was I? Oh yes; do you think it was forth-putting at all, to ask him if he would give me the lessons?"

Miss Spaulding: "It depends upon why you asked him."

Miss Reed: "I asked him from—from—Let me see; I asked him because—from—Yes, I say it boldly; I asked him from an enthusiasm for art and a sincere wish to learn the use of oil, as he called it. Yes!"

Miss Spaulding: "Are you sure?"

Miss Reed: "Sure? Well, we will say that I am, for the sake of argument. And, having secured this basis, the question is whether I wasn't bound to offer him pay at the end, and whether he wasn't wrong to take my doing so in dudgeon."

Miss Spaulding: "Yes, I think he was wrong. And the terms of his refusal were very ungentlemanly. He ought to apologize most amply and humbly." At a certain expression in Miss Reed's face, she adds, with severity: "Unless you're keeping back the main point. You usually do. Are you?"

Miss Reed: "No, no. I've told you everything—everything!"

Miss Spaulding: "Then I say, as I said from the beginning, that he behaved very badly. It was very awkward and very painful, but you've really nothing to blame yourself for."

Miss Reed, ruefully: "No-o-o!"

Miss Spaulding: "What do you mean by that sort of 'No'?"

Miss Reed: "Nothing."

Miss Spaulding, sternly: "Yes, you do, Ethel."

Miss Reed: "I don't, really. What makes you think I do?"

Miss Spaulding: "It sounded very dishonest."

Miss Reed: "Did it? I didn't mean it to." Her friend breaks down with a laugh, while Miss Reed preserves a demure countenance.

Miss Spaulding: "What *are* you keeping back?"

Miss Reed: "Nothing at all—less than nothing! I never thought it was worth mentioning."

Miss Spaulding: "Are you telling me the truth?"

Miss Reed: "I'm telling you the truth, and something more. You can't ask better than that, can you?"

Miss Spaulding, turning to her music again: "Certainly not."

Miss Reed, in a pathetic wail: "Oh, Henrietta, do you abandon me thus? Well, I will tell you, heartless girl! I've only kept it back till now because it was so extremely mortifying to my pride as an artist—as a student of oil. Will you hear me?"

Miss Spaulding, beginning to play: "No."

Miss Reed, with burlesque wildness: "You shall!" Miss S. involuntarily desists. "There was a moment—a fatal moment—when he said he thought he ought to tell me that if I found oil amusing I could go on; but that he didn't believe I should ever learn to use it, and he couldn't let me take lessons from him with the expectation that I should. There!"

Miss Spaulding, with awful reproach: "And you call that less than nothing? I've almost a mind never to speak to you again, Ethel. How *could* you deceive me so?"

Miss Reed: "Was it really deceiving? *I* shouldn't call it so. And I needed your sympathy so much, and I knew I shouldn't get it unless you thought I was altogether in the right."

Miss Spaulding: "You were altogether in the *wrong!* And it's *you* that ought to apologize to *him*—on your bended knees. How *could* you offer him money after that? I wonder at you, Ethel!"

Miss Reed: "Why—don't you see, Nettie?—I did keep on taking the lessons of him. I did find oil amusing—or the oilist—and I kept on. Of course I had to, off there in a farm-house full of lady boarders, and he the only gentleman short of Crawford's. Strike, but hear me, Henrietta Spaulding! What was I to do about the half-dozen lessons I had taken before he told me I should never learn to use oil? Was I to offer to pay him for these, and not for the rest; or was I to treat the whole

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series as gratuitous? I used to lie awake thinking about it. I've got some little tact, but I couldn't find any way out of the trouble. It was a box—yes, a box of the deepest dye! And the whole affair having got to be—something else, don't you know?—made it all the worse. And if he'd only—only— But he didn't. Not a syllable, not a breath! And there I was. I *had* to offer him the money. And it's almost killed me—the way he took my offering it, and now the way you take it! And it's all of a piece." Miss Reed suddenly snatches her handkerchief from her pocket and buries her face in it. —"Oh dear—oh dear! Oh!—hu, hu, hu!"

Miss Spaulding, relenting: "It was awkward."

Miss Reed: "Awkward! You seem to think that because I carry things off lightly I have no feeling."

Miss Spaulding: "You know I don't think that, Ethel."

Miss Reed, pursuing her advantage: "I don't know it from you, Nettie. I've tried and *tried* to pass it off as a joke, and to treat it as something funny; but I can tell you it's no joke at all."

Miss Spaulding, sympathetically: "I see, dear."

Miss Reed: "It's not that I care for him—"

Miss Spaulding: "Why, of course."

Miss Reed: "For I don't in the least. He is horrid every way: blunt, and rude, and horrid. I never cared for him. But I care for myself! He has put me in the position of having done an unkind thing —an unladylike thing—when I was only doing what I had to do. Why need he have taken it the way he did? Why couldn't he have said politely that he couldn't accept the money because he hadn't earned it? Even *that* would have been mortifying enough. But he must go and be so violent, and rush off, and— Oh, I never could have treated anybody so!"

Miss Spaulding: "Not unless you were very fond of them."

Miss Reed: "What?"

Miss Spaulding: "Not unless you were very fond of them."

Miss Reed, putting away her handkerchief: "Oh, nonsense, Nettie! He never cared anything for me, or he couldn't have acted so. But no matter for that. He has fixed everything so that it can never be got straight—never in the world. It will just have to remain a hideous mass of—of—*I* don't know what; and I have simply got to go on withering with despair at the point where I left off. But I don't care! That's one comfort."

Miss Spaulding: "I don't believe he'll let you wither long, Ethel."

Miss Reed: "He's let me wither for twenty-four hours already! But it's nothing to me, now, *how* long he lets me wither. I'm perfectly satisfied to have the affair remain as it is. I am in the right, and if he comes I shall refuse to see him."

Miss Spaulding: "Oh no, you won't, Ethel!"

Miss Reed: "Yes, I shall. I shall receive him very coldly. I won't listen to any excuse from him."

Miss Spaulding: "Oh yes, you will, Ethel!"

Miss Reed: "No, I shall not. If he wishes me to listen to him he must begin by humbling himself in the dust—yes, the dust, Nettie! I won't take anything short of it. I insist that he shall realize that I have suffered."

Miss Spaulding: "Perhaps he has suffered too!"

Miss Reed: "Oh, *he* suffered!"

Miss Spaulding: "You know that he was perfectly devoted to you."

Miss Reed: "He never said so."

Miss Spaulding: "Perhaps he didn't dare."

Miss Reed: "He dared to be very insolent to me."

Miss Spaulding: "And you know you liked him very much."

Miss Reed: "I won't let you say that, Nettie Spaulding. I *didn't* like him. I respected and admired him; but I didn't *like* him. He will never come near me; but if he does he has got to begin by—by— Let me see, what shall I make him begin by doing?" She casts up her eyes for inspiration while she leans forward over the register. "Yes, I will! He has got to begin by taking that money!"

Miss Spaulding: "Ethel, you *wouldn't* put that affront upon a sensitive and high-spirited man!"

Miss Reed: "Wouldn't I? You wait and *see*, Miss Spaulding! He shall take the money, and he shall sign a receipt for it. I'll draw up the receipt now, so as to have it ready, and I shall ask him to sign it the moment he enters this door—the very instant!" She takes a portfolio from

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"I'VE BEEN MAKING AN ASS OF MYSELF."—[SEE PAGE 76.]

the table near her, without rising, and writes: "'Received from Miss Ethel Reed one hundred and twenty-five dollars, in full, for twenty-five lessons in oil-painting.' There—when Mr. Oliver Ransom has signed this little document he may begin to talk; not before!" She leans back in her chair with an air of pitiless determination.

Miss Spaulding: "But, Ethel, you don't mean to make him take money for the lessons he gave you after he told you you couldn't learn anything?"

Miss Reed, after a moment's pause:

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"Yes, I do. This is to punish him. I don't wish for justice now; I wish for vengeance! At first I would have compromised on the six lessons, or on none at all, if he had behaved nicely; but after what's happened I shall insist upon paying him for every lesson, so as to make him feel that the whole thing, from first to last, was a purely business transaction on my part. Yes, a *purely* BUSINESS transaction!"

Miss Spaulding, turning to her music: "Then I've got nothing more to say to you, Ethel Reed."

Miss Reed: "I don't say but what, after he's taken the money and signed the receipt, I'll listen to anything else he's got to say, very willingly." Miss Spaulding makes no answer, but begins to play with a scientific absorption, feeling her way fitfully through the new piece, while Miss Reed, seated by the register, trifles with the book she has taken from the table.

II.

MR. GRINNIDGE AND MR. RANSOM; THEN MISS SPAULDING AND MISS REED.

The interior of the room of Miss Spaulding and Miss Reed remains in view, while the scene discloses, on the other side of the partition wall in the same house, the bachelor apartment of Mr. Samuel Grinnidge. Mr. Grinnidge, in his dressing-gown and slippers, with his pipe in his mouth, has the effect of having just come in; his friend Mr. Oliver Ransom stands at the window, staring out into the November weather.

Grinnidge: "How long have you been waiting here?"

Ransom: "Ten minutes—ten years. How should I know?"

Grinnidge: "Well, I don't know who else should. Get back to-day?"

Ransom: "Last night."

Grinnidge: "Well, take off your coat, and pull up to the register and warm your poor feet." He puts his hand out over the register. "Confound it! somebody's got the register open in the next room! You see, one pipe comes up from the furnace and branches into a V just under the floor, and professes to heat both rooms. But it don't. There was a fellow in there last winter who used to get all my heat. Used to go out and leave his register open, and I'd come in here just before dinner and find this place as cold as a barn. We had a running fight of it all winter. The man who got his register open first in the morning got all the heat for the day, for it never turned the other way when it started in one direction. Used to almost suffocate—warm, muggy days—maintaining my rights. Some piano-pounder in there this winter, it seems. Hear? And she hasn't lost any time in learning the trick of the register. What kept you so late in the country?"

Ransom, after an absent-minded pause: "Grinnidge, I wish you would give me some advice."

Grinnidge: "You can have all you want of it at the market price."

Ransom: "I don't mean your legal advice."

Grinnidge: "I'm sorry. What have you been doing?"

Ransom: "I've been making an ass of myself."

Grinnidge: "Wasn't that rather superfluous?"

Ransom: "If you please, yes. But now, if you're capable of listening to me without any further display of your cross-examination wit, I should like to tell you how it happened."

Grinnidge: "I will do my best to veil my brilliancy. Go on."

Ransom: "I went up to Ponkwasset early in September for the foliage."

Grinnidge: "And staid till late in October. There must have been a reason for that. What was *her* name? Foliage?"

Ransom, coming up to the corner of the chimney-piece, near which his friend sits, and talking to him directly over the register: "I think you'll have to get along without the name for the present. I'll tell you by-and-by." As Mr. Ransom pronounces these words, Miss Reed, on her side of the partition, lifts her head with a startled air, and, after a moment of vague circumspection, listens keenly. "But she *was* beautiful. She was a blonde, and she had the loveliest eyes—eyes, you know, that could be funny or tender, just as she chose—the kind of eyes I always liked." Miss Reed leans forward over the register. "She had one of those faces that always leave you in doubt whether they're laughing at you, and so keep you in wholesome subjection; but you feel certain that they're *good*, and that if they did hurt you by laughing at you, they'd look sorry for you afterward.

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When she walked you saw what an exquisite creature she was. It always made me mad to think I couldn't *paint* her walk."

Grinnidge: "I suppose you saw a good deal of her walk."

Ransom: "Yes; we were off in the woods and fields half the time together." He takes a turn toward the window.

Miss Reed, suddenly shutting the register on her side: "Oh!"

Miss Spaulding, looking up from her music: "What is it, Ethel?"

Miss Reed: "Nothing, nothing; I—I—thought it was getting too warm. Go on, dear; don't let me interrupt you." After a moment of heroic self-denial she softly presses the register open with her foot.

Ransom, coming back to the register: "It all began in that way. I had the good fortune one day to rescue her from a—cow."

Miss Reed: "Oh, for shame!"

Miss Spaulding, desisting from her piano: "What *is* the matter?"

Miss Reed, clapping the register to: "This ridiculous book! But don't—don't mind me, Nettie." Breathlessly: "Go—go—on!" Miss Spaulding resumes, and again Miss Reed softly presses the register open.

Ransom, after a pause: "The cow was grazing, and had no more thought of hooking Miss—"

Miss Reed: "Oh, I didn't suppose he *would!*—Go on, Nettie, go on! The hero—*such* a goose!"

Ransom: "I drove her away with my camp-stool, and Miss—the young lady—was as grateful as if I had rescued her from a menagerie of wild animals. I walked home with her to the farm-house, and the trouble began at once." Pantomime of indignant protest and burlesque menace on the part of Miss Reed. "There wasn't another well woman in the house, except her friend Miss Spaulding, who was rather old and rather plain." He takes another turn to the window.

Miss Reed: "Oh!" She shuts the register, but instantly opens it again. "Louder, Nettie."

Miss Spaulding, in astonishment: "What?"

Miss Reed: "Did I speak? I didn't know it. I—"

Miss Spaulding, desisting from practice: "What is that strange, hollow, rumbling, mumbling kind of noise?"

Miss Reed, softly closing the register with her foot: "I don't hear any strange, hollow, rumbling, mumbling kind of noise. Do you hear it *now*?"

Miss Spaulding. "No. It was the Brighton whistle, probably."

Miss Reed: "Oh, very likely." As Miss Spaulding turns again to her practice Miss Reed re-opens the register and listens again. A little interval of silence ensues, while Ransom lights a cigarette.

Grinnidge: "So you sought opportunities of rescuing her from other cows?"

Ransom, returning: "That wasn't necessary. The young lady was so impressed by my behavior that she asked if I would give her some lessons in the use of oil."

Grinnidge: "She thought if she knew how to paint pictures like yours she wouldn't need any one to drive the cows away."

Ransom: "Don't be farcical, Grinnidge. That sort of thing will do with some victim on the witness stand who can't help himself. Of course I said I would, and we were off half the time together, painting the loveliest and loneliest bits around Ponkwasset. It all went on very well till one day I felt bound in conscience to tell her that I didn't think she would ever learn to paint, and that if she was serious about it she'd better drop it at once, for she was wasting her time."

Grinnidge, getting up to fill his pipe: "That was a pleasant thing to do."

Ransom: "I told her that if it amused her, to keep on, I would be only too glad to give her all the hints I could, but that I oughtn't to encourage her. She seemed a good deal hurt. I fancied at the time that she thought I was tired of having her with me so much."

Miss Reed: "Oh, did you, indeed!" To Miss Spaulding, who bends an astonished glance upon her from the piano: "The man in this book is the most *conceited* creature, Nettie. Play chords—something very subdued—ah!"

Miss Spaulding: "What *are* you talking about, Ethel?"

Ransom: "That was at night; but the next day she came up smiling, and said that if I didn't mind she would keep on—for amusement; she wasn't a bit discouraged."

Miss Reed: "Oh!—Go on, Nettie; don't let my outbursts interrupt you."

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"SHE USED TO READ TO ME WHEN I WAS AT WORK."

Ransom: "I used to fancy sometimes that she *was* a little sweet on me."

Miss Reed: "You wretch!—Oh, scales, Nettie! Play scales!"

Miss Spaulding: "Ethel Reed, are you crazy?"

Ransom, after a thoughtful moment: "Well, so it went on for the next seven or eight weeks. When we weren't sketching in the meadows, or on the mountain-side, or in the old punt on the pond, we were walking up and down the farm-house piazza together. She used to read to me when I was at work. She had a heavenly voice, Grinnidge."

Miss Reed: "Oh, you silly, silly thing! —Really this book makes me sick, Nettie."

Ransom: "Well, the long and the short of it was, I was hit—*hard*, and I lost all courage. You know how I am, Grinnidge."

Miss Reed, softly: "Oh, poor fellow!"

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Ransom: "So I let the time go by, and at the end I hadn't said anything."

Miss Reed: "No, sir! You *hadn't!*" Miss Spaulding gradually ceases to play, and fixes her attention wholly upon Miss Reed, who bends forward over the register with an intensely excited face.

Ransom: "Then something happened that made me glad, for twenty-four hours at least, that I hadn't spoken. She sent me the money for twenty-five lessons. Imagine how I felt, Grinnidge! What could I suppose but that she had been quietly biding her time, and storing up her resentment for my having told her she couldn't learn to paint, till she could pay me back with interest in one supreme insult?"

Miss Reed, in a low voice: "Oh, how could you think such a cruel, vulgar thing?" Miss Spaulding leaves the piano, and softly approaches her, where she has sunk on her knees beside the register.

Ransom: "It was tantamount to telling me that she had been amusing herself with me instead of my lessons. It remanded our whole association, which I had got to thinking so romantic, to the relation of teacher and pupil. It was a snub—a heartless, killing snub; and I couldn't see it in any other light." Ransom walks away to the window, and looks out.

Miss Reed, flinging herself backward from the register, and hiding her face in her hands: "Oh, it wasn't! it wasn't! it wasn't! *How* could you think so?"

Miss Spaulding, rushing forward, and catching her friend in her arms: "What is the matter with you, Ethel Reed? What are you doing here, over the register? Are you trying to suffocate yourself? Have you taken leave of your senses?"

Grinnidge: "Our fair friend on the other side of the wall seems to be on the rampage."

Miss Spaulding, shutting the register with a violent clash: "Ugh! how hot it is here!"

Grinnidge: "Doesn't like your conversation, apparently."

Miss Reed, frantically pressing forward to open the register: "Oh, don't shut it, Nettie dear! If you do I shall die! Do-o-n't shut the register."

Miss Spaulding: "Don't shut it? Why, we've got all the heat of the furnace in the room now. Surely you don't want any more?"

Miss Reed: "No, no; not any more. But—but— Oh dear! what shall I do?" She still struggles in the embrace of her friend.

Grinnidge, remaining quietly at the register, while Ransom walks away to the window: "Well, what did you do?"

Miss Reed: "There, there! They're commencing again! *Do* open it, Nettie. I *will* have it open!" She wrenches herself free, and dashes the register open.

Grinnidge. "Ah, she's opened it again."

Miss Reed, in a stage-whisper. "That's the other one!"

Ransom, from the window: "Do? I'll tell you what I did."

Miss Reed: "That's Ol—Mr. Ransom. And, oh, I can't make out what he's saying! He must have gone away to the other side of the room—and it's at the most important point!"

Miss Spaulding, in an awful undertone: "Was *that* the hollow rumbling I heard? And have you been listening at the register to what they've been saying? Oh, *Ethel!*"

Miss Reed: "I haven't been listening, exactly."

Miss Spaulding: "You have! You have been eavesdropping!"

Miss Reed: "Eavesdropping is listening through a key-hole, or around a corner. This is very different. Besides, it's Oliver, and he's been talking about *me.* Hark!" She clutches her friend's hand. and where they have crouched upon the floor together, pulls her forward to the register. "Oh dear, how hot it is! I wish they would cut off the heat down below."

Grinnidge, smoking peacefully through the silence which his friend has absent-mindedly let follow upon his last words: "Well, you seem disposed to take your time about it."

Ransom: "About what? Oh yes! Well—"

Miss Reed: "'Sh! Listen."

Miss Spaulding: "I won't listen. It's shameful; it's wicked! I don't see how you can do it, Ethel!" She remains, however, kneeling near the register, and she involuntarily inclines a little more toward it.

Ransom: "—it isn't a thing that I care to shout from the house-tops." He returns from the window to the chimney-piece. "I wrote the rudest kind of note, and sent back her letter and her money in it. She had said that she hoped our acquaintance

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was not to end with the summer, but that we might sometimes meet in Boston; and I answered that our acquaintance had already ended, and that I should be sorry to meet her anywhere again."

Grinnidge: "Well, if you wanted to make an ass of yourself, you did it pretty completely."

Miss Reed, whispering: "How witty he is! Those men are always so humorous with each other."

Ransom: "Yes; I didn't do it by halves."

Miss Reed, whispering: "Oh, *that's* funny, too!"

Grinnidge: "It didn't occur to you that she might feel bound to pay you for the first half-dozen, and was embarrassed how to offer to pay for them alone?"

Miss Reed: "How he *does* go to the heart of the matter!" She presses Miss Spaulding's hand in an ecstasy of approval.

Ransom: "Yes, it did—afterward."

Miss Reed, in a tender murmur: "Oh, *poor* Oliver!"

Ransom: "And it occurred to me that she was perfectly right in the whole affair."

Miss Reed: "Oh, how generous! how noble!"

Ransom: "I had had a thousand opportunities, and I hadn't been man enough to tell her that I was in love with her."

Miss Reed: "How can he say it right out so bluntly? But if it's true—"

Ransom: "I *couldn't* speak. I was afraid of putting an end to the affair—of frightening her—disgusting her."

Miss Reed: "Oh, how little they know us, Nettie!"

Ransom: "She seemed so much above me in every way—so sensitive, so refined, so gentle, so good, so angelic!"

Miss Reed: "There! *Now* do you call it eavesdropping? If listeners never hear any good of themselves, what do you say to that? It proves that I haven't been listening."

Miss Spaulding: "'Sh! They're saying something else."

Ransom: "But all that's neither here nor there. I can see now that under the circumstances she couldn't as a lady have acted otherwise than she did. She was forced to treat our whole acquaintance as a business matter, and I had forced her to do it."

Miss Reed: "You *had*, you poor thing!"

Grinnidge: "Well, what do you intend to do about it?"

Ransom: "Well—"

Miss Reed: "'Sh!"

Miss Spaulding: "'Sh!"

Ransom: "—that's what I want to submit to you, Grinnidge. I must see her."

Grinnidge: "Yes. I'm glad *I* mustn't."

Miss Reed, stifling a laugh on Miss Spaulding's shoulder: "They're actually *afraid* of us, Nettie!"

Ransom: "See her, and go down in the dust."

Miss Reed: "My very words!"

Ransom: "I have been trying to think what was the very humblest pie I could eat, by way of penance and atonement, and it appears to me that I had better begin by saying that I have come to ask her for the money I refused."

Miss Reed, enraptured: "Oh! doesn't it seem just like—like—inspiration, Nettie?"

Miss Spaulding: "'Sh! Be quiet, do! You'll frighten them away!"

Grinnidge: "And then what?"

Ransom: "What then? I don't know what then. But it appears to me that, as a gentleman, I've got nothing to do with the result. All that I've got to do is to submit to my fate, whatever it is."

Miss Reed, breathlessly: "What princely courage! What delicate magnanimity! Oh, he needn't have the *least* fear! If I could only tell him that!"

Grinnidge, after an interval of meditative smoking: "Yes, I guess that's the best thing you can do. It will strike her fancy, if she's an imaginative girl, and she'll think you a fine fellow."

Miss Reed: "Oh, the horrid thing!"

Grinnidge: "If you humble yourself to a woman at all, do it thoroughly. If you go half-way down she'll be tempted to push you the rest of the way. If you flatten out at her feet to begin with, ten to one but she will pick you up."

Ransom: "Yes, that was my idea."

Miss Reed: "Oh, was it, indeed! Well!"

Ransom: "But I've nothing to do with her picking me up or pushing me down. All that I've got to do is to go and surrender myself."

Grinnidge: "Yes. Well; I guess you can't go too soon. I like your company; but I advise you as a friend not to lose time. Where does she live?"

Ransom: "That's the remarkable part of it: she lives in this house."

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Miss Reed and Miss Spaulding, in subdued chorus: "Oh!"

Grinnidge, taking his pipe out of his mouth in astonishment: "No!"

Ransom: "I just came in here to give my good resolutions a rest while I was screwing my courage up to ask for her."

Miss Reed: "Don't you think he's *very* humorous? Give his good resolutions a rest! That's the way he *always* talks."

Miss Spaulding: "'Sh!"

Grinnidge. "You said you came for my advice."

Ransom: "So I did. But I didn't promise to act upon it. Well!" He goes toward the door.

Grinnidge, without troubling himself to rise: "Well, good luck to you!"

Miss Reed: "*How* droll they are with each other! Don't you *like* to hear them talk? Oh, I could listen all day."

Grinnidge, calling after Ransom: "You haven't told me your duck's name."

Miss Reed: "Is *that* what they call us? Duck! Do you think it's very respectful, Nettie? I don't believe I like it. Or, yes, why not? It's no harm—if I *am* his duck!"

Ransom, coming back: "Well, I don't propose to go shouting it round. Her name is Miss Reed—Ethel Reed."

Miss Reed. "How *can* he?"

Grinnidge: "Slender, willowy party, with a lot of blonde hair that looks as if it might be indigenous? Rather pensive-looking?"

Miss Reed: "Indigenous! I should hope so!"

Ransom: "Yes. But she isn't pensive. She's awfully deep. It makes me shudder to think how deep that girl is. And when I think of my courage in daring to be in love with her—a stupid, straightforward idiot like me—I begin to respect myself in spite of being such an ass. Well, I'm off. If I stay any longer I shall never go." He closes the door after him, and Miss Reed instantly springs to her feet.

Miss Reed: "Now he'll have to go down to the parlor and send up his name, and that just gives me time to do the necessary prinking. You stay here and receive him, Nettie."

Miss Spaulding: "Never! After what's happened I can never look him in the face again. Oh, how low, and mean, and guilty I feel!"

Miss Reed, with surprise: "Why, how droll! Now *I* don't feel the least so."

Miss Spaulding: "Oh, it's very different with *you*. *You're* in love with him."

Miss Reed: "For shame, Nettie! I'm *not* in love with him."

Miss Spaulding: "And you can explain and justify it. But I never can justify it to myself, much less to him. Let me go, Ethel! I shall tell Mrs. McKnight that we must change this room instantly. And just after I'd got it so nearly in order! Go down and receive him in the parlor, Ethel. I *can't* see him."

Miss Reed: "Receive him in the parlor! Why, Nettie dear, you're crazy! I'm going to *accept* him; and how can I accept him—with all the consequences—in a public parlor? No, indeed! If you won't meet him here for a moment, just to oblige me, you can go into the other room. Or, no—you'd be listening to every word through the key-hole, you're so demoralized!"

Miss Spaulding: "Yes, yes, I deserve your contempt, Ethel."

Miss Reed, laughing: "You will have to go out for a walk, you poor thing; and I'm not going to have you coming back in five or ten minutes. You have got to stay out a good hour."

Miss Spaulding, running to get her things from the next room: "Oh, I'll stay out till midnight!"

Miss Reed, responding to a tap at the door: "Ye-e-s! Come in!—You're caught, Nettie."

A maid-servant, appearing with a card: "This gentleman is asking for you in the parlor, Miss Reed."

Miss Reed: "Oh! Ask him to come up here, please.—Nettie! Nettie!" She calls to her friend in the next room. "He's coming right up, and if you don't run you're trapped."

Miss Spaulding, re-appearing, cloaked and bonneted: "I don't blame *you*, Ethel, comparatively speaking. You can say that everything is fair in love. He will like it, and laugh at it in you, because he'll like everything you've done. Besides, you've no principles, and I *have*."

Miss Reed: "Oh, I've lots of principles, Nettie, but I've no practice!"

Miss Spaulding: "No matter. There's no excuse for me. I listened simply because I was a woman, and couldn't help it; and, oh, what will he think of me?"

Miss Reed: "I won't give you away; if you really feel so badly—"

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Miss Spaulding: "Oh, *do* you think you can keep from telling him, Ethel dear? Try! And I will be your slave forever!" Steps are heard on the stairs outside. "Oh, there he comes!" She dashes out of the door and closes it after her, a moment before the maid-servant, followed by Mr. Ransom, taps at it.

III.

MISS REED AND MR. RANSOM; THEN MR. GRINNIDGE.

Miss Reed opens the door and receives Mr. Ransom with well-affected surprise and state, suffering him to stand awkwardly on the threshold for a moment.

She, coldly: "Oh! Mr. Ransom!"

He, abruptly: "I've come—"

She: "Won't you come in?"

He, advancing a few paces into the room: "I've come—"

She, indicating a chair: "Will you sit down?"

He: "I must stand for the present. I've come to ask you for that money, Miss Reed, which I refused yesterday, in terms that I blush to think of. I was altogether and wholly in the wrong, and I'm ready to offer any imaginable apology or reparation. I'm ready to take the money and to sign a receipt, and then to be dismissed with whatever ignominy you please. I deserve anything—everything!"

She: "The money? Excuse me; I don't know—I'm afraid that I'm not prepared to pay you the whole sum to-day."

He, hastily: "Oh, no matter! no matter! I don't care for the money now. I merely wished to--to assure you that I thought you were perfectly right in offering it, and to—to—"

She: "What?"

He: "Nothing. That is—ah—ah—"

She: "It's extremely embarrassing to have people refuse their money when it's offered them, and then come the next day for it, when perhaps it isn't so convenient to pay it—*very* embarrassing."

He, hotly: "But I tell you I don't want the *money!* I never wanted it, and wouldn't take it on any account."

She: "Oh! I thought you said you came to get it?"

He: "I said—I didn't say—I meant—that is—ah—I—" He stops, open-mouthed.

She, quietly: "I could give you part of the money now."

He: "Oh, whatever you like; it's indifferent—"

She: "Please sit down while I write a receipt." She places herself deliberately at the table, and opens her portfolio. "I will pay you now, Mr. Ransom, for the first six lessons you gave me—the ones before you told me that I could never learn to do anything."

He, sinking mechanically into the chair she indicates: "Oh, just as you like!" He looks up at the ceiling in hopeless bewilderment, while she writes.

She, blotting the paper: "There! And now let me offer you a little piece of advice, Mr. Ransom, which may be useful to you in taking pupils hereafter."

He, bursting out: "I never take pupils!"

She: "Never take pupils! I don't understand. You took *me*."

He, confusedly: "I took you—yes. You seemed to wish—you seemed—the case was peculiar—peculiar circumstances."

She, with severity: "May I ask *why* the circumstances were peculiar? I saw nothing peculiar about the circumstances. It seemed to me it was a very simple matter. I told you that I had always had a great curiosity to see whether I could use oil paints, and I asked you a very plain question, whether you would let me study with you. Didn't I?"

He: "Yes."

She: "Was there anything wrong—anything queer about my asking you?"

He: "No, no! Not at all—not in the least."

She: "Didn't you wish me to take the lessons of you? If you didn't, it wasn't kind of you to let me."

He: "Oh, I was perfectly willing—very glad indeed, very much so—certainly!"

She: "If it wasn't your *custom* to take pupils, you ought to have told me, and I wouldn't have forced myself upon you."

He, desperately: "It wasn't forcing yourself upon me. The Lord knows how humbly grateful I was. It was like a hope of heaven!"

She: "Really, Mr. Ransom, this is very strange talk. What am I to understand by it? *Why* should you be grateful to teach me? Why should giving me lessons be like a hope of heaven?"

He: "Oh, I will tell you!"

She: "Well?"

He, after a moment of agony: "Because to be with you—"

She: "Yes?"

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He: "Because I wished to be with you. Because—those days in the woods, when you read, and I—"

She: "Painted on my pictures—"

He: "Were the happiest of my life. Because—I loved you!"

She: "Mr. Ransom!"

He: "Yes, I must tell you so. I loved you; I love you still. I shall always love you, no matter what—"

She: "You forget yourself, Mr. Ransom. Has there been anything in my manner—conduct—to justify you in using such language to me?"

He: "No—no—"

She: "Did you suppose that because I first took lessons of you from—from—an enthusiasm for art, and then continued them for—for—amusement, that I wished you to make love to me?"

He: "No, I never supposed such a thing. I'm incapable of it. I beseech you to believe that no one could have more respect—reverence—" He twirls his hat between his hands, and casts an imploring glance at her.

She: "Oh, respect—reverence! I know what they mean in the mouths of men. If you respected, if you reverenced me, could you dare to tell me, after my unguarded trust of you during the past months, that you had been all the time secretly in love with me?"

He, plucking up a little courage: "I don't see that the three things are incompatible."

She: "Oh, then you acknowledge that you did presume upon something you thought you saw in me to tell me that you loved me, and that you were in love with me all the time?"

He, contritely: "I have no right to suppose that you encouraged me; and yet—I can't deny it now—I was in love with you all the time."

She: "And you never said a word to let me believe that you had any such feeling toward me!"

He: "I—I—"

She: "You would have parted from me without a syllable to suggest it—perhaps parted from me forever?" After a pause of silent humiliation for him: "Do you call that brave or generous? Do you call it manly—supposing, as you hoped, that *I* had any such feeling?"

He: "No; it was cowardly, it was mean, it was unmanly. I see it now, but I will spend my life in repairing the wrong if you will only let me." He impetuously advances some paces toward her, and then stops, arrested by her irresponsive attitude.

She, with a light sigh, and looking down at the paper, which she has continued to hold between her hands: "There was a time—a moment—when I might have answered as you wish."

He: "Oh! then there will be again. If you have changed once, you may change once more. Let me hope that some time—any time, dearest—"

She, quenching him with a look: "Mr. Ransom, I shall *never* change toward you! You confess that you had your opportunity, and that you despised it."

He: "Oh! *not* despised!"

She: "Neglected it."

He: "Not willfully—no. I confess that I was stupidly, vilely, pusillan—pusillan—illani—"

She: "Mously—"

He: "Thanks—mously unworthy of it; but I didn't despise it; I didn't neglect it; and if you will only let me show by a lifetime of devotion how dearly and truly I have loved you from the first moment I drove that cow away—"

She: "Mr. Ransom, I have told you that I should never change toward you. That cow was nothing when weighed in the balance against your being willing to leave a poor girl, whom you supposed interested in you, and to whom you had paid the most marked attention, without a word to show her that you cared for her. What is a cow, or a whole herd of cows, as compared with obliging a young lady to offer you money that you hadn't earned, and then savagely flinging it back in her face? A yoke of oxen would be nothing—or a mad bull."

He: "Oh, I acknowledge it! I confess it."

She: "And you own that I am right in refusing to listen to you now?"

He, desolately: "Yes, yes."

She: "It seems that you gave me lessons in order to be with me, and if possible to interest me in you; and then you were going away without a word."

He, with a groan: "It was only because I was afraid to speak."

She: "Oh, is *that* any excuse?"

He: "No; none."

She: "A man ought always to have courage." After a pause, in which he stands before her with bowed head:

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"Then there is nothing for me but to give you this money."

He, with sudden energy: "This is too much! I—"

She, offering him the bank-notes: "No; it is the exact sum. I counted it very carefully."

He: "I won't take it; I can't! I'll never take it!"

She, standing with the money in her outstretched hand: "I have your word as a gentleman that you will take it."

He, gasping: "Oh, well—I will take it—I will—" He clutches the money, and rushes toward the door. "Good-evening; ah—good-by—"

She, calling after him: "The receipt, Mr. Ransom! Please sign this receipt!" She waves the paper in the air.

He: "Oh, yes, certainly! Where is it—what—which—" He rushes back to her, and seizing the receipt, feels blindly about for the pen and ink. "Where shall I sign?"

She: "Read it first."

He: "Oh, it's all—all right—"

She: "I insist upon your reading it. It's a business transaction. Read it aloud."

He, desperately: "Well, well!" He reads. "'*Received from Miss Ethel Reed, in full, for twenty-five lessons in oil-painting, one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and her hand, heart, and dearest love forever.*'" He looks up at her. "Ethel!"

She, smiling: "Sign it, sign it!"

He, catching her in his arms and kissing her: "Oh yes—*here!*"

She, pulling a little away from him, and laughing: "Oh, oh! I only wanted *one* signature! Twenty autographs are too many, unless you'll let me trade them off, as the collectors do."

He: "No; keep them all! I couldn't think of letting any one else have them. One more!"

She: "No; it's quite enough!" She frees herself, and retires beyond the table. "This unexpected affection—"

He: "*Is* it unexpected—seriously?"

She: "What do you mean?"

He: "Oh, nothing!"

She: "Yes, tell me!"

He: "I hoped—I thought—perhaps—that you might have been prepared for some such demonstration on my part."

She: "And why did you think—hope—perhaps—*that*, Mr. Ransom, may I ask?"

He: "If I hadn't, how should I have dared to speak?"

She: "Dared? You were obliged to speak! Well, since it's all over, I don't mind saying that I *did* have some slight apprehensions that something in the way of a declaration might be extorted from you."

He: "Extorted? Oh!" He makes an impassioned rush toward her.

She, keeping the table between them: "No, no."

He: "Oh, I merely wished to ask why you chose to make me suffer so, after I had come to the point."

She: "Ask it across the table, then." After a moment of reflection. "I made you suffer—I made you suffer—so that you might have a realizing sense of what you had made *me* suffer."

He, enraptured by this confession: "Oh, you angel!"

She, with tender magnanimity: "No; only a woman—a poor, trusting, foolish woman!" She permits him to surround the table, with imaginable results. Then, with her head on his shoulder. "You'll *never* let me regret it, will you, darling? You'll never oblige me to punish you again, dearest, will you? Oh, it hurt *me* far worse to *see* your pain than it did you to—to—feel it!" On the other side of the partition, Mr. Grinnidge's pipe falls from his lips, parted in slumber, and shivers to atoms on the register. "Oh!" She flies at the register with a shriek of dismay, and closes it with a crash. "That wretch has been listening, and has heard every word!"

He: "What wretch? Where?"

She: "Don't you hear him, mumbling and grumbling there?"

Grinnidge: "Well, I swear! Cash value of twenty-five dollars, and untold toil in coloring it!"

Ransom, listening with an air of mystification: "Who's that?"

She: "Gummidge, Grimmidge—whatever you called him. Oh!" She arrests herself in consternation. "Now I *have* done it!"

He: "Done what?"

She: "Oh—nothing!"

He: "I don't understand. Do you mean to say that my friend Grinnidge's room is on the other side of the wall, and that you can hear him talk through the register?" She preserves the silence of abject terror. He opens the register, and calls down it. "Grinnidge! Hallo!"

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Grinnidge: "Hallo, yourself!"

Ransom, to Miss Reed: "Sounds like the ghostly squeak of the phonograph." To Grinnidge: "What's the trouble?"

Grinnidge: "Smashed my pipe. Dozed off and let it drop on this infernal register."

Ransom, closing the register with impressive deliberation: "Miss Reed, may I ask *how* you came to know that his name was Gummidge, or Grimmidge, or whatever I called him?"

She: "Oh, dearest, I *can't* tell you! Or—yes, I had better." Impulsively: "I will judge you by myself. *I* could forgive *you* anything!"

He, doubtfully: "Oh, could you?"

She: "Everything! I had—I had better make a clean breast of it. Yes, I had. Though I don't like to. I—I listened!"

He: "Listened?"

She: "Through the register to—to—what—you—were saying before you—came in here." Her head droops.

He: "Then you heard everything?"

She: "Kill me, but don't look *so* at me! It was accidental at first—indeed it was; and then I recognized your voice; and then I knew you were talking about me; and I had so much at stake; and I did love you so dearly! You *will* forgive me, darling? It wasn't as if I were listening with any bad motive."

He, taking her in his arms: "Forgive you? Of course I do. But you must change this room at once, Ethel; you hear everything on the other side, too."

She: "Oh, not if you whisper on this. You couldn't hear *us*?" At a dubious expression of his. "You *didn't* hear us? If you did, I can never forgive you!"

He: "It was accidental at first—indeed it was; and then I recognized your voice; and then I knew you were talking about me; and I had so much at stake; and I did love you so dearly!"

She: "All that has nothing whatever to do with it. How much did you hear?"

He, with exemplary meekness: "Only what you were saying before Grinnidge came in. You didn't whisper then. I had to wait there for him while—"

She: "While you were giving your good resolutions a rest?"

He: "While I was giving my good resolutions a rest."

She: "And that accounts for your determination to humble yourself so?"

He: "It seemed perfectly providential that I should have known just what conditions you were going to exact of me."

She: "Oh, don't make light of it! I can tell you it's a very serious matter."

He: "It was very serious for me when you didn't meet my self-abasement as you had led me to expect you would."

She: "Don't make fun! I'm trying to think whether I can forgive you."

He, with insinuation: "Don't you believe you could think better if you put your head on my shoulder?"

She: "Nonsense! Then I should forgive you without thinking." After a season of reflection. "No, I *can't* forgive you. I never could forgive eavesdropping. It's *too* low."

He, in astonishment: "Why, you did it yourself!"

She: "But you began it. Besides, it's very different for a man. Women are weak, poor, helpless creatures. They have to use finesse. But a man should be above it."

He: "You said you could forgive me anything."

She: "Ah, but I didn't know what you'd been doing!"

He, with pensive resignation, and a feint of going: "Then I suppose it's all over between us."

She, relenting: "If you could think of any reason *why* I should forgive you—"

He: "I can't."

She, after consideration: "Do you suppose Mr. Grumage, or Grimidge, heard too?"

He: "No; Grinnidge is a very high-principled fellow, and wouldn't listen; besides, he wasn't there, you know."

She: "Well, then, I will forgive you on these grounds." He instantly catches her to his heart. "But these alone, remember."

He, rapturously: "Oh, on any!"

She, tenderly: "And you'll always be devoted? And nice? And not try to provoke me? Or neglect me? Or anything?"

He: "Always! Never!"

She: "Oh, you dear, sweet, simple old thing—how I *do* love you!"

Grinnidge, who has been listening attentively to every word at the register at his side: "Ransom, if you don't want me to go stark mad, *shut the register!*"

Ransom, about to comply: "Oh, poor old man! I forgot it was open!"

Miss Reed, preventing him: "No! If he

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has been vile enough to listen at a register, let him suffer. Come, sit down here, and I'll tell you just when I began to care for you. It was long before the cow. Do you remember that first morning after you arrived—" She drags him close to the register, so that every word may tell upon the envious Grinnidge, on whose manifestations of acute despair a rapid curtain descends.



"RANSOM, IF YOU DON'T WANT ME TO GO STARK MAD, SHUT THE REGISTER!"

MISTLETOE.

To the cradle bough of a naked tree,
  Benumbed with ice and snow,
A Christmas dream brought suddenly
  A birth of mistletoe.

The shepherd stars from their fleecy cloud
  Strode out on the night to see;
The Herod north wind blustered loud
  To rend it from the tree.

But the old year took it for a sign,
  And blessed it in his heart:
"With prophecy of peace divine,
  Let now my soul depart."

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AT THE KISSING BRIDGE.—By George H. Boughton, A.R.A.

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THE KISSING BRIDGE.

A LEGEND OF ALBANY.

"WE are coming to it soon," said he.

"To what?" said the very mouse-like little Puritan maiden at his side, with a rising color in her cheeks, and a dimming of the furtive sparkle of her watchful, half-scared eyes.

"To the bridge," said he, composedly, but with a slightly increased flush to *his* cheek, and a momentary restraint in his off-hand gallant manner.

"This is a bridge," said she, innocently enough, stopping at the first snow-covered plank of it with a little look of hesitation.

"This is nothing," said he, carelessly, stopping himself too, and half turning round. "They don't count *this* one. It is the other, that we are just coming to."

"Why, what then? What about the other? Is it not safe?"

"Ah!" said the tall young gallant, with a meaning smile, "that much depends on what you mean by *safe*. It is called here the Kissing Bridge. Did you not know of it? Are you such a stranger here?"

"I think I will go back now," she said, with a little gasp as if for breath. "Yes, I have heard of it, but I did not suppose that we should have to cross it on our way."

"My dear child," he said, breaking at once and for all through any thin social ice that might exist between their better understanding, and assuming a grand protecting air, "the awful toll on that particular bridge is not like that on most bridges, where you have either to pay it or else go back. In this case it is quite optional: you pay or not, as you think best. To tell the truth," said he, becoming more reassuring still, "I think it is only understood to be a frolic between those who are lovers, or at least great friends;" and he began to move slowly forward, as if he of course expected her to follow, on those very liberal and safe terms.

The mouse-colored maiden crept slowly on beside him, with rather a hesitating and wavering step, gazing on anxiously ahead toward the innocent snow-covered little structure that bore such an awful reputation. If he had called it the "gallows-tree" at once, it could scarcely have fluttered her little heart more.

And who was she, this little specimen of slightly mitigated New England Puritanism; and what was she doing in roistering Albany, in the still Dutchified province of New York, among the festivest of the festive, and in the thick of the New-Year junketings? She was little Ruth Gray, from Providence, and she was on a visit to uncles, aunts, and cousins whom her good people still loved, although they often mourned to think that they were getting more and more worldly, and their ways were scarcely now the ways of their forefathers. Even Ruth herself had, from a very child, shown strange little bits of waywardness and mutiny from the iron rule of her fathers. Her mother died when she was a child, and her father, a bluff sea-captain, who, in moments of anger, had a way of quoting Scripture to his crew that was infinitely more withering to them than the usual maritime profanity, doted on this little lone mouse of his in a way that often brought his tenderness under the ban of sermonizing from his elders of the church. Ruth had no trouble at all in getting her father's permission to go on a visit to his worldlyish, easy-going, money-making brother in Albany; a friendly skipper thither bound with a cargo of New England rum took charge of her safe passage gladly.

Her aunts and cousins were deeply amused at first with all her prim, staid little ways, and with her still more prim and starched little costumes. No attempt, however, was made to add a ribbon or a bit of lace to her dress, or to modify in any way *her* ideas of propriety; rather at first did the place take on a little of her sober tone, though, truth to say, she did not crave it, or even strongly desire it; on the contrary, wishing to be good fellow with the rest, she allowed the narrow strings of her plain cap to run a little wider, and the mutinous crinkle of her gold-brown hair to relax from the smooth-as-it-could-be-brushed parting down each side of her fair brow to now and then a little tendril of a rebellious curl that went as it listed. The rigid little white aprons had soon a little pocket, and not long after a little embroidery of white stitching around the hems. She also took kindly to a stray pucker and frill about her staid, severe black hood, and a wider and a more aggressively tied bow at the instep of her

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russet shoes; and as for the bewitching little muff trimmed with mink that her good uncle bought her, it would be flat insult and cruelty to him not to wear it; and she in time even let them fix a pair of goodly sarsenet bows to each end of it. All these little gradual changes or developments in Ruth brought different degrees of feeling to those about her. Her younger and more thoughtless brood of cousins and cousins' friends hailed each new bow and ribbon with hilarious joy, but her elder aunts and uncles thought seriously of the day when she would have to be returned to her somewhat strait-laced father and his rigid friends. If her good father could be with her and follow her pliant ways with a like relaxation of his own rigidity, that would be another thing; but when they would say to her, "What a pity your father couldn't come too!" and she would look at the complications that might ensue therefrom with a wistful smile, they still felt that any wishes they might have about the father's influence did not much alter the account they might be called on to render to him for the taking on of unhallowed furbelows on the part of the daughter.

Among Ruth's hoiden cousins there were some four or five more or less engaged, some others about to be engaged, one or two states of affection that would puzzle an anxious parent to put a name to, and in view of all this gushing condition of the affections, and the hilarious season, there was such a general and unblushing practice of good-natured kissing that poor Ruth, whose ideas of this art, or pastime, or science, or sin, whichever you choose to call it, had gone from state to state of scandalization and outraged proprieties until she had finally accepted the inevitable as best she could, so long as she, barring female cousins, could be left out.

The aunts and uncles, with a remnant of propriety, had made the thoughtless cousins promise not to put Ruth in the way of the ordeal of the Kissing Bridge, and they had so far kept the promise well. The proper uncles and aunts meant that Ruth should fully enjoy herself, but if there might be a line drawn anywhere, their united consciences said it should be at the first plank of that bridge. She, poor girl, had heard much of it, and after the first shock had kindly accepted it as one of the customs of the country; and even when she somewhat severely said that they didn't do such things in Providence, she mentally tempered the severity by vaguely wishing they *could*, now and then, if it was as nice as the girls and boys made out. Of kissing or being kissed, except in the way of now and then a hearty smack from her father in an expansive mood, or the careful embraces of cousins or aunts, who seemed anxious not to crumple her nicely starched pinner, poor Ruth knew nothing except by reports, which at that gushing season of the year, as we said before, were rather loud and common.

And now she was suddenly brought face to face, if not with the actual thing, at least with the possibilities of it.

And the tall cavalier by her side in the snow?—Miles Foxcroft, so called. Not much was known of him, except as a friend of one of the "engaged" youths hovering about the youngest and prettiest cousin.

"My friend Miles," was all the introduction that Gerrit Schuler, the engaged youth, had vouchsafed, over a week previous to our introduction of him, and not much more was asked of Gerrit, who, in good truth, had little more to tell. They had met in New York, and having many points not at all in common, had at once sworn eternal friendship. One was the open vessel; the other was the wine that was poured into it. Wine? Well, scarcely that; it was rather a mixture, with little of the true grape in it; but it satisfied the friendly thirst of Gerrit. He loved a hero, and, according to many accounts—Foxcroft's most of all—this was the hero. Under oaths of strict secrecy deeds were recounted, as they sauntered about at midnight, that thrilled the very marrow of the eager listener—dark hints of half-unwitting piracy, quite excusable murder, and pardonable villainies of every kind; these, illustrated with narratives of hair-breadth escapes and thrilling adventures of a more ordinary kind by flood and field, stories of a weird and ghastly kind, were never wanting to fill the porous natures whom he thought likely to credit him. There was a happy scar, an ugly welt across his temple, that would always be brought in as an indisputable proof of combats with pirates, or with Indians, or with anybody who at the moment figured as the enemy.

Few doubted these stories, as he was very careful in the matter of his audience, but when he *did* happen to mistake his

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man, that man generally doubted him enormously, scar notwithstanding. Little did he care; he knew that the world was wide, and inquiring minds were few compared to the absorbent and trusting natures.

Gerrit had told a certain few of his friend's escapades, not enough to get him into serious trouble, but rather to increase the general heroic attitude in the eyes of the young men and maidens. Ruth had had a carefully revised edition of his career retailed to her for her own personal admiration. To her it was like a fairy tale; it was the one peep into enchanted land that her young eyes had opened to. *The Pilgrim's Progress* had hitherto been her only fairy tale, for to her, notwithstanding most careful explanations, this poor Pilgrim was as all the knights of romance rolled together. To be sure, this was a very different kind of hero, this tall, well-dressed, rosy-scarred youth walking beside her, so kindly, so protective, so different from any one she had ever known.

She half feared him, yet did not wish to bid him go his way and leave her. On ahead of them were the laughing and chatting cousins and lovers. She had been mildly scandalized to see on the distant bridge some lightsome skirmishes that looked very much like "taking toll"; her steps faltered somewhat, her heart fluttered like an imprisoned bird, but she still followed meekly to the fatal bridge.

On the top rail of the first bridge, at which our story began, Ruth picked up a ready-made snow-ball left behind by some of the merry party gone before. (Snowballing was almost the first thing her riotous cousins had taught her after her arrival, by-the-way.) She held the chilly missile in her gloved hand as she walked along beside this looming youth, held it in a very gingerly, ineffective way too, he noticed. She had only a very dim notion of using it as a weapon of defense; still, she kept it in her hand as something to fall back on in a moment of peril.

"What are you going to do with your snow-ball—throw it at some one when you get over the bridge?" observed he, with a half-amused smile.

"I—no—I'm not sure that I shall cross the bridge at all, and if I do I should not care to hurt any of my friends with this icy ball." She was careful to imply that the ball was very hard, and capable of serious damage.

"Don't you think you will be apt to wet your gloves and spoil them with that damp snow?" This was said with the same kindly, protecting air, which he had now put on permanently, it would seem.

"I don't mind the gloves. Besides, the snow is such a cold thing to handle without gloves," she said to him; and to herself she wondered what his motive might be in wishing her to give up her one visible weapon.

He was so much amused at the situation, at her half fright and entire simplicity, that he gave up all idea of thrilling her just then with any wild stories of his past life.

The rest of the party had turned down the lane over the bridge of kissing, and was in sight only now and again between the tall trees on either side the road. They could be well heard, though; the screams and peals of laughter rang through the frosty air. Then all was suddenly hushed; they hid behind the trees to see what would happen on the bridge to Ruth. The elder and more staid cousin wished to go back to prevent the dire catastrophe that they had weeks ago been cautioned to avert. She was easily kept within hiding, however, by the assurance that Ruth would readily take care of herself, and if not—good sakes alive!—what harm, after all?—only a bit of frolic.

The timid mouse had, beneath that placid exterior, a certain strong will of her own, and between the two bridges she had pretty neatly planned out a course of action.

When they came to the crucial first plank of the dreadful crossing-place, Ruth suddenly sprang forward, and ran as if the spirit of Atalanta had given to her her own fleet sandals in exchange for her russet shoes. There was a swish of a sad-colored robe, a flutter of white apron, a twinkle of little gray feet—and she was gone away and over the bridge before Foxcroft knew what had happened to break the quiet thread of their conversation off so suddenly.

She stood with her face half hidden by her little muff, actually enjoying a wicked, roguish, quite unpuritanical laugh at him, her cheeks now redder than ripe cherries, and her rebellious curl fluttering with excitement.

"I am not to pay now the toll, as you call it. You should have been more watchful. I am quite safe now." This

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with her face still behind her muff, and the threatening snow-ball ready for action.

"You need not have fled at that pace from me at all," said he, with rather a hurt intonation, when he reached her side. "I had no malice in my mind. Nay, Mistress Ruth, you do not know me at all. I should not have claimed the usual toll against your will. We are both strangers here, and why need we follow their hoidenish customs?"

Poor Ruth felt that she had herself been somewhat guilty of hoidenism in a mild form; her swift scamper over the bridge away from a purely imaginary danger looked to her now as a mistake more unpardonable than certain forms of wickedness.

The smiles had ceased to ripple over her cheeks, and the laughing eyes were now sad and wistful almost to tears.

"You must have heard some awful tales about me, and, moreover, you must have well believed in them, to have the fear you seem to show of me."

He said this as with a desire to clear his tarnished reputation, if need be, but it was really offered as the prelude to some few little stories of his own valorous deeds, the offspring of his own fertile brain. He was now beginning to take an interest in the little gray maiden, and to think her worthy of some of his choicest lies.

"I never like to think evil of any one soever, more especially of one we all like." Ruth was not quite happy over her little speech: it told too little of one thing and too much of another.

She could not then explain herself better, as they soon found themselves among the laughing revellers, who had been watching the incident of the race over the bridge, and its *dénouement*. Noisy astonishment was freely expressed at the curious contradictory actions of each. Ruth was the last person in the world that they would have expected such spirited and exciting action from, and Miles was the next last to have taken it so calmly. They were both unmercifully teased about the affair, as one may well imagine; but, to the further astonishment of all, Ruth warmly defended him, and even took no end of blame upon herself. He magnanimously blamed nobody in particular: it was all the fault of the strange custom itself. They were both strangers, and were in no way bound to conform to such unheard-of usages.

"Of course if I had been crossing the bridge with a native I should be a brute not to conform as gallantly as the best man here. Or, had one of you natives here been crossing with Mistress Ruth, then would he have been within his rights to have had his fair toll; but it would have been rank impudence in two persons strange to the country and almost to each other to take a liberty such as that with your sacred bridge and its time-honored customs."

He spoke so fairly and with such serious bearing that he silenced the jeerers, and almost spoiled the frolic for the rest of the walk. As for Ruth, she was losing her heart more and more every moment. He was so different from the others, so manly, so fair, so generous, and withal so protecting! It was impossible that the strange whisperings of his deeds could have much truth in them—and yet she had always been taught to believe that the Demon had ever a fair outside, and won souls to him by seeming goodness.

"Do you take—toll, as you call it, every time you cross that place, returning as well as going?" asked Ruth of the younger cousin, with less hesitation now as she was getting used to the subject.

"Oh, that indeed we do!" said that spirited damsel, with the air of one determined to stand by every right of way. "And *I* think it would be a good thing to have a change of partners going back, and then there will be no strangers and no shirking." This was levelled full at Miles and Ruth.

She looked at him with one little mute appealing glance, and he, understanding, spoke up.

"Let those change who will. For my part, I am well suited, and if Mistress Ruth thinks she may trust me this time, we will go back as we came, and finish our talk together. What say you?" said he, kindly, to her, and with calm directness.

She was pressing a little pattern in the snow with the point of her tiny shoe. She brushed back the stray curl with her gloved hand, and answered only with a smile and the faintest of nods, but the smile and nod and the silence spoke many volumes of consent.

"I hope you do not dislike our queer old custom; it is old as the hills," said another female cousin, as the beginning of a defense of it, to Miles, in case he wished to "argue it out."

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"Nay, mistress, I like the notion of it amazingly, and if I find myself crossing it with those to the country born, I will practice it with the best of ye." There was a general laugh at this sally, in which even Ruth joined; in fact, she was getting to laugh more easily now that the thaw in her manners had fairly set in. It was like the ripple of a frozen brook set free in spring-time.

When the merry party set their faces homeward, Ruth and Miles lingered behind the others again, much to the amusement of the jestingly inclined. "We who are strangers should stay behind, so that you may show us the way, and, moreover, we can then the better study the customs and behavior of you all, so as to be less strange in time," spoke up Miles. "So go you all on before, and try and bear yourselves more seemingly."

The mouse was no longer timid, as she kept more closely to his side on the return saunter along the snow-covered road. There was here and there a slide of glistening ice where little streams crossed the road, and on these they could see the others display their agility, and often the want of it, for there was much merry laughter over a seemingly uncalled-for falling about.

"Do you slide, Mistress Ruth?—that is, do you care to?"

"I—no;—that is, I never have slidden —much. I don't think I should care much—" This as she saw a group of four take sitting and recumbent positions rather abruptly. She gave a slight start, a little cry, and the little russet feet went both suddenly to the left, and the little black hood, and the mutinous curls, and the dimply smiles, and the jaunty muff, and the rest of it, went as suddenly to the right; and as the outstretched appealing hand went toward him, like lightning, for support, she felt a strong, quick arm interpose itself in good time to prevent as neat a fall as any one might wish for.

"There! you were nearly down. Not hurt? Well—there again!" as she gave another little slip. "I think you would do well to take my arm."

She had his arm at the moment, but he felt as if the timid little hand was slipping from it, and then the next instant he felt a more firm hold and pressure. But it was still anything but a steady lean upon it. He took the little fingers gently, and placing them with his own hand on the exact spot on his arm where she would have surer support, he gave her hand a little re-assuring pat, and almost a pressure, and left it; and it staid where it was placed, taking kindly enough to its resting position.

"We are passed all the slippery places now, are we not?" she asked, perhaps to save her sense of propriety.

"Nay, there be many such places on the road, although we did not notice them so much coming as we do going back. It has been freezing, you know. Are you warm enough?"

"I think so; I don't think I have thought about it before."

"Keep close to me."

She said nothing, but she kept close enough; he did not have to allude to it again.

And now came the dread bridge again. The words of the gushing cousin came to her mind—"Indeed, yes; we pay toll both coming and going." She also remembered how he had waived all his claims in view of their strangeness to the land. The skirmishes of those who had gone before them had been very brief and scarcely noticeable. The time-honored custom was observed without a murmur.

It was rapidly getting dusk; the winter's afternoon was becoming winter's evening without much lingering in the way of twilight. The sun fell into a ditch of cold, gray, slushy cloud, and seemed to perspire a lurid steam for a few minutes, and then to get cold with the gelid ashen purple of iron plunged in snow; then it seemed to fall through torn slits of its sea of troubled gray, and it left the world to quick-gathering darkness.

The little party, each pair toned down a little with the sudden chill and gloom, crunched its way over the freezing snow toward home. The planks of the bridge creaked and complained as if stricken by sudden cold and rheumatism the moment the heavy and the light step of the last pair touched them. The surface of the snow bore still the traces of much wild prancing to and fro in the regular and irregular toll-taking. Ruth said no word; there was not the slightest effort to withdraw the trustful hand, or the slightest impulse of the little mouse-like feet to fly again across and out of danger. He merely smiled, as if he was thinking of something he did not wish to say; and she,

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seeing the smile, guessed it out as well as if he had spoken. And he did speak when they were well over.

"You did not think it worth while to flee from me this time."

"You, too, seemed as if you had *forgotten all about it.*"

This was not exactly the conveyance of what she meant to say. As she thought of it hurriedly, it seemed almost like a challenge. What if he should regard it in that light? In fact, if he did she could scarcely blame him; but she said nothing to mend matters.

"How soon the stars have come out! What a very bright one overhead—the pale green one!"

She lifted her hooded face to the place whence the starlight should have fallen —when, swift as flashed light, warm to her as a sun's ray, a light kiss just brushed the peachy down on her cheek—and the deed was done!

She felt that the world about her seemed suddenly to change its meaning to her. He was no longer the pure hero; for the moment she was tempted to believe him capable of any deceit or crime; and then, like a flash, she turned the blame upon herself, because of that unfortunate little remark. What else could he have done when he was plainly told that he had forgotten? She hid one side of her face for a moment with her gloved hand, and the nearer side to him with her muff, and wished for an inspiration for some proper thing to do. He only stood near her these few seconds, during which the universe turned inside out to her. And I am afraid he laughed a merry laugh of wicked enjoyment.

"There! it was not such an awful thing, after all. Come, take my arm again—it is still slippery. It shall not happen again."

She took her previous hold upon his proffered arm, but she tucked the rebellious curl under her hood, and looked as stern and puritanical as she could at a moment's notice.

"Say you quite forgive me. We should not try to make ourselves so very much better than the others, who seem to enjoy themselves so much." He again patted the little hand snuggled in upon his arm, in a still more soothing and protecting way. "I find one looks so like a fool if he does not follow the happy customs of a kindly people."

"I ought not to have reminded you of it; it seemed forward of me, as if I courted it, and I am sure I was not thinking of it in that way," she went on, half excusing him and accusing herself, and finally bidding him to forget it and be forgiven.

The dreadful bridge was still in sight, and all this change, this revelation of new emotions, this upheaval of her little world to her, had taken place and was a thing of the past in this short time. And then, as if to make this offense seem small and trivial, he told her, as they walked home together under the winter stars, such tales of the marvellous and wonderful! It was Othello and Desdemona over again, only, let us hope, the Moor told the strict truth with more fluency than Miles did. He was so strange about this one quality of his! One would think that a good liar would not be able to contain his splendid gifts, but would lie right and left. But Miles was a born genius; he was the soul of truth and honor in all things except these dreadful adventures of his. Perhaps he more than half believed in them himself, so well did he tell them, and so strongly did he wish them to be true.

Ruth, so far from being shocked or scandalized, followed each awful incident with the effacing sponge of forgiveness, and when she had wiped away all the real sin she could manage with her sponge, she gilded up and haloed the occurrence until it became a thing to swing incense before in her own mind.

There was little concealment about her frank admiration of him. The tender eyes were ever on the watch for him when away, ever following his every movement when present. The tendrils of her sunny hair were twined but for him, because he admired it. The bows and the ribbons became more bewitchingly tied, and sprigs of cunning needle-work broke out about her dress like running vines in a June sun. She believed his most elaborate and embroidered romances with such readiness that he lost faith in his power of invention. It was like pouring water upon the thirsting earth, or telling fairy tales to eager children. The uncles and aunts, and even the cousins, were getting seriously anxious about this development. Ruth no longer shunned the awful bridge in their walks, and there was no more need of apology for not doing in Rome as the Romans do.

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But, alas! one fine day there came a new figure upon the scene, who greeted Miles with much noisy familiarity and expansiveness, not entirely shared by the younger man, I beg to say. This was an old friend of Miles and his family, who knew them all, root and branch. The first surprise he gave them was by calling Miles simply Fox, instead of Foxcroft. This Miles explained, in his friend's absence, as merely an abbreviation; and then he was forced to admit that he liked not the name of Fox alone so well as with the croft. And then, finding that the threads of many of his stories were being drawn out to such an extent that the whole fabric would come to pieces before his face before long, he, feigning uncalled-for importance to an ordinary letter received, took himself away, not without several scenes with Ruth, and much dispensing with all need of the bridge as any excuse for the "custom of the people."

One week away, and Ruth but half consoled by vows to meet again, the kindly friend of Miles's youth told the whole of his history. His father, old Fox, was a quiet, well-to-do trader down in Maryland, who had never done anything in his life more dreadful than drive unequal bargains with the simple red Indian, to whom he trafficked rum and provisions in exchange for furs. Miles had been the mainstay of his father's trade, fond of hearing tales of pirates and of Indian adventure; had only once gone away from home, on a coasting vessel, and then came near killing himself by falling from the rigging, where he had no business to go, and cutting that ugly welt on his forehead. As there had been some four different versions of the origin of that wound, the company resigned themselves to the last one as being the most reliable.

"And now, as he has been a good boy so long, his father gave him leave and money to go to see a little of the country, and perhaps he might be able to fix on a good spot for a branch business. A most excellent young fellow, fond of telling of adventures that nobody seems to know much of except himself; but there! I'd trust him with anything except a story." Thus spoke the friend, and all seemed relieved that this blood-stained youth was now purified and washed clean.

Poor Ruth! It was a sad blow to her. There had been no real call for the tear of the angel to blot out the sin, no need of the gilding or the incense. The idol was of common clay. She never wished to see him more; and when they thoughtlessly laughed away his crimes, she could have wept, for to her they seemed to wash the dirt well into him, and smear him with common whiting as an outer finish.

Unreasoning?—very.

Unsatisfactory?—rather.

But here the story ends, as I heard it. Whether Ruth ever saw him again, or whether she went back to unmitigated Puritanism and straightened her rebellious curl back with searing-irons, I know not. I like to imagine an ending to her story, but I will not here put it with the pure fragment of an old-time tale as it was told to me.

THE KINGDOM OF THE CHILD.

Out of the common daylight of the world
I wandered forth into a golden dawn,
A buoyant and a brilliant atmosphere,
In which all language had a sweeter sound,
All faces shone, and salutations glad
Of love and cheer flew fast from lip to lip.
Then, as the light grew strong upon the heights,
Bell answered bell with jubilant refrain,
Until the hills the flying echoes caught,
And wafted upward even to heaven itself.
And then there was a silence and great peace,
While in the air above me and around
A whisper rose that grew into a song—
"Enter the happy kingdom of the Child!"

And then a miracle befell my sight.
With eyes no longer holden I beheld
A realm immeasurable, a golden zone
That like a ring of flame shone round the world.

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And everywhere the joy was in the air,
Wreaths bloomed on shrine and window, and so sweet
The incense rose from every heart and home
It seemed a bright new world within the old,
A thousand summers mingled into one.
And still the burden of a song went on,
Too silver-sweet for any human voice—
"This day began the kingdom of the Child."

"Oh, who," I cried, "is lord of this fair realm?
Why do all hearts leap up with victor's joy?
I see no lofty forts, no steel-clad ranks,
Nor signs of martial conquest. Can he be
A warrior and a king of high renown
Whose wide dominions thus unguarded lie?"
The answer came: "By mightier force than arms
Our monarch has his royal honor proved.
His truth is keener than a thousand swords,
His purity so dazzling that the hosts
Of unclean error flee before the sight,
And in the fervid summer of his love
The superstitions of the elder world,
Like vapors of the sunrise, disappear.
Look now upon the train of vanquished kings
Who bow before the sceptre of the Child!"

Then down the borders of this shining land
There passed a gloomy train, and by their front
Majestic, awful even in their fall,
I knew them not as warriors, but as gods—
Osiris, dear to Egypt's ancient shrines,
And Isis, the world-mother, at his side,
Whose single tear renewed the wasted Nile;
They too, the bright Olympian deities,
With echoes of remembered music still
Upon their lips, regretfully passed by;
And the stern monarchs of the icy North—
Odin, a wanderer from the fallen throne
Of old Valhalla, and the hoary Thor,
No longer glorying in his strong right hand.
And as they passed, the wilderness gave up
Its tawny gods, the spirits of the storms,
The mountains, and the precipices wild.
And all walked heavily, with bended head,
Save only Isis, in whose mourning eyes
I saw a wistful yearning for the Child.

As these strange shadows of the fallen faiths
Slowly departed, over all the sky
A soft, serene illumination grew,
A rosy and ineffable morning light;
And forth from cot and bower and palace came
Myriads of little children, bounding forth,
With lilies-of-the-valley in their hands,
And fragrant branches of the forest green.
These went before, and with them followed on
An army with white banners borne aloft,
On which in shining letters was inscribed
The legend beautiful, "Good-will to men."
"These are his guards and warriors," said the voice;
"See how the way-side blooms beneath their feet!"
Then I, in haste of sudden ecstasy,
Said to the viewless spirit at my side,
"If eyes can bear such splendor, let me look
Upon the face of him you call the Child."

Then, like a cloud, the pageant disappeared,
And a pale Orient landscape was unveiled—
Wide plains in moonlight slumber, olive boughs
Rocking beneath the nests of wakeful birds,
And, lighted by one radiant morning star,
The straw-thatched stable of a humble inn.

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There in a manger, warm with breath of kine,
Behold! the mystery of all mysteries,
The joy in sorrow and the light in gloom,
Heaven in earth's lowliness, God in the Child!

No crown he wore, but round his peaceful brow
An aureole shone, from whence unnumbered rays
Floated away to crown less worthy heads.
His hand no sceptre clasped, but fast and far
The beams of morning as his heralds rode
To bear the Christmas gladness to the world,
And fast and far his dearer angels sped,
Blessing the little children and the poor
With the best utterance of his perfect love;
And sorrow heard, and mourning lips were still,
And evil hid itself and was afraid.
Oh, then with heart at rest I heard again
The voice, that swelled and grew into a song:
"This day, till time shall end, from shore to shore,
Shall come the blessed kingdom of the Child!"

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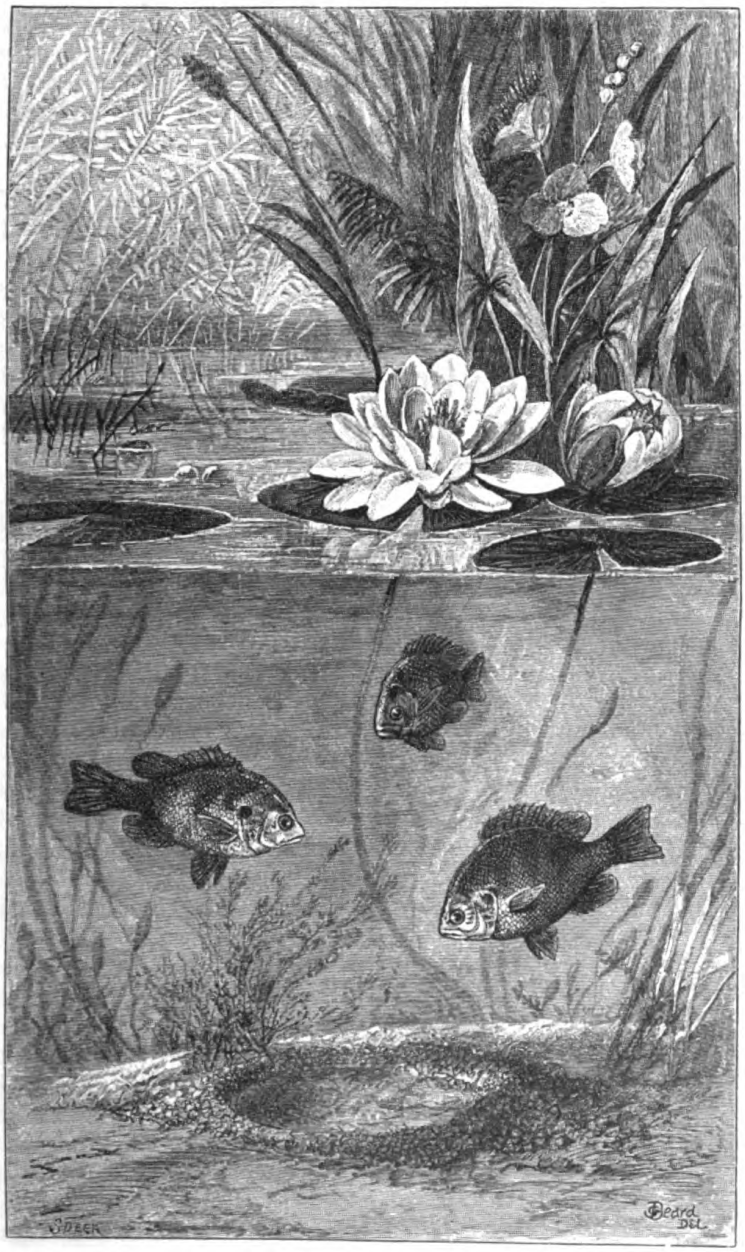
PERIOPHTHALMUS JUMPING AND CLIMBING ON DRY LAND.

THE NEST-BUILDERS OF THE SEA.

AMONG the many curious analogies born of modern investigation, none are more interesting than those showing striking cases of parallelism in the habits and customs of animals whose environments are totally dissimilar. The ocean bed seems peopled with forms so resembling those of land that a modification of structure to conform with their surroundings alone appears to be the point of difference. In drifting over the reefs of our southern border this resemblance between the creatures of land and sea is extremely striking. The gardens of the lower world abound in lavish growth ; trees, shrubs, waving vines, are all reproduced in the wondrous forms of the sea. Here a forest of coral branches (*Madrepora*) raise their myriads of bristling points, each flowered by a delicate polyp, and presenting a rich olive-green tint in contrast to the deep blue of the channel upon whose banks they grow. Pure as crystal, the water seems to intensify the beauty of the

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objects, even in the greater depths; gayly bedecked fishes move lazily about, rising and falling among the living branches, poising, perhaps, to pluck some morsel from a limb, in all their motions reminding us of the birds of the shore. These gorgeous parrot-fishes are the sun-birds of the sea; wondrous tints—azure-blue, golden yellow, and red—mark them. Some appear iridescent and bathed in metallic tints, as if incased in burnished armor, while many more in modest garb, found in our colder waters of the North, call to mind the robin and thrush, those welcome harbingers of spring. But it is not in their color alone that the fishes resemble the birds; it is in the home life and love of offspring that we find a close resemblance. Many are nest-builders, erecting



NEST OF THE SUNFISH.

structures as complicated as those of the birds, and equalling them in design and finish.

In floating along the shores of some woodland stream, we may watch the do-

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NEST OF BLACK-NOSED DACE.

mestic life of the sunfish (*Eupomotis*), the mottled, bespangled friend of the angler, that is seemingly always on hand to be caught in default of nobler game.

Along the shore where delicate grasses grow, where floating lily-pads cast strange shadows, and the white pink-tipped buds reach upward, here among the winding stems, perhaps sheltered by a mossy bank with overhanging ferns and cat-o'-nine-tails, the sunfish builds its nest. They may be seen by pairs moving in and out among the lilies near the shore, as if jointly selecting the site for their nursery. It is generally a gravelly spot, and once agreed upon, the little builders set vigorously to work. The stems or roots are torn up for twelve inches about, and carefully carried several feet away, while the smaller rootlets are swept aside by skillful blows of their tails, both fishes often standing over the nest creating a mimic whirlpool with their tails that effectually carries off the objectionable particles. The stones are next taken away, the smaller ones in their mouths, the larger being pushed out bodily, or fanned away by the sweeping process, until finally an oval depression appears, with a fine sandy bottom. The stems and other aquatic verdure about the sides, that seem to have been purposely left, now naturally fall over, so that oftentimes the nest is a perfect bower, its walls bedecked with buds, while the roof is a mat of white lilies floating upon the surface. Here the eggs are deposited, the male and female alternately watching them. We have always known the sunfish as the most peaceful of the finny tribe, and only in wanton playfulness chasing the golden carp; but let a stranger, a bewhiskered cat-fish, approach the bower, and war is at once declared. The little creatures seem to snap with rage and defiance, the sharp dorsal fins stand erect, the pectorals vibrate with repressed emotion, while the convulsive movements of their powerful tails show that they are ready to stand by their homes to the last, and indeed so vigorous is their charge that large fishes are forced to retreat, and as the sunfishes build in companies, the intruder is often attacked by an entire colony of them. They have, however, one enemy that seems to defy them, the pirate perch (*Aphrodederus sayanus*), which, like the cuckoo, that is either incapable or too lazy to build a nest of its own, often deposits its eggs in that of its neighbor.

The perches wait until the sunfish complete their homes, when they evict them by force of blows, often only after a sanguinary struggle. This accomplished, the victors, male and female, install themselves, and the eggs are deposited frequently among those of the former occupants, who, perhaps, are avenged, as their captors guard their nest jealously, protecting the young sunfish as they come out, and staying by them until they are about half an inch in length, when they are left to look out for themselves.

Nearly all the sunfishes are nest-builders, some forming arbors, as we have seen; others, as the banded variety (*Mesogonistius chætodon*), scoop out nests on the sandy shores, rearing their young in the

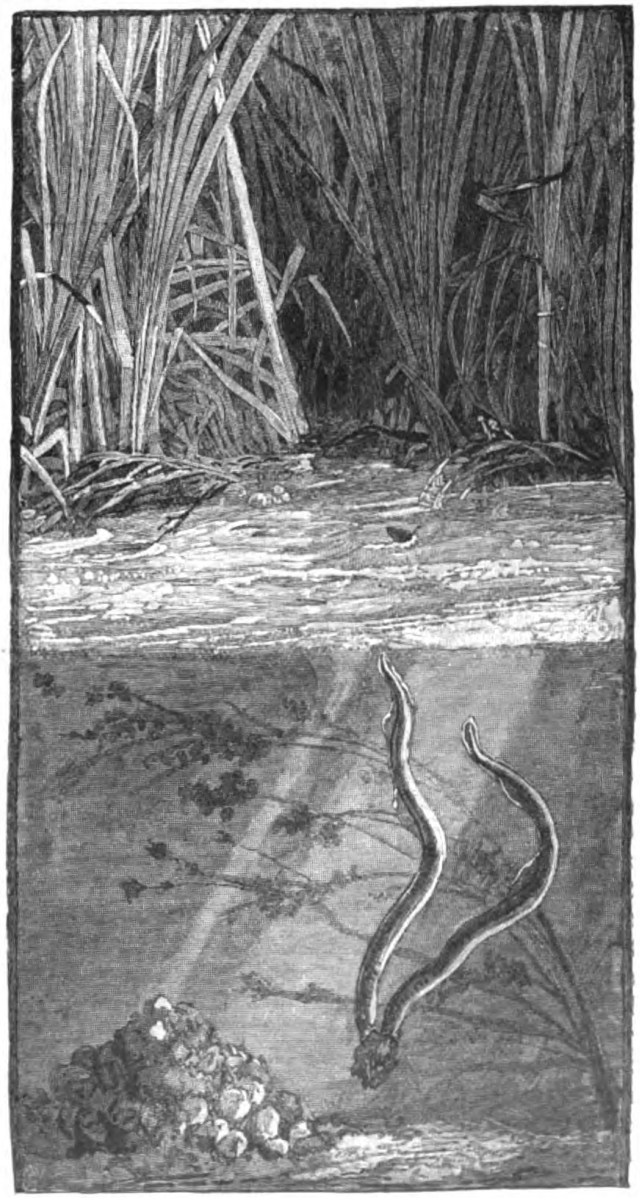
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late spring; while the spotted sunfish (*Enneacanthus obesus*) is more democratic, affecting muddy streams, and, as cold weather comes on, building a nest for itself in the muddy bottom, where it lies dormant till the coming spring.

Alike as are the members of this family in their habits, we find that the common perch (*Perca fluviatilis*), unlike its piratical cousin, builds its nest in midwinter, its operations having been watched by careful observers through the ice. It forms a clearing much after the manner of the sunfish, without, however, the decoration and romantic surroundings that are the possibilities of spring.

In some quiet nook or corner of the sunfish pond we have made friends with the dace (*Rhynchichthys abronasus*), another little nest-builder, and a veritable finny jester. Stretched upon the green turf that overshadows their homes, we have caught glimpses of them, and, perhaps unseen, played the spy upon their domestic doings.

Life to them is a gala time. What games and sports they have! Looking down between the leaves, we see in their every action a reflex of boyhood days. Now in jest they join in the chase of some intruding minnow, suddenly changing their course and rising to dash at some resplendent dragon-fly that, with staring eyes, hovers over the growing canopy of their home; again they dart about the surface, rising at impossible flies and bits of floating weed. One more daring than the rest fairly clears a lily-pad; another lands upon the partly submerged leaf, the momentary struggle to escape attracting the attention of the sharp-eyed kingfisher, who dashes down fiercely in fruitless chase, a dire warning to the sportive fishes. All is not play, however, even among the dace. In the warm weeks of June come the sterner duties, the nesting-time; male and female join in the preparation, and the locality is selected, perhaps in some running brook, in shallow water. Roots, snags, and leaves are carried away, both sometimes tugging at a single piece, taking it down-stream, and working faithfully, until we, who are watching from the bank despite the strong protest of the ants, see a clearing over two feet in diameter. Here the first eggs are deposited, and the male, who has retired, soon appears from up-stream, bearing in its mouth a pebble, that is placed among the eggs that form a layer in the centre of the clearing. Now they both swim away, soon returning, each bearing a



LAMPREYS BUILDING NEST.

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TOAD-FISH.

pebble in its mouth, that is dropped upon the eggs. Slowly the work goes on, until a layer of clean pebbles apparently covers the eggs; now the female deposits a second layer of eggs, and more pebbles are brought, the little workers scouring the neighborhood for them, piling up stones and eggs alternately until the heap attains a height of eight inches or more, formed in various shapes, sometimes pyramidal or dome-shaped—monuments of the patience of these finny housekeepers. Who would suspect their purpose? Even the gleaners of the golden fields, in whose brooks our little friends are found, have not discovered their secret, and think the curious piles washings of the brook itself.

Very similar in its habit of erecting a nest is the lamprey-eel (*Petromyzon marinus*); they are common on our eastern sea-board, living alike in fresh and salt water. In the early spring they follow, sometimes precede, the shad up the rivers, and search for safe localities in which to deposit their spawn. The same process of cleaning away is seen as cited in the case of the dace. Their long bodies are bent in coils and used in pushing aside the accumulation on the bottom, and to the uninitiated the appearance of two eels, each three feet in length, twisting and seemingly coiling about one another would be indicative of war. The water having cleared, however, a smooth spot becomes visible. Upon this the lampreys proceed to place stones, the size of some of which is almost as astonishing as the intelligence they exhibit in transporting them. Irregularly shaped stones

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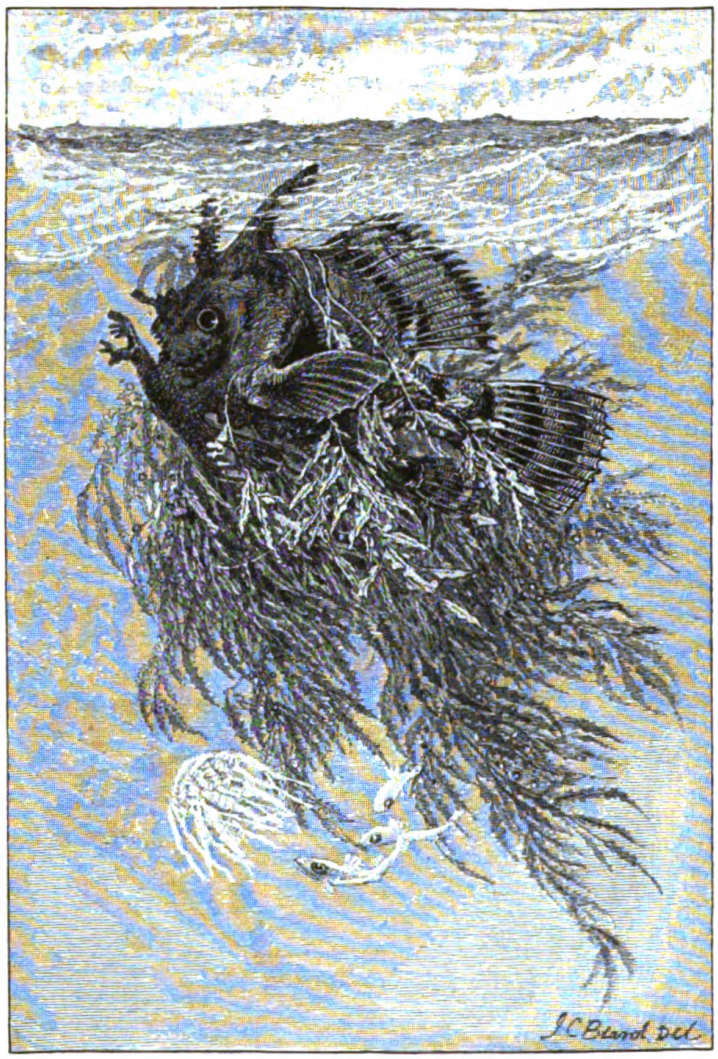
of small size are easily and quickly brought in their mouths from the several localities in which they forage; some they are able to carry only a few feet, then dropping them, they push them along by main force. But when stones that weigh several pounds are to be brought, they adopt tactics worthy of an engineer. As the spots in which they rear these submarine castles are generally subjected to a swift current, the largest stones, that it would be thought impossible for them to move, are looked for up-stream only. A suitable one found, it is moved about until a favorable portion is presented, and to this the sucking mouth is fastened; the tail of the fish is then raised aloft, and by a convulsive effort the heavy stone is lifted from its place, the tide, pushing against the fish and stone, sweeps them along several feet before they sink; another effort on the part of the fish, and the rock is again raised and carried down-stream, until finally, by repeated liftings and struggles, the ingenious nest-builder is swept by the tide down to the nest, and its load deposited. This laborious work is carried on until the pile assumes a height of two or three feet and a diameter of four. No special shape seems to be desired, it being generally oval and compact, well devised to contain the eggs which are deposited within, affording protection in its many interstices for the young when they hatch. Strange little fellows they are. When about six inches long they have no teeth, are blind, and possess so many characteristics to distinguish them from the adult form that for a long time they were considered distinct animals, and the young described as a different genus (*Ammocœtes*).

The fishes known as stone-toters, or suckers, are so named from their habit of piling up pebbles into rude mounds, in which their eggs are concealed. The *Salmo salar* and many of the trout make



NEST OF THE FOUR-SPINED STICKLEBACK.

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NEST OF ANTENNARIAS, IN SARGASSO SEA.

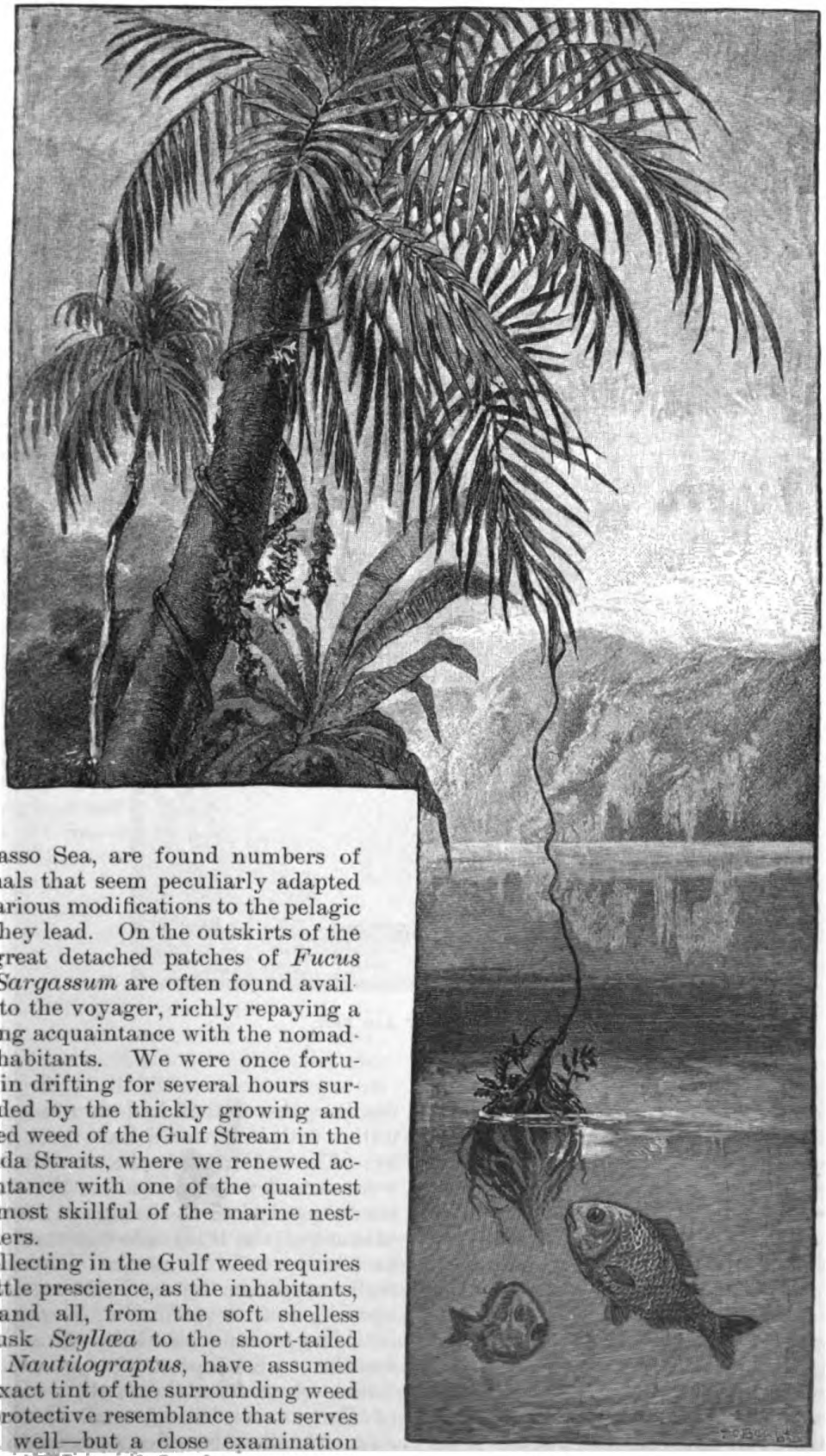
simple excavations in the gravel of the bottom, comparable to the nests of many of the terns that are found, perhaps, upon the neighboring shore.

Who of those fond of idly drifting along our sea-shores in admiration of the panorama below are not familiar with the quaint toad-fish (*Batrachus*), that in its shape and color so closely resembles a moss-covered stone, finding in this resemblance an effective protection against its enemies? The mother fish intrenches herself among the weed and gravel carelessly thrown aside, after the fashion of some of the gulls, and here the young are reared, their yolk sacs enabling them to cling to the rocks of the nest soon after birth, where, under the watchful eye of the mother, they remain until bold enough to swim away.

In some neighboring stream that sooner or later finds its way to the sea we shall find the most vigilant of all nest-builders, the four-spined stickleback (*Apeltes quadracus*). The different species, though very similar in their general architectural ideas, vary mainly as to location. Some place the nests upon the bottom, concealed among the wrack that abounds there; others are hung pendent from some projecting ledge, or swing in the tide from the sunken bough of some overhanging tree, there undergoing a process akin to rocking.

In the vast tract, occupying an area of 260,000 miles, popularly denominated the

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HANGING NEST OF PERAI.

Sargasso Sea, are found numbers of animals that seem peculiarly adapted by various modifications to the pelagic life they lead. On the outskirts of the sea great detached patches of *Fucus* and *Sargassum* are often found available to the voyager, richly repaying a passing acquaintance with the nomadic inhabitants. We were once fortunate in drifting for several hours surrounded by the thickly growing and matted weed of the Gulf Stream in the Florida Straits, where we renewed acquaintance with one of the quaintest and most skillful of the marine nest-builders.

Collecting in the Gulf weed requires no little prescience, as the inhabitants, one and all, from the soft shelless mollusk *Scyllæa* to the short-tailed crab *Nautilograptus*, have assumed the exact tint of the surrounding weed —a protective resemblance that serves them well—but a close examination soon reveals myriads of strange crea-

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tures. Though the strong trade-wind is blowing, the great patches of weed are so profusely distributed that the intervening stretches of clear blue water are smooth as glass. Now the fins of some quaint crab wave a moment in the air as it essays a submerged bunch of weed; dazzling forms of gurnards, with their lace-like wings and burnished helmets, rise and soar away over the grassy sea. The warm wind is burdened with saline odors; the blue channels among the weed scintillate with golden reflections; and far away comes the weird "Ha! ha!" of the laughing-gull, that, with the occasional splash of the pelican, is the only sound to be heard in this ocean world.

In the full enjoyment of our novel surroundings we were attracted by a singular object peering out of the water; the boat being pushed nearer, the curious creature proved to be the pelagic fish *Antennarias marmoratus*, so exact in its imitation to the *Sargassum* that, had we not been familiar with it, it would have been passed by. The tall and barbeled dorsal fins were out of water, as well as the curious horns that bedeck the head, and thus, half submerged, the little fellow seemed about to take leave of its native element, and walk away over the weed. It was resting upon its nest, an oval ball of *Sargassum* a little larger than a base-ball. This curious creature, whose pectoral fins resemble limbs, selects from the floating algæ bits of *Sargassum bacceferum*, which consists of feathery bunches, each tuft having a thread-like branching stem studded with



BLACK GOBY AND NEST.

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round air-vesicles that form perfect floats or buoys. These are collected into a single mass by the fish, and woven in and out in a seemingly incomprehensible manner. A bit is taken in its mouth, with which the fish dives into the mass, coming out at the opposite side. As the nest assumes a more compact shape, a gelatinous substance is attached to the various parts that serves to cement them. It is now an irregular oval, floated by the natural buoys. Now the eggs are deposited, and attached to the weed by some secretion. This done, other pieces are added to partly conceal them, and the fish passes repeatedly around the nest, rubbing its abdomen against it, and binding it together by silken bands of a visceral secretion that it takes, perhaps, from certain glands, as in the case of the stickleback; thus the eggs are securely incased within the ball. This completed, the strange inhabitants of this pelagic world lend their aid in its adornment. The rich bryozoon (*Membranipora*) incrusts the various parts with its silvery growth, the nest itself throwing out new shoots, their tips assuming rare tints of yellow and green, in strong contrast to the darker shades of the older forms. Graceful stalked vases of the campanularia appear as if by magic, small barnacles hang pendent upon the leaves, while delicate shapes of ianthina, vellela, and porpita, glistening in garbs of blue and silver, with the fantastic glaucus and luminous salpa, hover about in close attendance. Around the nest the quaint parents move, or recline upon it, as we have seen. When the eggs are hatched the bands are loosened, and in the nest, that is a veritable living arbor, the young find abundant protection, and closely resemble the bits of weed among which they lie concealed.

Among the fantastic gobies are several that vie with the birds in nest-building. In the great submarine tangles of the Mediterranean Sea, where grim kelps wave their long-leaved stalks, the black goby (*Gobius niger*), according to Olivi, builds its home. The finer bits of weed, *Zostera* and others, are bound and interwoven in irregular form, and in the nest are placed the eggs. As with the stickleback, it is the male that erects the nest, and, after the eggs have been placed within, mounts guard, remaining in watchful surveillance long after the young are apparently large enough to take care of themselves.

Among the cat-fishes are many nest-builders, as the doras and callichthys. The curious lung-fish (*Protopterus*) builds a burrow; and in the Orinoco is found the perai, whose nest, in strange analogy to that of some birds, hangs pendent from some overhanging branch, drifting in the tide, a veritable garden of aquatic plants and clinging vines. Among the nest-builders one of the most remarkable examples of jumping and land-visiting fishes is seen in *Periophthalmus*. It leaves the water and seeks the shore—in quest of food, perhaps; or, as it seems at times, for the mere pleasure of a change.



NEST OF PROTOPTERUS ANNECTENS.

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THE MILKMAID.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

ACROSS the grass I see her pass;
She comes with tripping pace,—
A maid I know,—and March winds blow
Her hair across her face;—
With a hey, Dolly! ho, Dolly!
Dolly shall be mine,
Before the spray is white with May,
Or blooms the eglantine.

The March winds blow. I watch her go:
Her eye is brown and clear;
Her cheek is brown, and soft as down
(To those who see it near!)—
With a hey, etc.

What has she not that they have got,—
The dames that walk in silk!
If she undo her 'kerchief blue,
Her neck is white as milk.
With a hey, etc.

Let those who will be proud and chill!
For me, from June to June,
My Dolly's words are sweet as curds—
Her laugh is like a tune;—
With a hey, etc.

Break, break to hear, O crocus-spear!
O tall Lent-lilies, flame!
There'll be a bride at Easter-tide,
And Dolly is her name.
With a hey, Dolly! ho, Dolly!
Dolly shall be mine,—
Before the spray is white with May,
Or blooms the eglantine.



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"ACROSS THE GRASS I SEE HER PASS."

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"WE HAD BEEN WINDING SLOWLY UP."

A VIRGINIA VISIT.

"COME to us," ran my letter. "We have nothing very luxurious to offer you, but we shall be delighted to welcome you to our home, and to the home of our neighbors. I have inclosed directions showing the shortest way of reaching us, for we are outside of the great mail travel, and dependent upon small local trains, which are very unreliable, but in the end you will find yourself at Kincade. You must keep a sharp look on your baggage, or it may be taken to Canada, and don't be afraid of asking questions as to your route of any one and every one around you. We can offer only quiet but pleasant society, a lovely country, Potomac herrings, good riding-horses, and—a wedding. I know that I am heterogeneous, but I hope not illogical."

Weary with city amusements which had long lost all elements of diversion to my sated tastes, and anxious for almost any change, I accepted this most unexpected invitation, which was particularly gracious from my not having the slightest claim upon the hospitable givers for the courtesy offered, except a month passed together during the prolonged summer at a small sea-coast resort, where amidst a conventional set of people, very uninteresting and very dressy, we had mutually singled out each other as exceptionally pleasant.

Having but few preparations to make, I started alone a couple of days after the receipt of my invitation, at that most depressing hour in the twenty-four, three of the early morning, and by twelve that day had not only passed across the boundaries of the Old Dominion State, but was shortly to be made acquainted with some of its local peculiarities. We had been rumbling along as slowly as if we were taking a quiet drive in a city omnibus (to which our antiquated car bore a striking resemblance), when suddenly from a thick wood at the left came a succession of shrill shouts, thin but incessant, and the next moment a long, scattered string of black children came running out in single file. We could not yet distinguish what they were all screaming, but we saw their vehement gestures, which were certainly directed to us. In a moment every male passenger was upon his feet, and every female voice joined in the distant clamor,

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now approaching nearer as the engine slackened its speed.

"A broken bridge, you may depend upon it, sir. These people are deplorably careless," said a puffy man with a vulgar mouth, who had been talking *at*, not *with*, every one who would listen to him, about a mill he was building on a new principle.

"We have run over a child," exclaimed, in agonizing tones, a lady enveloped in black crape, who, until then, might have been taken for a monumental sorrow.

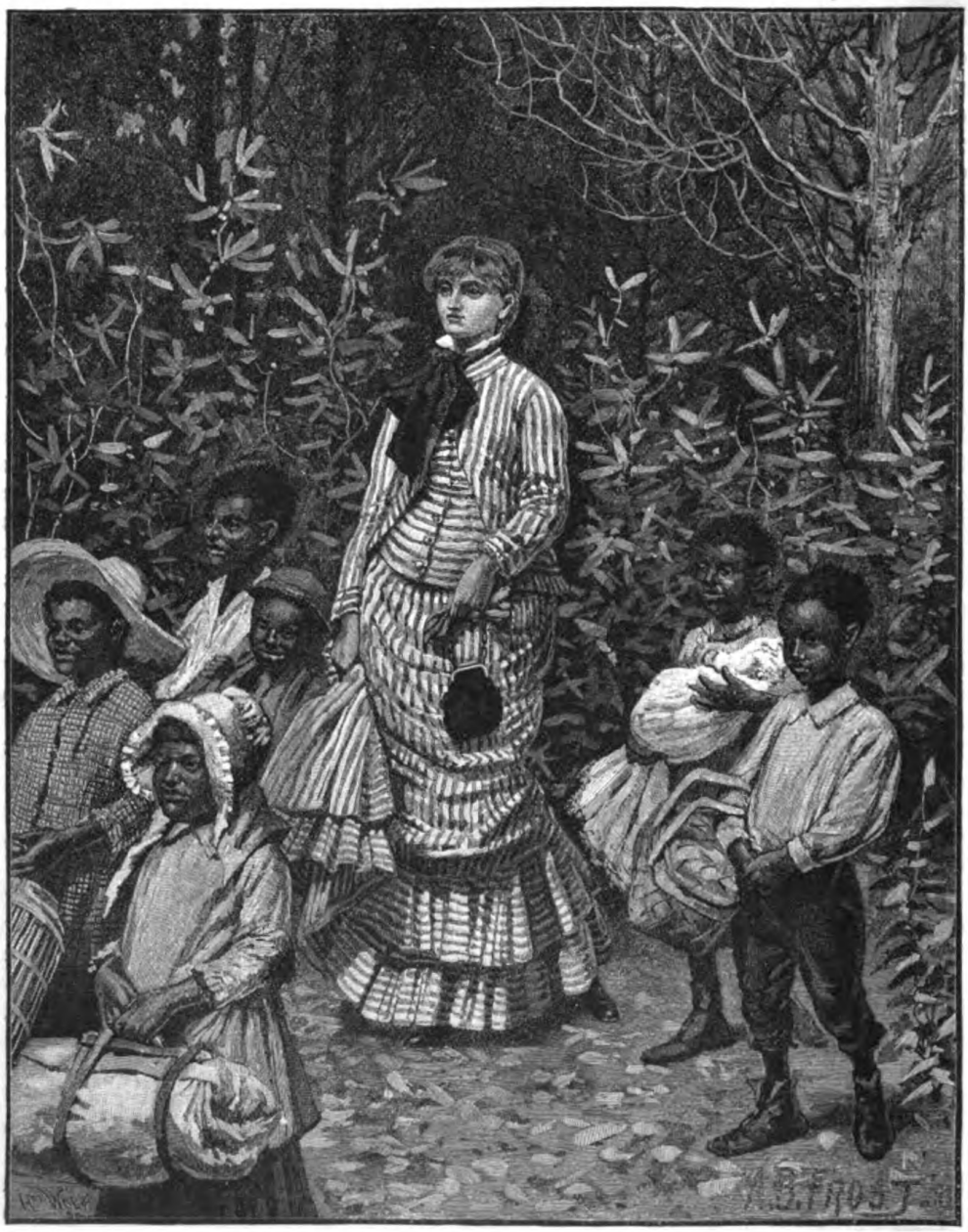
"Come ahead!" sang out an irrepressible youngster from the recesses of an Albemarle pippin, in which his face was buried.

Slower and slower, and then a dead stop, and every head was soon protruding out of windows on the spectacular side of the cars, gazing upon a scene that by this time had gained added interest; for, following the advanced guard, as they might be called, came another relay, evidently belonging to the transportation department. Each member carried some article of feminine necessity—a bird-cage, a bandbox, a parasol, a tin cake canister, a basket of flowers, and the last of all the train grasped a tumbled white bundle, which afterward asserted itself loudly as a baby. They had emerged in a slanting stream heading toward us, and vehemently telegraphing with all their limbs as well as throats; and the cry, whatever it was, never varied, only the words became more distinct as they approached within a few yards. So shrill and so continuous had been their united clamor that until then we had been unable to understand what it was all about. "Miss Patty's a-coming," they all cried; "Miss Patty's a-coming;" and for a moment I wondered if she was one of the immortal Campbells whose comings have been chronicled for centuries. The next instant the underbrush parted, a lovely laughing face looked out, and a figure like the woodland huntress sprang across the road-side ditch, and advanced composedly toward us. I looked apprehensively at the conductor as he brushed hastily past me, not knowing what form his wrath would take at this unexpected and illegal stoppage of his train, and though I missed catching sight of his face just then, I saw it as he turned to help "Miss Patty" into the car. It was smiling, gracious, even obsequious, as he reverentially handed her into the best place then unoccupied; and relieving in turn each of her attendant train of their impedimenta, he piled them on the opposite seat, which he unlocked and turned over for her accommodation. Miss Patty settled herself comfortably, pulled her bonnet up into place by its strings from the small of her back, where it had been hanging; gave a couple of rapid concentric movements with her fingers over her "bangs"—a very poor name for the lovely golden brown mass of wavy hair shading her brow and eyes—then dived down with a gloveless hand into an interminable pocket, from which she drew it filled with cents, as they call pennies in the Old Dominion State. She scattered these liberally through the car window to her dusky retainers, gave some distinctly audible orders, such as, "Pop, hand me the baby, and tell your miss I'm all right. Hector, say to Termahta* that I'll get the tobacco leaves for her pipe, and bring them when I come back. Now good-by, and, mind, don't you worry your ole miss because I'm not there. You hear, all of you?" She held up a warning forefinger, and straightway high into the blue dome soared a chorus, in the sweet, clear tones the children of Ham are gifted with, of mingled Yes's and No's, both intended to mean the affirmative, however—that they heard, and would heed—if they remembered.

I wondered vaguely how long it would suit Miss Patty's convenience to detain the train, and how soon she would condescend to allow us to start, when the check-string was jerked, and on we sped. I turned to my book again, but the interest was broken, and my eyes in spite of my will wandered to my neighbor across the car. She certainly was, if not strictly beautiful, the very prettiest of the pretty, with a self-reliant and half-defiant air that was not boldness, only ignorance of the world's ways, mixed with an amusing imperiousness, the result, I suppose, of holding a princess's position in her father's estates, and dispensing his hospitality and means. She was gifted with the bright abundant hair, the delicate yet full roundness of contour, the graceful bearing and free upright carriage, of her section of country, and, more than all, she had its lovely coloring. Attracted by all this, I found myself wishing that we might become better acquainted.

* Sister Martha, sister being Titta, abbreviated to Ter.

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"MISS PATTY'S A-COMING."

The baby began to cry, and after going through all the time-honored motions of shaking, and appealing to its feelings in every way that she knew of, and having failed to comfort it, or even induce it to moderate its noise, she had recourse at last to her lunch basket, and drawing out from its recesses a small vial, prepared to use a portion of the contents; but here she hesitated, looked embarrassed for a moment, and then turned with quite a regal gesture to the passenger nearest her.

"Please call the conductor to me?"

It was done; and then a consultation took place. I saw her once or twice look toward me, and seeing that besides herself I was the sole representative of the female sex on the train, and therefore that we were the only travellers that could be of any importance, at the time and under the circumstances, in the esti-

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mation of the male representatives of that gallant State through which we were going, I fancied that the subject under discussion might be whether I was to be consulted as to my willingness to agree to have the cars again stopped until the baby could be pacified. I was relieved by the conductor breaking up the conference and addressing me formally.

"Excuse me, madam, but the young lady opposite is the only daughter of Mr. Farquhar of Linniford, and is taking that baby to visit its grandmother, as its mother is an invalid, and can not leave her home. She was given a bottle of something (she don't know what, or has forgotten) to dose the child with in case of pain or sickness, and she would like you to tell her what quantity must be given. She begged me to say that she would not disturb you but that she was warned to be careful. If agreeable I would like to introduce her, as you might be able to help her."

I arose and, walking across, was then and there formally introduced by the acting master of ceremonies, the conductor, to Miss Patty Farquhar, and so commenced my very agreeable, and afterward intimate, association with that young lady. The baby was quieted, and resigned shortly, most thankfully, to a posse of female relations who were awaiting it at a small road-side station, and, thus relieved from its care, we fell into animated conversation, choosing, as strangers usually do, topics calculated to establish some sort of a platform on which we could mutually interest each other.

"Have you never been in Virginia before?" asked Miss Patty.

"Never even west of the Hudson, but once."

"And never met any one from our State?"

"Oh yes, the 'once' I mentioned was a summer passed at the Delaware Water Gap, where I met a family of Drelincourts."

"What!—Aunt Sallie Drelincourt! Why, how very strange! Were Betty and Molly and old Aunt Susannah with her?"

"There were two young girls; but, except the mother, I can not remember any other elderly lady of the party."

"Oh, I suppose you may not have noticed old Aunt Susannah. She is not a lady; she is Aunt Sallie's old colored nurse."

"Yes," I answered, affirmatively; "and at Saratoga, the same year, I was much attracted by a beautiful girl who, I was told, was from one of the Virginia counties—Albemarle, I think. Her name was Gordon."

"With coal-black hair and deep blue eyes? Why, that was Cousin Honey—Honoria, you know, but we call her Honey. Why, how very strange!"

"And I am now on my way to pay a visit to a most delightful family of Sittrells, near Leesburg," I said. "I anticipate a great deal of pleasure, as everything will be new to me, and even the country is lovely in its difference from my rough sea-side home."

"Then you are going to Patsy Sittrell's wedding; and so am I. Why, she is my own uncle's step-daughter, the only one he has now, and we have been Patty and Patsy all our lives, and just like two sisters. How very fortunate that we have met!"

"How very odd," I said, "that all the Virginians I have ever encountered should be related to you, or connected in some way! It seems such a strange coincidence."

"Not at all," she said. "We *are* all related. I mean that almost all the people of a certain class are—the 'quality folks,' as Aunt Susannah styles us. I hope you will meet Grandmother Dinwiddie—we all call her grandmother. Although she never leaves her own house now, this wedding must draw her from it, if anything will, I think."

"Who is she, and why does she never leave her house?" I asked, eagerly, as something mysteriously suggestive in Patty's tone fired my awakened imagination.

"I am afraid that I can not tell you. It is a family secret," she said, with a portentous shake of her head; and then a sudden gravity, as if in accordance with the gathering twilight, came over her, and she did not break the silence until the train reached our destination.

We were the only passengers left, and as we stepped out on the dimly lighted stand a gray-headed old negro, dressed in a faded green and gold livery, the coat tails descending to his feet, and the only white visible about him being a voluminous cravat crowned by a collar mounting up under his nose, stepped up, cap in hand, and addressed us:

"Miss Patty, you is to take de charge

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ob de strange lady, and de kerridge has regraded backerds and forreds so constant dat Marse William say he has 'range' for you to bring she to de Erry in my wee'-kle. Jist here, honey. You see we's kerridge hosses has clean gin out."

We followed him, and mounted literally into a tall, roomy vehicle, with yellow wheels which stood higher than our heads. In it was a broad seat to accommodate two or more, but there was also space enough between it and the dash-board for Uncle Brutus's old office stool, on which he perched himself, directing a small black boy waiting near to get up and stand between his knees while he drove.

"You see," he explained, "I 'blige' to fetch him wid me to open de gates, fur Baldy's so tricky. I darsn't as much as take my eyes jist a minit off dat hoss's ears.—Whoa, Baldy—whoa, sah! You no hear me say whoa, sah?"

"Who all are at the Eyrie, Uncle Brutus?" asked Patty.

"Well, dere's de Gineral, who bees always dere; and she old pa and she old ma (dat's de madam's parints," turning to me in an explanatory manner); "and den dere's bote de Miss Sallies, de old one and de young one. Dey's bote drefful plain feetern', eben fur dat fam'ly, I tink, for dere pa's ma was a stepper, I kin tell you. —Whoa, Baldy! Is I got dese reins, or is you a dribing, sah, I like to know?—And dere's de nabors—I mean dose we wisits wid—for miles roun', all de quality folks, in fac', and" (turning round to see the effect of his final announcement) "dere's all you's grandma, ole Madam Dinwiddie, her own self!"

"Is she really there, Uncle Brutus? Are you quite sure?"

"I tell you she be dere dis berry minit. When she hab git out ob her coach—fur she come all de way in her own coach an' four; no fool railroad fur de likes ob her—an' wen I see de Gineral a-walk down de front steps wid he bare head to han' her out, I mek haste an' run an' trow open de big hall doors, fur I was a-schemin' to be dere myself, knowin' as how dey couldn't trus' dat white peacock Miss Patsy beau bring from New York, wid he slick hair; and de Gineral he say, 'At last, Elinor'; and she didn't answer not but one word. She sed, said she, 'Forgiven?' in a kind of askin' way; an' her eyes begin to trimble and trimble, and wen she wink dem, de water-drops jist splash on de tiles ob de marble floor till you could hab hern dem in de kitchen. De Gineral he kep' he head down low, and he neber look once in her face, but he put his mout' on de back ob her han' and kind ob ketched his breat'.—Whoa, Baldy, whoa, sah! You mus' be tinkin' yousef race-hoss, en't you?"

"What is it all about?" I whispered. "Is it something that I can not be told?"

"I don't know. Perhaps some day. I will ask the General when we are settled at the Eyrie," answered Patty, much agitated. "It was very sad, and we do not talk about it now. Indeed, it happened so very long ago;" and for the first time during the long ride a deep silence fell upon Miss Patty. We had been winding slowly up a high hill ever since we had left the village, three tired figures, for the small gate-opener had slid down between Brutus's feet, asleep, in the bottom of the vehicle. There was not a habitation in sight, or even a light to betoken the existence of one, and, a little uneasy at the solitude around me, I at last questioned Patty concerning the chances of ever reaching our destination. "We shall soon be there," she said. "Look up, straight up above," pointing overhead; and there, almost a hundred feet perpendicularly over us, stood a dark mass of buildings, illuminated from garret to cellar. I uttered an exclamation of astonishment at this unexpected sight.

"Come, Brutus, do make your old donkey go, or we shall never get there. Why are you hauling at old Baldy's mouth and pretending to check him? He couldn't be persuaded to move out of a walk if a locomotive was behind him. Do get on!"

"I's black, I know, Miss Patty, honey," commenced Brutus, in a deeply injured tone, "but when I holds dese yere reins, an' am 'sponsible to de Gineral fur—" But here, with a sudden forward movement, Miss Patty got possession of the whip, which, without a moment's hesitation, she laid sharply over Baldy's back, with no apparent effect, however, on him. Brutus disdained any further remonstrance. He only laid himself back, almost in my lap, with an imaginary Herculean grip at the reins, as if our lives depended at this crisis upon the strength of his muscles; but he took me into his confidence, for he turned completely around, and, with a contemptuous jerk of his head at Patty, accompanied by a short derisive

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laugh, muttered, shortly, "Tek her fur hoss-fly!"

We stopped at last before a pretty wicket-gate, shaded by vines drooping with flowers, white in the moonlight; and before we had time to alight, troops of merry girls and their beaux came flitting along the broad path, while the wide piazza in the background was lined with the older people. I was welcomed—well, welcomed as you, if a stranger, will find out, should you ever be a guest in an old Virginia country house.

The bride was the gayest of the gay, and among the young men surrounding her it would have been impossible to have singled out the groom. Whatever privileges he might be entitled to, they certainly appeared to be reserved for the future. The house had been constructed before the Revolution; the beams, rafters, window-frames, and doors brought from England. It had the peculiarities of the days when it was built. The walls were a half-yard thick through; the square windows imbedded in them, and their wide sills, never unoccupied, offered most fascinating opportunities for flirtations. The doors also were square, the upper half latticed in small glass panes, so that a full muslin half-curtain on either side alone secured privacy from espionage by one's neighbor. But I have not sufficient space to describe at any length house, grounds, or company, charming as they all were, for I have my story to relate—that story which Patty received permission to tell to me when I had become quite intimate with those kind friends, and they had taken me to their hearts, as well as to their home, as if I had been one of their own blood.

Spring matured into summer, and all their visitors had gone, but I still lingered, persuaded too willingly to extend the time for leave-taking, when Patty, whose duty, it seemed, was to carry that baby around to make periodical visits to its numerous connections, appeared again suddenly on the scene, having left the baby to await her return while she made this flying visit to us. She graciously accepted my offer to her to share my bedroom for the short time she remained, and one night when the rain was pouring down in floods, and the old trees that embowered the back of the house were swaying and shrieking in the blast, and the diminished household were asleep in bed, she volunteered to tell me the story I have been trying to commence for you. "Put on your dressing-gown and slippers," she said, "and draw up that easy-chair close to the fire, for it is chilly in spite of June. Here is plenty of light-wood to make a blaze, should you get frightened."

"Is it a murder, or a ghost story?" I asked.

"Worse than either," she answered. "Did you make the acquaintance of Grandmother Dinwiddie at the wedding?"

"Yes, she said a few polite words to me, but I was quite overawed, and so hardly answered her, and you know she left the next day, so I had no chance of getting better acquainted with her."

"Well, the story relates to her, or rather she is one of the principal actors therein. I can not speak lightly even in alluding to it at this distance of time," she continued, with a slight shudder. "It is true it happened before my day, but it was an awful affair from beginning to end.

"Mrs. Dinwiddie, the handsome old lady you have met, then, whom we call grandmother, was an only child and a great heiress, born at a time when the lord of hundreds of acres of tobacco could leave behind him to an only daughter a princess's dower. She was proud, beautiful, and imperious; the first her most besetting sin, and from its indulgence came all her punishment. At eighteen she married a stranger to this part of the country, but reported to be quite her equal in every respect, and they were then considered the handsomest couple in the whole State. General Sittrell had been, as the nearest neighbor's son, her companion and almost brother from childhood, though not connected in any way by ties of blood; and the feeling that bound them had been so close that it had prevented the idea of a marriage between them ever entering their mind; but, strange to say, it did not prevent a coldness, never afterward surmounted, from springing up between himself and Mr. Dinwiddie—causeless and reasonless, perhaps, but still there. Indeed," said Patty, with a wise look and knowing toss of her head, "I have always noticed that if a man admires a woman, but does not even desire to marry her, he still seems to look upon her as his property in some mysterious way, and always will dislike the man who wins her, and, what is more, will never confess to that feeling—and never get over it."

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"Well, years passed away after the marriage, and the friends never met, for Mr. Dinwiddie's place was widely separated from his wife's estates. They had no children; but General Sittrell, who had also married the same year, had two lovely daughters grown to early womanhood when Mr. and Mrs. Dinwiddie returned to that part of the country to live upon her plantation, preferring it as a future residence to the husband's place at Accomac. But the families still did not meet, for the close relations of friendship once existing between two of them had faded out, first from separation, and then from different interests and the lapse of years. Perhaps, too, Mrs. Sittrell may not have sympathized strongly with it. One day, however, that family were startled by the announcement that Mr. Dinwiddie had died suddenly, and General Sittrell, springing up, ordered his horse to be immediately saddled.

"'I must go to her,' he said, deeply agitated, 'for she has no one to care for her now but me, and no other to depend upon. Besides, she may need actual assistance at such a moment.'

"'Has she no connections?' asked his wife, coldly. She had never sought much information concerning this early friend of her husband's.

"'No, I believe not; Dinwiddie, I have heard, had only a brother, who died or left the country years since.'

"'Let me go with you, father,' said the eldest daughter, Elinor, who, as soon as she had been put in her father's arms after her birth, he had desired should bear that name—the name of Mrs. Dinwiddie. The daughter and father were bound together in the closest bonds of affection and companionship, and had always been, even from the former's childhood, held by those strong ties that sometimes exceed the usual affectionate intercourse of families when springing up in this relationship. She was a thoughtful, imaginative girl, with one of those impressionable temperaments which are created, it would seem, to bear the troubles of less sensitive natures, and to suffer for them in many cases the tortures they never feel for themselves.

"'No, Elinor,' said her mother; 'if your father wishes either to go with him, he had best take your sister. You are morbidly afraid of death.'

"'I am only ignorant of its appearance, mother, and therefore more awed than frightened. It may, for this reason, lose its terrors when I enter its presence and stand face to face with it. I should like to go;' and she looked anxiously at her father, whose agitation she saw.

"'Let her horse be saddled,' he said, briefly; and they were soon on their way. The news must have travelled slowly, for when they arrived at the house they found that the funeral was to take place that very afternoon. A large company was assembled, and General Sittrell, writing a few words upon a card, sent it up to the widow. A few moments only had elapsed when a colored maid entered, and singling him out, delivered a whispered message, which resulted in Elinor's being ushered upstairs to see the lady whose name she bore, but whom up to this time she had never seen. With beating heart, and fingers chilled from intense sympathy, she entered the darkened room, and advanced to meet the dignified figure, clad in sables from head to feet, who rose to receive her. Mrs. Dinwiddie was a beautiful woman still, and if there was any agony of spirit concealed behind that composed exterior, the suppression was certainly effectual.

"'My loss has been great,' she said, after some desultory remarks to Elinor, who had sat overpowered and mute beside her, 'but other women have borne as much, and so must I. My husband was a singularly handsome man, as I suppose your father has told you. If you would like to see him, you can pass into that room next to my dressing-room, where he lies. I would go in with you, but I have already taken my last farewell of him.' She turned away to hide either a natural agitation or the lack of it, after motioning to a door at her back leading into another apartment.

"Elinor rose up, trembling in every limb. Young, tender, soft-hearted, and impressionable, she felt that she dared not refuse the proffered courtesy, and yet it was so unlooked-for, so overwhelming. Like all girls of her acute, sensitive nature, the mere name of death conveyed much that was terrible to her mind. Even the knowledge of its presence in the house had thrilled her through all the fibres of her being, and now to stand face to face with it alone, and to meet it for the first time, with none of the reverence and love which she thought might have cast out fear, the horror was unbearable.

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"'You can go in now,' said Mrs. Dinwiddie from the recess, where she stood so screened by the curtains that she had not seen her hesitation. 'You need not fear meeting any strangers, for the outer door is locked.'

"Elinor could think of no excuse for avoidance of the dread ordeal. With a desperate and successful effort for self-control, she passed through the connecting doors and stood breathless and alone in the presence of the dead.

"The room was lofty, dim, and cold, for it was late in the autumn, and the faint, sickening odor of dead flowers pervaded the atmosphere. The shutters were closed, and heavy dark draperies hung at the windows, but tall silver sconces bearing wax candles, shining like stars in the fading daylight, were burning high up on the mantel-piece, and lying in the centre of the room, amidst heavy folds of black velvet that swept to the floor, rested that which chilled her to the marrow of her bones. Passively she stood, not daring to raise her eyes, her head bent low to the ground, her hands clasped tightly before her, her whole figure drooping, but praying inwardly with all her strength for the courage to meet this unknown intruder, of whom she knew so little, and whom she feared so much, till at last gaining strength from her simple faith, and still murmuring her almost unconscious prayer for help, she slowly raised her eyes.

"Lying recumbent upon the velvet pillow, clothed in all the majestic repose of eternal rest, she beheld the noblest head and face she could have imagined: the firm, curved, closed lips that taught her a peace past all understanding; the unfurrowed ivory brow, and the dark eyebrows that lay like soft feathers across it in a slightly waving line; the silky bright hair, prematurely white but abundant, which, brushed back from the smooth temples, defined clearly the classic lines of the head and throat, and then fell away in thick masses against the black velvet pillow. Was this breathless repose, this utter freedom from all earth's turmoil and passion, this fulfillment of life and relief from its burdens, the horrible thing that she dreaded as death? An infinite tenderness toward this freed and glorified spirit, this mute embodiment, thrilled into her heart and flooded her veins.

"'Tell me,' she whispered, in her violent reaction of feeling, with outstretched hands, as she glided nearer and nearer—'tell me, is it all happiness where you have gone; and was there no pang of agony felt at leaving your earthly home? Was the journey so long and dark and solitary? You look so happy! Have you too found the wings of a dove to bear you away?'

"'Elinor,' called a voice, anxiously, 'come back to me. Why are you staying so long in that room?'

"She turned to leave, and then, with all the tenderness, all the repressed enthusiasm of her emotional nature aroused almost to a state of exaltation, she retraced her steps, leaned over the coffin for one last look, and involuntarily bending her head down, gently, reverentially, pressed a kiss on the white brow upturned toward her, while the tears that had been slowly gathering in her eyes fell with a sudden shower upon the face of the dead; and then, with a mute reverence, she passed from the room, and from a presence that until that day she had never seen, and which she felt she could never forget. The funeral was conducted and passed off in the usual way. Mrs. Dinwiddie did not appear, but remained secluded in her own room, and would see only Elinor and General Sittrell, the last paying her a short visit. The family grave-yard was many miles away, amidst a grove of oaks, which from time immemorial had overshadowed the dead of the race, and the friends who accompanied the body to the grave, save a few who lived at a great distance in an opposite direction, dispersed without returning to the house. These few remained, secure in their experience of a hospitality that no circumstances could disturb. General Sittrell, however, was among the crowd who followed the coffin, telling Elinor he would call for her before night, and take her back home with him.

"The dreary afternoon darkened sooner than usual, even at that season of the year, and by the time he had returned a storm was beating against the old house, rendering all chance of dry travel impossible. Mrs. Dinwiddie had emerged from her retirement, and had urged upon the guests who were preparing to brave the weather the necessity of remaining under shelter for the night. It would not inconvenience her at all, she said; and though the house was not large, yet there was

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plenty of accommodation for the few assembled in it, and so they submitted themselves to this arrangement.

"It was an embarrassing time. Added to the painful circumstances that had brought them together was the fact of their all being strangers more or less to each other. Mrs. Dinwiddie and General Sittrell (who had returned for Elinor) naturally sat together, and apart from the others, talking over events that had occurred during the years of their separation, or rather she recounted to him the sorrows that had come so thickly upon her life, but which appeared hardly to have softened her imperious nature; and at that sad time he became again to her the brother of her youth. Elinor remained silent and preoccupied. Her reticent and sensitive nature had been deeply stirred, and all the reverential and devotional in her character aroused. A new leaf in her life, inscribed by its centre, called death, had been turned. At last a silence fell upon all, and their hostess rose.

"'I think,' she said, 'that we need rest, so I will ring for the maids to show you to your bedrooms. Your father, Elinor, prefers to return home, as he thinks the storm has lulled for an hour, and your mother may be anxious, so bid him good-night. He leaves you to my care until to-morrow. Are you timid, my dear, at sleeping alone?' she asked, after the General had left.

"'No,' answered Elinor, simply; 'I have always had my room to myself at home, and preferred it, although I am not very brave.'

"'Well, there is nothing to fear, although I shall not be near you. I only asked the question because I have given you one of two rooms built at the end of the back hall, some distance from the main house, which were intended for a nursery, and therefore isolated on account of noise. But you will not be unprotected, as the next room is occupied, so if you hear movement and voices, you must not feel alarmed.'

"They all rose and separated for the night. Mrs. Dinwiddie walked along the passage with Elinor, and only left her after a survey of the chamber to see if her guest was supplied with what she needed.

"The room was comfortable, airy, and light, with modern furniture and a gay carpet, and candles lit it up brightly; but Elinor's mind was attuned, after the day's experience, to thoughts that excluded any appreciation of such trivial matters. Weary and overwrought, she dreamily prepared for rest, but before she laid her head upon her pillow she relieved her excited brain by praying fervently for help and guidance to meet the same inevitable day that must come to all, and then gradually there stole into her petition a mute entreaty for eternal happiness for the soul which had passed away under the same roof. 'If the casket was so beautiful, what must the spirit have been?' she thought; and then she went to bed, and sleep came at once—soft, quiet, dreamless sleep—but for how long she never knew.

"She awoke suddenly, amidst a silence that she almost felt, for the storm had passed away, and a bright moon shone through the wide chinks of the closed shutters, revealing even the small pattern of the papering upon which her eyes had opened. Her face had been turned to the wall, but she was sure that some noise, though ever so slight, had disturbed her. She listened dreamily for a moment, and then, turning slowly on her pillow, she searched with strained sight for the cause. She was not kept long in suspense, for there, full before her, in the very centre of the room, where the moonlight fell strongest and brightest, it stood revealed. Looking her straight in the face, without any mystery or any effort at concealment, without the slightest touch of the supernatural, and also without the least change, save and except only that the eyes were wide open, gazing solemnly, steadily, mournfully, into hers, stood the dead man whose face she had kissed that afternoon in his coffin.

"Those eyes seemed now to be glowing with health. Large, gray, and soft, they beamed as they rested upon hers, and well they suited the white brow and noble head in which they were set; while on the lips that had been so rigid in their peaceful repose a few hours before there now rested a smile sweet as love could have imprinted. He never moved, save once to raise an arm—the right one—and with the long taper finger he pointed and beckoned to her.

"Elinor's nature had been deeply stirred and shaken by the events of the preceding day, and this added mystery to what she had already seen and felt did not, under

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the circumstances and at the time, appear unnatural to her. Indeed, she was hardly conscious of any decided feeling or speculation. She remained motionless, brain and body paralyzed, until the figure advanced nearer and nearer, growing more and more life-like, and finally putting out its hands, in a mutely entreating manner, leaned toward her; and then, like a simple child, and quelling the wild storm of dread that at last rose and surged through her whole being, she tried to speak, and with her sweet voice strained and broken, succeeded in her efforts.

"'Why have you come here to me?' she whispered, in short, sharp gasps. 'What have I ever done to you? I kissed you in your coffin, I know, but I meant no harm; on the contrary, it was because you looked so happy and peaceful, and I wanted your forgiveness for thinking death so horrible. Oh, leave me! leave me! Go away from my sight! I can not bear it!—I can not! What have I ever done to you?'

"She put her hands before her eyes to keep out what she saw, and when she ventured to open them again, after some time had elapsed, she was alone; and up to this point the story she told General and Mrs. Sittrell afterward was entirely coherent. But whether the vision, as they then supposed it to be, returned and appeared to her again, was not then known. From circumstances afterward developed it was shown, however, that all through that terrible night it had stood at intervals by her bedside, for during the illness that followed she moaned and cried incessantly, entreating some invisible presence to leave her, not to touch her again, praying over and over again to be spared—'she was so young, and had meant nothing by her kiss'; and at times her gentle nature would change, and her shrieks to 'drag him away' from her would fill the air. It was then supposed that her delicate organization had only received a shock from her morbid horror of death, and her being brought into too sudden contact with it, and that the effort she had made so sensibly to try to control and overcome her fears had been too great for her to bear, and had overmastered her, so that nervous fever and prostration had been the result. When the maid entered her bedroom the morning following the funeral she had found her insensible, and though a few efforts and stimulants soon restored her, and she was well enough apparently by afternoon to return home, and most anxious to get away from Mrs. Dinwiddie's house, she never rallied. She again fainted in her mother's arms on meeting her, and she never again rose from the bed upon which they had then laid her. Poor Elinor! in the very prime of youth and loveliness she died. She rallied just before her death, and told her story calmly and lucidly, with all the appearance of reason and conviction, and the physician who attended her said at the time that which afterward made her loss even bitterer to her parents—'that if he could have possibly proved to her that the whole scene had been a hallucination, and merely the result of an overwrought and sensitive temperament, her life might have been saved even at the last moment.'"

"What a sad story!" I said; "but how very weak to have given way under such an absurd delusion! Something might certainly have been done to dispel it. Medical science ought to possess and use its resources in such cases. But tell me why Mrs. Dinwiddie should be made responsible. Was it simply because Elinor was taken sick at her house? That seems to me to be rather unjust."

"She ought to have been hung, burned, drawn, and quartered!" cried Patty, with feminine moderation and feminine justice, "and I can not understand how General Sittrell could have ever forgiven her. Nor can you when you hear all. Elinor, poor dear Elinor, *did see* during that fearful night all that she raved about when crazed with fever, and that she narrated so clearly before she died, and Mrs. Dinwiddie's unholy pride was the cause of her death. To think that even at the eleventh hour that wicked woman might have saved her, and did not! They have made me call her 'grandmother' ever since I was a little child, but, thank Heaven! I have not got one drop of her bad blood in my veins."

I soothed away her passionate excitement, and liked her the better for it, although I was getting bewildered at the turn the story was taking. "Will you go on and tell me the meaning of it all?" I said.

"Yes. Oh yes!" she cried, eagerly, amidst her sobs, for she had been weeping uncontrollably for some minutes, overcome by the recollections her narrative had evoked; "but I shall have first to ex-

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plain to you some parts of Mrs. Dinwiddie's history, that you may be able to understand her character, or you will hardly credit what I have to relate. She was an only daughter, brought up as a Hapsburg princess might have been. Her mother died before she was five years of age, leaving her to be reared by her father, who was a weak, vain, inflated old man. She inherited the mother's strong will and the father's weak, obstinate brain —a most unfortunate combination, and of all her bad traits the worst was her silly, worthless, meaningless pride: pride of race (people of whom she knew nothing personally, but only by tradition); pride of money (which had only been made a few years before); pride of position (which money could buy then as well as now); pride of beauty and of every superior physical quality—all kinds of pride but the right kind; and when she was twenty years old, and Mr. Dinwiddie became her husband, in spite of his great mental and personal attractions she supposed that the hand which she graciously bestowed upon him was the gift that a sovereign princess might have honored her vassal with. In all natures which are compelled necessarily to come in contact," continued Patty, with a sudden and rather startling keenness of analysis, "the weaker and poorer will, if they so desire, dominate over the higher and nobler; and when Mrs. Dinwiddie entered her husband's house, the home he had arranged with every comfort for her occupation, she found one thorn among the roses, the existence of which Mr. Dinwiddie either had feared to tell her of, or had thought that it would make itself known at the proper time. It was the presence of the only other living being who bore his name, and in whose veins ran the same blood—his gentle, inoffensive twin brother, an idiot from his birth, who by one of nature's mysterious freaks resembled him as closely in person as he differed from him in mind.

"It had never occurred to the more fortunate of the twins that his brother's misfortune could affect him in any way save to claim from him a double share of care and an increase of affection; but the worldly, cold-hearted bride resented the discovery passionately. She chose to consider this omission of confidence as a preconcerted concealment on the part of both lover and husband, and her narrow mind brooded over what she announced loudly as 'a judgment of the Almighty on his race.' Mrs. Dinwiddie's theology was always peculiar," continued the thoroughly aroused Patty, "for whenever a misfortune happened to one of her neighbors it was solemnly pronounced by her to be 'a judgment,' but when it chanced to fall upon herself it was 'a chastening.' Well, she never rested or gave her husband a day's peace until she wrung from him a reluctant promise that the poor harmless twin brother should be exiled to the lonely place that she owned near here, and so she had a long corridor built for greater security and secrecy, with two rooms attached at the end, where, with the exception of the servant who took care of him, he lived alone. Mr. Dinwiddie, although sinfully yielding to her will, had reserved to himself one privilege, which was that once a year at least they, or he, should make a visit to this house, for the poor creature, in spite of his misfortune, had dim instincts which felt the loss of the brother's accustomed care and help; craving his presence by showing restlessness at a continued absence, and delight when the time for their meeting came. They had not been quite a week at this place on their annual visit when Mr. Dinwiddie was taken ill suddenly, and died in two days; and the night of the funeral, when the widow needed more space for the guests who were detained by the storm than the main house afforded, she gave orders that one of the rooms at the end of the corridor, both of which had been generally occupied by the twin, should be prepared to meet the emergency. It chanced to be occupied by Elinor. Mrs. Dinwiddie did not feel a moment's uneasiness at his near neighborhood—indeed, never thought of him, as year after year he had grown more listless and dull in his loneliness, and never made any complaint, or never even moved out of his arm-chair unless compelled to do so—in fact, had no more volition in mind and body than a baby; but whether the unaccustomed sounds around roused dim recollections, or whether the mysterious chords of that dumb instrument had been struck by nature's hand when his only friend and relation, his companion even before his birth, was suddenly severed from him, can never be known; but he rose in the dead of night, restless, fearful; opened the connecting door softly, and in his night clothing, perfect in form as he was

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THE APPARITION.

imperfect in mind, stood before the unfortunate girl, the living impersonation of the dead man she had that day kissed in his coffin, and seen borne away to his grave. A week after her husband's funeral Mrs. Dinwiddie left the country and went to Europe, only learning by letters received from him whom she called her old and tried friend, General Sittrell, of the death of his idolized daughter. When she returned home three years afterward, and heard the painful story of the supposed unreal and feverish fancies that had beset Elinor's dying bed, the truth burst upon her with a horror that broke even through the plated mail of her hardness and worldliness, and almost crushed her to the dust. Her first meeting afterward with General Sittrell was at the wedding. She came to sue for pardon, and Uncle Brutus gave you a short but correct description of their reconciliation. Poor Elinor! poor, gentle, loving Elinor!" cried Patty, bursting into torrents of tears; "it almost breaks my heart whenever I think of her. Such a sad ending of her innocent young life!"

I did not know a great deal about Miss Patty's ways, but there had been a ring of true feeling and womanliness in her narration of her story that drew my heart toward her, so I gathered her bright young head and face to my arms, and soothed, sympathized with, and kissed her, and then we parted for the night.

In spite of the sad associations her story had awakened, I spent the happiest days of my life in that old Virginia house, and among the few cherished recollections of past times rise warmly and lovingly in my heart thoughts of the refined hospitality and gratitude for the pleasures the generous efforts of my hosts provided for me, a stranger and an alien.

I have told my Virginia story.

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The Quiet Life

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.



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WHOSE herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.



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BLEST, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,



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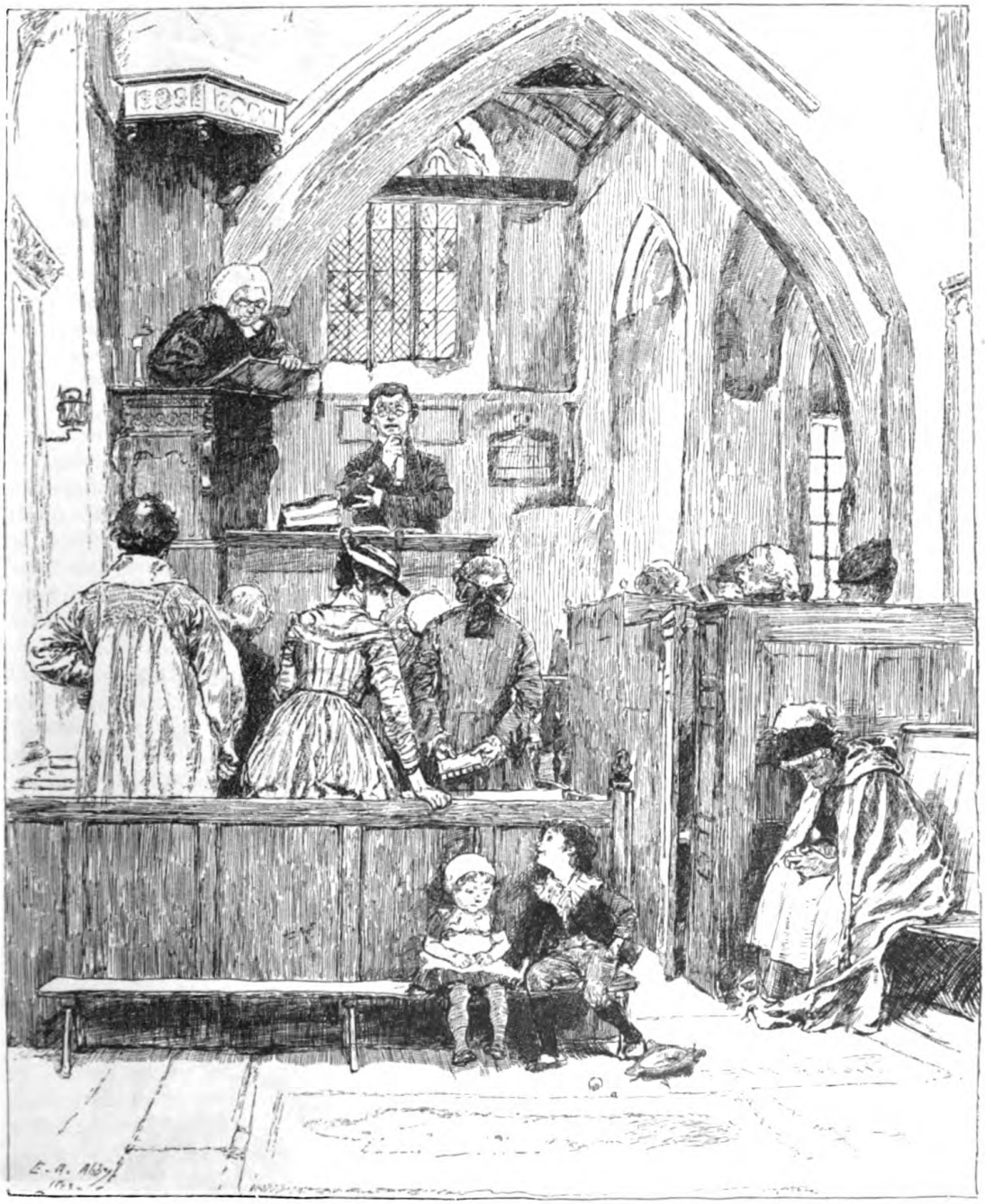
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SOUND sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mixt; sweet recreation;
And Innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

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THUS let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.



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"THERE'S MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT THE CUP AND THE LIP."

MR. SAMUEL SUTTON, wool-stapler, had a large business in Frome, inherited from his father and enlarged by himself; also a nest-egg of £150,000 invested at four per cent. in solid securities. He lived clear of the town, in a large house built by himself, and called "Merino Lodge," with lawn, gardens, conservatories, stables—all of them models. He loved business, and spent his day in the office; he loved his wife, and enjoyed his evenings at home.

But this life of calm content was broken up in one month; his wife sickened and died, leaving him utterly desolate and wretched. No child to reflect her beloved features, and no live thing to cherish but her favorite dog, an orphan girl she had taken into the house eight years before, and the immortal memory of a watchful and unselfish affection.

Under this stunning blow messages of consolation poured in upon him, many of them delicately and admirably worded, all written with a certain sympathy, but with dry eyes. His very servants spoke with bated breath and sorrowful looks before him, but he heard the squawks of the women and the guffaws of the men out in the yard. Only one creature besides himself suffered. It was his wife's protégée, Rebecca Barnes. For many a day this girl, like himself, never smiled, and often burst into tears all in a moment over her work. This was not lost on the mourner; hitherto he had hardly noticed this humble figure; but now he looked at her with interest, and told her, once for all, he would be a friend to her, as his beloved wife had been.

The young woman thus distinguished was attractive; she was tall and straight, but not bony, nor nipped in at the waist. She had the face of an English rural beauty; light brown hair, a very white skin, dark gray eyes, and a complexion not divided into red and white, but with a light brick-dusty color, very sweet and healthy, diffused all over two oval cheeks; a large but shapely mouth and beautiful teeth made her winning; a little cocked-up nose spoiled her for a beauty; and she might be summed up as comeliness in person.

Educated by a lady with great good sense, she could read aloud fluently and with propriety, could write like a clerk, cook well, make pickles and preserves, sweep, dust, cut and sew dresses, iron and get up lace and linen; but could not play the piano nor dance a polka.

Mrs. Sutton always intended her to be housekeeper: and the widower now told her to try and qualify herself in time; she was too young at present.

Months rolled on, but Samuel Sutton's loneliness did not abate. He had only one relation who interested him: Joe Newton, son of a deceased sister, a bold Eton boy he had often tipped. Joe was now at Oxford, and Mr. Sutton invited him for the long vacation, and prepared to like him.

While he is on the road let us attempt his character—at that period: a goodish scholar, excellent athlete; rowed six in the college boat, and was promised a place in the university eleven for fair defense, hard hitting, and exceptional throwing.

He used to back himself against both the universities to fling the hammer and construe Demosthenes; the college tutor heard, and remonstrated. "It was not the thing at Oxford to brag; why, Stilwell made a hundred and fifteen against Surrey, the other day, but he only said he had been very *lucky*. That is the form at present," said the reverend tutor, stroke of the university boat in his day. Joe explained eagerly. Of course he knew there were two men who could beat him at throwing the hammer, one Oxford, one Cambridge, and a lot who could eclipse him at construing Greek orators. "But you see, sir," said he, slyly, "the fellows that can construe Demosthenes can't fling the hammer; and the happy pair that can take the shine out of me at the hammer can't construe Demosthenes. I can do both, after a fashion."

"Oh," said the tutor, "that alters the case. So it was only an enigma; sounded like a brag."

Add to the virtues indicated above, pugilism, wrestling, good spirits, six feet, broad shoulders, abundance of physical and a want of moral courage, and behold Joe Newton, aged twenty-one.

He came to "Merino Lodge," and filled the place with sudden vitality. He rowed everybody on the lake; armed both sexes with fishing-rods; mowed and rolled a paddock into a cricket ground, organized matches between county clubs;

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drew on his uncle for copious luncheons, chaffed, talked, and enlivened all the family and neighborhood, and gazed at Rebecca Barnes till he troubled her peace, and set her heart in a flutter.

One fine summer evening there was a harvest-home supper, and the rustics drank the farmer's cider without stint. Returning from this banquet a colossal carter met Rebecca Barnes, and proceeded to some very rough courtship. She gave him the slip, and ran, and screamed a little. It was near the cricket ground that Joe was rolling for a match to come off. He heard the signals of distress, and vaulted over the gate in front of Rebecca, just as the carter caught her, and she screamed violently.

"Come, drop that, my man," said Joe, good-humoredly enough.

"Who be you?" inquired the rustic, disdainfully, and challenged him to fight.

"No, don't, sir, pray don't," cried Rebecca. "He is bigger than you, and he thrashes them all."

Joseph hesitated out of good-nature. The bully called him a coward, and took off his coat. Joseph said, apologetically:

"He wants a lesson. I won't detain you a minute.—Now, then, sir, let us get it over." And without taking off his coat, put himself in his favorite attitude. The carter made a rush, got it right and left as if from Heaven, and stood staring with two black eyes; came on again more cautiously, but while endeavoring a tremendous rounder, that would probably have finished the business his way, received a dazzler with the left, followed by a heavy right-hander on the throat, that felled him like a tree.

Joe then gave his arm to Rebecca, who was trembling all over. She took it with both hands, and an inclination to droop her head on his shoulder, which made the walk home slow, amusing, and delightful to Joe.

After that evening, Rebecca, who was already on the verge of danger, began to be divinely happy and unreasonably depressed by turns. She was always peeping at Joe, and coming near him, and avoiding him; and then he took to spooning upon her, and she was coy, but fluttered with wild hopes, and thrilled with innocent joys.

At last energetic Joe spooned on her so openly that Mr. Sutton observed.

He made short work with both culprits.

"Rebecca," said he, "be good enough to keep that young fool at a distance.—Joe, let that girl alone. She is only a servant, after all, and I will not have her head turned."

Rebecca blushed, and cried, and tried to obey.

Joe affected compliance, got impatient, and one day watched for Rebecca, caught her away from home, declared his love for her, and urged her to run away with him.

The instinct of virtue supplied the place of experience, and she rejected him with indignation, and after that kept out of his way in earnest.

However, before he left he owned his fault, begged her pardon, and asked her to wait for him till he got his family living, and was independent of everybody.

This was another matter, and female love soon forgives male audacity. Reckless Joe overcame her reasonable misgivings, and fed her passion by letters for three whole years, and she refused young Farmer Mortlock, an excellent match in every way.

By-and-by Joe's letters cooled, and became rare. He even declined his uncle's invitations, on pretense of reading with a tutor in Wales.

Then Rebecca paled and pined, and divined that she was abandoned. Soon cruel suspense gave way to certainty. Joe was ordained priest, took the family living, and married Melusina Florence Tiverton, a young lady of fashion, high connections, and eight thousand pounds, which before the marriage was settled on her and her children.

Mr. Sutton announced this to his friends with satisfaction, and he even told it to Rebecca Barnes, whom he happened to find at a passage window sewing buttons on his shirts. He was fond of Joe, and thought his good marriage ought to please everybody, and so he was in a good humor, and told Rebecca all about it, and that he had promised the happy pair a thousand pounds to start with.

Rebecca turned cold as a stone, and kept on sewing, but slower and slower every stitch.

"Well, you might wish them joy," said Mr. Sutton.

"I wish — them — every — happiness," said Rebecca, slowly and faintly, and went on sewing mechanically.

Mr. Sutton looked at her inquiringly,

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but had already said more to her than was his custom at that period of her service, so he went about his business.

She sewed on still, feeling very cold, and soon the patient tears began to trickle; then she put her work aside, and laid her brow against the corner of the shutter, that the tears might run their course without spoiling her master's collars and cuffs.

Not long after this the housekeeper left, and Mr. Sutton sent for Rebecca. "You are young," he said, half hesitating, "but you are steady and faithful." Then he turned his back on her and looked at his wife's portrait. "Yes, Jane," said he, "we can but try her." Then, without turning from the picture, "Rebecca, take the housekeeper's keys, and let us see how you can govern my house."

"I will try, sir," said she; then courtesied and left the room, with the tear in her eye at him consulting the picture of her they both loved.

Rebecca Barnes had made many observations upon servants and their ways, and entered on office with some fixed ideas of economy and management.

She did not hurry matters, but by degrees waste was quietly put down, the servants were compelled, contrary to their nature, to return everything to its place; the weekly bills decreased, and yet the donations to worthy people increased.

She had held the keys, and nearly doubled their number, about eight months, when Mr. Sutton gave her an order. "Barnes," said he, "Joe and his wife are coming to see me next Wednesday, at five o'clock. Get everything ready for them at once; give them the best bedroom, and make them comfortable."

"Yes, sir," said she, and went about it directly.

She summoned maids, saw fires lit, beds and blankets put down to them, not sheets only; took linen out of her lavender cupboard, ordered flowers, and secured the comfort of the visitors, though heats and chills pervaded her own body by turns at the thought of receiving Joe Newton and the woman he had preferred to herself. "She is beautiful, no doubt," thought Rebecca. "I wonder whether she knows? Oh no: surely he would never tell her; he would be ashamed." The mere doubt, though, made her red and then pale.

The pair arrived with their own maid. A house-maid under orders showed them to their rooms. Rebecca Barnes kept out of their way at first, and steeled herself by degrees to the inevitable encounter.

She took her opportunity next day, and approached Mrs. Newton first, with a civil inquiry if she could do anything for her.

"You are the—the—" drawled the lady.

"The housekeeper, madam."

"The housekeeper? You are very young for that."

"Not so young as I look, perhaps; and I have been sixteen years in the house." She then renewed her question.

"Not at present," was the reply. "I will send for you if I require anything."

The words were colorless in themselves, but there was a hard, unfriendly, and superior tone in them, rather out of place in a house where she was a guest, and a new one, and kindly civility just being shown her.

Down-stairs the lady did not charm. She desired to please, but had not the tact. Her voice was high-pitched, and she could not listen. Her husband, however, was in ecstasy over her, and rather wearied his uncle with descanting on her perfections.

Things went on well enough until she got a little more familiar with Uncle Samuel; and then, looking on him as virtually a bachelor, she must needs advise him from the heights of her matronly experience. She told him his housekeeper was too young for the place.

"She *is* young," said he; "but she has experience, and my dear wife taught her."

Instead of listening to that, and saying, "Ah, that alters the case," as most men or women would, this tactless young lady went on to say that she was too young and good-looking to be about a widower; it would set people talking; and so she strongly advised him to change her for some staid, respectable person.

"Mind your own business, my dear," replied the wool-stapler, with such contemptuous resolution that she held her tongue directly, and contented herself just then with hating Rebecca Barnes for this repulse. But, when she got hold of Joe, she scolded him well for the affront: she never saw she had drawn it on herself. It was not in her nature to see a fault in herself, under any circumstances whatever.

Joe, physical hero, moral coward, dared not say a word, but took his unjust punishment meekly.

However, after dinner, owning to him-

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self that this infallible creature had made a blunder, he set himself to remove any ill impression. He descanted on her virtues; above all, her generosity, and her zeal for her friends' interests, etc.

Uncle Sutton got sick of his marital mendacity, and said: "Now, Joe, don't you be an uxorious ass. She is your wife, and she is well enough; but she is no paragon." And so he shut *him* up.

They staid a fortnight, and then went home. As Melusina had intruded her opinion on Rebecca, Mr. Sutton, who came more into contact with the latter now she was housekeeper, had the sly curiosity to ask her, in a half-careless way, what she thought of Joe's wife.

"Well, sir," said Rebecca, wiser and more on her guard than Melusina, "he might have done better, I think, and he might have done worse."

"Voice too shrill for me," said the master. "But I suppose he took her for her good looks."

"Good looks, sir? What, with a beak for a nose, and a slit for a mouth?"

Mr. Sutton laughed. "How you women do admire one another! Stop; now I think of it, this is ungrateful of you, for she told me you were too good-looking."

"Too good-looking?" said Rebecca. "What did she mean by that? Ah! she wanted you to part with me."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said he; but he colored a little at the abominable shrewdness of females in reading one another at half a word.

Rebecca was too discreet to press the matter; she pretended to accept the disavowal, but she did not. Joe's wife to come into the house on her first visit, and instantly endeavor to turn out the poor girl that had been there from a child!

"And he could look on and let her!" said she; "he that thought it little to defend me against that giant! Men are so strange, and hard to understand!"

Next year Joe came by himself, and charmed everybody. Rebecca at last kept out of his way, for she found the old affection reviving, and was frightened.

Two years more, and the pair came on a visit at one day's notice. But all was ready for them in that well-ordered house.

The motive of this hasty visit soon transpired. They had spent more than double their income since they married, owed two thousand pounds, and had an execution in the house.

Uncle Sutton was displeased. "Debt is dishonest," said he. "We can all cut our coat according to our cloth." But he ended by saying, "Well, make out a list of all the debts. Try if you can tell the truth now, both of you, and put them all down."

By this time Rebecca had become his accountant in private matters, and her fidelity and discretion had gradually earned his confidence. He actually consulted her on the situation, not that she could have influenced him against his own judgment. No man was more thoroughly master than Sam Sutton. But he was a solitary man, and it is hard to be always silent.

"Bad business, Rebecca. Now I wonder what you would do in my place?"

"Do, sir? Why, pay Master Joe's debts directly. You will never miss it. But when I *had* paid them, I'd tell her not to come begging here again with a fortune on her back."

"Come, come," said Sutton, "she is dressed plainer than any lady in Frome. I will say that for her."

"La, sir, where are your eyes? What, with those furs, and that old point lace? Three hundred guineas never bought them. There are no such furs in Frome. I've seen their fellows in London. They are Russian sables, the finest to be had for money. And look at her fingers, crippled with diamonds and rubies! There's four or five hundred more; and that is how Master Joe's money goes. I pity him; he couldn't have done worse if he had married—a servant."

Mr. Sutton looked very grave. However, he sold out and drew the check. But, unfortunately, instead of lecturing the wife, he took the husband to task. He said he was sorry to see Mrs. Joseph so extravagant in dress.

"My dear uncle!" replied Joe; "why, she is anything but that; she is most self-denying. I am the only one to blame, believe me."

"Now, you uxorious humbug," cried Uncle Samuel, "can't you see she has got three hundred guineas on her back in lace and sable furs, and as much more on her fingers? Where are your eyes?"

Joe looked sheepish. "I am no judge of these things, uncle. But I feel sure you are mistaken."

"No, I am not mistaken. Everybody knows the value of sables and diamonds."

Joe retailed this conversation very tim-

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idly to his wife, not to make her less extravagant, but more cautious under Uncle Sutton's eye. He took care to draw that distinction for the sake of peace.

His finesse was wasted. "It's the woman," said she, as quick as lightning.

"What woman?"

"The woman Barnes. She has told him—to make mischief."

"No, no; the old fox has got eyes of his own."

"Not for sables. It is the woman."

"Well, dear, I don't think so; but if it is, then I wouldn't give her the chance again."

"Me take off my sables because a woman is envious of them! *What do you think I bought them for?* I'll wear them all the more—ten times more."

"Hush! hush!" implored the weak husband, for the peacock voice, raised in defiance, was audible through doors at a considerable distance.

All this mortified Mrs. Joe's vanity, and that was her strongest passion. She came no more to "Merino Lodge."

But she sent her husband once a year, with orders to bring home some money and get rid of the woman Barnes.

He was to tell Mr. Sutton, Barnes was a mercenary woman, and kept his wife away. But Joe's subservience relaxed when he got to "Merino Lodge" and his pea-hen could not watch him. He made himself agreeable to everybody.

One fine day he discovered that Rebecca was consulted in matters of domestic account, and that he owed the check he always took home in some degree to her good word as well as to his uncle's affection. Upon that he forgot he was to undermine her, and began to spoon a little on her; but this was received with a sort of shudder that brought him to his senses.

So the years rolled on, confirming the virtues and the faults of all these characters, for nothing stands still.

Joe Newton was forty-one, and looked forty-five; Rebecca Barnes thirty-eight, and looked twenty-five. Mrs. Newton was forty, and looked fifty; and Uncle Sutton, though fifty-seven, looked five-and-forty, thanks to sober living, good-humor, and a fine constitution.

Joe's inheritance seemed distant, and he was always in debt, though often relieved.

But who can foretell? The stout woolstapler was seized with a mysterious malady, frequent sickness, constant depression. He struggled manfully, went to his office ill, came back no better; but at last had to stay at home.

By-and-by he took to his bed.

Rebecca wrote to Joe Newton. He came and found his uncle eternally sick, and turning yellow.

Joe spoke hopefully, said it was only jaundice, but went away and told a different tale at home.

There he and his wife, demoralized by debt, discussed the approaching death of a great benefactor in hypocritical terms, through which eager expectation pierced.

"You are sure he has not made a fresh will? That woman has his ear."

"Make your mind easy, dear. He told me all about it himself not six months ago. He leaves us and our children all his money, except £5000 to Rebecca Barnes."

"Five thousand pounds to a servant!"

"And only £200,000 to us," said Joe, hazarding a little humor.

"Tied up, I'll be bound."

"Well, dear," said Joe, "even if it should be, our children will benefit, and we shall have enough."

"Five thousand pounds to that woman! And not tied up, of course."

Joe could have told her from his uncle's own lips why he was to have a life-interest only in that large fortune. "Your wife is vain, selfish, and extravagant, and you are her slave. She shall not waste my money, as she has yours. It is all secured to you and your children."

But Joe preferred peace to admonition, and kept his uncle's reasons to himself.

Mr. Sutton was tenderly nursed night and day by Rebecca Barnes and a young orphan girl she had brought into the house, as she herself had been brought thirty years ago. He was attended by Dr. Stevenson, an old friend.

But neither physic nor nursing could stop the fatal returns of sickness that prostrated the strong man.

At last Dr. Stevenson and a physician he had summoned from London told Rebecca to prepare for the worst. He must die of inanition, and that shortly.

Rebecca sent a mounted messenger to Joe: "Come at once, or you will not see him alive."

Joe sent back word he would come by the first train.

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But before he went his wife gave him instructions. "Now, mind, if he knows you, and can speak, do nothing. But if he is insensible, you must begin to think of your interests; you are executor; you told me so."

"One of them."

"And the one on the spot. There are quantities of plate and valuables in the house. You must fix seals, and ask Barnes for her keys."

"Will not that be premature?"

"No, stupid; it will be just in time."

"Hum! she has been a faithful servant. I am afraid it would wound her feelings."

"The feelings of a menial? Besides, there are two ways of doing these things. Of course you will flatter her, and say you only want to relieve her of responsibility. But mind you secure her keys, or I'll never forgive you."

"Very well," said Joe. "I suppose you are right: *you always are.*"

He reached the Lodge, and Rebecca met him with a despairing cry: "Oh, Mr. Joseph!" and led the way to the sick-room.

They found Mr. Sutton yellow and yet cadaverous, gasping and almost rattling for breath.

"He is dying," said Joe, awe-struck. "He will not live an hour."

Presently the patient gasped desperately and tried to raise himself.

"Lift him," cried Rebecca, and seized a basin, while Joe's strong arm raised him.

Instantly there burst from the patient a copious discharge of black blood, or what looked like it.

Joe turned pale, and cried, "Oh, it is the substance of the liver!" and he felt faint at the sight.

Rebecca stood firm. She gave the basin quickly to the girl, and filled Joe a glassful of neat brandy. He tossed it off, and it revived him.

They laid the patient back gently, and Rebecca felt his pulse. It was scarcely perceptible.

"He is going," she said. Then, looking round in despair, she seized a tablespoon, filled it with brandy slightly diluted, and opening his mouth, placed the spoon at the root of the tongue, and so got the contents down his throat.

As he retained it, she repeated the dose three times.

The patient lay motionless, no longer gasping, but just faintly breathing, as men do before life's little candle flickers out.

They sat down on each side of him in silence. He had been a good friend to both.

By-and-by Joe's dinner was announced. He asked Rebecca to come down and eat a morsel with him.

Rebecca was hospitable, but could not leave the moribund even for a moment. "No," said she; "I saw *her* die, and I must see *him* die."

Joe assured her he would not die till night, and said he could not eat alone.

Accustomed to oblige, Rebecca consented, though unwillingly. She summoned an elderly woman that was in the house, and bade her watch him, with the young girl, and send down to her the moment there was any change.

Then she went reluctantly, and sat down opposite Joseph Newton, pale and woe-begone. He had recovered himself, and ate a tolerable dinner. She tried, out of complaisance, but could only get a morsel or two down.

After a hasty meal and two glasses of port, the Rev. Joseph Newton opened his commission. He began as directed. He dilated upon her long and faithful service, and then told her he knew she was not forgotten, or he would have felt bound to take care of her.

Whilst he delivered these sugar-plums he did not look her in the face, and so he did not observe that her eye was fixed on him and never moved.

Having thus prepared the way, he proceeded in a briefer style to say that he was his uncle's executor, and a great responsibility was now about to fall on him; unfortunately he could not stay here all night to discharge those said duties; so perhaps it would be as well to intrust him with her keys before he left.

Then Rebecca, who had hitherto been keenly observant and silent, said, very quietly: "Give you my keys, sir? What! do you mistrust me?"

"Of course not; my only object is to relieve you of so great a responsibility, where there are so many servants and so many valuables about."

"Valuables about? That is not my way, sir. There is nothing loose in this house more than I can keep my eye on."

"An excellent system," said Joe, warmly. "I promise to follow it. But, to do

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so, I must have an executor's power. Come, Rebecca, I must return by the five-o'clock train; please oblige me with your keys; the places that have none, you and I will seal up together."

Rebecca Barnes rose from the table so straight she seemed six feet high, and the eyes that had watched him like a cat from the first syllable he had uttered flashed lightning at him.

"You have spoken a woman's mind: take a woman's answer. What! you couldn't wait till the breath was out of that poor dear body before you must lay your greedy hands upon his goods!"

Joe rose in his turn. "Rebecca, you forget yourself."

"No; I remember too well. Twenty years ago you did your best to ruin me; and when you couldn't, you trifled with my affections, held me in hand for years, and flung me away without one grain of pity; you broke my heart, and made me a servant for life. Now you insult the faithful servant—you that were false to the faithful lover. Trust you with my keys, you false-hearted— No, sir." And she folded her arms superbly. "Go back to your wife, and tell her if she wants to *rob* him she must *kill* him first, and me too; for while he lives I am mistress of this house, and she and you are—NOBODY."

Then she turned her back on him as only a tall, disdainful woman can, and flew wildly upstairs to her dying master.

After all, once in twenty years is not often to vent one's outraged feelings, and those who smother their fiery wrongs too long owe nature an explosion.

But Rebecca Barnes, though wild with passion, was by nature anything but a virago. So, even as she flew up the stairs, the rain followed the thunder, and if was in wild distress, not fury, she darted into her master's room, hurried the other women out of it, and flung herself on her knees by his side. "Oh, master, master," she cried, "is it come to this? They wish you dead. They want your plate; they want your china; they want your money: they don't want you. For all the good you have done, only one poor woman will shed a tear for you." Then she began to mumble his hand and wet it with her honest tears.

"Now I understand my dream," said a calm, faint voice that seemed to come from the other world.

Rebecca sprang to her feet with a scream, and eyed him keenly.

"You are better."

"I am. There was something growing inside me. I always said so. It has broken; I feel lighter now."

Rebecca flung herself on her knees again. "Oh, master! then don't give in. Try, try, try, and you'll get well. If you won't get well to please poor me, do pray get well to spite those heartless creatures. They couldn't wait. They demanded my keys, they were so hot to take possession."

"Joe and his wife?"

"Put her first; he is her slave. He has no heart nor conscience when she gives the order. But let's, you and I, baffle them. Let us get well."

"I mean to," said he, slowly: "so where's the sense of your sobbing and crying like that?"

"Dear heart, what am I to do? The fear of losing you—the affront—my anger—my hope—my joy—of course I must cry. Oh! oh! oh! La! how you smell of brandy!"

"Ay; brandy has been my best friend. I drank about a pint while you were downstairs."

"Oh, goodness gracious me! a pint of brandy!"

"Tell ye it saved me! I'm sleepy."

He went off to sleep. Rebecca covered him up warm, and fanned him gently. He slept some hours, and on awaking asked for brandy and yolk of egg. He took this at intervals.

Dr. Stevenson came, examined and felt him all over, and found him full of vital warmth, looked at what had come from him, and said, "Better an empty house than a bad tenant." In a word, pronounced him out of danger.

During his convalescence Mr. Sutton talked more to Rebecca than he had ever done, and told her that at one time he never expected to live. "For," said he, solemnly, "I was as near my dear wife as I am to you. I could not see her, unfortunately, but she spoke to me."

"Oh, sir, tell me: you'll tell *me*. I loved her: I had reason."

"Yes, I will tell *you*," said he. "She said: 'Not now, Samuel. There was only one woman shed a tear for me, and only one will shed a tear for you.'" He reflected a little. "Now I think of it, that was bidding me to live this time. Yes,

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Jenny, my love, I'll live, and teach some folk a lesson: they have taught *me* one."

He ordered Rebecca to write and ask his lawyer to come to him at once with two witnesses.

Rebecca had cooled by this time, and began to be a little alarmed at the turn things were taking; so she said she had been a good deal put out about the keys, and he must not take to heart every word an angry woman said.

"Mind your own business," was his reply. "Write as I bade you."

The lawyer came with his witnesses. Rebecca retired.

When she re-appeared she seemed so uneasy that he said to her: "You needn't look as if you had robbed a church. I have not disinherited Joe."

"I am right down glad of that."

"But I have cut him down a bit, and I've changed my executor. Now please remember—the next time I die—*you* are my sole executor; and your keys never leave you."

She cast a beaming look of affection and gratitude on him. He had applied the right salve to her wound. She belonged to a sex that does not always weigh things in our balances. She was not very greedy of money, but to take her keys from her was to dishonor her in her office.

It was soon public that Mr. Sutton had made a new will—contents unknown. Lawyers do not reveal such secrets spontaneously.

"We are disinherited," cried Joe's wife; "and by that woman Barnes. I always warned you how it would end. But you never would get rid of her. We have you to thank for it, the children and I."

Joe resisted for once. "No," said he; "it is all your doing. She would have let you alone if you had let her alone. But you were in such a hurry to insult her you could not wait till it was safe."

What, ho! mutiny! rebellion! And by the head of the house, paragon of submission hitherto. Mrs. Joe went into a fury, and threatened to leave him, and take the children—a menace I should have welcomed with rapture; but it ended in his apologizing for his gleam of reason.

When Mr. Sutton had kept them on tenter-hooks for a month and more, and was in better health than ever he had been, he instructed his lawyer to answer the questions of coarse or interested curiosity, and it soon became public that he had made an equal division, half to his nephew's family, with life interest to Joseph himself, and half to Rebecca Barnes and her heirs forever, the said Rebecca being his wife's protégée, and his faithful housekeeper and nurse.

Joe liked this much better than being disinherited. "Come, Melly," said he, "blood is thicker than water. I am content. A hundred thousand pounds is not starvation."

Mrs. Joe, however, did not seem to think so; at least she complained rather louder than before. "To share our inheritance with a menial!" said she, and repeated this in more places than one. She even inoculated Dr. Stevenson with this gentle phrase, and prevailed on him to offer friendly advice to his late patient, and gave him hints what to say. Mrs. Joe was his best client, being full of imaginary disorders; so he adopted her course, called on Mr. Sutton, was heartily welcomed, promised him thirty years more, and then took the liberty of an old friend to advise him. Barnes was a spinster, and no relation to him. Joe had a young family. The division was not equal, and would it not be a pity to leave disproportionate wealth to a menial?

"A menial?" inquired Sutton, affecting innocent ignorance of his meaning.

"Well, it is a harsh term, but it is what people are saying just now, and would say louder over your tombstone; and, after all, whoever you pay wages to is a menial, and if large fortunes are left to them, especially females, why, somehow it always makes scandal, and throws discredit on an honored name. I hope you will not be angry with me for speaking freely—we are old friends."

Mr. Sutton seemed to ponder. "I am afraid you are right. It is too much money to leave to a *menial*." Then, suddenly, "Seen Joe and his wife lately?"

"I saw them only yesterday," said the doctor, off his guard. "May I venture to tell them you will reconsider the matter?"

"Not from me. But you can tell whom you like that, on second thoughts, I ought not to make a *menial* my executor."

"You are right. And I suppose you will not leave such a very large fortune?"

"To a *menial*?—no."

The doctor went away pleased at his influence. Mr. Sutton rang the bell, and bade a servant send Rebecca to him.

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When she came he handed her a draft for £100, and told her she must get a wedding dress ready made, and waste no time, for she was to be married right off by special license.

"Me!" said she, staring, and then blushing. "Never."

"Next Monday at 10.30," said he, calmly.

"No, sir," said she, resolutely. "I'll never leave my master. I always respected you; and now I have nursed you, I—Don't ask me to leave you, for I won't. Forgive me. I can not. How could I? The idea!"

"Who asks you, goose? It is me you have got to marry."

"You, sir?" She blushed like a girl; she laughed; she looked at him to see if he was in earnest. Then she said, "Well, I never!"

"Come, Becky," said he, "you are a woman now; don't waste time like a girl."

"I *am* a woman," said she, "and too much your friend to do this foolishness. Where's the use? I shall never leave you, whether or no. And finely the folk would talk if you were to marry your servant! See how they always do on such occasions! No, sir, if you will be ruled by me for *once*" (she had been guiding him for years), "you will let well alone. As a servant you have got a very good bargain in Becky Barnes. But I should be a bad bargain as a wife."

"Don't you—teach me—my business, Becky Barnes," said the master, severely. "I have been making bargains all my life, and never a bad one. 'Try 'em before you buy 'em,' is a safe rule, and terribly neglected in marriages. I have had you under my eye twenty years in health and sickness. You are a good housekeeper, a tender nurse, a faithful friend, and you are going to be a good wife. Come, you'll have to obey me at last, so don't waste words, and don't waste time."

By this time Rebecca's face was red and her eyes moist at such unwonted praise from a man who never exaggerated or flattered.

She looked at him softly, and said, with a pretty air of mock defiance,

"I'll tell everybody you *made* me."

"Say what you like, my dear, and do what I bid you." So then he drew her to him and kissed her; put the draft into her hand, and dispatched her to make her purchases.

Her pride was gratified. The nursing had brought their hearts nearer to each other, and she said to herself:

"After all, what does it matter to *me*? And if *he* is unhappy, why, it will be my fault. He shall not be unhappy."

She made her own wedding dress, for fear of unpunctual milliners.

Sunday night she had one cry over the illusions of her youth. It was but a short one. She asked herself, if those two men stood before her now, which she should take.

"Why, the man, and not the cur."

They were married privately on Monday at 10.30.

At 11 came by appointment the lawyer and two witnesses. Mrs. Samuel Sutton was sent upstairs to put on her travelling dress. Meantime Mr. Sutton and the lawyer did business.

"Mr. Dawson, my second will was open to objection. I left too much to a menial."

"Well, sir," said the lawyer, "it was not for me to advise—"

"But you agree with me."

"Perfectly."

"Well, then, cancel will 2."

"Both wills are cancelled by your marriage, sir."

"Ah! I forgot. Well, draw me a will on the lines of my first will, only no rigmarole this time. I'm in a hurry. You can charge me for a volume, but put it all in the ace of spades, that's a good soul."

The lawyer consented, and handed Mr. Sutton testament No. 1 to peruse, and reminded him that in that testament the whole property was left to the Rev. Joseph Newton and his children—all but £5000 to Rebecca Barnes.

"My menial?"

"Yes. But £5000 was not excessive."

"Not at all, if you knew the two parties. Well, sir, I don't think we can improve on the *form* of that will. Just reverse the provisions, that is all."

The lawyer stared.

"Leave the £5000 to my nephew to play ducks and drakes with, and all my real and personal estate to my wife, Rebecca Sutton, and her heirs forever."

The lawyer stared, bowed, and set to work. Mr. Sutton left him to prepare for his journey, but in a few minutes came back and hurried him.

"Come, polish that off," said he. "We have only half an hour to get to the station."

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"I could engross it and send it up to you for signature," suggested the solicitor.

"What! me go by rail intestate? No, thank you!"

The will was drawn and attested, and as he signed it Sutton said to the lawyer, "You see I have not left my fortune to a menial"; then, bitterly, "nor yet to mercenaries."

The wedded pair dashed up to London. Each looked lovingly at the other on the road, and Sutton said to himself: "I have done this marriage in a vulgar way. She was entitled to more sentiment; and—by Jove, *now I look at her*, she is a duck!"

He was right; every woman likes to be courted, and this one deserved it. Well, he just courted her after marriage instead of before; courted her as if she was a complete novelty; presents, nosegays, attentions of every kind; always by her side, and finding her some pleasure or another; and always good-humored, kind, and courteous in a plain manly way.

She came back beaming with happiness, and he wore a conquering air that made folks smile.

Sneers flew about at home and abroad, and Mr. Sutton was now and then discomposed. Rebecca's watchful eye saw it. She never said a word about it, but she ruminated.

One day the study door was ajar, and she heard Mr. Sutton's voice louder than usual. A tradesman was there, and had said something blunt; she gathered as much from Mr. Sutton's answer. "Why, here's a to-do because a plain man of business has married his housekeeper that was brought up by his wife, and her father was just what I am, only not so lucky. One would think a duke had gone and married his kitchen wench. Well, yes, I took a peach out of my own garden instead of a prickly-pear out of a swell hothouse; and all the better for me, and all the worse for Joe Newton."

Rebecca heard this in passing, turned round and put the tips of the fingers of both hands to her lips and blew the speaker a kiss through the door with an ardor, an abandon, and a grace that would have adorned a lady of distinction.

Next morning she went to work in her way. "My dear," said she, gayly, "I wonder whether you would give me a treat?"

"Well, Becky, I am not fond of denying you."

"No, indeed; you overindulge me. But the truth is, I have a great desire to see foreign countries, if it is agreeable to you, dear."

"Agreeable to me! Why, I have been going to do it these thirty years."

"Oh, I'm so glad! Then will you arrange a tour for us—a nice long one?"

Mr. Sutton fell into this without seeing all that lay behind. It was a fair specimen of Rebecca's handiwork. By this means the house was shut up, the satirical servants discharged without a wrangle, and his friends and neighbors taught the value of Samuel Sutton by his absence.

The couple travelled Europe wisely; never bound themselves to leave a place half enjoyed, nor stay in it exhausted. They were eighteen months away, but spent the last six in a lovely villa near the Bois de Boulogne.

They came home with a thumping boy and a Norman nurse, and both parents looked younger than when they went.

The news spread like wild-fire.

"They *bought* that child abroad," said Mrs. Joe.

Alas for that romantic theory! Rebecca nursed him herself, and gloated over him, as mothers will, and fourteen months later produced a lovely girl.

The parents were happy in their children and themselves; both found in their own hearts unsuspected treasures of tenderness.

The wool-stapler was dictatorial in his own house; his wife docile whenever he laid down the law; but if he directed, she suggested, and he generally went her way, sometimes without knowing it. Under her gentle influence he arranged a large business-like system of personal charity, and this increased so as to find them both occupation, and withdraw him by degrees from active trade without subjecting him to ennui.

He became a sleeping partner in the wool trade, and an active partner in a large scheme of education, and judicious loans and relief, much of which emanated by degrees from an enlarged housekeeper feeling her way, and possessed of administrative ability.

When they drove out together they often sat hand in hand as well as side by side, and one plain friend who saw their ways declared they were a young couple, and he would prove it.

"Ay, prove that, you dog," said Samuel Sutton, laughing.

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"Well, I will. A man is as old as he feels, and a woman's as old as she looks."

The proverb was admitted, and the application thereof.

After a long struggle between poverty and pride, the Rev. Joseph Newton wrote to his uncle a piteous tale of his young family—and begged relief.

He received an answer by return of post.

"MY DEAR JOE,—This sort of thing is in your aunt's department. You had better write to her."

Then there was fury in the house of Newton. Reproaches—defiance. "Apply to that woman!—never!"

A few more months and County Court summonses, and Joe was reproached as a bad father, who could not sacrifice his pride to his children's welfare.

So then Joe sent the hat to his aunt. He got a word of comfort and £100 by return of post. He was melted with gratitude, and said so openly.

Mrs. Joe snubbed him, and said it was a mere drop out of the ocean the woman had robbed them of.

Not a year passed without a contribution of this kind, sometimes unasked, sometimes solicited. Aunt Rebecca drew the checks; Uncle Samuel connived with a shrug; it was money thrown into a bottomless pit, and he knew it.

Only once did Aunt Rebecca send advice to her dilapidated nephew: "You have enough, if you could but be master in your own house."

Which was wasted most, the advice or the money, is a problem to be solved by him who shall have squared the circle.

Years have rolled on, but they are all alive, these little studies: to call them characters, might seem presumptuous.

When last seen, Mr. Sutton was eighty, and looked sixty; Joe, sixty-two, and looked seventy; Rebecca, sixty, and looked forty—thanks to goodness, a nature affectionate, not passionate, and her light brick-dust color; Mrs. Joseph Newton, sixty-one, and looked eighty.

"Scornful dogs eat dirty puddings." She still speaks disdainfully of "that woman," and takes that woman's money, and awaits the decease of Uncle Samuel; and he looks the very man to outlive her.

THE GUEST.

O THOU Guest, so long delayed,
Surely, when the house was made,
In its chambers, wide and free,
There was set a place for thee.
Surely, in some room was spread
For thy sake a snowy bed,
Decked with linen white and fine,
Meet, O Guest, for use of thine.

Yet thou hast not kept the tryst.
Other guests our lips have kissed;
Other guests have tarried long,
Moved by sunshine and by song;
For the year was bright with May,
All the birds kept holiday,
All the skies were clear and blue,
When this house of ours was new.

Youth came in with us to dwell,
Crowned with rose and asphodel,
Lingered long, and even yet
Can not quite his haunts forget.
Love hath sat beside our board,
Brought us treasures from his hoard,
Brimmed our cups with fragrant wine,
Vintage of the hills divine.

Down our garden path has strayed
Young Romance, in light arrayed;
Joy hath flung her garlands wide;
Faith sung low at eventide;
Care hath flitted in and out;
Sorrow strewn her weeds about;
Hope held up her torch on high
When clouds darkened all the sky.
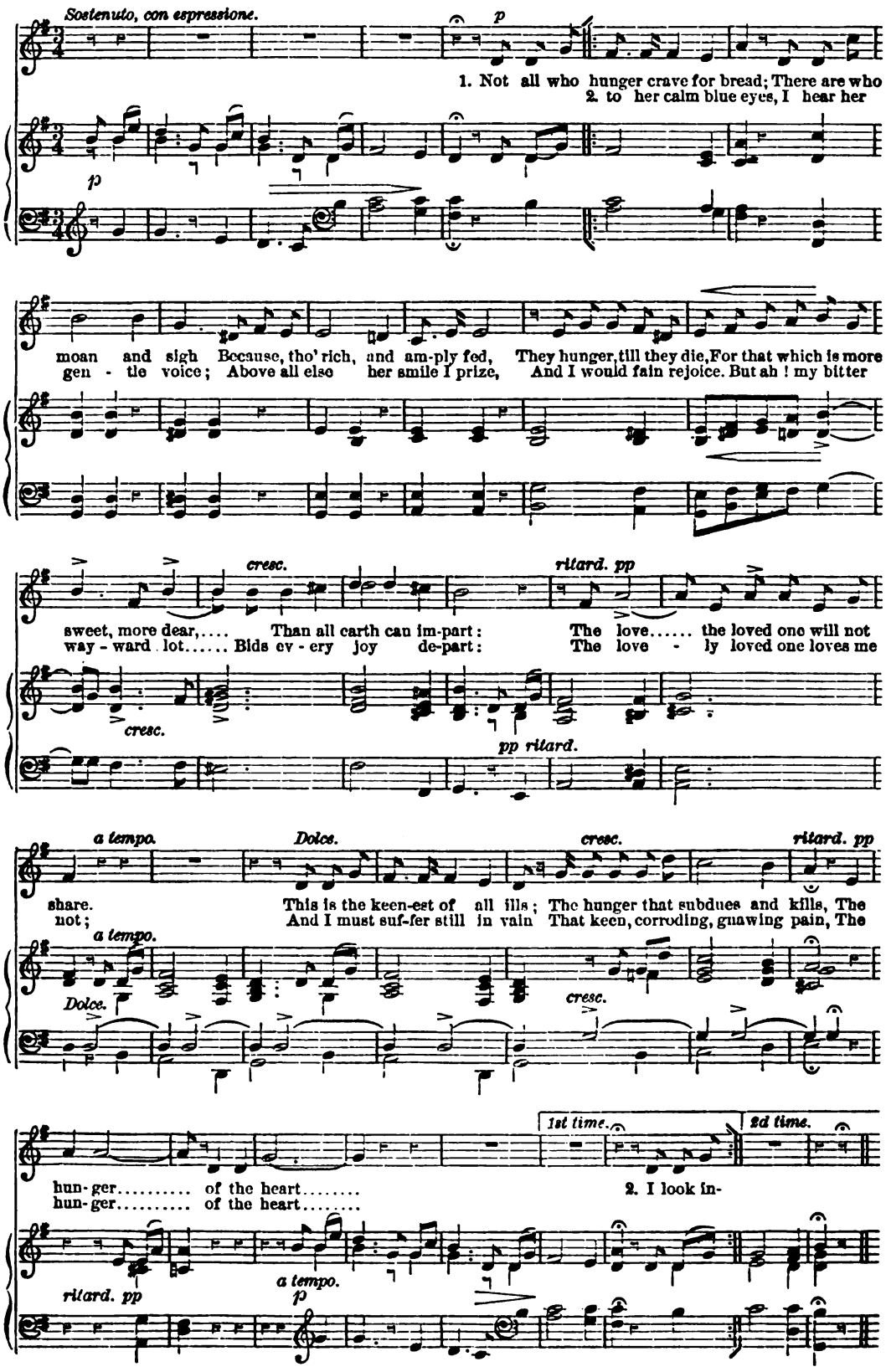
Pain, with pallid lips and thin,
Oft hath slept our house within;
Life hath called us, loud and long,
With a voice as trumpet strong.
Sometimes we have thought, O Guest,
Thou wert coming with the rest,
Watched to see thy shadow fall
On the inner chamber wall.

For we know that, soon or late,
Thou wilt enter at the gate,
Cross the threshold, pass the door,
Glide at will from floor to floor.
When thou comest, by this sign
We shall know thee, Guest divine:
Though alone thy coming be,
Some one must go forth with thee.

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THE HUNGER OF THE HEART.

Words by R. J. DE CORDOVA. Music by J. MOSENTHAL.



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COLONEL INGHAM'S JOURNEY.

I.

[THE artist Turner is said to have slipped away from London once in the month of May, to have gone down to Hull in a pea-jacket, and persuaded a whaler to take him as a passenger. So he had a chance to study arctic fogs and icebergs, and the various forms of tempest, to his heart's content. And there are critics who think they can trace in his work afterward the result of this weird experience.

We were talking of this vacation of Turner's one Christmas evening, which we spent together, the Inghams, the Carters, and the Hackmatacks, at Haliburton's house. A funny smile came over Ingham's face, which George Hackmatack understood, and he said at once, "What do you know of Baffin Bay, Ingham?" for George knew that Ingham's smile meant that he had gone beyond Turner.

Now Ingham is a silent man, especially in the matter of his own achievements. He is much more apt to squeeze the sponges of the people around him, and to make out their biographies, than to give anybody much hint of his own. But the children began an attack when they found there was a chance of a story, and we gave him no mercy till he began.

When he had finished, I did not wonder that he had never told it before.]

COLONEL INGHAM'S NARRATIVE.

It was all a philosophical experiment. I had given a great deal of thought and study to the problems of Sleep. I once lectured on Sleep all through the Western cities, with illustrations by the audience. That was, however, my last winter on the "Lyceum Platform." The committees thought I ought to furnish my own illustrations. Since then I have only been asked to lecture in the charitable courses, where they do not pay.

It is queer, when you think of it, that the problem has not been worked out before. Here is this untiring soul, clothed upon with a body which grows tired. The body needs rest, and finds it in sleep. Where is the man meanwhile? This infinite soul, who half an hour ago was listening to Isaiah, or walking with Orion across the heavens, where has he gone while the body is covered up in bedclothes? You do not think the soul has pulled the blanket round his neck, do you?

I had brooded over this a good deal, when one night, as my terrestrial globe stood in a strong light from a kerosene lamp, which made a very decent sun for it, I was showing Blanche Stockhardt, who is one of my pets, how nearly opposite is Pitcairn's Island, the modern paradise, to Jerusalem, and then I turned it to make noon over this Boston of ours, and to show the child how it was midnight in China.

Of course at that moment the mystery of Sleep was explained to me, and it has been no mystery since.

You see, do you not? The soul has no care about distance. Of course the moment when this body does not need him, though for only an hour of night, the soul has only to pass across there where it is day, and start up another machine, which is just ready to be wakened.

In that moment I saw that there are two of me—one here in Boston, and the other there in the Chinese Empire. I did not then know the name of the place, but as soon as I got Franquelin and Huc's map I found it. Here it is (said Ingham, crossing the room): it is in this little oasis in the great desert of Cobi. It is a place called Pe-ling, but it is not to be confounded with the Pe-ling Mountains. They are quite different, as the Chinese Post-office once explained to me. This Pe-ling is a little leather town, where they have a one-horse sort of a tannery. The other, as I call him, wakes when I sleep. His name out there is Kan-schau. He is a man who keeps account of skins as the people bring them in. He is a sort of civil service man, who gets his income once a month from the government.

[I need hardly say that we were aghast when Ingham went into this detail on subjects of which we thought he could not possibly know anything. But we knew him quite too well to interrupt. When his engine is thrown off the track it breaks all travel on all lines for that day, and numberless jack-screws are needed before any traffic can be renewed. So we let him go on.]

II.

You know I had had to do with that region, only it was further north. I spent the better part of a summer working with the telegraph at Nofpo Ston, a pretty place on Lake Baikal, on the Russian side of the line. There we had more or less to do with Chinese traders, and I made one of them teach me a little colloquial Chinese by the Mastery method of Prendergast. It only requires you to commit one hundred and

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seventeen words to memory in sixteen different phrases. So soon as Blanche Stockhardt had gone I found my Chinese lexicon, and wrote the other body a note, asking about his health and his habits. The next day, as I tell you, I hunted up the Franquelin atlas, and found the place. I did not know his name—I mean, of course, my name—out there. But I directed the note, which was written in the first-chop, gold-button, highest Mandarin language of all, to "The Most Sensible Man in Pe-ling."

But this was the letter which, as I said, was returned to me by the Chinese Post-office, with the statement that they had searched all through the Pe-ling Mountains, and there was no such person there as the one mentioned on the letter. The truth is that our Pe-ling—our antipodes on the parallel of latitude—latitude 42° 23′ north, longitude 110° east, has, as I said, nothing to do with the Pe-ling Mountains. It was, on the whole, much better that that letter did not hit him; for, when I got no answer, I hit on a much better plan. And so it was that I saw Turner, as I tell you.

[He had not told us any such thing. But this is Ingham's way. And, as I say, it is so risky to interrupt him that we always let him go on.]

It occurred to me one day that—if the Chinese body kept at the accurate distance of longitude, as, in theory, it certainly would—when I, Fred Ingham, walked north on the 70th meridian, Kaolin, as I then called my other machine, would walk north on the 110th. If I walked or rode west to Albany—four or five degrees of latitude—Kaolin would, of course, go west on his parallel—say to Ling-shaw. Clearly enough, then, if I wanted to talk matters over with him, he and I had only to go to the north pole—I on the meridian of 70°, and he on that of 110°. And on this simple plan I went to work. It is a much easier business than you think it, if you begin to think, as everybody does, by supposing an expedition there to be a government affair, with measurements of magnetic force, and declination, and dip, and all that.

I cared nothing for the dip—what I wanted was to see my other self, Kaolin.

["I should think he was beside himself when he started," said George, in a whisper. But, for reasons stated, no one dared speak aloud. Little Annie pulled at George eagerly to keep him quiet.]

Of course (continued Ingham), if a man cares about the difference between *Tetrapus arcticus* and *Tetrapus borealis*, he must carry a lot of books with him and a man of science. If he carries a man of science, he must carry the man's rations and his cook, and a man to drag his sled, and so on. Hence what are called "expeditions." But if a man is only going to see a friend, or to see himself, as I was—"*veluti in speculo*" as the Vulgate hath it—and if he only cares for *Tetrapus arcticus* as so much good carbon and nitrogen, to be torn in pieces and devoured for the body's fuel, why, he goes as I might go to Young's or to Parker's for my lunch, without an "expedition" to carry me.

I began by running down to New London. All this was long ago, and they still carried on the whale-fishery there. Yes, Ned, I went to your cousins, or your wife's cousins, those princes, the Perkinses: they were in that business then.

Then and there I learned, what I fancy most of you do not know, that there is such a charm about that arctic life that the whalemen always want to be left for the winter when the ship comes home with oil. This is the way that the trade has been carried on of late years. You send up a ship, as soon as the ice is open, with a full crew. You join the men you left the last autumn. They have been fishing from the shore all the time except in the very dead of winter, and trying out their oil. You take on board the oil they have made, and spend the summer making more. Then you bring back all your oil. But the point is, as Mr. Perkins told me, that all the men are eager to stay. It is a reward to stay. You leave those who have behaved well, and the half which comes home is sour and disappointed.

Well, I did not tell my whole plan to the Perkinses. They agreed to send me as far north as they could. They agreed to take aboard an extra boat for my purposes. As it proved, their captain—no, it was not Budington, it was another man—advanced my plans in every way, though he did not quite know what they were.

[No one had said it was Budington. But the reader must understand, once for all, that this ejaculatory or parenthetical manner is in Ingham's way, and must be taken for granted.]

So I got my traps together and started. We were to put in at Upernavik as they

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all do. Yes, there is a Lowernavik, or was, but that has nothing to do with it. The Governor was very civil—only too civil. His daughter was pretty. You remember her picture. No, not in Hayes's book: before that. No, not in Parry's: she was a baby then. I have her picture somewhere. And it was at a party he gave us and some Englishmen from Hull that I met Turner.

Had you rather I should tell you about Turner, or about Kaolin or Kan-schau? For really I am talking too much. I am doing all the talking.

[And Ingham looked at his watch. The children cared nothing for Turner: they hardly knew who he was. They clamored for the north pole and Kan-schau; and Ingham, well pleased, went on.]

III.

As I said, I had no scientific purposes. I was not to write a book, or to present a report. I was not even going into society, as men call society. I was only going to meet my other self—not my better half, whom I already knew I had left at home. (And here Ingham looked affectionately at Polly, who was knitting by the fire.) So I meant to rely, as at bottom all the grandest expeditions rely, on the native Greenlanders. I found plenty of them ready to be hired. I had not to tell them whether we were going north, south, east, or west. Enough for them that they had good guns given them, such a harpoon and such shark hooks and cod hooks as they never saw before, promise of good wages, and instructions to report on board the *Sarah*, with eight dogs, on the morning she sailed.

Then came a great piece of luck. Baffin Bay in winter is much like this water bottle when it left the ice machine, and had a solid block of ice frozen in it close to each side. Baffin Bay, on the 20th of June, is much like this same bottle now, where the ice block floats as it chooses in melted water. It is as the turn of a straw, it is the chance of the wind, whether the "pack" of ice hugs the east coast or the west. By good luck that spring it held close in to the west coast; by good luck the winds were northeasterly, and the "pack" all drifted west. We cracked north in the *Sarah*, in no time. The captain meant to leave me at the beginning of Smith Sound, but he found that open, and he said he could not resist the temptation of sailing up. It was early July. The days were all one; the sun was "ever so high" at midnight. The sky—oh, it was so clear!—as if we had been in Spain. In one day—we hardly tacked twice—we ran all up that rather critical channel, which took its discoverers all summer, and my good captain said he was fairly tempted to run to the north pole.

But of course he was for whales, and must not go exploring. He landed me and my traps, and my two men, and my eight dogs, and my whale-boat, under the lee of a bold cliff that runs out—say here, if you will look at my map, Clara. Here is Baffin's Bay, this will do for Kennedy Land, and here we are at Cape Douglas-Digges. They gave us three cheers. I gave them three, and the Greenlanders howled something; the dogs howled more. They filled away for the south, and we sent our blessing with them. No, I did not feel lonely. A man carries the middle of the world with him. The world is just as level, as hilly, as large, as small, there as it is anywhere. The sea was all open at the north, only the wind hauled a little more into the north. I did not like that then, but it proved an advantage, as you will see.

A good whale-boat like that will carry, with crowding, eighteen men. We were but three, with eight dogs and with Jan's sled, which I laid bottom up over the bow, and the dogs rather liked to crawl in underneath to sleep. I liked to have them, for they are not very sociable brutes, and they have few entertaining tricks. I had no reason for staying a moment at Douglas-Digges. Jan and Hans were the most good-natured men-Fridays who ever walked in salt-water to pack stores away. We hauled and lifted, and got the bags and the little barrel and the two boxes fitted to my mind, after some trial. Then I stepped my little mast, Jan called in his dogs, whipped the sulky ones, and I cast off: she had been fastened to a bowlder of basalt which had rolled down from the cliff, and the tide was on the flow.

I had rigged her with a leg-of-mutton sail—just as we saw those boats at Huelva, George. Jan generally sat forward on his sled. But I could tend the sail as I sat in the stern. You know you steer a whale-boat with an oar.

Well, you do not care anything about our log. But the truth is that that day's success and the next told the whole story.

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Days we call them. But really when at midnight you have the sun nearly as high as our noon sun is at Christmas, you do not say much about this day or that day. Briefly, I cracked on, sometimes eight knots an hour, as I sailed for forty-one hours. I could not go quite to the north. But my boat sailed very well into the wind. I soon got tired of holding an oar for a rudder, and so did Hans, and we lashed our steering oar to a davit and a cleat. I made very long tacks, running once twenty-nine knots on the same course to the east of north, and once fifteen knots and more to the west of north. The wind came round to the west and southwest. I thought then, and afterward I was sure, that in those forty-one hours of that steady pull I made near two hundred miles northing; that is, you see, nearly three degrees. And, as I say, with that one long bit, in less than two days from the *Sarah*, it proved that my success was won—if it were success, after all.

Forty-one hours, on the whole, toward the pole, brought me, alas! to land again. I was afraid it was land first when I was taking the sun's declination, which I did every hour. I had, indeed, nothing else to do. The sea was as dull there as it always is. I thought my horizon was bad, and then with my binocular I became sure it was not the sea. Sure enough, "low land, and all was well"—no longer. For when we came to that beach our hard work began. I had brought rollers from Upernavik, and when we beached her, heavy as she was, we harnessed the dogs, and with their help we dragged her high and dry, above any tide, upon a sort of dry lichen there was, where we could see that deer had been. To my horror, however, there was neither ice nor snow. There was a low hill, but I got little comfort from the prospect at the top.

Here, you see, I was about five degrees, say 350 miles, from the pole, and I and two men and eight dogs were to travel there and back in, say, twenty-five days. It was as if you had to go to Syracuse and back, from Boston, with no road. The vehicle was a large two-handed boy's sled—not what you call a double-runner, Dick, but twice as wide and twice as long as your clipper-sled—rigged with a pole for two men to haul at. But the land coast ran sheer east and west, and I would not lose even a day by cruising along either way. Right over the lichen I started due north, harnessing the dogs to drag, and taking enough canned food for ten days for me and Jan and Hans. If the guns would not do the rest, why, we must come back.

Awful work that first day, and the second! We made only twenty-three miles north in both. Then we came to the strangest flat steppe there is this side of Siberia, ankle-deep in lichen, where never tree or bush grew. The sled flew over it as it would over rough snow. If we had not watched those brutes they would have dragged it away from us and mankind. At last we took turns in riding, merely to keep them back after they fed. Fed? Yes. They had blood and fat and all things they liked, more than was good for them, for the deer would stand to be shot. They were no more afraid of us than the parroquets were of poor Cowper. Their tameness was shocking to me. As for fire, the only trouble was to keep from setting fire to too much of this lichen, and so setting the north half of the world in a blaze. This lucky hit lasted us three full days more. We could not keep at our work more than eleven hours a day; but in those eighty hours, more or less, we did make nearly a degree and a half of latitude. When we came to the sea again we were two hundred and fifty miles further north than man had ever been known to be.

But we did come to the sea. And now we had no boat, and it was quite too cold to swim far; that is, the water was. I had no quarrel with the air. Happily the tide was out, the beach was wide, and the coast trended north-northwest, a point west. How well I remember! Over the beach sand, though we were dead tired, I forged on, fairly running the dogs, for I knew this sand gave easy dragging compared with what the upland was beginning to be. The lichen had given out, or was giving out, and there were loose stones, as there had not been before. That was Tuesday, as I well remember. Till Friday night, I know, we ran the dogs, or made them work all through the hours of low tide, six, and sometimes seven. Five or six hours at high tide we all slept—and I tell you the dogs slept sound—on the upland. No trouble about their eating or ours; only a monotonous bill of fare. Seals galore! a stupid seal at every headland, and lying on the shore in herds or flocks sometimes, so that they were fairly

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in the way. You do not like train-oil, Clara, because you always see it rancid; but in the open air, warm from the blubber, if you had been walking and running a week, you might fancy it.

That coast is just like the Jersey shore. It is flat as your hand, as we say. There is one stretch where we ran almost due north thirty-six miles, if the sextant did not lie. In those days between Tuesday and Friday I made more than two degrees. Still open sea on the west of me. If I had only had my whale-boat! But I did have the dogs, and they were as well as horses—are said to be. My horse is always sick.

It was that lucky bit of beach—beach hardly broken by a creek or inlet—which gave us our last success. Sometimes we had to go into the water knee-deep at some inlet, and once I went in as high as my armpits. That time it was a carry—when we floated the sled, and swam the dogs, and took the bags and boxes and the barrel in our arms. But the hard run afterward warmed us very soon, I can tell you.

And now, if you have counted, you can see we were near half-way. I mean we were near the pole—and the pole was, of course, half-way back to Douglas-Digges. By my last three declinations, when I came into camp that Friday night—night we called it—in broad sunshine, I was only twenty-four miles and a little more from the pole—twenty-one minutes of latitude, Dick, if you are particular: quite as close, that, as the vernier of my sextant would read for me.

But here the shore began to trend west, and even south of west. I had been conscious for some time that I was running up a bay like Chesapeake Bay, and I was now near the head of it. I fed the dogs on the last seal we had killed—you knock them on the head with an axe, Harry—and we all got into our bags for sleep, I a good deal excited now as to the issue. Before supper was done it had clouded over. I was glad I had made my observations. When I took the sun at noon—which was after we camped—I had staked out a north and south line. By this I tested my compass, which pointed about south-south-west. The variation was 152° south. So untrue is it that the constant needle points to any pole—but its own.

When I waked in the morning it was snowing, and my bag had six inches of snow on it. Yes, Clara, you sleep in a bag of felt, inside a bag of canvas, inside a bag of India-rubber cloth. After you are in the bag you button it up over your head, with only a little nose-hole for air. So it does not much matter whether it snows or not. I rolled Hans over Jan and waked them, and explained that we were to leave their dear sea and cross the land again. Hans said we should find deer, but I doubted. I only told them both that we had not far to go. Nor had we. Rough it was, very hard it was, while the snow lasted. But by noon this cleared away, and at six I let them camp. There was old snow, and in an hour they had built a snow hut under the lee of a hill. We slept like bears, and the next day, Sunday, there were but eleven miles, as I counted, between me and the pole.

IV.

I let Hans, who had hurt his foot, stay in the hut with the dogs.

The sun had come out again. The world was white with new snow.

I was almost provoked that the country was so uninteresting.

It was not flat.

It was not mountainous.

There was no great cup in the midst of which a pole rose high to the sky.

There was no sugar-loaf, like the peak of Teneriffe, rising in my horizon northward.

There was only a vulgar rolling country, beautiful as new snow is always beautiful, but as little varied—well, as that stretch is between Tobolsk and Smilkelsk, if you take the lower road.

I bade Jan take his gun, and put in his pouch a can of beef. For me, I carried nothing but hard-tack and cartridges.

It was Sunday morning.

Up and down. Not a tree, not a bush, not a rock, not a sound, not a beast, not a bird. I was sorry we had not worn our snow-shoes. But Jan drew the empty sled: he was sure we should strike a deer.

Up and down. North, still north. One hour, two hours, three. About eleven I called a halt. I ate two or three biscuits, and gave Jan as many.

Why was I so hopelessly sleepy?

Half an hour's rest; and as I was rousing myself I saw poor Jan, without an apology, drop bodily on the ground and go to sleep.

It was not cold enough for him to be stupefied. Why were we so sleepy?

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On the whole, I thought I would leave Jan. He had cleared the snow to the ground. And I covered him with a heavy bear-skin he had upon the sled. My march was now less than an hour. I knew he would sleep till I came back again.

North for the last tramp of all!

I took the sled with me.

As I pulled up a long slope there is, just before you come to the pole itself, it seemed to me that I should die with sleep. Still, of mere will power, I pressed on until I turned the summit, and looked still north.

A wide flat plain a hundred feet below me stretched I can not tell how far away. Perhaps a mile and a half from me a black spot. Was it a man? The binocular settled that. It was a man, and he was lying on a sled, asleep.

But for me, had it been the angel Uriel, I could not have gone to him. I was dead with sleep. I just remember having sense to unroll my bag, which I carried as a knapsack, and crawling into it, and then I was at once unconscious.

How long I slept I do not know, but it must have been hours: that I knew afterward.

When I awoke I did not know where I was. But I heard snoring. The bag was not buttoned. I had been too sleepy.

I pushed my head out, and at the moment a man fell heavily to the ground at my side. He had fallen asleep as he sat watching me.

He was in the winter costume of Northern China—a fur cap, a fur pea-jacket, trousers of deer-skin. I had seen hundreds of such traders on the Baikal.

It was Myself—my Other Self! He had come to meet me! I was wholly prepared to speak to him. I cried to him in these words:



But he heard nothing; he lay like a log.

I shook him. I rolled him over. He only groaned in his sleep. But it was as if he were dead—only he breathed. Then I remembered how I had been sleeping! I remembered how stupidly Jan was sleeping!

Could it be?—it was—that Jan's other self was three miles south of us, on the opposite meridian!

And I? and Kaolin? Of course he must sleep while I waked; I must sleep while he waked. This was the basis of the whole journey.

No one had ever thought that one soul could carry on two bodies at the same time. Of course, then, we could not talk to each other.

All we could do was to write, and await an answer.

I wrote in my best handwriting, in Chinese, this note:

"My brother—nay, myself: I see you are well. My name is Frederic Ingham. What is yours? What grief that we can not hear each other's voices, or see each other's eyes!"

Then I crept into my bag, and forced myself to go to sleep. I did not sleep long. When I woke there was a note in my hand, which said:

"I am called Kan-schau. My rank is of the blue button of the province of Fi. I am the government inspector of furs. May your waking be joyful!"

I think he saw the situation, and poked me hard as his last conscious act. But this made no difference. I should have waked, of course, as soon as he slept. I had with me Wells's Smaller Dictionary, and I made out most of what he wrote. Then I bethought me what I should say. What did I want to say? What do you ever want to say in a letter? Of course he knew what I was, and I knew what he was, for I was he, and he was I. So far there was no need to write.

As for the inspection of furs, I cared nothing for that. Nor did he care, I think, much about my home-mission work in District K.

It seemed a pity to talk politics. As to fine art, I did not know the Chinese words for "realistic," or "preraphaelite."

It is not the first time that, having an opportunity to address a friend, I found that I had very little to say to him.

What I did was this—always a good thing to do: I opened my can of beef, which I had taken from Jan, and placed under it a bit of hard-tack. I wrote:

"Feed yourself from my stores. Eat of my bread and meat. If only you might sit with my family at my table! But, alas! our destiny forbids."

Then I crept back into my bag, counted ten thousand, and imagined a flock of sheep jumping over a wall, until I lost myself in slumber.

I woke to find this note:

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"I am made new by your bounty. Eat of my last bird's nest. It is indeed life to death, and strength to faintness. We must now turn our backs on each other. But I leave a guide for your instruction."

Dead asleep I found him, but this message, and a Chinese envelope with his Chinese address, were in his hand.

I fastened in a parcel a volume of my essays, a small flask of cordial, and a picture alphabet for his children. I wrote my address on an envelope, and on the parcel I placed a card with this:

"FAREWELL.

"We shall not soon meet again. I shall rejoice in your joy, I shall sorrow in your sorrow. Polly, my wife, will gladly hear of the welfare of yours. Farewell."

I left it in his hands, but as I did so that horrid drowsiness came over me. I fell; but waked to find, in a sort of pigeon English, this billet by my side. I was alone.

"By-by. Top-notch muchee good for him all the ways. By-by. Two Lapland men behind this Kan-schau. Muchee-muchee, him go and help them. By-by."

Could my gold-chop Chinese be as bad as his English? The prints of his feet in the snow were clear enough. But he had gone. I looked at the sun, which was near noon when I left Jan, and it was now quite on the other side of the sky. I looked at my watch, which Bond had made for me, for safety's sake at this point, and had arranged for it a dial of twenty-four hours. It was half past twenty-three o'clock. Poor Jan had been asleep twelve hours, or had waked to find me gone.

I retraced my own steps, and found him just rousing. I knew one of Kan-schau's Laplanders was going to sleep at the same moment.

Jan never knew how long he slept. In three hours more we had joined Hans, and with two snow-rabbits which he had knocked over, and a few specimens of *Grassus inequalis* which he had killed for the dogs, we all feasted. We all slept twelve hours. I suppose Kan-schau was making a long pull home.

I have never seen him again.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE is rumor of a suspicion in Boston that its intellectual ascendency is passing away, and that it must presently become, like Edinburgh, famous for a former glory. For more than a generation its supremacy has been unquestioned. There has been no literary circle in the country like the Boston circle, for that of New York fifty and sixty years ago could not rival the undoubted superior genius and rich variety of the Boston group.

The three New York names were Irving, Cooper, and Bryant, and each of these was indeed a master. Irving was our first humorist, Cooper the first distinctive American novelist, and Bryant the poet of the first American verse that has become part of general literature. They were surrounded by a cultivated and variously accomplished company—Paulding, and Halleck, and Hosack, and Mitchill, and Sands, and Verplanck, and Sedgwick, and Inman, and Harvey, and Anderson, and other delightful gentlemen and companions. But many of these names flicker, and some have already gone out. However brilliant a society it may have been, it was not a creative and moulding influence, like the Boston circle. The Knickerbocker group has hardly affected even literary expression. But the New England men have directed American thought, and colored the whole stream of the national life. New England, indeed, has been the formative influence, not only in literature, but in politics and morals. This is the result of the virile and aggressive Puritan genius which has moulded modern England also, but which had its freest and fullest development in the newer England on this side of the sea.

During the prime of the Knickerbocker group the Boston circle had not appeared. The sombre tone of a literature produced by provincial Puritan divines was still unrelieved. Channing and Buckminster were already astir, but they were solitary stars heralding the dawn. The Knickerbockers had a certain Cavalier gayety of spirit which contrasts strongly with the prevailing Roundhead sobriety of their Eastern neighbors. The Knickerbocker feeling toward the Boston or New England school was that of the court to the province, of the city mouse to the country mouse, of Waller toward Milton. It is easy now, also, to see the reflected or imitative strain in the Knickerbocker work, not exclusively, of course, nor without signs of the freshness and originality of a new country. But although very little of its literature now survives, except the work of its three chiefs, it is easy to imagine the good-natured banter with which at Dr.

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Hosack's Saturday evenings the provincial earnestness of the Yankee genius was treated by a company which held that New York was the metropolis of America, and, of course, the seat of the literary as of the social and commercial eminence of the country.

As time passed, and the Knickerbocker group was slowly dispersed, and the splendor in the East deepened, this feeling of gay raillery changed to something more bitter, of which the most striking expression is found in the amiable Mr. Brodhead's *History of New York*. The pertinacious vigor with which he depreciates Puritanism and New England is very droll. As the Vicar of Holland he resents what he supposes to be the determination of "the losel Yankee" to appropriate for himself every good thing in this country, and to assume the credit of civil and religious liberty, of common schools, and of popular government. Whoever knew the good-natured historian, whose work, so far as it goes, is admirable and most serviceable, must smile as he sees the fidelity with which he discharges the duty of warning all Yankee trespassers off the grounds which he has consecrated to Dutch initiative and influence.

This feeling sometimes re-appears. But the fondest New York Cavalier would hardly compare the Knickerbocker group, charming as it was, to the Boston Round Table: Channing, Norton, and the elder Dana and the Everetts and Ticknor and Choate; Prescott and Bancroft and Sparks, Motley and Palfrey and Parkman; Emerson and Hawthorne and Mrs. Stowe and Margaret Fuller; Longfellow and Lowell and Holmes and Whittier and Howells and Aldrich; Agassiz and Peirce and Dr. Howe and Mrs. Howe, Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips and Garrison and the Quincys, the Adamses, the younger Dana and younger Norton, and Hoar, Whipple and Fields and Higginson and Edward Hale and John Dwight, and, as the despairing footman exclaimed, as the guests poured up the staircase, "more of the same."

These are all contemporaries, although of various ages. They constantly met, and still meet, some of them habitually. A more brilliant, vigorous, and effective intellectual group has been seldom seen. With the exception of some of the older men, Everett, Ticknor, Webster, and Choate, it was moved by the same conviction and purpose; and the later circle, of which the four gentlemen named were not part, is the distinctive group which gave Boston the supremacy in literature, as in politics and morals, which is now said to be passing away.

It is undoubtedly true, because so many of the group are gone, and no such company of men and women is immediately succeeded by another. The age of Pericles did not pass into another age of Pericles. The Elizabethan era did not renew itself. The "Anne's men" had no such successors. Dr. Johnson's club was not recruited. The Edinburgh of the beginning of the century does not re-appear at its end. The Knickerbocker set that preceded the Column, the Sketch Club, and the Century in New York, has left no heir, and the Boston circle, once broken, is not completed elsewhere. The London *Times* thinks that the Boston intellectual decrees have always been tinged with Boston, and that intellectual autocracy in New York will be free from any local stamp. There is no particular meaning in such a remark, for Hawthorne is no more Yankee than Scott is Scotch, and Longfellow no more local than Tennyson, nor Emerson than Carlyle. Doubtless in all of them the Puritan bent is discernible, like the Cavalier sympathy in Scott. Like Milton, they are blossoms of the old Lutheran stock; but that stock clings to no single garden, and strikes its roots in every soil.

With the vast increase of a heterogeneous population, and the extending area of the country, it may well be that no city or local group of men and women will ever again exert so mighty a dominance as that of New England and its capital. If the sceptre is falling from the old grasp, it is not "wrenched by an unlineal hand." It is seized by none, and although it be never lifted again, it will always recall a glorious and beneficent reign, a great power greatly used, a circle of men and women eminent not only for variety and charm of genius, but for well-ordered lives and for noble citizenship.

To find a satisfactory definition of gentleman is as difficult as to discover the philosopher's stone, and yet if we may not say just what a gentleman is, we can certainly say what he is not. We may affirm indisputably that a man, however rich, and of however fine a title in countries where rank is acknowledged, if he behave selfishly, coarsely, and indecently, is not a gentleman. "From which, young gentlemen, it follows," as the good professor used to say at college, as he emerged from a hopeless labyrinth of postulates and preliminaries an hour long, that the guests who abused the courtesy of their hosts, upon the late transcontinental trip to drive the golden spike, may have been persons of social eminence, but were in no honorable sense gentlemen.

It is undoubtedly a difficult word to manage. But gentlemanly conduct and ungentlemanly conduct are expressions which are perfectly intelligible, and that fact shows that there is a distinct standard in every intelligent mind by which behavior is measured. To say that a man was born a gentleman means not at all that he is courteous, refined, and intelligent, but only that he was born of a family whose circumstances at some time had been easy and agreeable, and which belonged to a traditionally "good society." But such a man may be false and mean, and ignorant and coarse. Is he a gentleman because he was born such? On the other hand, the child of long generations of ignorant and laborious boors may be humane, honorable, and modest, but with total

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ignorance of the usages of good society. He may be as upright as Washington, as unselfish as Sidney, as brave as Bayard, as modest as Falkland. But he may also outrage all the little social proprieties. Is he a gentleman because he is honest and modest and humane? In describing Lovelace, should we not say that he was a gentleman? Should we naturally say so of Burns? But, again, is it not a joke to describe George the Fourth as a gentleman, while it would be impossible to deny the name to Major Dobbin?

The catch, however, is simple. Using the same word, we interchange its different meanings. To say that a man is born a gentleman is to say that he was born under certain social conditions. To say in commendation or description of a man that he is a gentleman, or gentlemanly, is to say that he has certain qualities of character or manner which are wholly independent of the circumstances of his family or training. In the latter case, we speak of individual and personal qualities; in the former, we speak of external conditions. In the one case we refer to the man himself; in the other, to certain circumstances around him. The quality which is called gentlemanly is that which, theoretically, and often actually, distinguishes the person who is born in a certain social position. It describes the manner in which such a person ought to behave.

Behavior, however, can be imitated. Therefore, neither the fact of birth under certain conditions, nor a certain ease and grace and charm of manner, certify the essential character of gentleman. Lovelace had the air and breeding of a gentleman, like Don Giovanni; he was familiar with polite society; he was refined and pleasing and fascinating in manner. Even the severe Astarte could not call him a boor. She does not know a gentleman, probably, more gentlemanly than Lovelace. She must then admit that she can not arbitrarily deny Lovelace to be a gentleman because he is a libertine, or because he is false, or mean, or of a coarse mind. She may, indeed, insist that only upright and honorable men of refined mind and manner are gentlemen, and she may also maintain that only men of truly lofty and royal souls are princes, but there will still remain crowds of immoral gentlemen and unworthy kings.

The persons who abused the generous courtesy of the Northern Pacific trip were gentlemen in one sense, and not in the other. They were gentlemen so far as they could not help themselves, but they were not gentlemen in what depended upon their own will. According to the story, they did not even imitate the conduct of gentlemen, and Astarte must admit that they belonged to the large class of ungentlemanly gentlemen.

As the winds begin to whistle sharply and the snow to fall, and the appeal of the beggar has a more pathetic emphasis, it is well to remember, as the Easy Chair has sought more than once to point out, that organized charity is none the less Christian charity. Give to him that asketh is one of the oldest written injunctions, as it is the surest instinct of a righteous heart, and it is truly to obey that injunction that organized charity aims.

The most persistently head-shaking of skeptics, who looks askance at the organized system and holds strictly to the duty of personal interest and relief, can not insist that everybody who asks is to be relieved without inquiry, or in the precise way that he may indicate. This would not be Christian charity, nor even charitable knight-errantry. It would be mere dangerous tomfoolery. But when the skeptic has granted this—which he can not deny—he has agreed that the question is one of expediency simply. It is a question of method. How can the aid be best given to him that asketh?

This will certainly not be done by leaving the aid to chance, or to individual charitable impulse. The result of this would be overwhelming demoralization and immeasurable suffering. There must be association, organization, and reflection. This is the basis of the modern system of organized charity which dates from the observation both of the increasing demoralization and suffering. It is not the work of indifferent, cold, and mechanical persons, but of the most sympathetic, generous, and humane. It is the task of the most practical Christians of the time, whose purpose is to do effectively under the conditions of today the work of Christ among his fellow-men. It is not machine charity, unless sympathy and intelligence and wise beneficence are mechanical. It is not perfunctory, unless careful inquiry and special relief when needed, and the baffling of imposture and exposure of fraud, are ceremonial.

This is all shown in a brief little manual by Mrs. James T. Fields, which is just published, and which, with much valuable suggestion and information, describes a method of organization which has been found very effective in Boston. She also relates her own experience in charitable work, and adds to it the wisdom of many of the most observant and thoughtful modern writers upon the subject. There is no more excellent little manual for those either in town or country who wish to make charity truly beneficent by uniting and organizing the labor of the charitable.

The fact never to be forgotten is that spasmodic and eccentric individual giving in the street and at the door increases poverty and fosters crime, establishes hereditary pauperism, and wastes enormous sums of money. If any housekeeper or other person is moved by the sense of Christian duty to relieve suffering and to console poverty, he must not deceive himself with the fancy that unintelligent giving is anything but a form of selfish indulgence. If he would do the work of his Master in his own person, let him visit the poor and search

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out the suffering, but take strict care that he is not promoting crime or drunkenness or fraud. To multiply paupers, to furnish drams to drunkards, to support idle rogues with the hard-won wages of honest men, is not to do the work of Christ. But to take all possible care that almsgiving produces real relief, and that by personal visitation and inquiry the actual need of the suffering is known, that is to do the work of Christ.

It is the devoted men and women who have given time and thought and labor and money to the wise organization of charitable relief, and not those who stand by idly and complacently sneer at it as mechanical charity, whose names are worthy to be written with Abou-Ben-Adhem's. It is the charm of Mrs. Fields's little book that it emphasizes especially the value of "friendly communication with the poor and unfortunate," and shows that intelligent system in almsgiving makes personal sympathy most effective. It is because alms have been so constantly given to get rid of the poor, to silence an importunate conscience, or to satisfy a sense of duty, that they have been such squandered treasures. This is the true creaking mechanism of charity, which organization proposes to smooth and silence with personal inquiry and individual sympathy.

LAURENCE was recently reading a novel of the day, when the story seemed suddenly strangely familiar to him, and after much puzzling and wondering he turned to an old collection of tales, and there found it. It was not a pleasant discovery, he says. There seemed to be something a little questionable, if not dishonest, in the proceeding. Was the story original with both authors, he asks, or was it a common property of literary and artistic genius, like the legend of Faust or of Rip Van Winkle? Or was it deliberately appropriated by the later author? and if so, was it not a theft as dishonest as any other theft, throwing all the stories of the same author under suspicion, and making them, in a literary sense, forgeries? What is the moral difference between the offense of Chatterton, who published as the works of an old poet inventions of his own, and that of a novelist who publishes as his own the inventions of another?

Laurence demurs to Emerson's remark that a man having once shown himself capable of original writing is entitled thenceforth to appropriate the writings of others at discretion. But Emerson does not say that he approves the practice; he says only that this has come to be understood in literature. This, indeed, Laurence can not deny. The overlapping of literature in this way is familiar. The appropriation by genius is not less so. Dumont tells us how Mirabeau heard a Deputy state his views privately, and then, ascending the tribune, the great orator poured them forth, fused in his impassioned rhetoric, having made them forever his own. It would be, doubtless, a surprise to ascertain precisely how much of the doctrine of his constitutional speeches Webster derived from Story, and how much of his financial wisdom came from friends in Wall Street and State Street; nor would the knowledge detract from the greatness of the exposition and the argument.

Laurence will remember also how much of the story of his plays Shakespeare drew from other sources than his own invention. Indeed, White says of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, "This amusing comedy seems to be the only one of Shakespeare's plays which is wholly original." Of the *Tempest* he says: "Gonzalo's description of his ideal commonwealth is taken almost word for word from Floris's *Translation of Montaigne's Essays*, which was published in 1603. It was Shakespeare's habit thus to appropriate to himself any thought or any personage that he found in his reading, and which secured to him good stuff to work into his plays." Again, White says of *Measure for Measure:* "The plot and the principal personages are taken from George Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, a drama published in 1578, but not acted. The story is also told in the same writer's *Heptameron*, a collection of tales published in 1582. Whetstone himself found the story in Giraldi Cinthio's *Hecatommithi*, but he amplified it and improved it much; and then came Shakespeare to touch it with immortality." *As You Like It* is "a mere dramatization" of a tale by Thomas Lodge.

But would Master Lodge have recognized his modest fowl beneath those heaven-soaring pinions? Here is the answer to Laurence's question: "Then came Shakespeare to touch it with immortality." If Irving did not invent the legend of Rip Van Winkle, what then? Is he a plagiarist? Is he dishonest? He first saw its significance and beauty. He first interpreted it so that it charms the world. By his touch alone the legend lives. Such stories grow slowly. They are gradually moulded by tradition, passing from mouth to mouth, from generation to generation, like old melodies which vary and expand from one singer to another. No person is the inventor. They are for him whose happy genius gives them a form which fixes them forever.

Evidently Laurence would not deny this. He admits that there are certain legends which are common property, amid which creative genius is a chartered libertine. His point is more precise and prosaic. If, for instance, he should find in a novel by Anthony Trollope a scene which is the counterpart or reproduction of a scene in one of Miss Ferrier's novels, or if in a tale of Mrs. Oliphant's he should discover the same situation and characters and conversation that he recalls in one of Miss Austen's, or if in any such coincidence the original was a story little known, what would Laurence be obliged to conclude in regard to Mr. Trollope or Mrs. Oliphant? He could not plead that it

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was a legend touched by those writers into immortality, or a tradition in the air which they had caught in definite and beautiful form. He would have, indeed, the possible but incredible recourse of identity of invention. But he would still say that the discovery was painful, and in the cases supposed he would insist that Shakespeare's transfiguration of Thomas Lodge's story into *As You Like It*, and Irving's exquisite immortalization of the Rip Van Winkle legend, did not justify the larceny of Trollope or the kleptomania of Mrs. Oliphant.

His own good sense, therefore, must decide in every case whether it is the rightful appropriation of genius, which seeks no concealment and is its own justification, or whether it is conscious plagiarism. Of this offense even clever men are sometimes capable. Disraeli conveyed a funeral discourse of Berryer, and it was as inexcusable as the act of the writer recently recorded, who sent to the editor of a magazine a poem of Lowell's as original. It seems impossible that men should risk their good names so lightly upon so frail a chance. Why should Trollope filch from Miss Ferrier, or Mrs. Oliphant from Miss Austen? They can both invent and narrate without illicit aid. Yes, but why does the respectable clerk and husband and father defraud the bank or his employer of three or four thousand dollars?

The clerk and the author take the risk, and run for luck. And when in the one case Mr. Detective Bucket lays his hand upon the shrinking shoulder, or in the other Laurence points out the fatal conveyance, both the clerk and the author wish, but too late, that they had heeded the inward monitor which whispered the ancient words that were spoken in thunder and lightning, "Thou shalt not steal."

On a pleasant day and evening during the autumn a few venerable gray-beards and bald-heads met in a church in the city, and sang and spoke, and told old tales of former meetings, and rejoiced that they had not died before their eyes had seen the glory. The meeting produced no ripple upon the surface of city life. The newspapers printed brief reports of it among the other city news. But the return of the Philadelphia base-ball players, and the "mill" between Sullivan and other bruisers, challenged very much more space and a very much more general popular attention.

Yet fifty years before, when those gray beards were brown, and those bald heads shaggy as Samson's, their meeting convulsed the city, and occasioned a riot which was the precursor of similar desperate disturbances, and the forerunner of one of the greatest of civil wars. The meeting was then denounced in advance in double-leaded editorials, which were the direct and doubtless the intentional incitements to bloodshed and the subversion of popular rights; for the popular right which is the foundation of all other rights is that of free speech. The mere announcement of the meeting drew a vast and excited throng to prevent it. Men of standing in the community made themselves leaders of the mob, and occupied in advance the entrances to the hall where it was to take place. The proprietors of the hall, appalled by the evidences of furious hostility to the meeting and its purposes, refused to open it to those who had engaged it, and they went elsewhere.

But the obstructing mob did not relax their purpose. They hastened to another hall, where men of respected and even noted names harangued them violently, introduced resolutions decrying the purpose of the original meeting; and suddenly hearing that the projectors of that meeting were assembled elsewhere, the crowd rushed wildly to the place, which was a small chapel, and swarming in, eager for crime, found the chapel deserted. The holders of the meeting had accomplished their object and retired from the rear of the building as the mob burst in through the front doors. The press of the city, with one or two notable exceptions, the next morning celebrated the intended suppression of a peaceful meeting by an angry mob as if it had been a national victory over piratical invaders. It denounced the leaders of the meeting with a malignant bitterness with which the familiars of the Inquisition might have anathematized Luther and his friends, and the few voices in the papers which protested against treating the holders of the meeting with violence yet spoke of them in a strain of abhorrence which virtually branded them as public enemies.

Who were these dangerous and desperate men whose mere proposal to meet and organize themselves for a purpose which was plainly declared, and which was to be sought by legal methods only, had so profoundly disturbed the city and startled the press into sounding a furious alarm? They were a few persons who asserted the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and demanded that all Americans should enjoy the rights which the Declaration affirmed to belong to all men. The object of the meeting was the formation of a city antislavery society, and those who assembled in October of this year were the survivors of that meeting. Their object has been accomplished, and the views whose announcement fifty years ago convulsed the city are now the commonplaces of universal acceptance. It would be incredible that the sentiment of the city within the easy memory of men living was so hostile to the American principle and to its fundamental guarantees if a still later experience had not illustrated the same hostility.

It seems almost cruel to recall the names of those who spoke of the purposes of men who proposed to appeal to public opinion against a monstrous public wrong, and of the men themselves, as "the folly, madness, and mis-

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chief of these bold and dangerous men," and as "persons who owe what notoriety they have to their love of meddling with agitating subjects." This was the way in which those who thought themselves to be in the van of freedom and of civilization spoke of the beginning of one of the great historic movements in the progress of the race, and of men who took up the work of the fathers of the country only to carry it further and logically forward. It was with this insolent and stupid contempt that the press which prided itself upon its liberty, and in a country which guaranteed the right of free peaceful assembly and of free speech, struck at both of them as fatal to the common welfare. Had Philip the Second and the sanguinary Alva controlled a press in the Netherlands three centuries ago, they would have denounced the beginning of the great contest with the black despotism of the Inquisition in the same tone of vindictive hatred and disdain with which that little meeting at the Chatham Street chapel was assailed by the press of New York in 1833.

It is no wonder that the pioneers of that famous evening wished to come together upon its fiftieth anniversary to rejoice that they had entered into the promised land. The fact that their meeting excited no general interest, and was almost unobserved, was the evidence of the completeness of their triumph. Their "folly, madness, and mischief" have become patriotic wisdom. The "bold and dangerous men" have grown into a mighty nation. And for the brethren of the press that anniversary has some very significant suggestions. First and chief is the consideration that the spirit of the newspapers, and not of the meeting in Chatham Street Chapel, was the dangerous spirit. There is no blacker traitor to popular institutions than the man who incites an angry mob against peaceful meetings and free speech. To destroy these is to establish tyranny. Free speech is precious, not for popular but for unpopular opinions. It is to secure in the land of the Inquisition a voice against the Inquisition; in the land of slavery, a voice for liberty. That freedom has overthrown those two tyrants by developing a public opinion which has made them impossible. The first duty of a free press is to defend the right of the free assertion of unpopular opinions, however dangerous they may seem to government or to society; and it is but just to record that the only paper in New York which, "when this auld cloak was new," stated clearly and conclusively the true principle upon this subject was the *Journal of Commerce*.

If, amid the exulting crowd that welcomed King William of glorious and happy memory to England, a spectator had seen the flowing white locks of some old soldier of Cromwell's Ironsides—as the men of Hadley were fabled to have seen the venerable head of Goffe, the regicide, suddenly appearing as their deliverer—he would have felt his heart throbbing with gratitude at the vision of one of the heroes who founded the liberty which William came to complete. So some musing observer in the church where the reverend gray-beards met to renew their friendship and to tell their story might well have gazed with gratitude, amid the peace and prosperity of the country, upon the thinned and thinning remnant of that old guard whose constancy and devotion made that peace and prosperity possible.

Editor's Literary Record.

THE most magnificent book of the year, and in many cardinal particulars the most superb volume that has ever issued from the press of this or any other country, is the stately and luxurious folio, *The Raven*,[1] by Edgar Allan Poe, illustrated by Gustave Doré, which the Messrs. Harper have sagaciously chosen for publication as a holiday gift-book and souvenir. Regarded from the typographical and bibliographical stand-point it is literally a *chef-d'œuvre*, the realization of the perfection of the art, and the far more than fulfillment of the most radiant dreams of the most ambitious publishers of a century, a half-century, or even a decade ago. Such a book, considered merely as a manufactured product, would have been an impossibility a generation ago, and is now made possible only by the unexampled resources that have been placed at the command of publishers by the inexhaustible inventiveness of modern times in the realm of science and of the mechanic and elegant arts.

It is unnecessary to enter here upon a critical estimate and analysis of the character and quality either of Poe as a poet or of Doré as an artist, since that subject has been discussed by Mr. Stedman, with his accustomed grace, subtilty, and vigorous good sense, in an essay prefixed to the poem and its illustrations in the volume under notice. Thus much is certain, that both have made a powerful impression upon the popular mind and taste, and that this impression is wider, deeper, more general, and promises to be more lasting than any that has been made by numbers who were far greater poets or painters than either. Poe's genius, such as it was, found its counterpart in that of Doré. Both were similarly endowed with an active and daring but erratic and undisciplined imagination. Both revelled in the weird, the ghastly, the grotesque, the

[1] *The Raven*. By Edgar Allan Poe. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. With Comment by Edmund C. Stedman. Large folio, pp. 115. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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wild, the gloomy, the shadowy, and all their conceptions were more or less morbid. Both were nothing if not extravagant and melodramatic. But none the less each was habitually companioned by grand and poetic fancies bearing the stamp of genuine originality. Possessing these qualities and idiosyncrasies in common, it is not remarkable that Doré was attracted by Poe's "Raven." Indeed, with his literary range and limitations it was inevitable that he should be so attracted. And to the operation of this law of mutual intellectual gravitation we owe his unique interpretation and amplification of the poem now before us: amplification, we say, since, while strictly conforming to the prevalent spirit and general tendencies of Poe's conception, Doré not infrequently adds to or materially enlarges its weird fantasies by pursuing them indefinitely on affiliated lines. It is an interesting fact, and one which imparts a peculiar value to the volume, that this was Doré's last work. The poet's "nevermore" proved a prophetic refrain to the brooding painter. The text of "the Raven," as collated and settled in this volume by Mr. Stedman in conformity with the poet's later readings and corrections, is undoubtedly, as Mr. Stedman modestly suggests, the most correct and effective version of the poem yet given. It is printed, without any interruption of its continuity by the illustrations, immediately after Mr. Stedman's acute and scholarly "Comment." Then follow Doré's imposing illustrations, twenty-six in number, being one, and sometimes two, for each verse of the eighteen composing the poem. Each is a full-page illustration, printed on one side only of a sumptuous leaf of richly tinted card-board paper of the finest texture, fourteen inches in breadth by eighteen in length. Each engraved leaf is protected by an interleaf of fine white paper, delicately thin, but very strong, on which are printed in the form of a legend the lines that are the subject of the illustration following. The illustrations thus form a separate continuous gallery of nearly a score and a half of Doré's latest and most characteristic designs. The engravings from these designs are in the highest style of the art in America, having been intrusted to and executed by the following well-known artists: F. Juengling, H. Claudius, G. F. Buechner, R. A. Müller, R. G. Tietze, W. Zimmerman, F. S. King, T. Johnson, R. Staudenbaur, Frank French, R. Schelling, Gustav Kruell, Victor Bernstrom, and Robert Hoskin.

GRAY'S *Elegy*[1] has never been as worthily or as bountifully illustrated as in the elaborately beautiful edition just published by the Messrs. Lippincott. It is not a little remarkable that this poem, which is a more general favorite than any other in the language among the people of England in every rank and condition of life, has received such scant attention from English artists. A few pictures of average merit suggested by it have been executed by painters of some note, but notwithstanding the numerous temptations it offers to the pencil of the artist, nearly every line of its two-and-thirty verses calling up some striking picture closely associated with universally familiar and universally cherished aspects of nature and of human life, the illustrations that are to be found in former editions of the poem, whether English or American, have been surprisingly few, and generally feeble. The edition before us, appropriately styled by the publisher "The Artists' Edition," is a new departure by an American publisher, assisted by a number of the best American designers and engravers, with results of which Americans may be justly proud. The text is spread over some forty vellum-like royal quarto pages, printed on one side only, so that only a single verse, or at most two verses, appear on each page, and the remainder of the pages are occupied with more than a score of half, three-quarter, or nearly full page engravings, rich in poetic meaning, and of exquisite grace and purity of finish. The illustrations, as has been intimated, are the result of the associated effort of nineteen designers and nearly as many engravers, among the former of whom we find the names of Gibson, Bisbing, Gifford, Richards, Schell, Hovenden, Poore, Church, Sword, Frost, Smedley, Foote (Mary Hallock), Craig, Shirlaw, and Jones, and among the latter the names of Tinker, Reed, Dalziel, Hayman, Davis (John P.), Williams, Faber, Harley, Sylvester, Juengling, Lauderbach, and Dana.

AN elegant holiday volume from the Riverside Press, entitled *Twenty Poems from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Illustrated from Paintings by his Son, Ernest W. Longfellow*,[2] is invested with a triple interest: It is typographically beautiful; the poetical selections which form its text, although familiar, possess a real and intrinsic literary value, and abound in picturesque and richly suggestive descriptions; and its illustrations are admirable specimens of American art. In addition to this the work may fairly rank as a unique among the curiosities of literature from the unusual circumstance that it combines the work of two artists, father and son, eminent in different walks, the one a great poet, and the other a meritorious painter, capable of worthily interpreting and reproducing in pictorial form the poetical conceptions of his illustrious parent. It were superfluous, and even impertinent, to appraise the quality of the poems in this collection. It is enough to say that they were chosen for a place in it because they are peculiarly susceptible of pictorial embellishment and interpre-

[1] *An Elegy Written in a Country Church-Yard.* By THOMAS GRAY. The Artists' Edition. Royal 4to, pp. 47. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[2] *Twenty Poems from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.* Illustrated from Paintings by his Son, Ernest W. Longfellow. 4to, pp. 61. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

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tation. Of the illustrations, however, we may say not merely that they are technically excellent—indeed, rarely so—but also that they are richly informed with the graceful, refined, and delicate poetic spirit that beautifies and illuminates Longfellow's pensive verse. The subjects of the illustrations, some fifty in number, are chiefly drawn from landscape or marine views, the most of which relate to places dear to the poet near his home at Cambridge, or to familiar scenes in Nahant, where he had his summer home. On the reduced scale in which they appear in the volume the illustrations have all the delicate minuteness and softness of miniatures. One of the features of the book that will be highly treasured by the admirers of Longfellow is the masterly portrait which serves as a frontispiece. This was engraved by Mr. W. B. Closson, after the original painting by the poet's son, and is considered by the family of the poet to be the best likeness of him that has ever been made. The other engravings are the work of George Andrew, W. B. Closson and his assistants, W. J. Dana, E. Clement, J. Clement, John Filmer, N. Orr and Co., and S. G. Putnam.

THE rich pictorial suggestiveness of Tennyson's *Princess*[4] has prompted Messrs. James R. Osgood and Co. to produce an edition of the poem, interpreted by American artists, which is unrivalled by any other for the perfection of its typography, and the wealth, beauty, and infinite variety of its illustrations. These are thoroughly in harmony with the finely poetical, semi-mediæval, semi-modern spirit of the poem, and enable us to discover new beauties that were latent in it, and to arrive at a more perfect conception of it as a work of art, by causing all its exquisite imagery and subtle machinery, all its moving situations, picturesque scenes, and piquant characters, to take a definite shape, as they are made to pass in panoramic procession before the eye, robed in the thousandfold minute and dainty accessories with which the poet lends a softened grace or imparts a heightened beauty to the genuine flesh-and-blood actors in his half-real, half-legendary tale. The illustrations prepared for this elegant volume, more than a hundred in number, were drawn and engraved under the supervision of A. V. S. Anthony, the drawings having been executed by F. S. Church, F. Dielman, Harry Fenn, Mary Hallock Foote, A. Fredericks, A. B. Frost, E. H. Garrett, W. St. J. Harper, L. S. Ipsen, G. Perkins, H. Sandham, F. B. Schell, and J. D. Woodward; and the engravings by John Andrew and Son, A. V. S. Anthony, K. C. Atwood, J. A. Bogert, E. Clement, W. B. Closson, W. J. Dana, A. Gamm, G. E. Johnson, W. H. Morse, Russell and Richardson, H. E. Sylvester, W. M. Tenney, E. H. Tichenor, A. J. Whitney, and Henry Wolf.

[4] *The Princess.* A Medley. By ALFRED TENNYSON. Illustrated. Royal 8vo, pp. 225. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

THE very general desire for information respecting Mexico that has been excited by the development of the country and its improved commercial relations with other nations under the comparatively stable governments of the last decade, and that has been still further stimulated by the extension of English, French, and American enterprise into that new field, is very intelligently ministered to by an interesting volume from the pen of one of our most "wide-awake" travellers, Mr. William H. Bishop, entitled *Old Mexico and her Lost Provinces*,[5] in which he gives the results of his observations while making a leisurely journey through the country in the spring and summer of 1881. As Mr. Bishop has no purpose to give anything like an elaborate historical or archæological account of Mexico, he refers only cursorily to a few of its antiquities and historical incidents, and confines himself almost exclusively to a practical and popular description of the present state of the country; of its laws and usages with reference to the acquisition and tenure of property by foreigners; of the condition of its towns, cities, and outlying rural and agricultural districts, more especially with regard to their eligibility or the reverse for residence or business; of the relations of each of the towns and provinces to the others, and their relative present or prospective importance as geographical, political, industrial, or commercial centres; of the opportunities for intercommunication, transportation, and settlement that are afforded by the completed or partially constructed railroads, or that are promised by those which have been projected; of the disposition of the people toward Americans, their value as laborers, and their adaptedness for railroad building and for agricultural, mining, or manufacturing pursuits; and of the resources and products, natural and artificial, of the country at large, or peculiar to particular provinces. Together with much entertaining matter adapted to the taste of those who have a predilection for books of travel, the volume contains a large fund of information that will prove of substantial practical value to those who propose to visit Mexico for health, business, residence, or pleasure, and it will be found a desirable hand-book and guide for travellers generally. Second only in interest to the portion of the book that relates to Mexico proper is that which gives an account of Mr. Bishop's journey over its lost provinces, now forming a part of the United States, from Southern California to New Mexico and Arizona, and in which he embodies his impressions of their cities, towns, villages, mining districts, and cattle ranches, and describes the principal features of the country traversed, and its social, industrial, and topographical characteristics.

[5] *Old Mexico and her Lost Provinces.* A Journey in Mexico, Southern California, and Arizona, by Way of Cuba. By WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP. With Illustrations. 12mo, pp. 509. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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ONE of the most important, and, in view of the present attitude of China to the rest of the world, one of the most timely publications of the month, is a new and enlarged edition of Dr. S. Wells Williams's valuable work, *The Middle Kingdom*[6]. This exhaustive survey of the geography, government, literature, science, arts, and history of the Chinese Empire, and of the social life of its inhabitants, was originally published thirty-five years ago, and in the interval has been universally accepted as a standard authority upon all the subjects of which it treats. Since its first publication, however, great and numerous changes have taken place in this extensive and venerable empire, and a wonderful advance has been made by its people and rulers in the arts of civilization and intellectual development. Many of the institutions which had existed from time immemorial, and which had operated to shut out China from the rest of the world, have been modified or swept away, and she has now become one of the family of nations, holding intercourse with other peoples, and maintaining official and treaty relations with them. A new régime has come into power, under which the central administration has radically increased its authority among the provincial rulers, and more than ever in any former years has managed to maintain control over their pretensions, and to solidify the imperial government. Fuller materials have been discovered, or have become accessible, giving a more perfect knowledge of Chinese history, chronology, language, and literature, of the advances that have been made in the arts, sciences, and industries, and more thoroughly illustrating the domestic life and manners of the Chinese, and their religious and political systems. Finally, vast strides have been made in commerce, in the development of the country by railroads and other modes of intercommunication, in immigration, and in various forms of mechanical and agricultural industry; and many historical events, internal and external, have occurred, largely modifying the condition of the people of China, and materially changing their relations to the central authority, as well as the relations of the empire itself to the outer world. All this has necessitated a complete revision of the book, which, indeed, as it has been prosecuted by Dr. Williams, really has amounted to a complete rewriting of it; so that although most of what appeared in the original edition remains unchanged, that related to matters of historical or sociological fact that were then well ascertained, so numerous have been the changes, additions, elisions, and abbreviations rendered necessary by the march of events, and the acquisition of fuller, more exact, and more recent information, that the work is practically a new one. Without entering into an extended synoptical outline of this sterling work, it suffices to say that Dr. Williams has incorporated in it everything that is authentically known of China at this day, including full accounts of its general political divisions, its geographical and topographical features, its population and statistics, its language, its arts and sciences, its natural history, its laws and their administration, its religious and educational systems, its classical and polite literature, its commerce and resources, its history and chronology, its architecture, and its people, their dress, diet, industrial pursuits, and social divisions and daily social life. In addition to this, Dr. Williams gives a history of the internal movement and external pressure which resulted in the present system of foreign intercourse, of the wars of China with England and with its own rebellious subjects, and of all the recent events in China, from the *coup d'état* of Prince Kung in 1861 until 1881.

[6] *The Middle Kingdom.* A Survey of the Chinese Empire and its Inhabitants. By S. WELLS WILLIAMS. Revised Edition. With Illustrations and a New Map of the Empire. In Two Volumes, 8vo, pp. 886 and 775. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

IN the *Riverside Shakspeare*,[7] Mr. Richard Grant White has edited Shakspeare's works alike with discretion and good sense, and in a manner that is creditable to his taste and scholarship. Arranging the plays in their logical order of comedies, histories, and tragedies, and appending the poems to the histories, he assigns a separate generous octavo to each of these convenient natural divisions, and prints the text in a single column on a fair and ample page. At the same time, having an eye to the wants of the intelligent and appreciative reader who turns to Shakspeare for enjoyment instead of for analysis and dissection, rather than to a parade of his own critical dexterity or a display of his own antiquarian or philological acquirements, and not presuming to do the reader's thinking and interpretation for him, he has carefully planned the work so as to present to the public an elegant edition of Shakspeare, which, compact, compendious, easily readable, and moderate in price, should give an authentic text, edited with scrupulous fidelity; should condense in brief introductions to the plays all that is certainly known in regard to the origin and sources of each, its date of publication, and the period of its action; and should explain, in foot-notes—just where, and only where, explanation is really needed—every obsolete or ambiguous word or phrase, not passing over in one play what requires explanation because it has been explained in another, but explaining every obscure word or phrase whenever and wherever it occurs, unless it be found twice in the same scene. Mr. White has carried out

[7] *The Riverside Shakspeare.* Mr. William Shakspeare's Comedies, Histories, Tragedies, and Poems. The Text, newly edited. With Glossarial, Historical, and Explanatory Notes. By RICHARD GRANT WHITE. In Three Volumes. I. *Comedies*, 8vo, pp. 884; II. *Histories and Poems*, 8vo, pp. 928; III. *Tragedies*, 8vo, pp. 1027. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

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his purpose undeviatingly and successfully. His introductions are marvels of terseness, and yet contain everything that an intelligent reader cares to know; his glossarial, historical, and explanatory notes are brief, luminous, and directly to the point; his text is as perfect as the most industrious research and painstaking study could make it; and the concise and excellent life of Shakspeare which he has prefixed to the first volume sets forth every fact that is really known with regard to the life, character, disposition, habits, and writings of the poet. By reason of its convenient size, its judicious arrangement, its thoroughly trustworthy text, and the wise reserve with which it has been edited and annotated, this serviceable edition deserves, above all other editions with which we are familiar, to be made the favorite companion of the man of letters in his study, and of all readers of cultivated literary taste in the seclusion of their libraries or in their hours of leisure.

ALTHOUGH Bret Harte's literary style is commendably free from trick or mannerism, it is so distinctive and peculiar that even the most uncritical reader may easily distinguish it from that of any of his contemporaries. Whether it be a merit or a demerit, his style is unmistakably his own. But if we analyze it we shall find that its uniqueness does not depend upon any novelty or peculiarity in his vocabulary, or syntactical arrangement, or details of structure and composition, but is due to certain characteristic general effects of tone and color which invest his tales with an atmosphere of their own, and which, assisted by the related nature of his subjects, impress a strong family likeness upon them. It is further to be remarked that notwithstanding their strong general resemblance his tales are never monotonous or repetitious; their environments are alike, but never the same; and their details of character, action, movement, and description are rich not only in their variety, but also in their diversity. As in his other tales, the scene of the latest effort of this vigorous and original writer—*In the Carquinez Woods*[8]—is laid in the far West, and shifts back and forth from amid the fresh wildness and grandeur of nature in the solitude of the mighty forest, to the rude and unconventional life and homespun manners of the adjacent clearings on the plains and mountains that form the outer fringe of our civilization. The story is as brief as it is dramatic, and this prompts the observation that brevity and concentration are among those of Bret Harte's literary virtues that might be advantageously imitated by other novelists. One of the most effective of story-tellers, he never wearies his reader by spinning out his incidents and situations, or by ingeniously mystifying and prolonging the catastrophe of his plot, but he produces the most dramatic effects, involving a large play of passion and character and incident, with straightforward simplicity and directness. In this new tale he exhibits his best and most marked characteristics as a story-teller; and although, as is the case in most of his tales, it is occasionally marred by an infusion of coarseness and brutality, there are numerous extended passages in it of exquisite delicacy, pathos, tenderness, and humor, and still others which have been rarely surpassed in all the elements of genuine and sustained dramatic power.

IN his latest novel, *A Woman's Reason*,[9] Mr. Howells has so grafted multiplied incident and vicissitude upon the stem of a slender and rather hackneyed plot, and has caused it so to blossom with engaging varieties and fine contrasts of character, as to hide its triteness and tenuity from the observation of the interested reader, and absorb him in the brilliant and changeful story of which it is the nucleus. In constructive power it has been surpassed by more than one of his former productions, but it is superior to most of them in its artistic groupings, in the blended delicacy, firmness, and definiteness of its detail, and in the ingenuity and simplicity of its narrative. With the exception of the somewhat Crusoe-like experiences of the quasi-hero Fenton upon an atoll, or coral island of the Pacific, the story is remarkable for its fresh naturalness and sequentiality, especially as a transcript of the eventualities and vicissitudes to which our American life is often subject, and of the courage and energy and multiplicity of devices with which these, and the trials and disappointments that follow in their train, are not seldom encountered by our luxuriously bred and high-spirited women. The heroine, Helen Harkness, is an attractive and, we believe, true type of a considerable class of our American women — self-reliant, brave, practical, meeting adversity with courage as they enjoyed prosperity with a keen relish, yet, whether in prosperity or adversity, tender and true, loyal and generous in their friendships, and as true as steel in their love. And although the rather tame and commonplace lover, to whom she remains steadfast in spite of his prolonged absence and reported death, is sketched so shadowily by Mr. Howells and appears so little upon the stage as to remain a comparative stranger, and although our sympathies are warmly enlisted for a manly, open-hearted, and unaffectedly chivalrous young English nobleman, the type of a true gentleman, who becomes her suitor when she is in great extremities, yet her rejection of him and the luxury at his command, and her constancy to her first love, do not disappoint us, since they illustrate traits that are a part of her character

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[8] *In the Carquinez Woods.* By BRET HARTE. 18mo, pp. 241. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[9] *A Woman's Reason.* By WILLIAM D. HOWELLS. 12mo, pp. 466. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

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as a true woman, without which its symmetry and beauty would have been spoiled. As is his wont, Mr. Howells introduces in his story some interesting studies of social phases and problems, but these are not paraded, and seem a natural consequence of the events and incidents he describes. Its paramount interest resides in its gradual and felicitous development and skillful portraiture of the character and disposition of a few central figures that revolve around the resolute and high-spirited but tender, gentle, and womanly heroine.

THE religious and metaphysical disquisitions, reflections, moralizings, and textual and doctrinal exercitations, and the educational theories, which Mr. George Macdonald interjects here and there with a free hand, and sometimes at considerable length, throughout his story of *Donal Grant*,[10] may deter some who are neither superficial nor frivolous readers from its perusal, or may provoke them, after mastering a few of its chapters, to throw it down in weariness of spirit. We assure all such that they are great losers, not only because these passages, which at first sight impress them as being dry and tedious, are remarkable for their originality and practical wisdom, are often pregnant with keen or quaint humor, and are invariably essential to a just comprehension of the idiosyncrasies of the characters who figure in the narrative, but because the story itself, though unquestionably marked by oddities and incongruities, is one of singular power and attractiveness. Donal Grant, its central figure, is pre-eminently an original and strong character, whose sturdy and unflagging efforts for religious and intellectual growth, and whose gentleness, tenderness, self-restraint, simple purity, moral and physical courage, steadfast loyalty to principle and duty, and clear-sightedness in penetrating and unravelling the uncanny and the preternatural, exert a wholesome and invigorating influence upon all who come in contact with him, and affect the reader scarcely less impressively. The tale is rich in situations and incidents native to Scottish life and character among the vigorous middle and peasant class; but its principal charm is the weird Ratcliffian air with which it is impregnated, and which impresses the reader with a delicious sense of the mysterious and the supernatural, until it is dispelled by the ingenuity and sagacity of the hero. Many of the situations and incidents resemble in their tone and pleasantly recall similar scenes in Mrs. Ratcliffe's old-fashioned but perennially delightful romances.

MISS BRADDON'S *Phantom Fortune*[11] is a tale whose incidents and plot could have had no basis of reality outside of Great Britain. A Governor-General of India dishonors his country and disgraces himself by his vileness as a man, and his rapacity, dishonesty, and unfaithfulness as a ruler, and forestalling his recall and the arraignment before the House of Lords, which are inevitable, he resigns his office and sails for England laden with the ignominious wealth that his perfidy had extorted from the people he had misgoverned. The tidings of his rascality and impending disgrace reach his beautiful and imperious wife in England in advance of his return, and although she knows that the nation, and in especial the aristocratic world of London, of which she is the acknowledged cynosure, are agog with his infamy, and speculating on the punishment that awaited him, she makes no sign that she is conscious of it, but hiding the pangs that lacerate her proud spirit, continues to reign the recognized and unquestioned queen of society, as though her title to do so were unimpeached and unimpeachable. When the husband reaches English soil, she is there to meet him; and to enable him to escape the opprobrium that impended, and to prepare a defense, if one were possible, she forces him by her superior will to accompany her to their secluded country-seat in distant Sutherlandshire. On the way thither she learns from a sure intelligencer that, unless he should die before an investigation is ordered, his exposure and condemnation would be inevitable, his entire landed property be confiscated, his last sixpence be held answerable, his family beggared, and an illustrious family name branded with shame. Thinking not of herself, but of the noble name she inherited as well as the one she bore, and determined to preserve his estates for their youthful son, she availed of a sudden access of illness which had prostrated her husband and left him apparently lifeless, to feign that he had died, and to bury a convenient substitute in his stead, thus averting the threatened exposure and punishment, and preserving his title and estates to his son. For nearly half a century she secludes her husband, at length become almost an imbecile, in the concealment of one of the wings of their rambling old country home, where he lives the life of a sybarite as the putative uncle of the steward. Meanwhile their son reaches manhood, succeeds to the title and estates, dies, and leaves a son and two daughters, all of them having remained in utter ignorance of the living death of the old lord, though residing under the same roof with him. The constant strain of this deception, the long-continued acting a difficult part, and the air of mystery with which it enveloped the life of this imperious and in many respects grand woman, from the rich summer of her days until venerable and still beautiful old age, is powerfully depicted, and gives rise to many striking incidents. The young lord, her grandson, is an honorable young fellow, actively engaged

[10] *Donal Grant*. A Novel. By GEORGE MACDONALD. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 101. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *Phantom Fortune*. A Novel. By M. E. BRADDON. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 96. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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in sowing his wild oats, but with all his lightness worthy of his grandmother's love; but she has concentrated all the wealth of her affections upon the elder of his sisters, because she inherits her own peerless beauty, though not inheriting her indomitable will and superb intellect. It is her favorite dream that this young beauty, who is also the destined heir of her immense accumulated wealth, is to re-enact her rôle as a society queen, and is to marry the son of her first love, a nobleman of the highest rank and noblest character, and for this she schemes to introduce the young lady into society under the auspices of one of her quondam titled friends, not, however, before the girl had made the acquaintance and won the love of a friend of her brother, who was thought to be merely one of his companions of humble birth. She returned his love, but it did not sink deeply in her shallow nature, and at the command of her strong-willed grandmother she cancelled it without a pang, and entered upon a season of London life, where she finally becomes affianced to a rich Commoner whom she does not really love. In the mean time her first lover sees her younger sister, a brave and true-hearted young girl, richly endowed with every good gift of person and character, in whose companionship his transient love for the elder sister is exorcised, and he wooes and wins her, after which it transpires that he is the nobleman for whose marriage with her favorite the grandmother had so long and fruitlessly schemed. Finally, the old rascal lord dies, the elder sister becomes involved in a scandal which at one time promised to be tragic in its consequences, the grandmother, conquered by the sterling qualities of the younger sister, takes her to her heart of hearts, and the curtain falls on a scene of general happiness. The story, though strongly sensational in some of its parts, is one of sustained and engrossing interest.

MRS. RIDDELL'S *A Struggle for Fame*[12] is a strong but not a cheerful novel. Even its love passages are tinged with sad sobriety. Nor could it be otherwise in a tale which depicts the struggle of two young adventurers who were aspirants for literary fame through weary years of waiting and disappointment, made more intolerable by poverty, before the tardy recognition of the public is vouchsafed them. The young adventurers, one a thick-skinned, self-sufficient youth, unburdened by any responsibilities, and who fancies that he needs only to come and see the world in order to take it by storm, and the other a shrinking maiden, burdened with the care of a broken-down and luckless father, and whose appraisal of her really fine abilities are more modest, and her visions of success less sanguine, drift from an obscure province of Ireland upon the vast Maelstrom of London life. The youth goes thither with a predetermination to live by his wits, and circumstances force the girl to live by hers. Then follow dreary days of trial, discouragement, and disillusion, of crude apprentice-work deservedly rejected, and of good work, wrought well and worthily after hard and long training, tardily appreciated, till finally, after years of toil and tribulation, both conquer a measure of success corresponding to their merits, and find the niche that fits them. In the course of the story many secrets of the London newspaper press and publishing houses are laid bare with a light but vigorous hand, and the shifts and devices of editors, publishers, and authors are graphically described. Doubtless there is much of exaggeration in these descriptions, but none the less are they racy reading. The novel is not of the kind that the young Laura Matildas who revel in the intricacies and involvements of love will greatly relish, but it will be read with keen and amused interest by the experienced and thoughtful.

[12] *A Struggle for Fame.* A Novel. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 98. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THE remaining works of fiction that have been published during the month comprise the following: a new edition, being the sixth American edition, in handsome library form, of Dr. Blackmore's masterly story of English rural life in the seventeenth century, *Lorna Doone*[13]; *Stephen, M.D.*,[14] a story by Miss Warner, author of *The Wide, Wide World*, full of encouragements and incitements to the young, describing the career of a self-made man, who rose from humble beginnings to eminence as a physician and philanthropist by application and a strict adherence to Christian duty; *A Newport Aquarelle*,[15] a bright and varied love story, set in a frame-work of Newport fashionable social life, by a graceful anonymous writer; *A Woman of Honor*,[16] a tale of New York society, in which some phases of artist life are cleverly sketched, and the oversensitive and somewhat fastidious sense of honor of a pure and delicate maiden, together with the felicities and infelicities of married life, are depicted neatly, and sometimes with fine dramatic effects; *Aldersyde*[17], a quiet, tender, pathetic story, illustrative of a phase of the social life of the Scottish border seventy years ago, by Annie S. Swan; and *Miss Prudence*,[18] a cheer-

[13] *Lorna Doone.* A Romance of Exmoor. By R. D. BLACKMORE. Library Edition. 12mo, pp. 560. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[14] *Stephen, M.D.* By the Author of The Wide, Wide World. 12mo, pp. 642. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[15] *A Newport Aquarelle.* 12mo, pp. 250. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[16] *A Woman of Honor.* By H. C. BUNNER. 16mo, pp. 336. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[17] *Aldersyde.* By ANNIE S. SWAN. 12mo, pp. 318. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[18] *Miss Prudence.* By Mrs. NATHANIEL CONKLIN (JENNIE M. DRINKWATER). 12mo, pp. 463. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

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ful religious novel by Mrs. Conklin, abounding in wholesome pictures of happy home, school, and wedded life.

AMONG the new editions and reprints on our table are several which would be welcome additions to the libraries of many of our readers. From the "Riverside Press" are four volumes of a fine library edition of *Emerson's Complete Works*,[19] comprising Nature, Addresses, and Lectures; Essays, first and second series; and Representative Men. The edition when complete will consist of eleven volumes, and will comprise a number of pieces, lectures, and occasional addresses that have not been printed hitherto, or have only appeared separately or in periodicals.

From the same publishers we have received a collection of essays by Oliver Wendell Holmes, written between 1857 and 1881, and now printed in handsome library form, with the general title, *Pages from an Old Volume of Life*.[20]

Mr. Thomas Whitaker reprints in a generous octavo a popular edition of an old favorite of the thoughtful, the bookish, the sad, the solitary, the jocund, the social, and the lovers of curious odds and ends, *Saunders's Salad for the Solitary and the Social*.[21] The edition is appropriately illustrated. The work, as thousands of grateful readers have already experienced, is an inexhaustible magazine from whence to draw genial intellectual entertainment and sharp provocatives to wholesome mirth and gayety.

THE appearance of illustrated books for juveniles is as certain a premonition of the approach of the holidays as is that of the bluebirds of spring. Thus far they have not come in great numbers, but few as they are, we are barely able to announce them. Among them are the following: *The Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through Africa*,[22] being the fifth volume in the "Boy Travellers Series," by Thomas W. Knox, for a more particular account of which the reader is referred to this Record for October last; *The Ball of the Vegetables*,[23] a charming mixture of fable, apologue, and fairy lore, by Margaret Eytinge, which has been already noticed in this Magazine for September last; *Young Folks' Whys and Wherefores*,[24] a running explanation, adapted to juvenile readers, in the form of a series of family conversations, of many familiar but curious natural phenomena; *Our Young Folks' Plutarch*,[25] a condensation, in simple form, and chaste and perspicuous language, of "Plutarch's Lives"; *The Story of Roland*,[26] a modern version, for the use of boys and girls, of the famous mediæval romance of Charlemagne and his Paladins; *The American Girl's Home Book of Work and Play*,[27] by Helen Campbell, an illustrated *vade mecum* of rainy-day amusements and home-made toys, of in-door and out-door games, sports, and exercises, of lessons in sewing and dolls' dressmaking, of directions for the manufacture of ornaments and presents out of stuffs, card-board, tissue-paper, and leather, and of instruction in the arts of drawing and designing, of working in shells, mosses, and pine-cones, of bird, bee, and poultry rearing, of floriculture, silk culture, and gardening, and in fine of work in general; *Abraham Lincoln, the Backwoods Boy; or, How a Young Rail-Splitter became President*,[28] by Horatio Alger, Jun.; *Among the Lakes*,[29] by William O. Stoddard; *The Hoosier School-Boy*,[30] by Edward Eggleston; *Godfrey Morgan*, a Californian Mystery,[31] by Jules Verne; *The English Bodley Family*,[32] by Horace E. Scudder; *Jock Halliday*,[33] by Robina F. Hardy; *A Bag of Stories*,[34] by Anna B. Warner; *Four Little Friends*;[35] and *Jingles and Joys for Wee Girls and Boys*,[36] by Mary D. Brine.

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[19] *Emerson's Complete Works.* New and Revised Edition. I. *Nature, Addresses, and Lectures*, 12mo, pp. 372; II. *Essays*, First Series, 12mo, pp. 343; III. *Essays*, Second Series, 12mo, pp. 270; IV. *Representative Men*, 12mo, pp. 276. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[20] *Pages from an Old Volume of Life.* A Collection of Essays, 1857–1881. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 12mo, pp. 433. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[21] *Salad for the Solitary and the Social.* By FREDERICK SAUNDERS. Illustrated. Popular Edition. 8vo, pp. 526. New York: Thomas Whitaker.

[22] *The Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through Africa.* The Boy Travellers in the Far East.—Part Fifth. By THOMAS W. KNOX. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 473. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[23] *The Ball of the Vegetables, and Other Stories, in Prose and Verse.* By MARGARET EYTINGE. Illustrated. Sq. 8vo, pp. 246. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[24] *Young Folks' Whys and Wherefores.* A Story. By Uncle Lawrence. Sq. 8vo, pp. 245. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[25] *Our Young Folks' Plutarch.* Edited by ROSALIE KAUFMAN. 8vo, pp. 460. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[26] *The Story of Roland.* By JAMES BALDWIN. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 415. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[27] *The American Girl's Home Book of Work and Play.* By HELEN CAMPBELL. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 417. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[28] *Abraham Lincoln, the Backwoods Boy.* By HORATIO ALGER, Jun. 12mo, pp. 307. New York: John B. Anderson and Henry S. Allen.

[29] *Among the Lakes.* By WILLIAM O. STODDARD. 16mo, pp. 321. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[30] *The Hoosier School-Boy.* By EDWARD EGGLESTON. 12mo, pp. 181. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[31] *Godfrey Morgan:* a Californian Mystery. By JULES VERNE. 12mo, pp. 272. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[32] *The English Bodley Family.* By HORACE E. SCUDDER. Illustrated. 4to, pp. 195. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[33] *Jock Halliday:* a Grassmarket Hero. By ROBINA F. HARDY. 18mo, pp. 192. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[34] *A Bag of Stories.* By ANNA B. WARNER. 18mo, pp. 238. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[35] *Four Little Friends; or, Papa's Daughters in Town.* By Mrs. MARY D. BRINE. 4to, pp. 256. Illustrated. New York: Cassell and Co.

[36] *Jingles and Joys for Wee Girls and Boys.* By MARY D. BRINE. Folio, pp. 160. Illustrated. New York: Cassell and Co.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 15th of October.—State nominations were made as follows: New York Republican, September 19—Secretary of State, J. B. Carr (renominated); Comptroller, Ira Davenport (renominated); State Treasurer, Pliny T. Sexton; State Engineer and Surveyor, Silas Seymour (renominated); Attorney-General, Leslie W. Russell (renominated). Massachusetts Republican, September 19—Governor, George D. Robinson; Lieutenant-Governor, Oliver Ames; Secretary of State, Henry B. Peirce; Treasurer, Daniel A. Gleason; Attorney-General, Edgar J. Sherman; Auditor, Charles R. Ladd. Maryland Democratic, September 19—Governor, Robert M. McLane; Attorney-General, Charles B. Roberts; Comptroller, J. Frank Turner. New York Prohibition, September 26—Secretary of State, Frederick Gates; Comptroller, Stephen Merritt; State Treasurer, James Baldwin; State Engineer, George A. Dudley; Attorney-General, Virgil A. Willard. Massachusetts Prohibition, September 20—Governor, Charles Almy. Massachusetts Democratic, September 26—Governor, B. F. Butler; Lieutenant-Governor, Frederick O. Prince; Secretary of State, Charles Marke; Treasurer and Receiver-General, C. H. Ingalls; Attorney-General, John W. Cummings; Auditor, John Hopkins. New York Democratic, September 27—Secretary of State, Isaac H. Maynard; Comptroller, Alfred C. Chapin; State Treasurer, Robert A. Maxwell; Attorney-General, Dennis O'Brien; State Engineer and Surveyor, Elnathan Sweet. Maryland Republican, September 27—Governor, Hart B. Holton; Comptroller, Dr. W. Smith; Attorney-General, R. S. Matthews.

The Ohio election, held October 9, was carried by the Democrats, with a majority of about 10,000 for George Hoadly as Governor. The prohibition amendment was defeated. Iowa went Republican, the same day, on the whole ticket by 30,000 plurality. The Democratic candidate for Congress, John C. Cook, was elected by a small majority.

The Germania Monument, at Niederwald, Germany, to commemorate the victory of 1870–71, was unveiled September 28, in the presence of a great multitude, including the Emperor William and nearly all the prominent persons connected with the military and civil government.

A terrific battle was fought before Miragoane, Hayti, during the week ending September 8, the government troops sustaining a serious defeat.

Direct telegraphic communication between New York and Brazil, *vid* Central and South America, was opened September 21. The first message was sent from President Arthur to the Emperor.

The Ohio Scott Liquor-tax Law collections have amounted to $2,000,000.

The reduction of postage in the United States from three to two cents went into operation October 1.

On the occasion of the visit of King Alfonso of Spain to Paris, September 29, he was hooted and hissed by a crowd of working-men at the railway station, and the soldiers and police had great difficulty in keeping order. President Grévy personally apologized to the King. When the news reached Spain the indignation of the people was unbounded. In Madrid Frenchmen were openly insulted, and the French Embassy was threatened. The Spanish Ministry being unable to agree upon what course to pursue in view of the refusal of France to make further reparation, resigned October 11. A new cabinet was formed, as follows: Señor Posada-Herrera, President of the Council; Señor Ruiz Gomez, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Señor Gallostra, Minister of Finance; Señor Moret, Minister of the Interior; Señor Linares-Rivas, Minister of Justice; Señor Sardoal, Minister of Commerce; General Lopez-Dominguez, Minister of War; Señor Valcarcel, Minister of Marine; Señor Suarez-Inclar, Minister of the Colonies.—The French Minister of War, General Thibaudin, who willfully absented himself from the reception given the Spanish King, was asked to resign, and General Campenon was appointed in his place.

DISASTERS.

September 20.—Fifteen miners killed by an explosion of fire-damp in a mine near Unna, Westphalia.

September 25.—Many persons killed by railroad accident near Verciorova, on the way from Paris for Constantinople.

September 28.—Gunpowder explosion, Villena, Spain, killing fifteen persons.

September 29.—Forty Chinamen killed by explosion at the California Powder-Works, Stege's Station.—Lake steamer *Colorado* wrecked near Buffalo by bursting of boiler. Three men killed.

October 3.—Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Exposition Building destroyed by fire. Loss, $1,000,000.

October 12.—Village of La Estralla, Spain, flooded. Sixteen houses destroyed and over forty lives lost.

OBITUARY.

September 19.—In Paris, France, Antoine Ferdinand Joseph Plateau, the Belgian scientist, aged eighty-two years.

September 22.—At Summit, New Jersey, Rev. Dr. Edwin F. Hatfield, in his seventy-seventh year.

October 2.—In Baltimore, Maryland, Joshua R. Sands, Rear-Admiral U.S.N., aged eighty-eight years.

October 10.—In Montreal, Rev. Dr. F. C. Ewer, of New York, in his fifty-eighth year.

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Editor's Drawer.



"At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour."

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

CHRISTMAS almost turns December into May in these latitudes. It illuminates the shortest days and the darkest month of the year. The Pilgrim Fathers tried to give November a lift with Thanksgiving. But November got such a bad name in literature in England that little could be done with it. We threw in our Indian summer, but that makes only a faint impression in our apprehension over against the London fog. This fog has spread all over the English-speaking world, as all slavishly submit to it, and, through the English literature and tradition, let it color our views of life. We are mainly unconscious of the subtle influence upon ourselves and upon national character of what we read, and we never know how our imagination and fancy in daily life are controlled by the poet and the story-teller. November in many parts of this country is not a month to be ashamed of, and I am convinced that our feeling toward it would be very different if we were the lineal inheritors of Italian instead of English literature.

We have been more fortunate about December. The Yule-log and the merry-making in cottage and hall cast a glow over it, Germany decks it with evergreens, and, so much stronger is our imagination than our senses, we can almost hear in it the rustle of Oriental palms. Perhaps the reality to the Scotch peasant when he goes to dig his sheep out of a snow-drift on Christmas-eve is that other scene,

> While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
> All seated on the ground.

Somehow it has come about that this is the most cheerful time of the year, notwithstanding the sun has gone away on a journey, and left nature stark and laid out in white. Just at the time by the calendar when the sympathies ought to be all frozen up, lo! human nature, in disregard of the bitter season, blooms out in the sweetest flowering-time of all the year. It is a bad season for the pessimists and the utilitarian philosophers who maintain that it is the first duty of every man and woman to take care of his or her own self. Christmas comes in, not only to make December a tolerable month, but to teach that he who does most for others does most for himself, and that a man's only sure possession is that which he gives away. The moth hunts around in vain for the free-hearted gift. Perhaps Christmas does more than any other one institution to keep that old-fashioned virtue, loving-kindness, alive in the world.

The Drawer could preach a little sermon on this topic without invading any pulpit, but it is quite unnecessary; it has come about that at Christmas-time nearly everybody is a practical preacher of charity, so completely does the divine contagion of it transform the so-called Christian world for the time being. If only the world would not so quickly lay it aside, and send in its bills for it on the 1st of January! Christmas is in fact a sort of electric accumulator, and we sometimes think there is enough of it condensed into a week to last the year round if it were properly distributed. Why should all the turkeys and the geese die in one holocaust? Why make a fashion of divine charity? Why not imitate the Drawer—this is a suggestion of correspondents, and not of its modest self—which seeks to diffuse geniality and good-fellowship throughout the twelve months?

THE publication by D. Appleton and Co. of a *Biographical Memoir of John Keese*, by his son, William L. Keese, recalls recollections of a wit and good fellow well known of all New-Yorkers thirty years ago as the prince of auctioneers. No play was greater entertainment than to hear Mr. Keese rattle through a catalogue, flashing wit and repartee with every swing of his hammer. To repeat his spontaneous brilliancy can give little idea of its effect when he poured it forth in the hurry and excitement of a sale. He had a wide knowledge of books and authors, a wonderful memory, a keen perception of fun, and a celerity of retort that made his sales intellectual entertainments. He was not only the wittiest book-auctioneer of his day, but he was unique in his humorous handling of books and an audience. One of his admirers said of him that he "should die of *ennui* if Keese quit the auctioneer business. It would be a public calamity. He always looks to me like the ghost of Sheridan, sick of Parliament, and just emi-

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grated, set up in the book-auction business in New York as a sort of practical joke on himself." A few of his flashes are reported.

Selling a black-letter volume *Concerning the Apparel of Ministers*, he supposed it referred to their "surplus ornaments"; and he assured his audience that the poems of the Rev. Mr. Logan were the "Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon"—at all events the brays. "There was no quarter at Waterloo, my dear sir," he said to a bidder of twenty-five cents for a narrative of that conflict. "Really, sir, this is too much pork for a shilling," was his pathetic remark at the sacrifice of a copy of Bacon's essays for twelve and a half cents. "Going—going, gentlemen: ten cents for *Caroline Fry*.



Facilis descensus,



Sed retro—!

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

Why, it isn't the price of a stew!"—a jest prompted, perhaps, by a thought of the supper awaiting him at Dowling's, in Wall Street. And the same reflection probably suggested his interpretation of the letters F.R.S.—"Fried, Roasted, and Stewed." A volume by the Rev. Dr. Hawks was accompanied by the quiet observation, "A bird of pray, gentlemen." He knocked down *Death's Doings* for seventy-five cents "to a decayed apothecary," with the consolatory comment of "smallest *fevers* gratefully received," and introduced a volume of impossible verse with, "This is a book" (glancing at the biographical sketch) "by a poor and pious girl—who wrote poor and pious poetry." A joke much relished by the book-binding fraternity was his likening a ledger to Austria, because it was backed and covered by Russia; and when it was knocked down to Mr. Owen Phalen, he paused at the name and said, reflectively, "Don't know about selling to a man who is always Owen and Phalen." To a bidder who wanted to know where the outside of his copy of Lamb was, the auctioneer conjectured that "somebody had fleeced it," adding, consolingly, "but you can recover it, you know." A backgammon board was put up "to be sold on the square, and as perfect as any copy of Milton," which comparison necessitated the explanation that there was "a pair o' dice lost"; and *Three Eras of a Woman's Life* elicited the punning comment, "Wonderful woman—only three errors! How much?—thirty cents—only ten cents apiece—not very expensive errors, after all."

On an Atlantic steamer bound for New York, a year or so ago, the usual entertainment for the benefit of a Liverpool charity was projected. There happened to be on board a good many "professionals," actors and singers, who all promised to take part, except one, who kept aloof, and stubbornly declined to assist. As he was the star most desired, every effort was made to change his mind, and the committee of arrangements at last applied to Mr. P. T. Barnum (who was, as usual, an inconspicuous passenger), and begged him to labor with the reluctant singer. Mr. Barnum undertook the mission, and after stating the case and making his appeal, somewhat to his surprise the man at once assented.

"I refused all these people," he said, "and I dislike exceedingly to take part in this sort of entertainment, but if you ask me, Mr. Barnum, I can not decline. I am glad to do anything that will please you."

Mr. Barnum felt much complimented, but protested a little, when the man continued:

"You did me a great favor once, Mr. Barnum, and I never have forgotten it. You may not recall it, but I am under great obligations to you."

"Why," hesitated the great showman, "I must confess that I don't recall—I don't remember any circumstance, and yet your face is familiar. I haven't forgot that. Where was it we met?"

"Oh! it was thirty years ago, Mr. Barnum. *I took the first prize in your first baby show.* I've always felt grateful to you."

We are all affected by appeals to our imagination, more or less powerfully, as the case may be. Here is an extreme case:

Two ragged, hungry negroes, to whom the law, "If thou wilt not work, neither shalt thou eat," was a dead letter, chanced to meet on a country road. "Hy're, Jim?" said the foot-passenger to his friend, who was mounted on the sorriest of nags.

"Well, middlin', thank you. How's you yerself?"

"So-so, Jim. Ain't had nothin' to eat sence yesterday. Times is hard, I tell you."

"Dat's so. I's mighty empty myself. Wish I knowed where der wuz a chicken runnin' loose."

"Jim," said his friend, approaching him and

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A MODERN MARLEY: A SERMON IN FIVE HEADS.

laying his hand on the bit of rope that did duty for a bridle, "what you say to dis?"—here his manner grew very impressive, and his eyes glistened over the unctuous details—"take a good fat 'possum, pairbile him, ro's' him brown, and sarve him up wid 'coon grease and 'taters!"

Unable to bear the thought of this Barmecidal feast, Jim gave him a shove, saying: "Hush, nigger!—I fall right off dis hoss!"

A WORTHY, unpretending specimen of the genus *noureau riche* once gave a dinner party to Jesse Bledsoe, the brilliant Senator from Kentucky, and asked a number of prominent men. In the course of it the man who sat next to Mr. Bledsoe winked significantly at him, as he helped himself liberally a second time to some dainty, and said,

"Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them, you know, Senator."

"Yes. And have you never heard that 'wise men make speeches, and fools repeat them'?" replied the latter, quick as thought, disgusted with his neighbor's want of regard for the sacredness of the salt.

TALKING of dinner parties, a gentleman not long since was dining with a friend, and was asked to take down a certain lady. Now there were two ladies present, one a widow, whose husband had not died in the odor of sanctity, the other a married woman, whose husband had gone to Ceylon. The unfortunate thought he had the married lady on his arm, but it was the widow, and turning to her with his most fascinating smile, he said,

"Nice day this has been."

"Do you think so? It has been so awfully hot!" replied she.

"Do you call *this* hot?" said he, archly. "Why, it is nothing compared to the place your husband has gone to."

SHORTLY after Edgar Allan Poe commenced writing, he published one of his poems ("Ali Aref") in pamphlet form for distribution among his friends. To one of his college mates (now an elderly gentleman) this pamphlet was handed by the poet. Taking it home with him, he sat down and puzzled over its meaning in vain. Thinking himself too dull, without saying anything he put the book on the mantel-piece where his father would be sure to pick it up before breakfast, and went to bed. Next morning when he entered the *salle à manger* the first thing said by his father was:

"Well, what sort of book is that you left on the mantel-piece? I have been trying to understand it ever since I got down, and can't make heads or tails of it."

"That's exactly my case, father. I thought I would see if you could make it out any better than I did."

An intimate friend from boyhood of Edgar Allan Poe says he never saw him smile in his life. As a boy and young man he was retiring, and made few friends. He was strong, and devoted to all sorts of athletic games, about

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which he went in a serious, determined way, as in all things else. His melancholy and peculiar ways were in keeping with his weird writings. Once at school a big boy got his head under his arm, and was giving him a terrible beating, until by-standers freed him. While the beating was in progress Poe kept perfectly still and endured it, being of an enduring, tough physique. On emerging, he remarked that he had determined to wait until the fellow got exhausted, when he meant to pummel him once for all—just like his usual notions of proceeding. He was courageous, though he never sought difficulties.

KATIE'S KISSES.

To me Katie I said, "It's a taste
  Uv thim lips that I'd have, an' indade
They belong to me now wid yersilf,
  An' so purty fur kissin' were made."

But she answered an' tould me, wid eyes
  That no star in the sky could eclipse,
"An' it's thrue they belong to yersilf,
  Sure how 'ud ye kiss yer own lips?"

"Jist as aisy," I cried, "as to spake,
  An' swater nor honey. The sun
Is cowlder by far." But she vowed
  The likes uv it couldn't be done.

Thin I offered the same to restore
  Wid a seal jist as thrue as the day;
But she said, "I 'ud niver take back
  What once I had given away."

"An' I'll lind ye the loan uv 'em, dear,"
  I replied; but wid infinite scorn
She axed, did I think that her lips
  Were made fur to rint or to pawn?

Thin I sat jist as mute as a stone,
  An' niver a word did I say,
Till Katie, onaisy like, pouted her lips
  (Och, the rogue!) in a ravishin' way,

An' wid dimples to timpt all the saints,
  An' wid blushes 'way up to her brow,
As soft as an angel she spake, "'Ud ye like
  To be lindin' the loan uv 'em now?"

C. H. THAYER.

THE PUZZLED CAPTAIN.

SOME years ago, while employed writing in the cabin of a packet-ship bound from New York to Charleston, South Carolina, we were informed that a ship sailing northward had been sighted from the mast-head, and was then approaching within speaking distance.

We hastened on deck, and discovered our captain, with his speaking-trumpet in hand, ready to hail the stranger. But when the vessel got within call her commander anticipated ours, and in a very squeaking voice inquired the name of our ship. The proper answer was given, and then came the question from our captain:

"What ship's that?"

The same squeaking voice responded, "*Ino*."

Now our skipper was not familiar with the names of the heathen deities. He had neither heard nor read of Ino. So thinking that he had misunderstood the reply, he again put the trumpet to his lips, and exclaimed, "What name did you say?"

By this time the vessels were fully abreast of each other, and there could be no mistaking the name that came over the waves, in the same peculiar tones: "*Ino*."

Our captain frowned. He turned toward the group of passengers on the deck, as if seeking of them an explanation. Two or three smiled, but no one volunteered to solve the puzzle. At length he said, aloud, "It would be very strange if he didn't know the name of his own ship. Hang his impudence! Does he mean to insult me?"

Up again went the trumpet, and again was heard the query, "What name did you say?"

The vessels were now so far apart that it seemed doubtful if the most stentorian voice could reach us, but, to our astonishment, quite distinctly came the answer for the third time, "*Ino*."

Our captain was a very polite man, and, as a rule, never swore before ladies; but now his anger overcame his sense of propriety, and, once more lifting his trumpet to his mouth, he shouted, "Go to—Kamtchatka!"

Whether the commander of the *Ino* heard the last words of our skipper we can not say, but certain it is that he did not go to the place directed, for we shortly afterward heard of his safe arrival at New York. C. K. B.

AFTER General Lee became president of the university at Lexington, Virginia, one of the staff officers of his army, and a warm personal friend, presented him with a fine riding-horse, and pressed him to visit him at his home, about fifty miles distant, in an adjoining county. The invitation was accepted, and on the day fixed the Confederate chieftain started out from Lexington, accompanied by his eldest daughter, Mary, and by Major ——, the aforesaid officer, acting as escort to the party, all on horseback. The ride was fatiguing, the weather hot, and the young lady, noted as her father for a fondness of sleeping late in the morning, bethought herself of inquiring of the major the hour at which breakfast would be served at his home.

"Well, miss," replied the major, with the greatest ingenuousness, "as we have come pretty far, and you appear to be quite tired, I reckon we won't have breakfast to-morrow until just a little before light."

The announcement, while astonishing Miss Mary, caused General Lee to laugh heartily, and to tease her about it the remainder of the trip.

DURING the early discussions of the tariff question in Congress, the late Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, who was then a Whig, in speaking on the subject to a large meeting in the old "Club House," in Richmond, Virginia, illustrated the general ignorance prevailing in

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his part of the country by the following example: One of his illiterate neighbors, who had never been over three miles from home, had that same year been out on a turkey-hunt. He winged one of the flock, and in trying to escape, the bird crossed a railway then just completed, and of course an entire novelty. The pursuing countryman stopped to examine the road, and just then an engine, puffing and blowing, hove in sight. Scared out of his wits, the countryman left turkey and all, and running home as fast as his feet could carry him, threw himself on the floor in a fainting fit. His wife, after bathing his temples and bringing him "to," asked:

"Well, husband, what could it have been?"

"I don't know," was his reply, "unless it was that derned tariff that has broke loose."

THE OLD BREVOORT FARM.

BY GIDEON J. TUCKER.

A snug little farm was the old Brevoort,
Where cabbages grew of the choicest sort;
Full-headed and generous, ample and fat,
In a queenly way on their stems they sat;
And there was much boast of their genuine breed,
For from Utrecht had been brought their seed.

These cabbages, made into sauerkraut,
Were the pride of the country round about;
And their flavor was praised at each bauer feast,
Among the Stuyvesants far to the east,
The Delanceys that in the South Meadows lay,
And the Strykers perched up at Stryker's Bay.

The Brevoorts had lived, as the record appears,
On the farm for a hundred and fifty years;
From Brevoort in Holland at first they came,
From that parent village they took their name,
Whence the head of the family—his name was Rip—
To New Netherlands sailed in an Amsterdam ship.

The farm in itself was not so great,
Alongside the Stuyvesants' splendid estate,
But its pumpkins were golden, its apples round,
And buckwheat grew on the upland ground;
For a rule of diet the family had—
To eat buckwheat cakes from green corn till shad.

Some mulberries, quinces, and Dordrecht pears
Grew where Grace Church its new steeple rears;
Some creeping grape-vines on trellis had run
Where now stands the statue of Washington;
On the spot where Brevoort House proudly towers
Were clumps of orange-hued *bloomajic* flowers.

The homestead, at the east end of the lands,
Was where Grace Memorial House now stands;
In its garden Dutch tulips of every shade
Their beautiful forms and dyes displayed;
A low-roofed and unpretentious abode,
The homestead confronted a dusty road.

A merry old Dutchman was Mr. Brevoort,
Who had not lived eighty odd years for naught;
With abundant waist and a laughing blue eye,
And a nose of a color a trifle high,
A gouty foot and long silvery hair,
And a forehead as free as a child's from care.

You saw, just through his open half-door,
The well-scoured planks of the sanded floor;
And within the cupboard was ranged on a shelf
Old-fashioned crockery brought from Delft.

The roof o'er his porch for shade was a boon
In the heat of a summer afternoon.

In front of the spot where his tulips grew
Ran the road now known as Fourth Avenue;
Thence a lane to East River through fields of wheat—
It now goes by the name of Eleventh Street;
And as the old gentleman sat in his porch,
He could look down that lane to the Bouwerie Church.

To him, thus enjoying his leisure and cheer,
One fine afternoon some surveyors drew near.
He offered a glass of old Holland schnapps;
They accepted with thanks, but produced him some maps,
And showed him a project was well under way
To open Eleventh Street through to Broadway.

The red lines and blue they duly explained:
The land this one owned, and the bounds that one claimed;
An assessment put here, and there an award,
To run curb and gutter through his garden and sward.
He listened with patience as long as he could,
And then he remarked, "he'd be blanked if they should!"

He fought all their maps, and he fought their reports,
Corporation, surveyors, commissioners, courts.
He hired his lawyers well learned in the law;
The plans and the statutes to fragments they tore.
But before all was through, Mr. Brevoort expires,
And calmly he sleeps at St. Mark's with his sires.

The city abandoned the suit at the last.
He knew not his triumph, his struggle was past.
His cabbage plot's built on, his tulips are gone;
Where his old homestead stood is a palace of stone.
But this of the Dutchman's good pluck we can say—
Eleventh Street's not opened through to this day.

A GENTLEMAN residing in the city of Binghamton has in his employ an aged negro whose early life was spent south of Mason and Dixon's line, and as a chattel or property. The gentleman is a keen observer of human nature, and, enjoying a good thing, has drawn the old negro out on many important questions of theology, law, and logic. In a conversation some time ago he said to him:

"S——, I have heard that all colored people would steal. Is it so?"

"No, 'tain't so; 'tis a lie."

"Well," said the gentleman, "when you were a slave, didn't you sometimes take a chicken or a turkey from your master, and eat it?"

"Yes," said S——, "sometimes took a chicken, or a duck, or a turkey, but, Lord bress you! dat wa'n't stealin'."

"Why not?"

"Well, I tell you: dat chicken he was property, I was property, and if *property took property to support property*, dat wa'n't stealin'—d'ye see?"

Could any logic be more subtle and conclusive?

AN OLD NEGRO IN LOVE.

AT the Blue Ridge Springs, some years ago, I heard some youths chaffing an old negro man

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about being jilted three several times. His tart and ready answers showed that he was a man of spirit, in spite of his years, which must have been seventy or more. He looked even older, and claimed to be ninety. Watching my opportunity, I questioned the old man privately about his love matters, approaching the subject in a roundabout way, so that I might win his confidence.

"Unc' Tom" (Virginians who date back to slavery times never say Uncle in full, but always chop it off into "Unc'") "didn't you say the other day that you had seen ghosts?"

"Yas, sah, menyer [many a] one. I was born wid a caul."

"Indeed! What do ghosts look like?"

"Look like folks. But I 'ain' see but bar'ly one sence I jine de chu'ch thutty year ago, an' she was a 'oman."

"What did the woman do?"

"Didn' do nothin'. 'Twas in de daytime—broad middle o' de day. She was under a apple-tree, an' I was in de road. She look at me (I never know'd her) an' I look at her, an' bofen us nuver said nothin'; an' bime-by she warn't dar—done clean gone."



"A LENGTH AHEAD."

"Your mind must run on women, Unc' Tom."

"No, sah—'cep'n' on one on 'em."

"And who is she?"

"Why, dat ar—dat same Em'ly you hear 'em talkin' 'bout."

"'Tisn't true she jilted you three times?"

"Yas, sah, 'tis sutny [certainly] true. Mor'n dat, she made me buy three marriage license. I got 'em, an' done paid for 'em."

"Really, Unc' Tom, at your time of life you have no idea of marriage, and a young girl, too?"

"But I does, dough. I'd marry her to-morrow. I lubs her—lubs her!" (vehemently).

"How did you happen to fall in love with her?"

"Marster, it's de cuyusist [curiousest] thing in de worl', an' it come 'bout in dis way. De gal she done it; you carn't blame it on me. I wuks de garden for Mr. Brown, an' she nuss for him—dat was las' year; an' what mus' she do but come arfter me in de garden every day hand-runnin' for a whole mont' mighty nigh. I tell her agin and agin she kill de chile in her arms, 'tis so hot, but she 'low she rudder be wid me dan in de shade, she like me so. S'I, 'Gal, you fool, g'way fum here—g'long in de house to yo' mistiss.' She ain' say a word, but look at me good wid her big black eyes, and den and dar de thing come 'pon me like a clap o' thunder."

"What thing, Unc' Tom?"

"Lub, sah—lub o' de wust kind."

"Pshaw!"

"You may 'pshaw' much as you choose, my marster, but 'tis de Gawd's truth; it tuck me wuss 'n when I was a boy."

"How did it affect you?"

"It 'feck me good, and it 'feck me bad—monsus bad at de las'. It come in like a sweet breeze fum de wes', but it tu'n to a harrycane 'fo' it got thro'. An' 'tain't done wid me yit; it gwine kill me, I 'spec'." The old man paused, eyed me intently, and said, "Marster, did uver you see one dese here ole gris'-mills what 'ain't been use' for years an' years?"

"Oh yes, frequently. Why?"

"Well, sah, sposen all uv a suddent de 'sheenery in its young days was put back into dat ole mill, an' de big wheel an' de burrs an' de hopper was to all git to goin' like dey done in dar prime, what would dat mill think, an' how would it feel? Well, sah, dat's me. I'm dat ole mill, and I look at myse'f wid 'stonishment, an' I jes know I gwine be tar to pieces ef dat 'sheenery don't stop. Darfo' I was 'bleest to git married ef I could."

"Where is the girl now?"

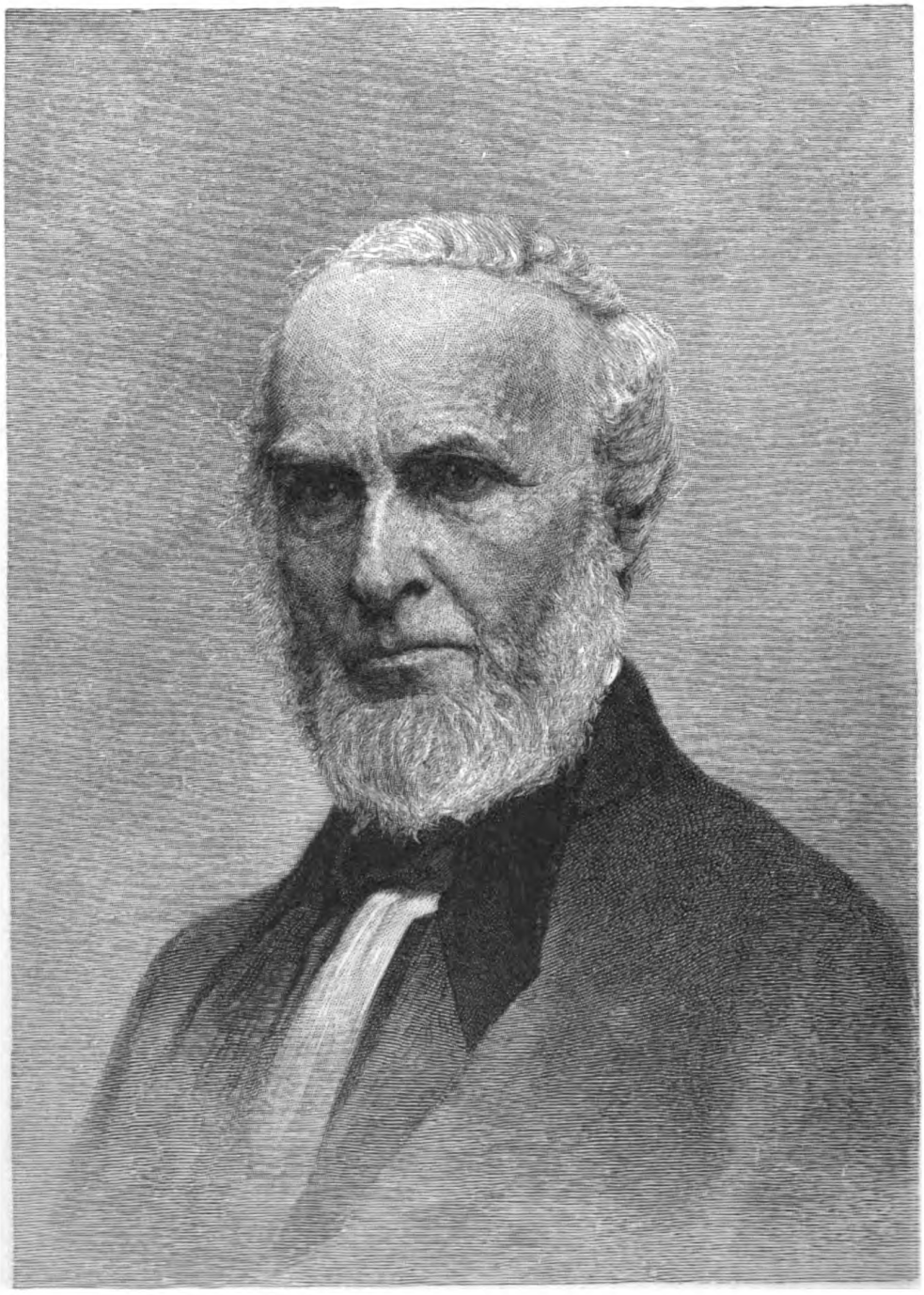
"She down de country whar she 'longs." Another pause. "Marster, don' you b'liebe in de Bible whar it say, 'All things dat was made was made for de bes'?' Cou'se you b'liebes. I does too. But sometimes it 'pear to me dat Ole Marster mought 'a hilt his han' when he made de yaller gal. De yaller gal, ef she are likely—which Em'ly are—is wuss 'n a rattlesnake. A pint o' whiskey will cua [cure] snake-bite, but time a yaller gal set her eye on you, you pizened for life. But dat gal gwine marry me yit. I feels it in my bones. Well, a good-ebenin' to you dis ebenin'. I wish you mighty well." And off he shuffled.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCIV.—JANUARY, 1884.—Vol. LXVIII.



THE QUAKER POET.

"And poets, garland-bound, the Lords of Thought, draw near."

WHEN we read in the old town record that Thomas Whittier removed to Haverhill in 1647, bringing with him from Newbury the first hive of bees in the settlement, we can not help feeling a certain kinship between that hive and the bees that swarmed round the lips of the ancient Greek poet. Indeed, the murmurs of those ancestral bees, and the sweetness of their honey too, permeate the songs of John Greenleaf Whittier as they filled the atmosphere of summer mornings more than two hundred years ago—mornings living again in his verse whose young imagination recreated them with all the awe of the primeval forest, the romance of the red man, the solemnity of the settler to whom "all the unseen powers seemed near," the persecutions of the oppressor, the ecstasy of the worshipper, and the gladness of Nature going her way careless alike of witch or Puritan or Quaker.

Other ancestral murmurs than the hum of Thomas Whittier's or of Pindar's bees run through this verse, however: hatred of tyranny, contempt for wrong, the idealism of peace, and love of man, be he white, red, or black. Predestination and fate could have planted nothing other in the soul of a man born of the stock and in the time he was. Before the close of the first century of our colonial life the poet's immediate ancestor, a member of the Society of Friends, had refused the protection

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of the block-house of the village, where the stalwart night-watch of the garrison trembled

"To hear the dip of Indian oars,
The glide of birch canoes,"

and, living with his family on the outskirts, entreated the Indians after such gentle fashion that, although they went and came with fresh scalps reeking at their belts, they never molested one of his name, but, on the contrary, took him at his word, watched and wondered at him, and visited him only as friends visit one another. Of course there could not but be legends of familiar acquaintance handed down in such a family, dealing more intimately with the life of the forest and its denizens than most others—legends whose picturesque features were thrown into strong relief by the shadow of such terrible tragedies in the neighborhood as the Dustin massacre. With these legends were those of the persecution of the Quakers—a persecution that so burned into the bone, with branding-iron and lash, the bitterness of oppression and of red-handed outrage, that it is no wonder the perception of wrong inflicted and endured, smouldering in the race for generations, should burst at last in verses that were a blaze of light upon the gigantic evil that in this century darkened the land. Many of the circumstances, thus it would seem, of Whittier's descent and its surroundings, were those that feed the singer and give a key-note to the voice crying in the wilderness. Close to the heart of nature as farming people live, aware of its aspect sometimes through senses that are not named, with great experiences of its own, with a vital and inherited religious faith made dear by suffering, with few books, and those drained of their last virtue, and with long-descended and thrice-told traditions in the place of others, born and bred to healthy toil and a natural fellowship with other toilers—such a race, with all its elements at length digested and assimilated, could produce only such a poet.

From his earliest song to his latest Whittier has been the poet of the people, and particularly of the New England people, or those of the Massachusetts Bay settlement. Seldom has his muse sought the glamour of remote regions—

"The heavens are glassed in Merrimack:
What more could Jordan render back?"

he asks. The orange groves of Sorrento are no sweeter to his fancy than the balsam of the pines on Ramoth Hill, and the vale of Cashmere is not so rich and curious as the marvellous valley of the Gloucester woods where some freak of frolic nature has set the tropical magnolia-trees. To him tiller and mechanic, drover and fisherman, humble homes and huts of forest boughs, have more interest than belted knight and noble lady, palaces and historic fanes. Nothing in the daily life of the first immigrants has been too sordid or trivial to be distilled in his alembic till its hidden poetry has been found and expressed; and never failing to see

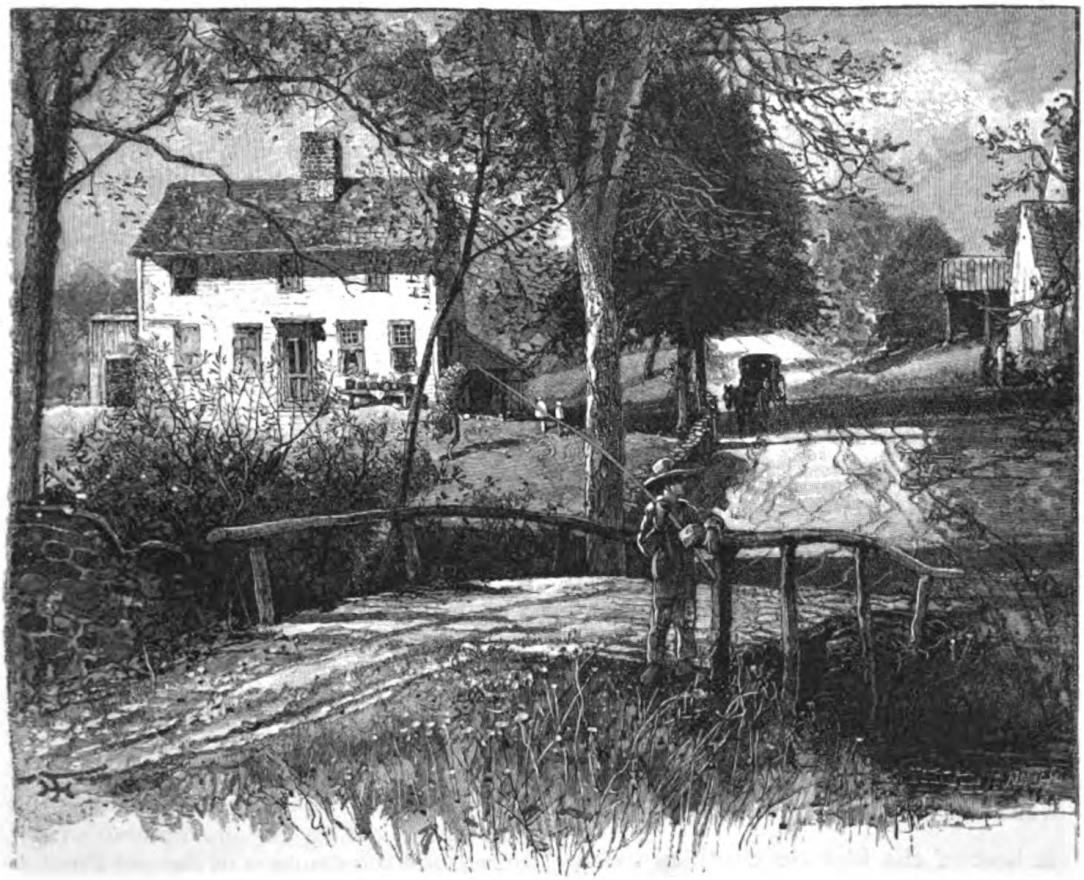
"Through all familiar things
The romance underlying,
The joys and griefs that plume the wings
Of Fancy skyward flying,"

he has played with all the homely facts till they are gilded by the handling they have had. Keen as he is to feel the sting of the old cruelties to those of his faith, yet nobody has so weighed the New England settler's character, has viewed his harshness with such mercy, his superstitions and his bigotries with such excuse.

"Thou who makest the tale thy mirth,
Consider that strip of Christian earth
On the desolate shore of a sailless sea,
Full of terror and mystery,
Half redeemed from the evil hold
Of the wood so dreary and dark and old,
Which drank with its lips of leaves the dew
When time was young and the world was new,
And wove its shadows with sun and moon
Ere the stones of Cheops were squared and hewn;
Think of the sea's dread monotone,
Of the mournful wail from the pine-wood blown,
Of the strange vast splendors that lit the North,
Of the troubled throes of the quaking earth,
And the dismal tales the Indian told,
Till the settler's heart at his hearth grew cold,
And he shrank from the tawny wizard's boasts,
And the hovering shadows seemed full of ghosts,
And above, below, on every side,
The fear of his creed seemed verified;
And think, if his lot were now thine own,
To grope with terrors nor named nor known,
How laxer muscle and weaker nerve
And a feebler faith thy need might serve."

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that if every other record of the early history and life of New England were lost, the story could be constructed again from the pages of Whittier. Traits, habits, facts, traditions, incidents—he holds a torch to the dark places, and illumines them every one. He sees the iron prows of the Norsemen's sea-worn barks tossing back the spray of the mountain-born waters centuries before the Spanish pinnace cleft the soft Caribbean tides:

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THE OLD HOMESTEAD, HAVERHILL.

"Bared to the sun and soft warm air,
Streams back the Norsemen's yellow hair.
I see the gleam of axe and spear,
The sound of smitten shields I hear,
Keeping a harsh and fitting time
To Saga's chant and Runic rhyme."

He sees, with her sleeted spars and frozen sails, the *Mayflower* riding in Plymouth Bay,

"watched by winter stars,
And nursed by winter gales."

And he sees, years ere the Pilgrim cast anchor, Captain Smith and his crew of hardy adventurers planting the cross of St. George upon the more northern shore, while

"He gave to that lone promontory
The sweetest name in all his story."

He sees, too, and tells us, in such legends as that of "Mogg Megone," the Saco sachem, as those of the "Bridal of Pennacook," the "Truce of Piscataqua," and "Nauhaught, the Deacon," that are not read without tears, and where the Indian names are made musical as Homer's enumeration of the Greek ships, all the life of the lodge and the fierce emotions which fed the wigwam fire. Nor does the picturesque view of the early French occupation escape him, with the missions from the St. John to the Red River, the devotion and the cunning of the Jesuits, the misfortunes of the neutral, the golden dream of the fishers concerning the shining city by a great river in the fabulous country south of Cape Breton, and the fortunes of those "The Ranger" left behind when set to climb the Heights of Abraham. Meanwhile he discovers whatever poetry is hidden in all the shadowy drama of witchcraft and the kindred superstitions of its time; and there is no custom of the country, common and simple as it may be, sugar camp and sleigh-ride, husking, apple-paring, and the telling of the bees, that he does not fling his charm about it.

It was a hard stern life that which the

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poet thus takes up, hard as the landscape that surrounded it; but there is no feature of it that he has feared, and none that is not softened in the aerial distances of his verse. He has lingered round the "Old Burying-Ground"—that desolation of desolations, God's acre left to God's care and having no other, the heart-ache of the passer-by—till it reconciled itself, in his lines at least, with the loveliness of the world; and what muse but his would dare to lift a wing where the

> "old swallow-haunted barns,
> Brown-gabled, long, and full of seams
> Through which the moted sunlight streams,
> And winds blow freshly in to shake
> The red plumes of the roosted cocks,
> And the loose hay-mow's scented locks
> Are filled with summer's ripened stores,
> Its odorous grass and barley sheaves,
> From their low scaffolds to the eaves."

First and last, with all her faults, he has loved New England, and has felt a sanctity in the soil of his fathers; he believes in her civilization, and trusts she keeps her ancient stock,

> "Nor heeds the skeptic's puny hands
> While near her school the church spire stands,
> Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule
> While near her church spire stands the school."

A host of the historic worthies, too, in the dim twilight of the past, look out between his leaves—Castine, and Champernoon, that picturesque brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, the cruel Endicott, the shallow Mather, the saintly Sewall, Andros, Vane, Hutchinson, and the rest; and not merely the great and choice, but those of a humbler sort—the tough old Teuton, Cobbler Keezar, that cunning man who

> "could call the birds from the trees,
> Charm the black-snake out of the ledges,
> And bring back the swarming bees,"

whose magic lapstone lies at the bottom of the river still; and that "pioneer of Erin's outcasts," poor Hugh Tallant, who planted the sycamores of Haverhill, and loved his fiddle and the bobolinks—

> "'Hark!' he'd say, 'the tipsy fairies!
> Hear the little folks in drink!'"—

whose descendants have become the choice people of succeeding years, among whom one lovely lady had this poem of her ancestor and his sycamores printed and bound in a separate and dainty edition for the possession of the Hugh Tallant of to-day. Few are the household stories as well of those early New England days that remain unsung by our singer.

> "From the graves of old traditions I part the blackberry vines,
> Wipe the moss from off the head-stones, and retouch the faded lines,"

he says; and he does it with such sympathy, such comprehension and intuition, that all the human flavor is preserved, and the scene is so alive again that we can only feel his power to be that of old Passaconaway himself, that wizard of the Merrimack who,

> "So old ancestral legends say,
> Could call green leaf and blossom back
> To frosted stem and spray."

Everybody is acquainted with the manner of Mr. Whittier's introduction to his world of readers, and knows how recognition overtook him, in the shape of Mr. Garrison, as he was following the plough one day. But, full of imaginings and melodies as he was, he was not willing to stay fluting in any Arcady in that troublous time which opened with his opening manhood, and he threw aside his pastoral pipe for trumpet whose tones should echo in every breast. He felt the sacredness of citizenship, and the mighty opportunities for humanity offered by the freeman's vote; he realized the emotion of the old Puritan who made solemn feast and procession for the election sermon; and he declared, in verses set to the rhythmic beat of passing and by-passing feet, that he would have the spirit of the martyrs, with their battle songs, their dungeon psalms, and scaffold prayers, fill the careless crowd on a day so tremendous with possibilities.

> "Along the street
> The shadows meet
> Of Destiny, whose hands conceal
> The moulds of fate
> That shape the state,
> And make or mar the common weal.
> Around I see
> The powers that be;
> I stand by Empire's primal springs;
> And princes meet
> In every street,
> And hear the tread of uncrowned kings."

Entering eagerly into the politics of the day, he became the editor from time to time of various journals, writing as effective prose as verse, with argument and satire, with gentle humor and charming narrative. He was one of the most ardent adherents of Caleb Cushing in his thirteen contests for the Congressional seat before securing an election, remaining as ardent

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THE MERRIMACK NEAR ROCKS BRIDGE.

"When flowing breezes deigned to blow
The square sail of the gundalow."

till Mr. Cushing chose friends with opposite beliefs and purposes. Subsequently he was a warm supporter of Robert Rantoul, whose promise death destroyed.

The lines in those days were drawn as sharply as in the days of Pym and Strafford and King Charles, and general feeling was more intense than in any modern epoch save that of the Directory. Those who espoused the cause of abolition did so with their whole soul, as if becoming the partakers of an awful sacrament, and then marching on with a furious earnestness and a sublime absorption that allowed them to see nothing but their shining mark. What it was to that weary army to hear these thrilling trumpet strains, always from the front, blowing life into the fainting, stinging the hesitating to vigor, heartening the eager, inspiring all, it is impossible now to imagine. Difficult as it is to recall the pangs of pain once past, to have the blood boil again over old wrongs when once righted, yet when those now unborn shall read Whittier's poems of that period they will feel that there was something glorious in having lived in a time when such voices rang every day about one, dark and dreadful though the time may have been, and one where men felt that in pursuing their ends they carried their lives in their hands. Nothing can exceed, nothing can equal, the wild power of some of these songs, now soaring in scorn, now writhing in angry shame, rising with indignant outcry, burning in fiery eloquence, and all moving to the magic of music and the pathos

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of their under-current of sorrow. The singer would seem to have felt himself set apart for God's great purposes; he knew the burden of the prophet, and the vision of Ezekiel had been his; and like one who is an instrument in the use of Powers above and beyond,

"Oh, not of choice for themes of public wrong
I leave the green and pleasant paths of song!"

he sighs. Yet in all the years of that struggle before the resort to arms—which became an inner struggle, too, the man of peace contended so hardly with the man of war—years when men were imprisoned for quoting his own words, when his cheek burned to see the stain of the shambles on the flag that floated from the Capitol, when he knew all the loneliness of ostracism and sting of insult, and had little consolation except in his lofty ends and the intense sympathy of most of his fellow-workers, the poet had no personal bitterness for those whose policy and principles he condemned, and which he found it impossible to condemn lightly, for, as he says,

"The silken gauntlet that is thrown
In such a quarrel rings like steel."

Even the terrible passion of his "Ichabod" is the passion of tears, the apotheosis of grief; while for tenderness and for magnanimity his tribute to "Randolph of Roanoke" has no rival; and his poem on abstract "Democracy" might have made the word pause on the lips of his angriest enemies. Yet this very want of personal bitterness was counted to his cost by those hot in the fight, whose zeal outran their discretion, and who had none of the Christ-like power of separating the sin from the sinner, who could not pause, as he had been known to do after some stinging statement, and say, "But what right have I to judge?" Yet although hard things, uttered in the impatience or blindness of the moment, to be sharply regretted presently, concerning the sentimentality of the poet and the Quaker, came to his ears, he paid them no heed, and sang on, knowing the power of song; it did not hurt him in the least to learn that there were those so much more eager than himself in the cause that they could afford to say, "As for Whittier, I do not know whether he is more knave or fool." And from the time when the fight thickened till it culminated in war and ended in victory, these "Voices of Freedom" and songs of similar import rang out of the gloom. Now he exclaims:

"Who murmurs that in these dark days
His lot is cast?
God's hand within the shadow lays
The stones whereon His gates of praise
Shall rise at last."

Now, when emancipation lingers, he prays that the Red Sea of fratricidal blood shall at any rate open a pathway for the slave. Now he recites ballads of such incalculable force as "Barbara Frietchie," such a magnificent burst of beauty and power, with all his genius at white heat, as "Mithridates at Chios." Now he pictures the glorious hour when slavery shall be no more, when

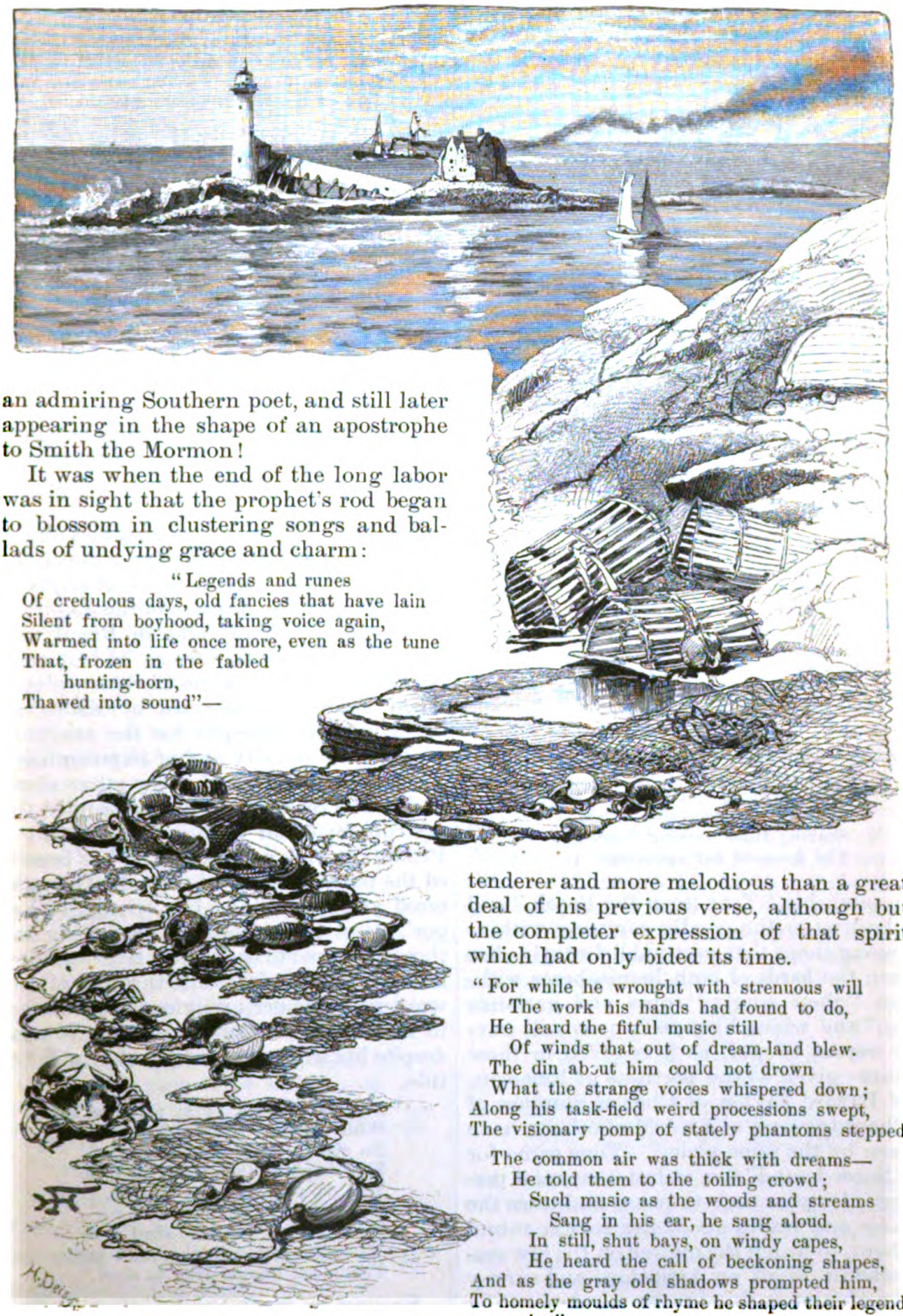
"The Eastern sea shall hush his waves to hear
Pacific's surf-beat answer Freedom's cheer,
And one long rolling fire of triumph run
Between the sunrise and the sunset gun,"

until at last the day dawns which once he had not dared hope to see, and the first to welcome peace, to declare no conqueror's terms of shame, it is given him to sound the pæan of accomplished work:

"It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!"

From year to year during this long warfare he sent out to the world verses of quite another character, such a pastoral, for instance, as "Maud Muller," that opened his way into hearts whose walls would never have fallen at the blowing of his martial horn, and such delicate work as "Margaret Smith's Journal." Many poems thrown off at odd moments, and of which the author thought so slightly that he included them in no collection, are now lost. Among these are "Isabella of Austria," written when he was but twenty, and said to have had a grand ring to it; "Palo Alto," which, assuming to be the translation of a Mexican lament beginning with the words "Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo!" never did appear under his name; "Bolivar," a copy of which a revolutionary general commanding in Venezuela has lately requested of the author; and a poem on Henry Clay which has had some singular fortunes, having been metamorphosed in a Western paper into an address to Mr. Benton, and again read, on the occasion of a public welcome to Vicksburg given Sergeant Prentiss, as the effort of

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"THE ROCKY ISLES OF SHOALS."

an admiring Southern poet, and still later appearing in the shape of an apostrophe to Smith the Mormon!

It was when the end of the long labor was in sight that the prophet's rod began to blossom in clustering songs and ballads of undying grace and charm:

"Legends and runes
Of credulous days, old fancies that have lain
Silent from boyhood, taking voice again,
Warmed into life once more, even as the tune
That, frozen in the fabled
hunting-horn,
Thawed into sound"—

tenderer and more melodious than a great deal of his previous verse, although but the completer expression of that spirit which had only bided its time.

"For while he wrought with strenuous will
The work his hands had found to do,
He heard the fitful music still
Of winds that out of dream-land blew.
The din about him could not drown
What the strange voices whispered down;
Along his task-field weird processions swept,
The visionary pomp of stately phantoms stepped.

The common air was thick with dreams—
He told them to the toiling crowd;
Such music as the woods and streams
Sang in his ear, he sang aloud.
In still, shut bays, on windy capes,
He heard the call of beckoning shapes,
And as the gray old shadows prompted him,
To homely moulds of rhyme he shaped their legends grim."

For now he dared indulge himself; he had time to listen to the voice of Father Bachiler—the glint of whose coal-black eye is said by the neighboring genealogists to be seen in the eye of Whittier himself, as it was in that of Daniel Webster, of

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Hawthorne, and of Cushing, although we do not know how correctly informed these household heralds are; to note the lament of Goody Cole, the speech of Abraham Davenport; to hear

> "the ghosts on Haley's Isle complain,
> Speak him off-shore, and beg a passage for old Spain";

and to interpret the music of the Merrimack in words as sweet as its flow:

> "Bring us the purple of mountain sunsets,
> Shadows of clouds that rake the hills,
> The green repose of the Plymouth meadows,
> The gleam and ripple of Campton rills.
> Lead us away in shadow and sunshine,
> Slaves of fancy through all thy miles,
> The winding ways of Pemigewassett,
> And Winnipesaukee's hundred isles!"

Now he can stay to sketch, with a half-dozen strokes upon a fly-leaf, pictures like that of Gail Hamilton—

> "Who, deeply earnest, seeing well
> The ludicrous and laughable,
> Mingling in eloquent excess
> Her anger and her tenderness,
> And chiding with a half-caress,
> Strives less for her own sex than ours
> With principalities and powers,
> And points us upward to the clear
> Sunned heights of her new atmosphere";

or the trenchant one of Anna Dickinson—

> "That young girl—Domremy's maid
> Revived a nobler cause to aid—
> Shaking from warning finger-tips
> The doom of her apocalypse";

to pitch his "Tent upon the Beach," and admit us to the goodly company within, among them that poet-publisher who has seen the bards of both hemispheres without "their singing robes and garlands on," and whose likeness canvas will never repeat so well as it is given in these lines—given as the portraits of Emerson, of Bayard Taylor, of Charles Sumner, of Channing, and of a world of others, have been by the same pencil. Time came for "Snow-bound" too, at last, that most perfect of idyls; time to pause and trace the tales and traditions of the region round about, to watch the mower on the low sea-meadow, to sit on Appledore and survey the Hampton shore in its purple evening cloud-land while the Portsmouth beacon glimmered and the White Island kindled its gold and red star, to dwell on the familiar sights of Hawkswood and Crane-neck, Rialside and Wenham, and of the landscape lying beneath him as he climbed the neighboring hill to look over

> "orchards and planting lands,
> And great salt-marshes and glimmering sands,
> And where north and south the coast-lines run
> The blink of the sea in breeze and sun,"

to linger and listen to the bells of Newbury swinging their silver speech across the Salisbury Sands; time to realize anew that

> "He who wanders widest lifts
> No more of beauty's jealous veils
> Than he who from his doorway sees
> The miracle of flowers and trees,"

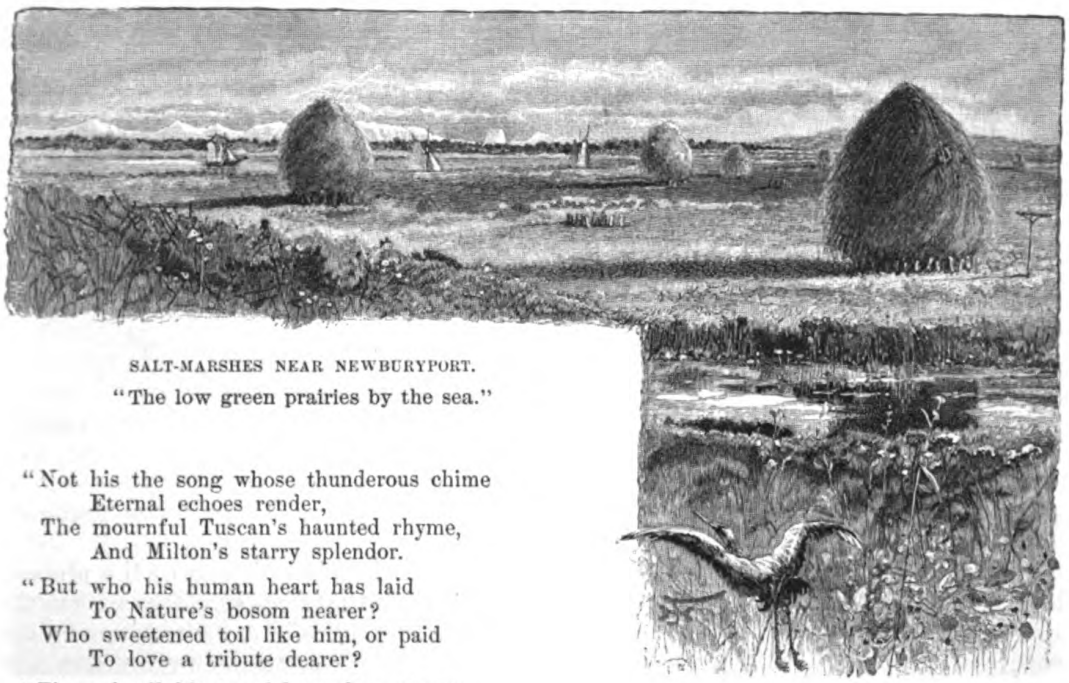
and to teach the world that poetry had its haunts as much beneath his own window as in the shadow of the Acropolis; and time, at last, with all the rest, to find that, well as he loved the scenes he sang, the common people, who loved them too, had come to worship him as a part of them.

Yet Mr. Whittier's sympathies have never been confined to one subject, or bounded by the narrow range of any single horizon. The promise of the abolition of slavery in Egypt and in Brazil was hailed by him as eagerly as he had celebrated the freeing of the Christian slaves when Derne was stormed by Eaton, as eagerly as he wrought for the abolition of the death penalty and of imprisonment for debt, and in fact of every other abuse and wrong on earth. He has branded the destruction of an Ursuline convent by a Protestant mob as hotly as he has branded the papal blessing of those that slaughtered at Perugia; and his "Songs of Labor" attest the warmth of his feeling for those so bowed to earth with toil that they never see the stars; while through all his work runs the deep religious sense of rest in the shadow of the Everlasting Wings, despite his struggles, and let what will betide,

> "Assured that He, whose presence fills
> With light the spaces of these hills,
> No evil to His creatures wills.
> The simple faith remains that He
> Will do, whatever that may be,
> The best alike for man and tree;
> What mosses over one shall grow,
> What life and light the other know,
> Unanxious, leaving Him to show."

Soaring to great heights though they do, yet his powers are essentially lyric, and no poet since Burns has so abounded in music—Burns, of whom he speaks in one of the sweetest poems of the language, by-the-way:

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SALT-MARSHES NEAR NEWBURYPORT.

"The low green prairies by the sea."

"Not his the song whose thunderous chime
Eternal echoes render,
The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme,
And Milton's starry splendor.

"But who his human heart has laid
To Nature's bosom nearer?
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
To love a tribute dearer?

"Through all his tuneful art, how strong
The human feeling gushes!
The very moonlight of his song
Is warm with smiles and blushes!"

There are few poets, too, that can set the scene more vividly and with less effort—effort, indeed, is never anywhere apparent in Whittier's pages:

"And there, on breezy morns, they saw
The fishing schooners outward run,
Their low-bent sails in tack and flaw
Turned white or dark to shade and sun";

or again:

"Sometimes a cloud, with thunder black,
Stooped low upon the darkening main,
Piercing the waves along its track
With the slant javelins of the rain";

and that poem is full of this pictorial opportunity in which occur the lines:

"What time before the eastern light
The pale ghost of the setting moon
Shall hide behind yon rocky spines,
And the young archer, Morn, shall break
His arrows on the mountain pines,
And, golden-sandaled, walk the lake;"

while sometimes a single line paints the whole picture, as

"The midnight sword-dance of the northern sky";

or another, out of many:

"The beach-bird, seaward flying, with his slant wing to the sun."

Although not claiming it as a superior distinction, yet, to our own mind, Mr. Whittier is perhaps the most peculiarly American poet of any that our country has produced. The woods and waterfowl of Bryant belong as much to one land as to another; and all the rest of our singers—Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, and their brethren—with the single exception of Joaquin Miller, might as well have been born in the land of Shakspeare and Milton and Byron as in their own. But Whittier is entirely the poet of his own soil. All through his verse we see the elements that created it, from the time when, like that urchin with whom he asserts brotherhood, and who has won all affections, he ate his

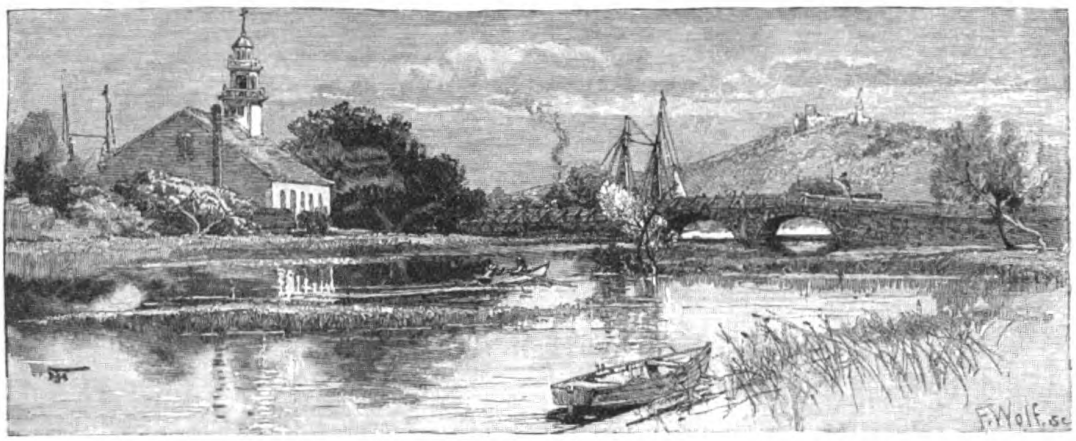
"milk and bread,
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude.
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple curtains fringed with gold
Looped in many a wind-swung fold";

and when, but a little older, his fancy was fed with stories of such religious adventure and self-sacrifice as Chalkley's:

"Oh, far away, beneath New England's sky,
Even when a boy,
Following my plough by Merrimack's green shore,
His simple record I have pondered o'er
With deep and quiet joy."

Thousands of his countrymen have lived their boyhood over again with him in the "Barefoot Boy"; remember with him the

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VIEW ON THE POWOW RIVER.

warped floor and battered seats and "jack-knife-carved initial" of the district school; have held selectmen and squire in remote reverence; have felt with him upon election day that

> "The wide world had not wealth to buy
> The power in my right hand";

and as warm a glow as the hearth's is rekindled in their hearts as they recall the feeding of the fire in "Snow-bound,"

> "Until the old, rude-furnished room
> Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom."

As early as that, it may be seen, remembering the way in which the children watch the reflection of their fire on the snow-storm of the night, the poet was unfolding his wings in the boy, and the fight of his life was beginning with his school-book choice of the "Chief of Gambia's Golden Shore" for his memorizing. We often wonder if anywhere else in our language, or in any other, there is such an autobiographical poem as "Snow-bound," with such crowded beauty and such portraiture, so daringly simple, so perfect, so intense, so healthy, and so true, not only to its subject, but to the life of its period in general, that few of New England descent can read it without feeling it a story of their own or of their father's or mother's youth, with just such snow-falls, just such barn-yard life, just such a "clean-winged hearth," and just such a sweet warm family life about it. It is a treasury of facts and habits, moreover; and one can imagine the future antiquarian studying its lines, and gathering from them all the close details of the phase of civilization that it gives. It is a poem that seems fuller and finer with every reading; one thinks of it as a simple lay, one finds it a masterpiece of art; and to the beating heart and kindling eye of those who recognize its description it is precious beyond words.

Mr. Whittier left that Haverhill home, and all its farm life that he has thus so perfectly photographed, when he was about thirty years old, having graduated from the academy ten years earlier, and began his varied editorial life, which, in its long and undaunted course, vibrated between Haverhill, Boston, and Washington, in the companionship of Mr. Garrison, Dr. Bailey, and others of that band of fearless friends. Amesbury, whither he removed, is a picturesque village of many hills and streams, divided from Salisbury by the windings of the lovely little Powow River so peculiarly that the shops on one side of the busy street bridging the unguessed stream are in Amesbury, and on the other side are in its neighbor. It is a manufacturing town, with mills running both by steam and water power, and with an interesting population. That it is the descendant in this country of the ancient Ambresbury, or place of holy-stones, upon the Avon, the neighbor of the Stonehenge of Salisbury, which some of the multitude of quarrelling antiquaries have thought to be identical with the Arthurian Round Table, has been a pleasant thought to those who, in evil times, saw in Whittier himself the Sir Galahad of the new San Graal.

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His mother, his beautiful sister Elizabeth, and his aunt Mercy, who had her niche in "Snow-bound," went with him to Amesbury, and lived there all their remaining years — the portraits of mother and sister still keeping some visible presence of them there. The house which for so long a time sheltered the united household was originally a cottage of a single story; another story was, however, built over half of it, presenting the gable end to the street, and part of it overhanging a small veranda, on which a glass door opens from the library. The house is of wood, as most dwellings are in that part of the country, of a pale cream-color, with white finishings, standing in an inclosure a couple of rods or so from the street, and four or five feet above it; trees, vines, shrubs, and flowers grow about it and over the fences, and the effect is of exquisite neatness and simple taste. The timid among those who share its hospitality are re-assured concerning the dozen or more outer doors of the house by the statement that most of them are locked at night. The library, or garden room, as it is called, is reached from the front door after crossing a small anteroom, and looks on one side into the garden, full of pear-trees and grapes; through the glass door on the other side is a view of the great green dome of the Powow Hill, which is a beacon to land and sea for many miles around, and is the hill which the poet so often climbs with his friends, where he stands remembering the "Prophecy of Samuel Sewall," and in the



THE GARDEN ROOM, AMESBURY.

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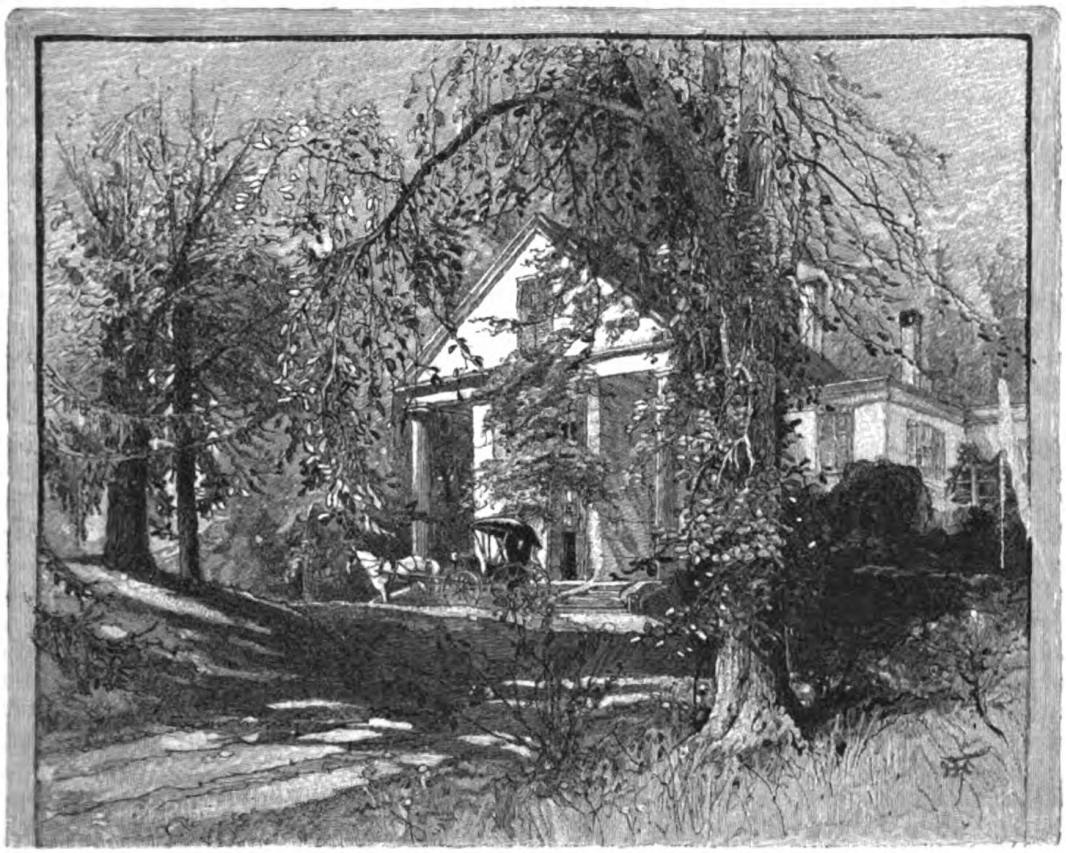
poem of the "Preacher," and whence, in "Miriam," he

> "traced the track
> Of the sea-seeking river back,
> Glistening for miles above its mouth,
> Through the long valley to the south;
> And looking eastward, cool to view,
> Stretched the illimitable blue.
> ....In the north,
> Dim through their misty hair, looked forth
> The space-dwarfed mountains to the sea,
> From mystery to mystery."

This garden room was his own sanctum, and above it was his sleeping-room, in the happy years of the poet's life in Amesbury; for although that town is still his legal residence, and there he is taxed, and returns regularly and religiously to cast his vote, he now spends the greater part of his time in Danvers—a morning's drive away. The interior of the garden room does not bear much likeness to the general idea of a Quaker's abode. One side is filled with a desk and books, among which Irish ballads have a place of honor, and an old-fashioned Franklin fire-place with polished brasses throws its cheerful blaze over carpet, lounge, and easy-chairs, and on walls covered with many souvenirs—a water-color of Harry Fenn's, Hill's picture of the early home, fringed gentians painted by Lucy Larcom, and other trifles which give character to the room. In this nook the "lords of thought" have been made welcome; here came Alice and Phœbe Cary on their romantic pilgrimage, and here have come many others of the illustrious women of the day, most of whom he reckons as his friends in this generation, as he did Lydia Maria Child and Lucretia Mott and their contemporaries of the last. Here the poet has taken his ease in the slippers that Gail Hamilton made for him, the cunning fingers reconciling his belligerency with his principles by clothing in Quaker drab the enraged American eagle wrought upon them; here he has amused himself teaching tricks to the house animals, which, if he does not love, he loves to play with; here has this verse been struck off like a spark, and that one painfully labored after; and here, in spite of his laurels, have the thunder-bolts of the gods twice sought the wearer, the last time felling him to the floor as he stood in the doorway, prostrating his niece at the same time, shattering a mirror, and piercing a rolled-up window-shade till it left the burned mark of a dozen jagged bullet-holes. After that the treacherous lightning-rods were removed, his nephew tells us, but the pertinacious vender of a new variety, who could not make the poet his victim, had his revenge by heading his prospectus with a cut of the lightning descending upon Mr. Whittier's house, and doing the havoc it could not have done had the house owned this peculiar and particular protector.

Mr. Whittier has never married, and with the single exception of the exquisite lines entitled "Benedicite," he has given the public no clew to the romance of his youth. His sister Elizabeth, sympathizing with him completely, of a rare poetic nature and fastidious taste, and of delicate dark-eyed beauty, was long a companion that must have made the want of any other less keenly felt than by lonely men in general. The bond between the sister and brother was more perfect than any of which we have known, except that between Charles and Mary Lamb, and in this instance the conditions were of perfect moral and mental health. To the preciousness of the relationship the pages of the poet bear constant witness, and Amesbury village is full of traditions of their affection, and of the gentle loveliness and brilliant wit of Elizabeth, whom the people admired and reverenced almost as much as they do the poet himself. For his old neighbors have the closest affection for Mr. Whittier; except very occasionally, what was his thought has been theirs; and now that he is not with them daily, they miss him sadly, and among those who miss him most and make the most complaint about it are the children on the street. This is not remarkable when one remembers that Mr. Whittier does not stand on his dignity, but joins in the game played in his presence, writes his nonsense verses on demand, has the keenest sense of the ludicrous, and loves all sorts of innocent fun. We have heard him say that he was known among the children as the man with the parrot—the parrot being a remarkable bird that used to stop the doctor's gig with his "Whoa!" and when the school bell rang would call from his lofty perch, "Run in, boys! run in!"—the fact being that the children felt the parrot to be a bond between them, and he was less of a demigod and more of a man to their imagination on account of "Charlie." Mr. Whittier is of course very fond of children, and has been known to risk the loss of an important train with

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OAK KNOLL.

equanimity when the easy-going, good-natured hackman had been overtaken by an uproarious school of children, and had gone with them for a little drive, appearing at the door at length, the carriage overflowing with the rosy faces of the laughing little people, who cared nothing about time, tide, and the train.

At seventy-six years and over one can be said to have the beauty only of age, striking as that is in Mr. Whittier's case, with the dark eye and the full beard, where black lines still appear among the silver, while his form is as straight and his step is as firm and elastic as ever. But the poet's youthful beauty is reported to have been extraordinary: very tall, erect, and well knit, with fine features, dark skin, and a flashing, deep-set black eye, he could not have looked the Quaker to any extent; and in fact we think he is more of a Quaker in habit and affection than anything else. He has himself recognized that

> "Over restless wings of song
> His birthright garb hung loose";

and even though he clings to the forms of the sect in many respects, using the plain language generally, and tells somewhere why he prefers the silence of the meeting for worship rather than any solitude of wood or wild where Nature speaks to him with a thousand voices and catches him with a thousand hands, yet he dresses so nearly like men of the world in cut and color that only practiced eyes could detect the slight difference in the shape of his coat, and his feelings about such matters are entirely liberal. When his little niece wanted the scarlet cape that other children wore, and there was objection in the house on account of the Quaker custom, Mr. Whittier insisted that she should be gratified, although, sooth to say, poet as he is, he himself can not tell red from green till sunlight falls upon it. Once, indeed, the library fire, of which he is so fond, having damaged the border of the wall-paper, he matched the pattern and triumphantly replaced it before detection, only to learn that he had substituted for

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the green vine one of bright autumnal crimson. Yet so strong is the poet's imagination that this defect of vision is nowhere evident in his work, although one might gather there that while, as he says, "his eye was beauty's powerless slave," yet light and shade please him more than variety and depth of hue.

After the loss of his sister his niece kept his house until her marriage with Mr. Pickard, of the Portland *Transcript*, a gentleman who has written most appreciatingly of Mr. Whittier, and to whom we are greatly indebted in preparing this article. There was a pleasant coincidence attending this marriage of his niece, as her husband was the nephew of the old schoolmaster and dearest friend of the poet, Joshua Coffin, the historian of Newbury. But the marriage broke up his home in a measure, and not long afterward he went to Danvers, a town about twenty miles from Boston, where he makes his home at Oak Knoll with some charming and congenial cousins. The Amesbury residence, however, occupied by old friends, remains nearly as it always has been.

The estate of Oak Knoll is one of some historical associations, as here once lived the Rev. George Burroughs, the only clergyman in the annals of Salem witchcraft who was hung for dark dealings — Danvers having originally been a part of the town of Salem, where witchcraft came to a blaze, and was stamped out of existence, while the fire still continued to rage for many years thereafter in every other portion of the world that accepted the Biblical command, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." The only relic on the place of its tragedy is the well of the Burroughs house, which is still in the hay field, and over which is the resting-place of the sounding-board of the pulpit in the church where the witches were tried. Yet there is still one witch to be seen there, in the shape of a Little Red Riding-hood, the delight of all the family, reminding one of her cousin's humorous lines of long ago:

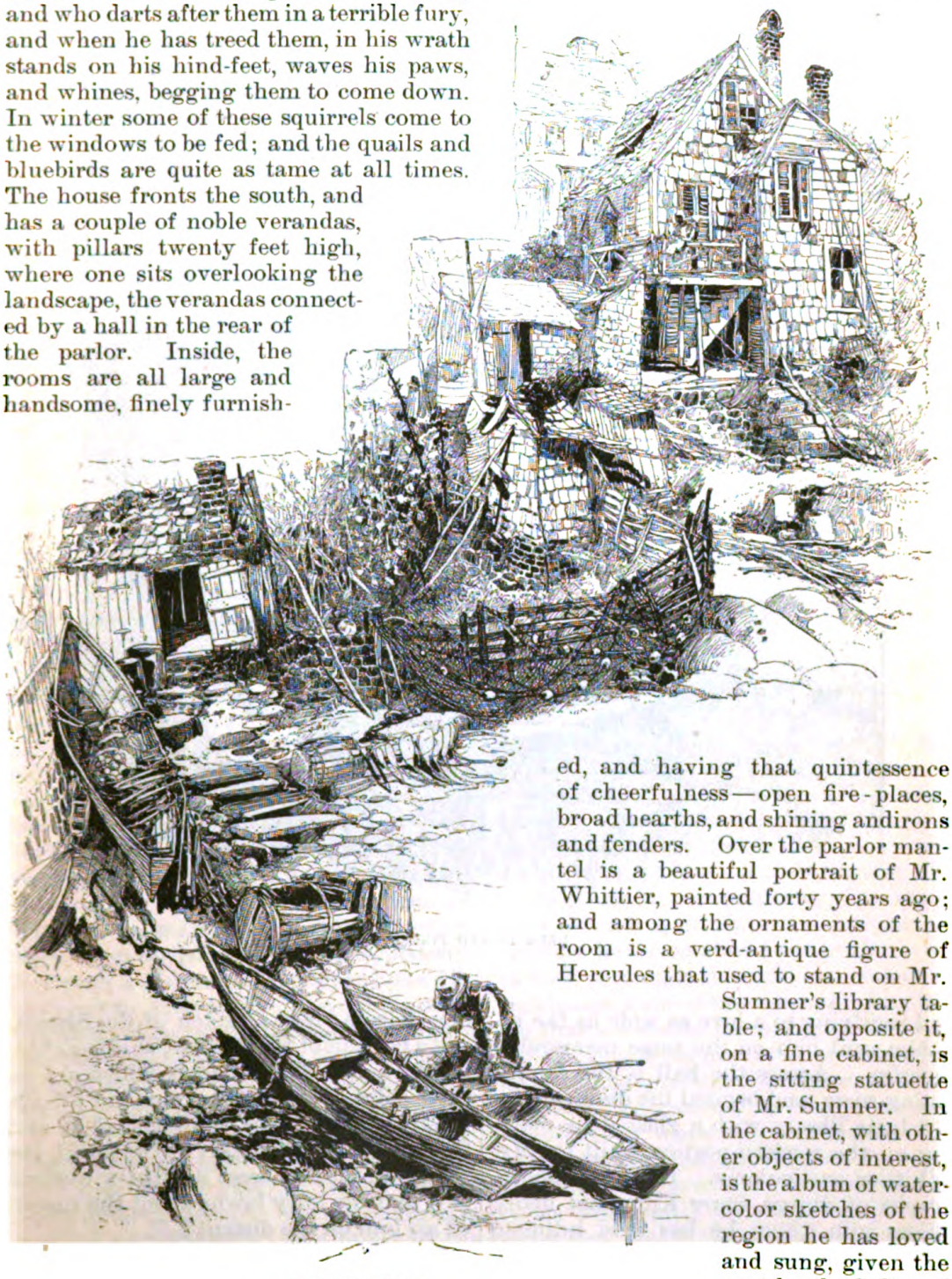
> "Our witches are no longer old
> And wrinkled beldames, Satan-sold,
> But young and gay and laughing creatures,
> With the heart's sunshine on their features."

The estate, possessed of great natural advantages, occupies some sixty acres, all finely laid out and adorned. "The large and conveniently arranged edifice," says Mr. Pickard, "stands upon an eminence in the midst of a wide park. Winding driveways lead up to it from the road. Directly in front of the house, and completely encircled by the curving approaches, is a picturesque knoll in the form of a dome, covered with a luxuriant carpet of grass, making one of the most charming lawns it is possible to imagine. This knoll, the summit of which is a little higher than the site occupied by the house, is crowned by two magnificent trees, an oak and a hickory. The estate might well have been named for either of these noble trees. The grounds slope toward the east, the south, and the west, with just enough of irregularity to heighten the beauty of the landscape in each direction. Trees, in clumps and singly, deciduous and evergreen, are placed with careful reference to artistic effect. The variety of trees is very great, many of them being rarely seen in New England. There is a fine magnolia near the house, and farther off a tulip-tree. The rich dark hue of a purple beech calls attention to a fine grove in the western distance. There are English elms and English oaks, an immense Norway spruce, also hemlocks, pines, chestnuts, and almost every other tree that can be made to grow in this climate. There are great orchards of apples and pears; a garden flanked with luxuriant grape-vines, and yielding all the smaller fruits, as a matter of course, also roses in abundance. Near the eastern piazza of the house is a large circular flower garden surrounded by a neat hedge, with great green arches for gateways to it. In the centre of this garden is a fountain throwing a fine spray to a considerable height. In this garden Mr. Whittier is to be seen at work each pleasant morning before breakfast with rake, hoe, and broom. All the beds and walks are kept exquisitely neat, for the poet is thorough in everything he undertakes."

It may easily be supposed that in and about so delightful a home the poet enjoys himself greatly. He is but an hour from Boston and many pleasures there; it is a short drive to Salem; Harriet Preston lives near enough to be a frequent caller, and bring the gentle sweetness of Provençal poetry with her; Gail Hamilton drives over often of an afternoon; the distance is not great to any one of the rest of the large circle of his celebrated friends that Essex County holds. He is out-of-doors a great deal; he takes pleasure in the horses, and

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is a fine and fearless driver; and when there is nothing else to do he watches from his portico the antics of the dogs and squirrels, the latter (as no guns are allowed upon the place) taking liberties that puzzle such fellows as the little Dandie Dinmont who has the care of the house upon his shoulders, and who darts after them in a terrible fury, and when he has treed them, in his wrath stands on his hind-feet, waves his paws, and whines, begging them to come down. In winter some of these squirrels come to the windows to be fed; and the quails and bluebirds are quite as tame at all times. The house fronts the south, and has a couple of noble verandas, with pillars twenty feet high, where one sits overlooking the landscape, the verandas connected by a hall in the rear of the parlor. Inside, the rooms are all large and handsome, finely furnished, and having that quintessence of cheerfulness—open fire-places, broad hearths, and shining andirons and fenders. Over the parlor mantel is a beautiful portrait of Mr. Whittier, painted forty years ago; and among the ornaments of the room is a verd-antique figure of Hercules that used to stand on Mr. Sumner's library table; and opposite it, on a fine cabinet, is the sitting statuette of Mr. Sumner. In the cabinet, with other objects of interest, is the album of water-color sketches of the region he has loved and sung, given the poet by the ladies of Amesbury on his seventieth birthday—the day celebrated by a portion of his more famous friends and lovers in Boston with a grand banquet, the account of which is preserved in a large scrap-book, together with the tributes of his countrymen and country-women, published and unpublished,



AT MARBLEHEAD.

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DEER ISLAND PINES.

and testifying to a love as wide as the republic, sent him on the same memorable occasion. Across the hall is the family sitting-room, and beyond the dining-room is a little library with a glass door opening on the western portico, built for Mr. Whittier particularly. Here are photographs of Sturge, Starr King, and many others with whom he has held intimate relations, together with paintings of the White Mountain region of Ossipee and Bearcamp, where he spends some weeks of every summer, and whose beauty seems to satisfy his soul. Above the parlor is his spacious sleeping-room, furnished after Mr. Eastlake's ideas. Here hangs a fine marine view, a sketch of the Shoals, and a portrait of Hawthorne, another cherished friend. The windows, which are on three sides of the room, command all the beauty of the place—flower garden and fountain, the velvet turf of the knoll, the stately groups of trees against a western sky, and the lofty lawns about the turreted asylum on the distant hill.

Once in a while from this pleasant place Mr. Whittier returns to his old haunts, to Amesbury and Merrimack, Salisbury and Newburyport and Marblehead. He remembers the May-flowers growing thick and pink among the mosses under the damp shadow of the firs of Follymill; the

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sunset shining back at him where the narrow Powow slides beneath a steep and lofty bank; the bough-hung mirror of the Artichoke, with its emerald and amber depths, and the painted shadow of the tethered black and scarlet skiff; the rosy bloom of Laurel Hill, and the sight there, as one rests on the carpet of the brown pine pins, of the ships sailing out of Gloucester and into Portland; the Hampton meadows, rich in purples, rusty reds, and all the tints of ripened grass, carrying the eye away with long lines into infinity; the ice-boats skimming up the Salisbury shore of the Merrimack in winter; the pines of Deer Island; the round-backed Hundreds, with the fleece-white comb of the breakers on Ipswich bar at their feet, and all the azure hazes that they wear as the sail, on summer mornings, slips down some one of the countless silver creeks of the Plum Island River; and the long Plum Island dunes themselves, where the sea sounds all night—

"Pulse of the midnight, beating slow."

But he returns from them all to Oak Knoll; there he lives, and there he is delighted to see his friends; for though he seems timid and reserved to the stranger, yet he is of a marked social turn, liking to reach the varying opinions of all sorts of people on all sorts of topics, and very glad of gay companionship, although the severe neuralgic headaches to which he has always been subject unfit him for much general society, and cause him usually to take a back seat at the lectures and public meetings that he attends, not from modesty, but that he may slip out without annoyance when the pain begins. His modesty, however, is extreme, although any one who chanced to observe him once applauding his own verses from a lecturer's lips might not have thought so, had it not occurred to him that the poet failed to recognize his own clothed in the sonorous tones of Dr. Chapin's voice. Perhaps it is these headaches that make it so difficult to secure him as the guest of public dinners and similar occasions. We remember him once at a dinner given Mrs. Stowe by the Atlantic Club, nearly twenty years ago, where Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Lowell, Colonel Higginson, Dr. Holmes, and other as brilliant talkers, made the hours sparkle, and where a shy and silent-suffering young woman occasionally looked at him, her opposite neighbor, as if she knew he was the only one there who felt as uncomfortable as she did. While acute nervous sensation causes Mr. Whittier to feel disturbed if crowded, he likes to sit remotely and look at a crowd, acknowledging that in him

"nature compromised between
Good fellow and recluse;"

and he enjoys, thus, at the mountain places, resting on the piazza of the hotel and watching the arrivals and departures, losing nothing comical in dress, characteristic, or behavior, his quick eye seeking for any idiosyncrasy, catching anything laughable, and no bridal party, however well disguised, escaping it. Swift to see the ridiculous, only those who know him well, or who remember the delicate humor of his prose writings, guess from his grave demeanor, when in the hands of a solemn bore or some flatterer lost to the fear of man, the amusement with which he is brimming over, and which only betrays itself by-and-by when nobody's feelings can be hurt. Of course he has had a great deal of that sort of thing to endure, and perhaps in no more vexatious form than in the submission of reams of manuscript for his consideration by young writers who have no consideration. He reads and criticises and returns these manuscripts, often, too, at his own expense, to the fledgelings; he answers as much as a couple of thousand requests for autographs yearly; his kindness and his generosity to young writers are so proverbial that even long novels are sent him with the request that he will secure a publisher for them. That all this is an impertinence past expression he never allows the guilty party to feel, although it costs him hours of invaluable time—time the more invaluable that the headaches of which we have spoken seldom let him work continuously more than a quarter of an hour. But he is not an inspirational writer; he reaches his best only when application and effort have fired his brain; he subjects his verses to minute and severe revision, and he believes thoroughly in hard work. The sums that Mr. Whittier has received for his work of late years have been more like compensation than formerly; and although he is by no means rich, yet his circumstances are quite comfortable. He is one of the few authors to whom a publisher has been better than his word, as happened when, after the success of the

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illustrated issue of "Snow-bound," he received a second check for the same amount as that paid on the original contract.

But it is not only in reading the ambitious efforts of aspirants that demands are made upon Mr. Whittier: innumerable requests of other natures crowd in upon him, such, for example, as that of the clergyman who wished his signature to a poem that he had himself composed, possibly less from vanity than to help a good cause by the publicity of an established name: "How would that accord with thy preaching?" asked Mr. Whittier. That his co-operation should constantly be sought in charities, and that beggars should clamor at his heels for all sums from a pittance to a competency, is a matter of course; and owing to his belief in the duty of the citizen, he has been as eagerly beset by claimants for public office. We recall in this connection a striking example of his kindness and large-minded liberality. An ardent and unflinching peace Democrat, after the war, learned that the President would nominate him for an important position if he wished it; he decided not to let his name be used, but in speaking of the subject to Mr. Sumner, the latter said, "A miracle occurred in this affair. I received a telegram from Mr. Whittier—"

"That was a miracle," said the gentleman, thinking only of the wonder of the poet's doing so practical and business-like a thing as to use the telegraph.

"The miraculous thing about it," said Mr. Sumner, "is that Whittier urges that if your name is sent in you should be confirmed."

"I had rather have the telegram than the position," was the reply.

Mr. Whittier had probably felt, in the matter, that the devotion of the person concerned to the ideal principles of democracy was something beyond the province of partisanship, and in the pure service of Freedom.

People come to him, also, in their grief and trouble, and to more than one tortured soul has he given peace. The story is told of a friend of his early days, in the time when religion held men by crueler bonds than now, who was pursued by the idea of the sin against the Holy Ghost, and felt himself doomed to damnation.

"And so thee really thinks thee will go to hell?" said Mr. Whittier, after listening to the tale of torment.

"Oh, I am sure of it," cried the sufferer.

"Does thee hate thy fellow-men?" asked Mr. Whittier.

"No, no," said his unhappy friend.

"Don't thee hate God, then?" came the next question.

"I love Him," was the answer, "whatever happen to me."

"Don't thee hate God, who would send thee to hell, and let others, who thee knows have led worse lives, go to heaven?"

"No. I am glad of every one that is saved, even if I am to be a castaway."

"Now what does thee think the devil will do with thee? How can he use thee—one who loves the God that condemns him to torment, one who loves his fellow-men, and would keep them out of the clutches of Satan—how can the devil employ thee or endure thee?"

For the first time in months the wretched man laughed with his old heartiness, and from that moment began to shake off his morbid terrors.

There are few men who can look back on a life of such achievement as Mr. Whittier can, and fewer still who would do so with such humility. That he is not self-satisfied shows simply how great he is; he fancies the songs he has not sung are sweeter than those he has, and he begs his friends to read between the lines

"The larger grace of unfulfilled designs."

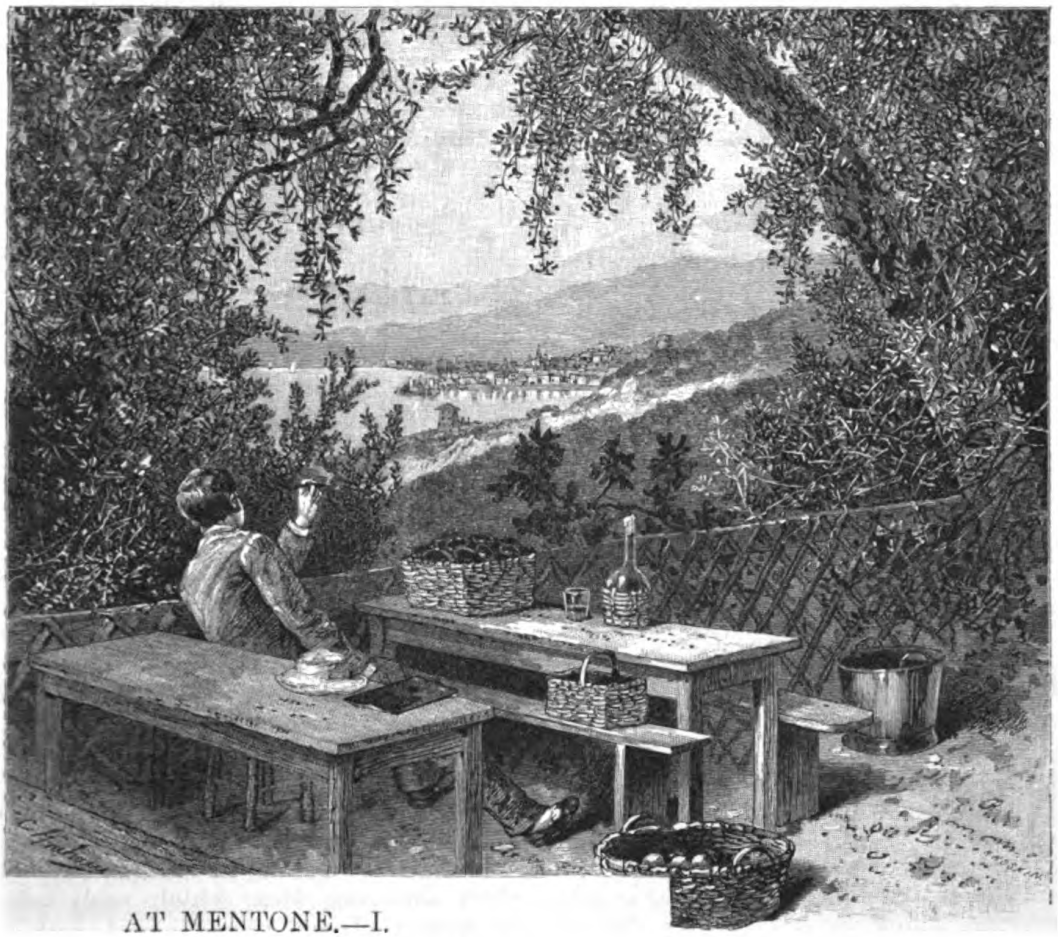
Resting in his happy age, he feels the currents of earth and heaven helping on the purposes for which he strove, dreams of a diviner race to come as the earth moves sunward, and

"Takes by faith, while living,
His freehold of thanksgiving."

For ourselves, feeling the reverence due so good and great a life, so beautiful a soul, and such proud performance, we have hesitated as though it were a sacrilege to write, when he has himself implored:

"O living friends who love me,
O dear ones gone above me,
Careless of other fame,
I leave to you my name.
Hide it from idle praises,
Save it from evil phrases:
Why, when dear lips that spake it
Are dumb, should strangers wake it?"

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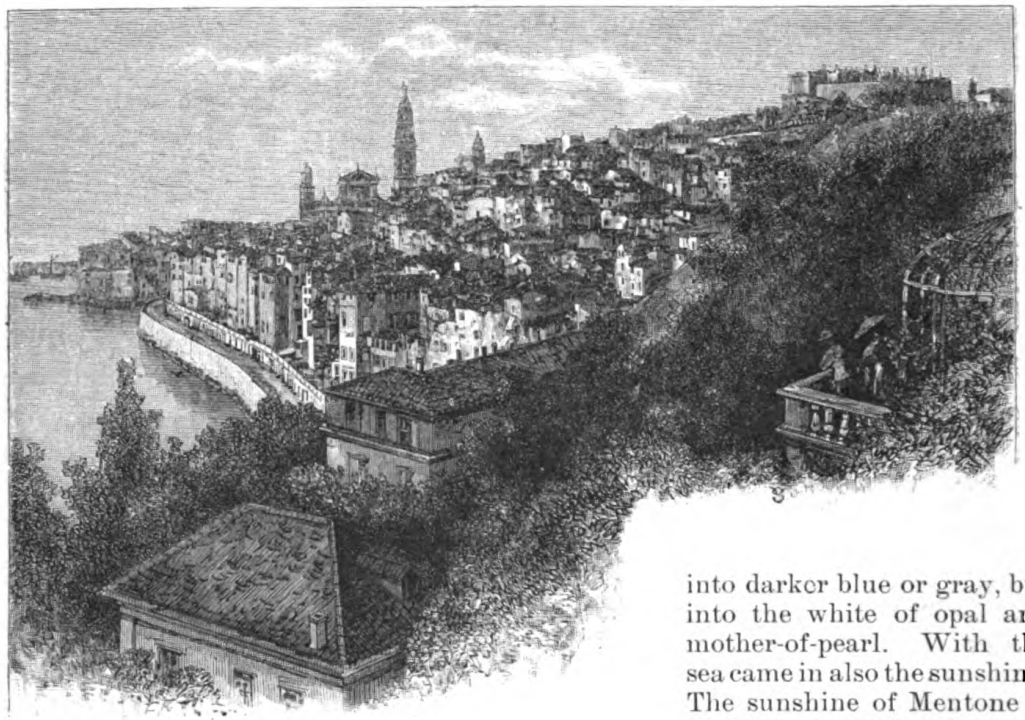
AT MENTONE.—I.

"Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühen?"
—GOETHE.

IT is of no consequence why or how we came to Mentone. The vast subject of health and health resorts, of balancings between Torquay and Madeira, Algeria and Sicily, and, in a smaller sphere, between Cannes, Nice, Mentone, and San Remo, may as well be left at one side while we happily imitate the Happy-thought Man's trains in Bradshaw, which never "start," but "arrive." We therefore arrived. Our party, formed not by selection, or even by the survival of the fittest (after the ocean and Channel), but simply by chance aggregation, was now composed of Mrs. Trescott and her daughter Janet, Professor Mackenzie, Miss Graves, the two youths Inness and Baker, my niece, and myself, myself being Jane Jefferson, aged fifty, and my niece Margaret Severin, aged twenty-eight.

As I said above, we were an aggregation. The Trescotts had started alone, but had "accumulated" (so Mrs. Trescott informed me) the Professor. The Professor had started alone, and had accumulated the Trescotts. Inness and Baker had started singly, but had first accumulated each other, and then ourselves; while Margaret and I, having accumulated Miss Graves, found ourselves, with her, imbedded in the aggregation, partly by chance and partly by that powerful force propinquity. Arriving at Mentone, our aggregation went unbroken to the Hôtel des Anglais, in the East Bay, the East Bay, the Professor said, being warmer than the West: the Professor had been at Mentone before. "The East Bay," he explained, "is warmer because more closely encircled by the mountains, which rise directly behind the house. The West Bay has more level space, and there are several little valleys opening into it, through which currents of air can pass; it is therefore cooler, but only a matter of two or three degrees." It was evening, and our omnibus proceeded at a pace

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THE OLD TOWN.

adapted to the "Dead March" from *Saul* through a street so narrow and walled in that it was like going through catacombs. Only, as Janet remarked, they did not crack whips in the catacombs, and here the atmosphere seemed to be principally cracks. But the Professor brought up the flagellants who might have been there, and they remained up until we reached our destination. We decided that the cracking of whips and the wash of the sea were the especial sounds of Mentone; but the whips ceased at nightfall, and the waves kept on, making a soft murmurous sound which lulled us all to restful slumber. We learned later that all vehicles are obliged, by orders from the town authorities, to proceed at a snail's pace through the narrow street of the "old town," the city treasury not being rich enough to pay for the number of wooden legs and arms which would be required were this rule disregarded.

The next morning when we opened our windows there entered the Mediterranean Sea. It is the bluest water in the world; not a clear cold blue like that of the Swiss lakes, but a soft warm tint like that of a June sky, shading off on the horizon, not into darker blue or gray, but into the white of opal and mother-of-pearl. With the sea came in also the sunshine. The sunshine of Mentone is its glory, its riches, its especial endowment. Day follows day, month follows month, without a cloud; the air is pure and dry, fog is unknown. "The sun never stops shining;" and to show that this idea, which soon takes possession of one there, is not without some foundation, it can be stated that the average number of days upon which the sun does shine, as the phrase is, all day long is two hundred and fifty-nine; that is, almost nine months out of the twelve. "All the world is cheered by the sun," writes Shakspeare; and certainly "cheer" is the word that best expresses the effect of the constant sunshine of Mentone.

We all came to breakfast with uncloudeed foreheads; even the three fixed wrinkles which crossed Mrs. Trescott's brow (she always alluded to them as "midnight oil") were not so deep as usual, and her little countenance looked as though it had been, if not ironed, at least smoothed out by the long sleep in the soft air. She floated into the sunny breakfast-room in an aureola of white lace, with Janet beside her, and followed by Inness and Baker. Margaret and I had entered a moment before with Miss Graves, and presently Professor Mackenzie joined us, radiating intelligence through his shining spectacles to that extent that I immedi-

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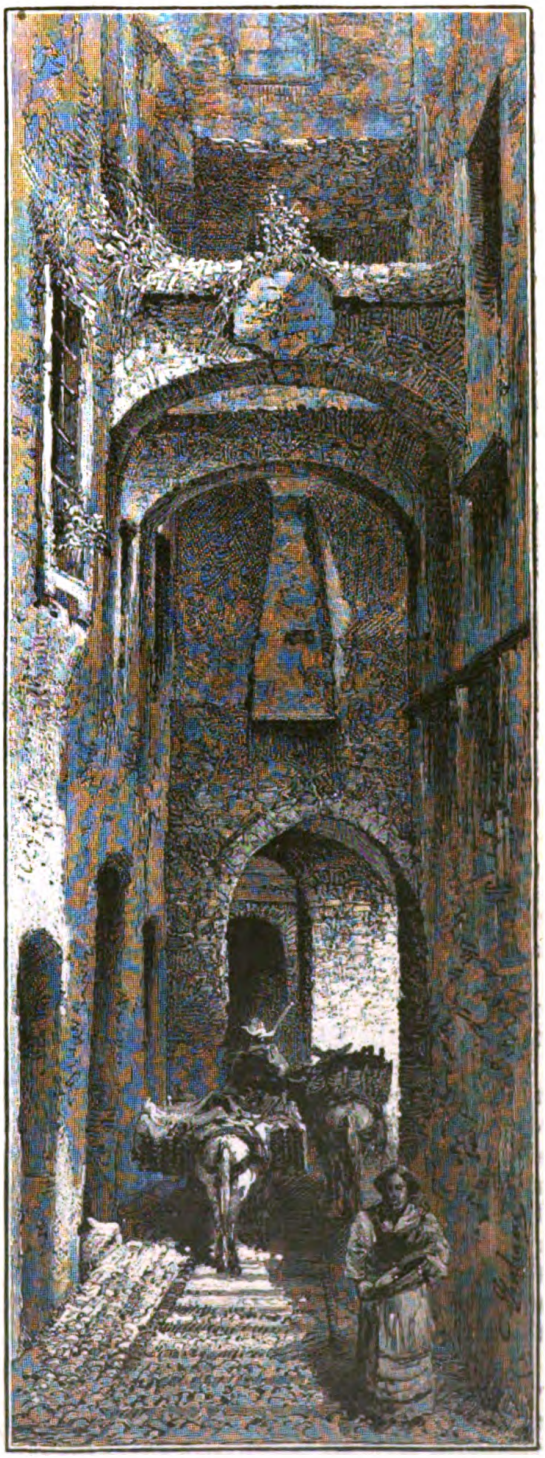
ately prepared myself for the "Indeeds?" "Is it possibles?" "You surprise me," with which I was accustomed to assist him, when, after going all around the circle in vain for an attentive eye, he came at last to mine, which are not beautiful, but always, I trust, friendly to the friendless. Yet so self-deceived is man that I have no doubt but that if at this moment interrogated as to his best listener during that journey and sojourn at Mentone, he would immediately reply, "Miss Trescott."

People were coming in and out of the room while we were there, the light Continental "first breakfast" of rolls and coffee or tea not detaining them long. Two, however, were evidently loitering, under a flimsy pretext of reading the unflimsy London *Times*, in order to have a longer look at Janet; these two were Englishmen. Was Janet, then, beautiful? That is a question hard to answer. She was a slender, graceful girl with a delicate American face, small, well-poised head, sweet voice, quiet manner, and eyes—well, yes, the expression in Janet's eyes was certainly a remarkable endowment. It could never be fixed in colors; it can not be described in ink; it may perhaps be faintly indicated as each gazing man's ideal promised land. And this centre was surrounded by such a blue and child-like unconsciousness that every new-comer tumbled in immediately, as into a blue lake, and never emerged.

"You have been roaming, Professor," said Mrs. Trescott, as he took his seat; "you have a fine breezy look of the sea. I heard the wa-ash, wa-ash, upon the beach all night. But *you* have been out early, communing with Aurora. Do not deny it."

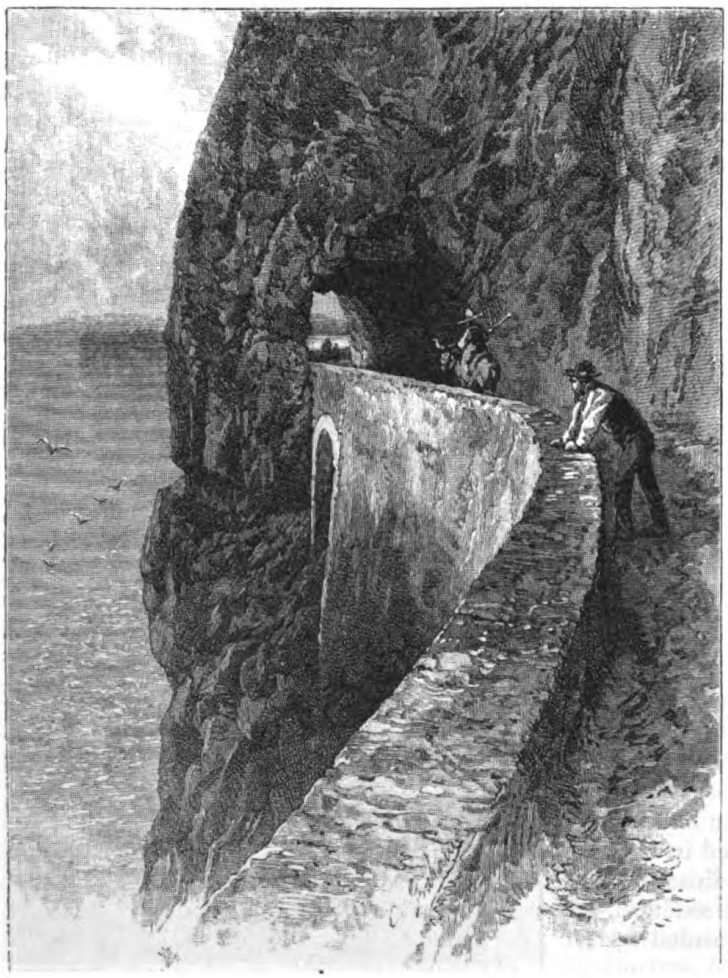
The Professor had no idea of denying it. "I have been as far as the West Bay," he said, taking a roll. "Mentone has two bays, the East, where we are, and the West, the two being separated by the port and the 'old town.' Behind us, on the north, extends the double chain of mountains, the first rising almost directly from the sea, the second and higher chain behind, so that the two together form a screen, which completely protects this coast. Thus sheltered, and opening only toward the south, the bays of Mentone are like a conservatory, and *we* like the plants growing within." (This, for the Professor, was quite poetical.)

"I have often thought that to be a flower in a conservatory would be a happy lot," observed Janet. "One could have



A STREET IN THE OLD TOWN

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THE CORNICE ROAD, MENTONE.

the perfumes, sit still all the time, and never be out in the rain."

"I trust, Miss Trescott, you have not often been exposed to inclement weather?" said the Professor, looking up.

He meant rain; but Mrs. Trescott, who took it upon herself to answer him, always meant metaphor. "Not yet," she answered; "no inclement weather yet for my child, because I have stood between. But the time may come when, *that* barrier removed—" Here she waved her little claw-like hand, heavy with gems, in a sort of sepulchral suggestiveness, and took refuge in coffee.

The Professor, who supposed the conversation still concerned the weather, said a word or two about the excellent English umbrella he had purchased in London, and then returned to his discourse. "The first mountains behind us," he remarked, "are between three and four thousand feet high; the second chain attains a height of eight and nine thousand feet, and, stretching back, mingles with the Swiss Alps. *Our* name is Alpes Maritimes; we run along the coast in this direction" (indicating it on the table-cloth with his spoon), "and at Genoa we become the Apennines. The winter climate of Mentone is due, therefore, to its protected situation; cold winds from the north and northeast, coming over these mountains behind us, pass far above our heads, and advance several miles over the sea before they fall into the water. The mistral, too, that scourge of Southern France, that wind, cold, dry, and sharp, bringing with it a yellow haze, is unknown here, kept off by a fortunately placed shoulder of mountain running down into the sea on the west."

"Indeed?" I said, seeing the search for a listener beginning.

"Yes," he replied, starting on anew, encouraged, but, as usual, not noticing from whom the encouragement came—"yes; and the sirocco is even pleasant here, because it comes to us over a wide expanse of water. The characteristics of a Mentone winter are therefore sunshine, protection from the winds, and dryness. It is, in truth, remarkably dry."

"Very," said Inness.

"I have scarcely ever seen it equalled," remarked Baker.

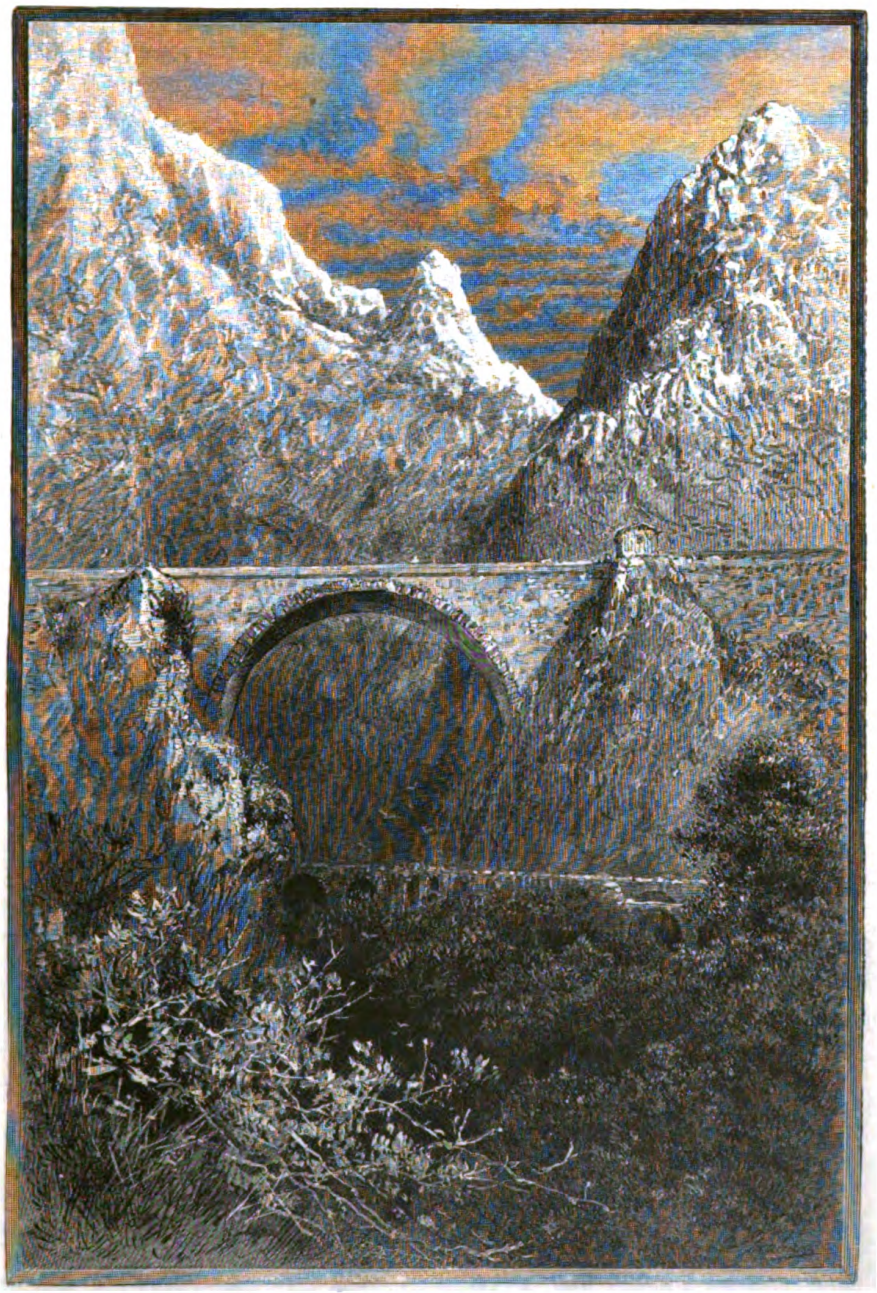
Margaret smiled, but I looked at the two youths reprovingly. Mrs. Trescott said: "Dry? Do you find it so? But you are young, whereas *I* have reminiscences. *Tears* are not dry."

They certainly are not; but why she

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should have alluded to them at that moment, no one but herself knew. There was a mystery about some of Mrs. Trescott's moods which made her society interesting: no one could ever tell what she would say next.

After breakfast we sat awhile in the garden, where there were palm, lemon, and orange trees, high woody bushes of heliotrope, grotesque growth of cactus, and the great gray-blue swords of the century-plant. Before us stretched the sea. Even if we had not known it, we should have felt sure that its waters laved tropical shores somewhere, and that it was the reflection of those far skies which we caught here.



"TO ITALY"—PONT ST. LOUIS.

Miss Graves now joined us, with an acquaintance she had discovered, a Mrs. Clary, who had "spent several winters at Mentone," and who adored "every stone

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of it." This phrase, which no doubt sounded well coming from Mrs. Clary, who was an impulsive person, with fine dark eyes and expressive mobile face, assumed a comical aspect when repeated by the sober voice of Miss Graves. Mrs. Clary, laughing, hastened to explain; and Miss Graves, noticing Mrs. Trescott on a bench in the shade, where she and her laces had floated down, said, warningly, "I should advise you to rise; I have just learned that the shade of Mentone is of the most deadly nature, and to be avoided like a scorpion."

Mrs. Trescott and her laces floated up. "Is it damp?" she asked, alarmed.



RUE LONGUE BLOCKADED BY AN ARTIST.

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"No," replied Miss Graves, "it is not damp. It does not know how to be damp at Mentone. But the shade is deadly, all the same. Now in Florida it was otherwise." And she went into the house to get a white umbrella.

"Matilda's temperament is really Alpine," said Mrs. Clary, smiling. "I have always felt that she would be cold even in heaven."

"In that case," said Baker, "she might try—" But he had the grace to stop.

"What is it about the shade?" I asked.

"Only this," said Mrs. Clary: "as the warmth is due to the heat of the sun, and not to the air, which is cool, there is more difference between the sunshine and shade here than we are accustomed to elsewhere. But surely it is a small thing to remember. The treasure of Mentone is its sunshine: in it, safety; out of it, danger."

"Like Mr. Micawber's income," said Margaret, smiling. "Amount, twenty shillings; you spend nineteen shillings and sixpence—riches; twenty shillings and sixpence—bankruptcy."

A little later we went down to the "old town," as the closely built village of the Middle Ages, clinging to the side hill, and hardly changed in the long lapse of centuries, is called. The "old town" lies between the East Bay and the West Bay, as the body of a bird lies between the two long, slender wings.

"The West Bay has its Promenade du Midi, and the East Bay has its sea-wall," said Mrs. Clary. "I like a sea-wall."

"This one does not *approach* that at St. Augustine," said Miss Graves.

"Here is one of the fountains or wells," said Mrs. Clary. "You will soon see that going for water and gossiping at the well are two occupations of the women everywhere in this region. It comes, I suppose, from the scarcity of water, which is brought in pipes from long distances to these wells, to which the women must go for all the water needed by their households. Notice the classic shapes of the jugs and jars they bear on their heads. Those green ones might be majolica."

We now turned up a paved ascent, and passing under a broad stone archway, entered the "old town," through whose narrow, lane-like streets no vehicle could be driven, through some of them hardly a donkey. The principal avenue, the Rue Longue, but a few feet in width, was smoothly paved and clean; but walking there was like being at the bottom of a well, so far above and so narrow was the little ribbon of blue sky at the top. Unbroken stone walls rose on each side, directly upon the street, five and six stories in height, shutting out the sunshine; and these tall gray walls were often joined above our heads also by arches, "like uncelebrated bridges of sighs," Janet said. These closely built continuous blocks were the homes of the native population, "old Mentone," unspoiled by progress and strangers. The low doorways showed stone steps ascending somewhere in the darkness, showed low-ceilinged rooms, whose only light was from the door, where were mothers and babies, men mending shoes, women sewing and occupied with household tasks, as calmly as though daylight was not the natural atmosphere of mankind, but rather their own dusky gloom. Outside the doors little black-eyed children sat on the pavement, eating the dark sour bread of the country, and here and there old women in circular white hats like large dinner plates were spinning thread with distaff and spindle. Above were some bits of color: pots of flowers on high window-sills, bright-hued rags hung out to dry, or a dark-eyed girl, with red kerchief tied over her black braids, looking down.

"It is all like a scene from an opera," said Janet.

"Oh no," said Mrs. Clary; "say rather that it is like a scene from the Middle Ages."

"That is what I mean," said Janet. "The scenes in the operas are generally from the Middle Ages."

"The chorus *always*," said Baker.

"It is a pity you can not see the old mansion of the Princes," said Mrs. Clary. "But I see the street is blockaded just now by the artist."

"By the artist?" said Janet.

"Yes; this one, a Frenchman, is rather broad-shouldered, and when he is at work he blockades the street. However, the mansion is not especially interesting; it was built by one of the later Princes with the stones of the ruined castle above, and has, I believe, only a vaulted hallway and one or two marble pillars. It is now a lodging-house. I saw dancing-dogs going up the stairway yesterday."

From the Rue Longue we had turned into a labyrinth of crooked, staircase-like lanes, winding here and there from side to

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side, but constantly ascending, the whole net-work, owing to the number of arches thrown across above, seeming to be half under-ground, but in reality a honey-combed erection clinging to the steep hill-side.

"Dancing-dogs?" said Janet, pausing in the darkest of these turnings. "Let us go back and see them."

But we all exclaimed against this; Mrs. Trescott's little old feet were wearied with curling over the round stones, and Margaret was tired. Inness and Baker offered to make dancing-dogs of themselves for the remainder of the morning, and dogs, too, of a very superior quality, if she would only go on.

The Professor, who, in his "winnowing progress," as Mrs. Trescott called it, had fallen behind, now joined us, followed by Miss Graves.

"I have just witnessed a remarkably interesting little ceremony," he began, "quite mediæval — a herald, with his trumpet, making an announcement through the streets. I could not comprehend all he said, but no doubt it was something of importance to the community."

"It was," said Miss Graves's monotonous voice. "He was telling them that excellent sausage-meat was now to be obtained at a certain shop for a price much lower than before."

"Ah," said the Professor. Then, rallying, he added, "But the ceremony was the same."

"Certainly," I said, with my usual unappreciated benevolence.

"I wonder what induced these people to build their houses upon such a crag as this, when they had the whole sunny coast to choose from?" said Janet.

The Professor, charmed with this idle little speech (which he took for a thirst for knowledge), hastened by several of us as we walked in single file, in order to be nearer to the questioner.

"You may not be aware, Miss Trescott," he began (she was still in advance, but he hoped to make up the distance), "that this whole shore, called the Riviera—"

"Let us begin fairly," I said. "What *is* the Riviera?"

"It is heaven," said Mrs. Clary.

"It is the coast of the Gulf of Genoa," said the Professor, "extending both eastward and westward from the city of that name. On the west it extends geographically to Nice; but Cannes and Antibes are generally included. This shore-line, then, has been subject from a very early date to attacks from the pirates of the Mediterranean, who swept down upon the coast and carried off as slaves all who came in their way. To escape the horrors of this slavery the inhabitants chose situations like this steep hill-side, and crowded their stone dwellings closely together so that they formed continuous walls, which were often joined also by arched bridges, like these above us now, and connected by dark and winding passageways below, so that escape was easy and pursuit impossible. It was a veritable—"

"Rabbit-warren," suggested Baker.

Inness made no suggestions; he was next to the Professor, and fully occupied in blocking, with apparent entire unconsciousness, all his efforts to pass and join Janet.

The Professor, not accepting, however, the rabbit-warren, continued: "As recently as 1830, Miss Trescott, when the French took possession of Algiers, they found there thousands of miserable Christian slaves, natives of this northern shore, who had been seized on the coast or taken from their fishing-boats at sea. There are men now living in Mentone who in their youth spent years as slaves in Tunis and Algiers. These pirates, these scourges of the Mediterranean, were Saracens, and—"

"Saracens!" said Janet, with an accent of admiration; "what a lovely word it is! What visions of romance and adventure it brings up, especially when spelled with two r's, so as to be Sarrasins! It is even better than Paynim."

I could not see how the Professor took this, because we were now all entirely in the dark, groping our way along a passage which apparently led through cellars.

"We are in an *impasse*, or blind passage," called Mrs. Clary from behind; "we had better go back."

Hearing this, we all retraced our steps—at least we supposed we did. But when we reached comparative daylight again we found that Janet, Inness, and Baker were not with us; they had found a way through that *impasse* although we could not, and were sitting high above us on a white wall in the sunshine, when, breathless, we at last emerged from the labyrinth and discovered them.

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"That looks like a cemetery," said Mrs. Trescott, disapprovingly, disentangling her lace shawl from a bush. "You *said* it was a castle." She addressed the Professor, and with some asperity: she did not like cemeteries.

"It was the castle," explained our learned guide; "the castle erected in 1502, by one of the Princes, upon the site of a still earlier one, built in 1250."

"That Prince used the ruins of his ancestors as his descendants afterward used his," observed Margaret, referring to the mansion in the street below.

"Possibly," said the Professor. He never gave Margaret more than a possibility; although a man of hyphens and semicolons, he generally dismissed her with an early period. "These old arches and buttresses," he continued, turning to Mrs. Trescott, "were once part of the castle. Turreted walls extended from here down to the sea."

"What they did once, of course I do not know," said Mrs. Trescott, implacably, "but now they plainly inclose a cemetery. Janet! Janet! come down! we are going back." And she turned to descend.

"The cemetery is a lovely spot," said Mrs. Clary, as we lingered a moment looking at the white marble crosses gleaming above us, outlined against the blue sky.

"Some other time," I answered, following Mrs. Trescott. For the quiet, lovely gardens where we lay our dead had too strong an attraction for Margaret already. She was fond of lingering amid their perfume and their silence, and she sought this one the next day, and afterward often went there. It was a peculiar little cemetery, alone on the height, and walled like a fortress; but it was beautiful in its way, lifted up against the sky and overlooking the sea. On the eastern edge was a monument, the seated figure of a woman with her hands gently clasped, her eyes gazing over the water; the face was lovely, and not idealized—the face of a woman, not an angel. Margaret took a fancy to this white watcher on the height, and often stole away to look at the sunset, seated near it. I think she identified its loneliness somewhat with herself.

We went through the labyrinth again, but by another route, not quite so dark and piratical, although equally narrow. Miss Graves liked nothing she saw, but walked on unmoved, save that at intervals she observed that it was "deathly cold" in these "stony lanes," and "*must* be unhealthy." Mrs. Clary's assertion that the people looked remarkably vigorous only called out a shake of the head; Miss Graves was set upon "fever." It was amusing to see how carefully all the houses were numbered, up and down these break-neck little streets, through the narrowest burrows, and under the darkest arches. Here and there some citizen wealthier than his neighbors had painted his section of front in bright pink or yellow, and perhaps adorned his Madonna in her little shrine over the door with new robes, those broadly contrasted blues and reds of Italy, which American eyes must learn by gradual education to admire; or, if not by education, then by residence; for he will find himself liking them naturally after a while, as a relief from the unchanging white light of the Italian day. We came down by way of the square or piazza on the hill-side, to and from which broad flights of steps ascend and descend. Here are the two churches of St. Michael and the White Penitents, whose campaniles, with that of the Black Penitents beyond, make the "three spires of Mentone," which stand out so picturesquely one above the other, visible in profile far to the east and the west on the sharp angle of the hill.

"The different use of the same word in different languages is droll," said Margaret. "French writers almost always speak of these little country church spires as 'coquettes.'"

"There is a Turkish lance here somewhere," said Inness, emerging unexpectedly from what I had thought was a cellar. "It is in one of these churches. It was taken at the battle of Lepanto, and is a 'glorious relic.' We must see it."

"No," said Janet, appearing with Baker at the top of a flight of steps which I had supposed was the back entrance of a private house, "we will not see it, but imagine it. I want to go homeward by the Rue Longue."

"Now, Janet, if you mean those dancing-dogs—" began Mrs. Trescott.

"I had forgotten their very existence, mamma. I was thinking of something quite different." Here she turned toward the Professor. "I was hoping that Professor Mackenzie would feel like telling me something of Mentone in the past, as we walk through that quaint old street."

"He feels like it—feels like it day and

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night," said Baker to Inness, behind me. "He's a perfect statistics Niagara."

"Look at him now, gorged with joy!" said Inness, indignantly. "But I'll floor him yet, and on his own ground, too. I'll study up, and *then* we'll see!"

But the Professor, not hearing this threat, had already begun, and begun (for him) quite gayly. "The origin of Mentone, Miss Trescott, has been attributed to the pirates, and also to Hercules."

"I have always been *so* interested in Hercules," replied that young person.

"Mythical—mythical," said the Professor. "I merely mentioned it as one of the legends. To come down to facts—always much more impressive to a rightly disposed mind—the first mention of Mentone, *per se*, on the authentic page of history, occurs in the eighth century. In A.D. 975 it belonged to the Lascaris, Counts of Ventimiglia, a family of royal origin and Greek descent."

"Are there any of them left?" inquired Janet.

"I really do not know," replied the Professor, who was not interested in that branch of the subject. "In the fourteenth century the village passed into the possession of the Grimaldi family, Princes of Monaco, and they held it, legally at least, until 1860, when it was attached to France."

"He is really quite Cyclopean in his information," murmured Mrs. Trescott.

But the Professor had now discovered Inness, who, with an expression of deepest interest on his face, was walking close at his heels, and writing as he walked in a note-book.

"What are you doing, sir?" said the Professor, in his college tone.

"Taking notes," replied Inness, respectfully. "Miss Trescott may feel willing to trust her memory, but *I* wish to preserve your remarks for future reference," and he went on with his writing.

The Professor looked at him sharply, but the youth's face remained immovable, and he went on.

"These three little towns, then, Mentone, Roccabruna, and Monaco, have belonged to the Princes of Monaco since the early Middle Ages."

"Those dear Middle Ages!" said Mrs. Clary.

The Professor gravely looked at her, and then repeated his phrase, as if linking together his remarks over her unimportant head. "As I observed—the early Middle Ages. But in 1848 Mentone and Roccabruna, unable longer to endure the tyranny of their rulers, revolted and declared their independence. The Prince at that time lived in Paris, knew little of his subjects, and apparently cared less, save to get from them through agents as much income as possible for his Parisian luxuries." (Impossible to describe the accent which our Puritan Professor gave to those two words.) "His little territory produced only olives, oranges, and lemons. By his order the oranges and lemons were taxed so heavily that the poor peasant owner made nothing from his toil; his olives, also, must be ground at the 'Prince's mill,' where a higher price was demanded than elsewhere. Finally an even more odious monopoly was established: all subjects were compelled to purchase the 'Prince's bread,' which, made from cheap grain bought on the docks of Marseilles and Genoa, was often unfit to eat. So severe were the laws that any traveller entering the principality must throw away at the boundary line all bread he might have with him, and the captain of a vessel having on board a single slice upon arrival in port was heavily fined. This state of things lasted twenty-five years, during which period the Prince in Paris spent annually his eighty thousand dollars, gained from this poor little domain of eight or nine thousand souls." The Professor in his heat stood still, and we all stood still with him. The Mentonnais, looking down from their high windows and up from their dark little doors, no doubt wondered what we were talking about; they little knew it was their own story.

"A revolution made by bread. And ours was made by tea," observed Janet, thoughtfully.

"We need now only one made by butter, to be complete," said Inness.

Again the Professor scrutinized him, but discovered nothing.

I, however, discovered something, although not from Inness; I discovered why Janet had wished to pass a second time through that Rue Longue. For here was the French artist sketching the old mansion, and with him (she could not have known this, of course; but chance always favored Janet) were the two Englishmen, the respectful gazers of the breakfast table, sketching also. There were therefore

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six artistic eyes instead of two to dwell upon her as she approached, passed, and went onward, her slender figure outlined against the light coming through the archway beyond, old St. Julian's Gate, a remnant of feudal fortification. Artists are not slack in the use of their eyes; an "artistic gaze" is not considered a stare. I was obliged to repeat this axiom to Baker, who did not appreciate it, but looked as though he would like to go back and artistically demolish those gazers. He contented himself, however, with the remark that water-color sketches were "weak, puling daubs," and then he went on through the old archway as majestically as he could.

"One of the features of Mentone seems to be the number of false windows carefully painted on the outside of the houses, windows adorned with blinds, muslin curtains, pots of flowers, and even gay rugs hanging over the sill," said Margaret.

"And then the frescoes," I added—"landscapes, trees, gods and goddesses, in the most brilliant colors, on the side of the house."

"*I* like it," said Mrs. Clary; "it is so tropical."

"You commend falsity, then," said Miss Graves. "*What* can be more false than a false rug?"

We went homeward by the sea-wall, and saw some boys coming up from the beach with a basket of sea-urchins. "They eat them, you know," said Mrs. Clary.

"Is that tropical too?" said Janet, shuddering.

"It is, after all, but a difference in custom," observed the Professor. "I myself have eaten puppies in China, and found them not unpalatable."

Janet surveyed him; then fell behind and joined Inness and Baker.

Some fishermen on the beach were talking to two women with red handkerchiefs on their heads, who were leaning over the sea-wall. "Their language is a strange patois," said the Professor; "it is composed of a mixture of Italian, French, Spanish, and even Arabic."

"But the people themselves are thoroughly Italian, I think, in spite of the French boundary line," said Margaret. "They are a handsome race, with their dark eyes, thick hair, and rich coloring."

"I have never bestowed much thought upon beauty *per se*," responded the Professor. "The imperishable mind has far more interest."

"How much of the imperishable M. do you possess, Miss Trescott?" I heard Inness murmur.

"Breakfast" was served at one o'clock in the large dining-room, and we found ourselves opposite the two English artists, and a young lady whom they called "Miss Elaine."

"Elaine is bad enough; but 'Miss Elaine'!" said Margaret aside to me.

However, Miss Elaine seemed very well satisfied with herself and her Tennysonian title. She was a short, plump blonde, with a high color, and I could see that she regarded Janet with pity as she noted her slender proportions and delicate complexion in the one exhaustive glance with which girls survey each other when they first meet. We were some time at the table, but during the first five minutes both of the artists succeeded in offering some slight service to Mrs. Trescott which gave an opportunity for opening a conversation. The taller of the two, called "Verney" by his friend, advised for the afternoon an expedition up the Cornice Road to the "Pont St. Louis," and on "to Italy."

"But that will be too far, will it not?" said Mrs. Trescott.

"Oh no; to Italy! to Italy!" said Janet, with enthusiasm. Verney now explained that Italy was but ten minutes' walk from the hotel, and Janet was, of course, duly astonished. But not more astonished than the Professor, who, having told her the same fact not a half-hour before, could not comprehend how she should so soon have forgotten it.

"And if we *are* but 'ten minutes' walk from Italy'—a phrase so often repeated—what of it?" said Miss Graves to Margaret. "We are simply ten minutes' walk from a most uncleanly land." Miss Graves always wore a gray worsted shawl, and took no wine; in spite of the sunshine, therefore, she preserved a frosty appearance.

After breakfast Miss Elaine introduced herself to Mrs. Trescott. She had met some Americans the year before; they were charming; they were from Brazil; perhaps we knew them? She had always felt ever since that all Americans were her dear, dear friends. She had an invalid mother upstairs (sharing her good opinion of Americans) who would be "very pleased" to make our acquaintance; and

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hearing Pont St. Louis mentioned, she assured Janet that it was a "very jolly place —very jolly indeed." It ended in our going to the "jolly place," accompanied by the two artists and Miss Elaine herself, who smiled upon us all, upon the rocks, the sky, and the sea, in the most amiable and continuous manner. This time we were not all on foot; one of the loose-jointed little Mentone phaetons, with a great deal of driver and whip and very little horse, had been engaged for Mrs. Trescott and Margaret. This left Mrs. Clary and myself together (Miss Graves having remained at home), and Inness, Baker, the Professor, Verney, and the other artist, whose name was Lloyd, all trying to walk with Janet, while Miss Elaine devoted herself in turn to the unsuccessful ones, and never from first to last perceived the real situation.

We went eastward; presently we passed a small house bearing the following naïve inscription in French on the side toward the road: "The first villa built at Mentone, in 1855, to attract hither the strangers. The sun, the sea, and the soft air combined are benefactions bestowed upon us by the good God. Thanks be to Him, therefore, for His mercies in thus favoring us."

"Mentone is said to have been 'discovered by the English' in 1857," said Mrs. Clary. "Dr. Bennet, the London physician, may be called its real discoverer, as Lord Brougham was the discoverer of Cannes. From a sleepy, unknown little Riviera village it has grown into the winter resort we now see, with fifty hotels and two hundred villas full of strangers from all parts of the world."

The Professor was discoursing upon the climate. "It is very beneficial to all whose lungs are delicate," he said. "Also" (checking off the different classes on his fingers) "to the aged, to those who need general renovating, to the rheumatic, and to those afflicted with gout."

"Where, then, do I come in?" said Janet, sweetly, as he finished the left hand.

"Nowhere," answered the Professor, meaning to be gallant, but not quite succeeding. Perceiving this, he added, slowly, and with solemnity, "But the fair and healthy flower should be willing to shine upon the less endowed for the pure beneficence of the act."

Baker and Inness sat down on the sea-wall behind him to recover from this. The two Englishmen were equally amused, although Miss Elaine, who was walking with them, did not discover it. However, Miss Elaine seldom discovered anything save herself. We now began to ascend, passing between the high walls of villa gardens along a smooth, broad, white road.

"This is the Cornice," said Mrs. Clary; "it winds along this coast from Marseilles to Genoa."

"From Nice to Genoa," said the Professor, turning to correct her. But by turning he lost his place. Inness slipped into it, and not only that, but into his information also. In the leisure hour or two before and after "breakfast," Inness had carried out his threat of "studying up," and we soon became aware of it.

"The genius of Napoleon, Miss Trescott," he began, "caused this wonderful road to spring from the bosom of the mighty rock."

"Before it there was no road, only a mule track," said the Professor from behind.

"I beg your pardon," said Inness, suavely, "but there was a road, the old Roman way, called Via Julia Augusta, traces of which are still to be seen at more than one point in this neighborhood."

"Ah!" said the Professor, surprised by this unexpected antiquity, "you are going back to the Roman period. I have omitted that."

"But I have not," replied Inness. "The Romans were a remarkable people, and all their relics are penetrated with the profoundest interest for me. I am aware, however, that other minds are more modern," he added, carelessly, with an air of patronage, which so delighted Baker that he fell behind to conceal it.

"The Cornichy, Miss Trescott, as we pronounce the Italian word (Corniche in French), is almost our own word cornice," pursued Inness, "meaning a shelf or ledge along the side of the mountain. It was begun by Napoleon, and has been finished by the energy of successive governments since the death of that wonderful man, who was all governments in one."

"You surprise me," said Janet, breaking into laughter.

"Not more than you do me," I said, joining her.

The Professor (who had rather neglected the Cornice in his Cyclopean informa-

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tion) gazed at us inquiringly, surprised at our merriment.

"The best description of the Cornice, I think, is the one in Ruffini's novel called *Doctor Antonio*," said Mrs. Clary. "The scene is laid at Bordighera, you know, that little white town on the eastern point so conspicuous from Mentone. Of course you all remember *Doctor Antonio*?"

Presently our road wound around a curve, and we came upon a wild gorge, spanned by a bridge with a sentinel's box at each end; one side was France and the other Italy. The bridge, the official boundary line between the two countries, is a single arch thrown across the gorge, which is singularly stern, great masses of bare gray rock rising perpendicularly hundreds of feet into the air, with a little rill of water trickling down on one side, trying to create a tiny line of verdure. Below was an old aqueduct on arches, which the Professor hastened to say was "Roman."

"The Romans must have been enormous drinkers of water," observed Baker, as we looked down. "The first thing they made in every conquered country was an aqueduct. What could have given the name to Roman punch?"

"Do you see that narrow track cut in the face of the rock?" said Mrs. Clary, pointing out a line crossing one side of the gorge at a dizzy height. "It is a little path beside a water-course, and so narrow that in some places there is not room for one's two feet. The wall of rock rises, as you see, perpendicularly hundreds of feet on one side, and falls away hundreds of feet perpendicularly on the other; there is nothing to hold on by, and in addition the glancing motion of the little stream, running rapidly down-hill along the edge, makes the path still more dizzy. Yet the peasants coming down from Ciotti—a village above us—use it, as it shortens the distance to town. And there are those among the strangers too who try it, generally, I must confess, of our race. The French and Italians say, with a shrug, 'It is only the English and Americans who enjoy such risks.'"

"It does not look so narrow," said Janet. Then, as we exclaimed, she added, "I mean, not wide enough for one's two feet."

"Feet," remarked Inness, in a general way, as if addressing the gorge, "are not all of the same size."

We happened to be standing in a row, with our backs against the southern parapet of the bridge, looking up at the little path; the result was that eighteen feet were plainly visible on the white dust of the bridge, and, naturally enough, at Inness's speech eighteen eyes looked downward and noted them. There were the Professor's boots, the laced shoes of the younger men, the comfortable foot-gear of Mrs. Clary and myself, the broad substantial soles of Miss Elaine, and a certain dainty little pair of high-arched, high-heeled boots, which, small as they were, were yet quite large enough for the pretty feet they contained. I thought Miss Elaine would be vexed; but no, not at all. It never occurred to Miss Elaine to doubt the perfection of any of her attributes. But now Mrs. Trescott's phaeton, which had started later, reached the bridge, and the gorge, path, and aqueduct had to be explained to her. Lloyd undertook this.

"I wonder how many girls have thrown themselves off that rock?" said Janet, gazing at an isolated peak, shaped like a sugar-loaf, which stood alone within the ravine.

"What a holocaust you imagine, Miss Trescott!" said Verney. "How could they climb up there, to begin with?"

"I do not know. But they always do. I have never known a rock of that kind which has succeeded in evading them," answered Janet. "They generally call them 'Lovers' Leaps.'"

After a while we went on "to Italy," passing the square Italian custom-house perched on its cliff, and following the road by the little Garibaldi inn, and on toward the point of Mortola.

"This is the Italian frontier," said Verney. "In old times, during the Prince's reign, no one could leave the domain without buying a passport; any one, therefore, who wished to take an afternoon walk was obliged to have one. But things are altered now in Menton."

"Are we to call the place Menton or Mentone?" asked Janet. "We might as well come to some decision."

"Menton is correct," said the Professor; "it is now a French town."

"Oh no! let us keep to the dear old names, and say Men-to-ne," said Mrs. Clary.

"*I* have even heard it pronounced to rhyme with bone," said Verney, smiling. Inness and Baker now looked at each

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other, and fell behind, but after a few minutes they came forward again, and, advancing to the front, faced us, and delivered the following epic:

Inness:

"What shall we call thee? Shall we give our own
Plain English vowels to thee, fair Mentone?"

Baker:

"Or shall we yield thee back thy patrimony,
The lost Italian sweetness of Mentone?"

Inness:

"Or, with French accent, and the n's half gone,
Try the Parisian syllables—Men-ton?"

We all applauded their impromptu. The Professor, seeing that poetry held the field, walked apart musingly. I think he was trying to recall, but without success, an appropriate Latin quotation.

The view from the point above Mortola is very beautiful. On the west, Mentone with its three spires, the green of Cap Martin; and beyond, the bold dark forehead of the Dog's Head rising above Monaco.

"Do you see that blue line of coast?" said Verney. "That is the island where lived the Man with the Iron Mask."

"Bazaine was confined there also," said the Professor.

But none of us cared for Bazaine. We began to talk about the Mask, and then diverged to Kaspar Hauser, finally ending with Eleazer Williams, of "Have we a Bourbon among us?" who had to be explained to the Englishmen. It was some time before we came back to the view; but all the while there it was before us, and we were unconsciously enjoying it. On the east was, first, the little village of Mortola at our feet; then fortified Ventimiglia; and beyond, Bordighera, gleaming whitely on its low point out in the blue sea.

"Blanche Bordighera," said Mrs. Clary; "it is to me like paradise—always silvery and fair. No matter where you go, there it is; whether you look from Cap Martin or St. Agnese, from Ciotti or Roccabruna, you can always see Bordighera shining in the sunlight. Even when there is a mist, so that Mentone itself is veiled and Ventimiglia lost, Bordighera can be seen gleaming whitely through. And finally you end by not wanting to go there; you dread spoiling the vision by a less fair reality, and you go away, leaving it unvisited, but carrying with you the remembrance of its shining and its feathery palms."

"Is it palmy?" asked Janet.

"There are probably now more palms at Bordighera than in the Holy Land itself," said Verney, who had wound himself into a place beside her. I say "wound," because Verney was so long and lithe that he could slip gracefully into places which other men could not obtain. Lloyd was not with us. He had not left his post of duty beside the phaeton, which was coming slowly up the hill behind us; but I noticed that he had selected Margaret's side of it.

"Palms would grow at Mentone, or at any other sheltered spot on this coast," said the Professor, at last abandoning the obstinate quotation, and coming back to the present. "But the cultivation is not remunerative save at Bordighera, where they own the monopoly of supplying the palm branches used on Palm-Sunday at Rome."

"Excuse me," said Inness; "but I think you did not mention the origin of that monopoly?"

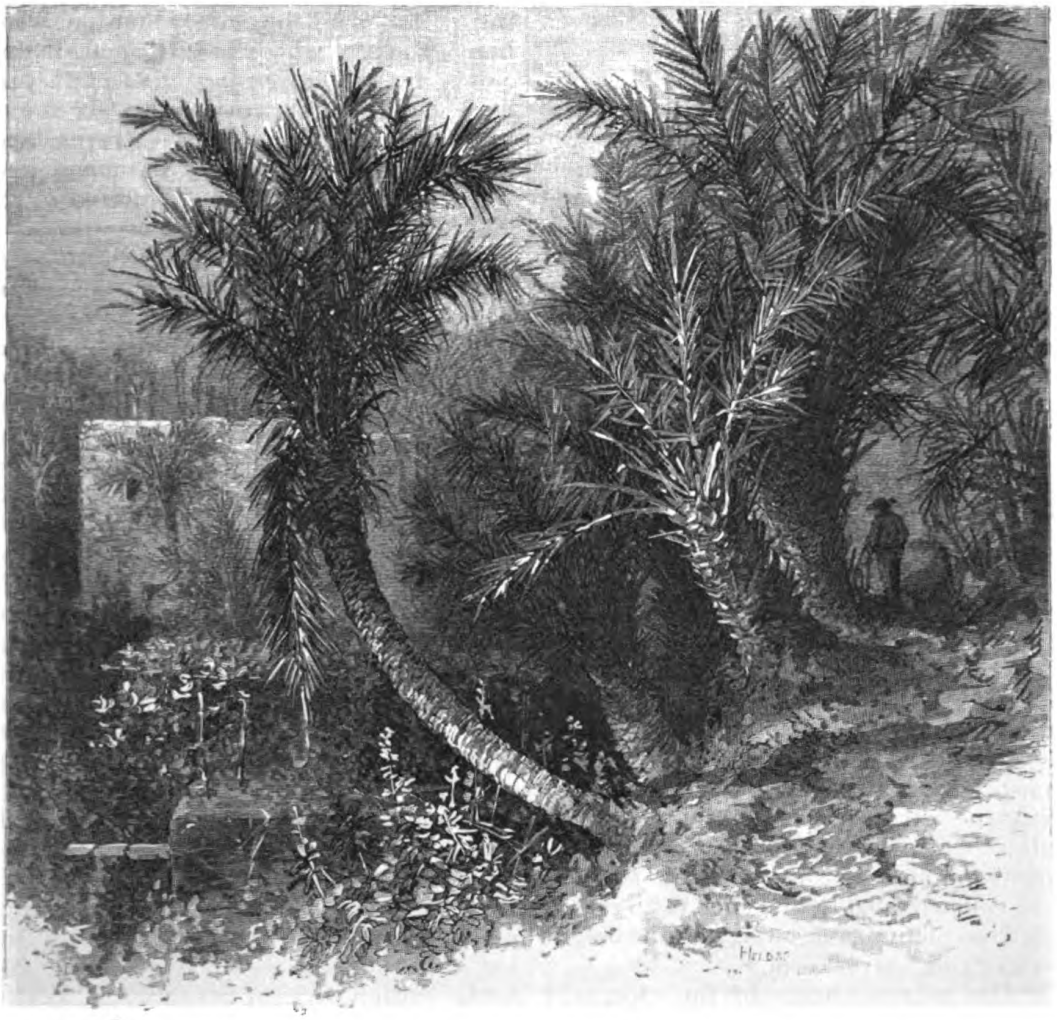
"A monkish legend," said the Professor, contemptuously.

"In those days everything was monkish," replied Inness; "architecture, knowledge, and religion. If we had lived then, no doubt we should all have been monks."

"Ah, yes!" said Miss Elaine, fervently. "Do tell us the legend, Mr. Inness. I adore legends, especially if ecclesiastical."

"Well," said Inness, "a good while ago—in 1586—the Pope decided to raise and place upon a pedestal an Egyptian obelisk, which, transported to Rome by Caligula, had been left lying neglected upon the ground. An apparatus was constructed to lift the huge block, and with the aid of one hundred and fifty horses and nine hundred men it was raised, poised, and then let down slowly toward its position, amid the breathless silence of a multitude, when suddenly it was seen that the ropes on one side failed to bring it into place. All, including the engineer in charge, stood stupefied with alarm, when a voice from the crowd called out, 'Wet the ropes!' It was done; the ropes shortened; the obelisk reached its place in safety. The Pope sent for the man whose timely advice had saved the lives of many, and asked him what reward would please him most. He was a simple countryman, and with much timidity he answered that he lived at Bordighera, and that if the palms of Bordighera could be used in Rome on

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THE PALMS OF BORDIGHERA.

Holy Palm-Sunday he should die happy. His wish was granted," concluded Inness, "and—he died."

"I hope not immediately," I said, laughing.

On our way back, Verney showed us a path leading up the cliff. "Let me give you a glimpse of a lovely garden," he said. We looked up, and there it was on the cliff above us, like the hanging gardens of Babylon, green terraces clothing the bare gray rock with beautiful verdure. Margaret left the phaeton and went up the winding path with us, Mrs. Trescott and Mrs. Clary remaining below. The gate of the garden, which bore the inscription, "Salvete Amici," opened upon a long columned walk; from pillar to pillar over our heads ran climbing vines, and on each side were ranks of rare and curious plants, the lovely wild flowers of the country having their place also among the costlier blossoms. "Before you go farther turn and look at the tower," said Verney. "It has been made habitable within, but otherwise it is unchanged. It was built either as a lookout in which to keep watch for the Saracens, or else by the Saracens themselves when they held the coast."

"By the Sarrasins themselves, of course—always with two r's," said Janet. "Think of it—a Sarrasin tower! I would rather own it than anything else in the whole world."

Whereupon Verney, Inness, the Professor, Lloyd, and Baker all wished to know what she would do with it.

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"Do with it?" repeated Janet. "Live in it, of course. I have always had the greatest desire to live in a tower; even light-houses tempt me."

"I shall tell Dr. Bennet," said Verney, laughing. "This is his garden, you know."

At the end of the columned walk we went around a curve by a smaller tower, and descended to a lower path bordered with miniature groves of hyacinth, whose dense sweetness, mingled with that of heliotrope, filled the air. Here Margaret seated herself to enjoy the fragrance and sunshine, while we went onward, coming to a magnificent array of primulas, rank upon rank, in every shade of delicate and gorgeous coloring, a pomp of tints against a background of ferns. Below was a little vine-covered terrace with thick, soft, English grass for its velvet flooring; here was another paradisiacal little seat, like the one where we had left Margaret, overlooking the blue sea. On terraces above were camellias, roses, and numberless other blossoms, mingled with tropical plants and curious growths of cacti; behind was a lemon grove rising a little higher; then the background of gray rocks from which all this beauty had been won inch by inch; then the great peaks of the mountain amphitheatre against the sky—in all, beauty enough for a thousand gardens here concentrated in one enchanting spot.

"That picturesque village on the height is Grimaldi," said Verney.

"The original home of the clowns, I suppose," said Baker.

"English and Americans always say that; they can never think of anything but the great circus Hamlet," replied Verney. "In reality, however, Grimaldi is one of the oldest of the noble names on this coast—the family name of the Princes of Monaco."

"Who are worse than clowns," said the Professor, sternly. "The Grimaldi who was a clown at least honestly earned his bread, but the Grimaldis of the present day live by the worst dishonesty. Monaco, formerly called the Port of Hercules, may now well be called the Port of Hell."

"Well," said Inness, "if Monaco, on one side of us, represents l' Inferno, Bordighera, on the other, represents Paradiso, and so we are saved."

"It depends upon which way you go, young man," said the Professor, still sternly.

After a while we came back to the bench among the hyacinths where we had left Margaret, and found Lloyd with her, looking at the sea; the lovely garden overhangs the sea, whose beautiful near blue closes every blossoming vista. It had been decided that we were to go homeward by way of the Bone Caverns, and as Mrs. Trescott was fond of bones, and wished to see their abode, I offered to remain and drive home with Margaret.

"Let me accompany Miss Severin," said Lloyd. "I have seen the caverns, and do not care to see them again."

I looked at Margaret, thinking she would object; she seldom cared for the society of strangers. But in some way Mr. Lloyd no longer seemed a stranger; he had crossed the numerous little barriers which she kept erected between herself and the outside world, crossed them probably without even seeing them. But none the less were they crossed.

So we left them in the sunny garden to return homeward at their leisure, and, descending to the road, went eastward a short distance, and turned down a narrow path leading to the beach. It brought us under the enormous mass of the Red Rocks, rising perpendicularly three hundred feet from the water. Inness, who was in advance, had paused on a little bridge of one arch over a hollow, and was holding it, as it were, when we came up. "Behold a fragment of the ancient Roman way, Via Julia Augusta," he began, introducing the bridge with a wave of his cane. "When we think of this road in the past, what visions rise in the mind—visions like—like mists on the mountain-tops floating away, which—which merge in each other at dawning of day! In comparison with the ancient Romans, the builders of this bridge, Hercules, the Lascaris, even the Sarrasins (always with two r's), are *nowhere.* Roman feet touched this very archway upon which my own unworthy shoes now stand."

We looked at his shoes with respect, the Professor (who had gone onward to the Bone Caverns) not being there to contradict.

"The Romans," continued Inness, "never staid long. They dropped here a tomb, there an aqueduct, and then moved on. They were the first great pedestrians. We can not *see* them, but we can imagine them. As Pope well says,

"'While fancy brings the vanished piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome anew.'"

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"Ah, yes," said Mrs. Trescott, "the Romans, the Romans, how dreamy they were! They always remind me of those lines:

"'Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
The primal sympathy,
Which, having been, must ever be!'"

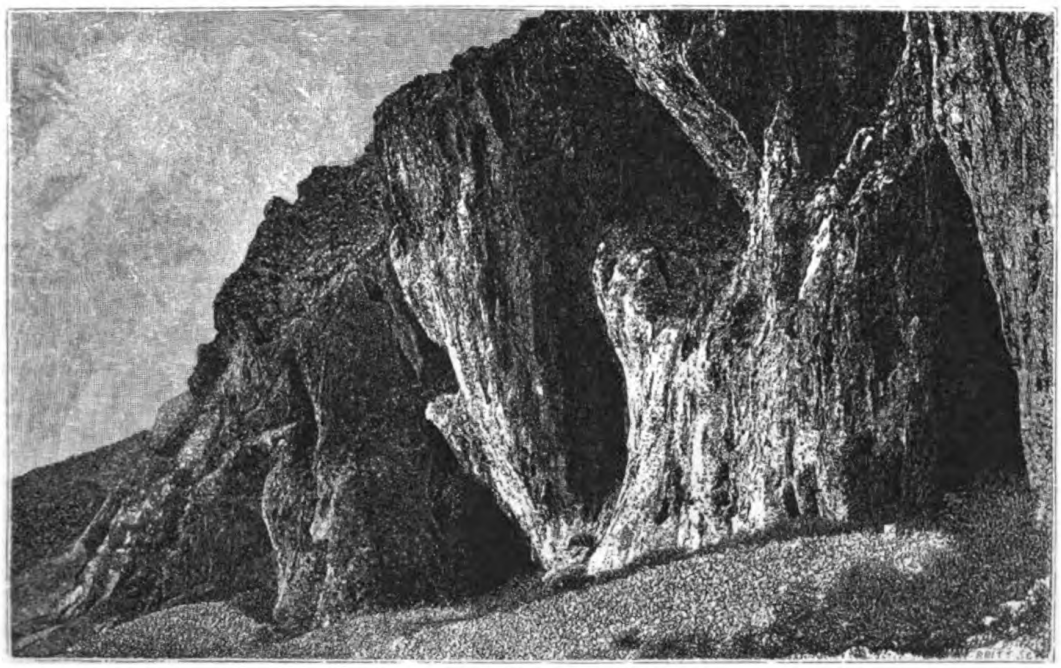
This finished the bridge. As we had no idea what she meant, even Inness deserted it, and we all went onward to the Bone Caverns. The caverns were dark hollows in the cliff some distance above the road. From the entrance of one of them issued a cloud of dust; the Professor was in there digging.

"Let us ascend at once," said Mrs. Trescott, enthusiastically. "I wish to stand in the very abode of the primitive man."

But it was something of a task to get her up; there was always a great deal of loose drapery about Mrs. Trescott, which had a way of catching on everything far and near. With her veil, her plumes, her lace shawl, her long watch chain, her dangling fan, her belt bag and scent bottle, her parasol and basket, it was difficult to get her safely through any narrow or bushy place. But to-day Verney gallantly undertook the feat: he knew the advantages of propitiating the higher powers.

Men were quarrying the face of the Red Rocks at a dizzy height, hanging suspended in mid-air by ropes in order to direct the blasting; below, the patient horses were waiting to convey the great blocks of stone to the town, and destroy, by their daily procession, the last traces of the Julia Augusta.

"I hope these rocks are porphyry," said Janet, gazing upward; "it is such a lovely name."



THE BONE CAVERNS.

"Yes, they are," said the unblushing Inness. "The Troglodytes, whose homes are beneath, were fond of porphyry. They were very æsthetic, you know."

We now reached the entrance of one of the caverns and looked in.

"The Troglodytes," continued Inness, "were the original, *really* original, proprietors of Mentone. They lived here, clad in bear-skins, and their voices are said to have been not sweet. See Pliny and Strabo. The bones of their dinners left here, and a few of their own (untimely deaths from fighting with each other for more), have now become the most precious treasures of the scientific world, equalling in richness the never-to-be-suffi-

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THE PROFESSOR DISCOURSES.

ciently-prized-and-investigated kitchen refuse heaps of the Swiss lakes."

But the Professor, overhearing something of this frivolity at the sacred door, emerged from the hole in which he had been digging, and, covered with dust, but rich in the possession of a ball and socket joint of some primeval animal, came to the entrance, and forcibly, if not by force, addressed us:

"At a recent period it has been discovered that these five caverns in this limestone rock—"

"Alas, my porphyry!" murmured Janet.

—"contain bones of animals mixed with flint instruments imbedded in sand. The animals were the food and the flint instruments the weapons of a race of men who must have existed far back in prehistoric times. This was a rich discovery; but a richer was to come. In 1872 a human skeleton, all but perfect, a skeleton of a tall man, was discovered in the fourth cavern, surrounded by bones which prove its great antiquity—which prove, in fact, almost beyond a doubt, that it belonged to—the—*Paleolithic epoch!*" And the Professor paused, really overcome by the tremendous power of his own words.

But I am afraid we all gazed stupidly enough, first at him, then into the cave, then at him again, with only the vaguest idea of "Paleolithic's" importance. I must except Verney; he knew more. But he had gone inside, and was now digging in the hole in his turn to find flints for Janet.

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Mrs. Trescott, who was our bone-master (she had studied anatomy, and highly admired "form"), asked if the skeleton had been "painted in oils."

Miss Elaine hoped that they buried it again "reverently," and "in consecrated ground."

The Professor gazed at them in turn; he literally could not find a word for reply.

Then I, coming to the rescue, said: "I am very dull, I know, but pity my dullness, and tell me why the skeleton was so important, and how they knew it was so old."

The poor man, overcome by such crass ignorance, gazed at his ball and socket joint and at our group in silence. Then, in a spiritless voice, he said: "The bones surrounding the skeleton were those of animals now extinct—animals that existed at a period heretofore supposed to have been before that of man; but by their presence here they prove him a contemporary, and we therefore know that he existed at a much earlier age of the world's history than we had imagined."

Verney now gave Janet the treasures he had found—some pieces of flint about an inch long, rudely pointed at one end. "These," he said, "are the knives of the primitive man."

"They are very disappointing," said Janet, surveying them as they lay in the palm of her slender gray glove, buttoned half-way to the elbow.

"Did you expect carved handles and steel blades?" I said, smiling.

"And here are some nummulites," pursued Verney, taking a quantity of the round coin-like shells from his pocket. "You might have a necklace made, with the nummulites above and the flints below as pendants."

"And label it prehistoric; it would be quite as attractive as preraphaelite," said Inness. "I don't know what *you* think," he continued, turning to Verney, "but to me there is nothing so ugly as the way some of the girls—generally the tall ones—are getting themselves up nowadays in what they call the preraphaelite style—a general effect of awkward lankness as to shape and gown, a classic fillet, hair to the eyebrows, and a gait not unlike that which would be produced by having the arms tied together behind at the elbows. If your Botticelli is responsible for this, his canvases should be demolished."

Verney laughed; he was at heart, I think, a strong preraphaelite both of the present and the past; but how could he avow it when a reality so charming and at the same time so unlike that type stood beside him? Janet's costumes were not at all preraphaelite; they were American-French.

We left the Red Rocks, and went slowly onward along the sea-shore toward home. Miss Elaine, having first taken me aside to ask if I thought it "quite proper," had challenged Inness to a rapid walk, and soon carried him away from us and out of sight. On our way we passed the St. Louis brook, where the laundresses were at work in two rows along the stream, each kneeling at the edge in a broad open basket like a boat, and bending over the low pool, alternately soaping and beating her clothes with a flat wooden mallet. It was a picturesque sight—the long rows of figures in baskets, the heads decked with bright-colored handkerchiefs. But to a housewifely mind like my own the idea which most forcibly presented itself was the small amount of water. Of a celebrated trout fisherman it was once said that all he required was a little damp spot, and forthwith he caught a trout; and the Mentone laundresses seem to consider that only a little damp spot is needed for their daily labors.

But in truth they can not help themselves: the crying fault of Mentone is the want of water. A spring is more precious than the land itself, and is divided between different proprietors for stated periods of each day. The poor little rills do a dozen tasks before they reach the laundresses and the beach. The beautiful terrace vegetation which clothes the sides of the mountains is supported by an elaborate and costly system of tanks and water-courses which would dishearten an American proprietor at the outset. The Mentone laundresses work for wages which a New World laundress would scorn; but there is one marked difference between them and between all the French and Italian working people and those of America, and that is that among these foreigners there seems to be not one too poor to have his daily bottle of wine. We saw the necks of these bottles peeping from the rough dinner baskets of the laundresses, and afterward from those also of the quarry-men, vine-dressers, olive-pickers, and lemon-gatherers. It was an inexpensive "wine of the country"; still, it was wine.

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The sun was now sinking into the water, and exquisite hues were stealing over the soft sea. The picturesque Mediterranean boats with lateen-sails were coming toward home, and one whose little sail was crimson made a lovely picture on the water. At the sea-wall we met Miss Graves gloomily taking a walk, and presently the phaeton with Margaret and Lloyd stopped near us as we stood looking at the

"What is that?" I asked.

"Never mind what it is in reality," answered Mrs. Clary. "I consider it enchanted — the Fortunate Land, whose shores and mountain-peaks can be seen only between dawn and sunrise, when they loom up distinctly, soon fading away, however, mysteriously into the increasing daylight, and becoming entirely invisible when the sun appears."



THE WASHER-WOMEN.

hues. Two ships in the distance sailed first on blue water, then on rose, on lilac, on purple, violet, and gold. Over the sea fell a pink flush, met on the horizon by salmon in a broad band, then next above it amber, then violet edged with rose, and higher still a zone of clear pale green bordered with gold. At the same moment the Red Rocks were flooded with rose light which extended in a lovely flush up the high gray peaks behind far in the sky, lingering there when all the lower splendor was gone, and the sea and shore veiled in dusky twilight gray.

"It is almost as beautiful at sunrise," said Mrs. Clary; "and then, too, you can see the Fairy Island."

"I saw it this morning," said Miss Graves, soberly. "It is only Corsica."

"Brigands and vendetta," said Inness.

"Napoleon," said all the rest of us.

"My idea of it is much the best," said Mrs. Clary; "it is Fairy-land, the lost Isles of the Blest."

After that each morning at breakfast the question always was, who had seen Corsica. And a vast amount of ingenious evasion was displayed in the answers. However, I did see it once. It rose from the water on the southeastern horizon, its line of purple mountain-peaks and low shore so distinctly visible that it seemed as if one could take the little boat with the crimson sail and be over there in an

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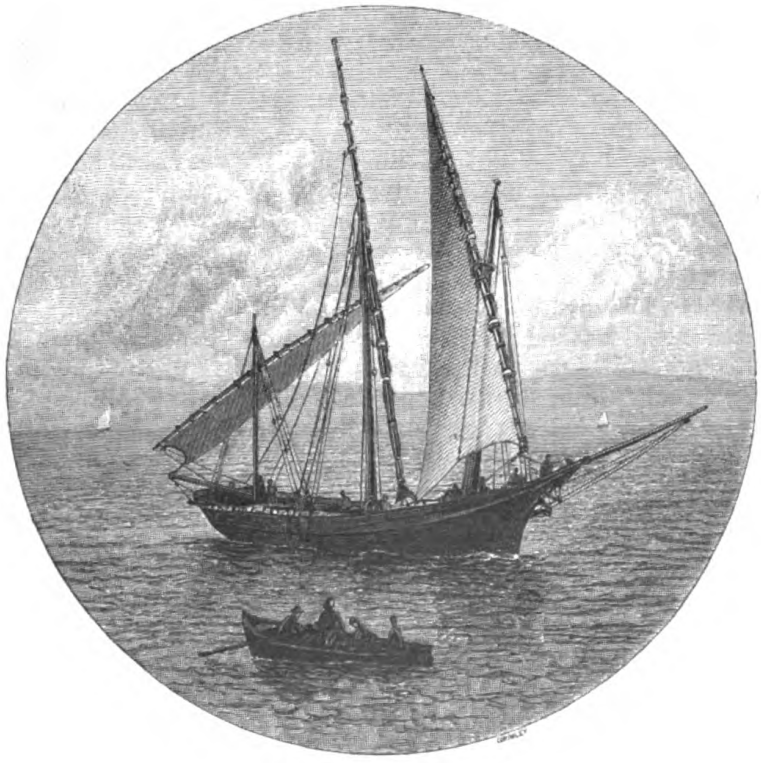
hour, although it was ninety miles away; but while I gazed it faded slowly, melted, as it were, into the gold of the awakening day.

The weeks passed, and we rode, drove, walked, and climbed hither and thither, looking at the carouba-trees, the stiff pyramidal cypresses, the euphorbias in woody bushes five feet high, the great planes, the grotesque naked figs, the aloes and oleanders growing wild, and the fantastic shapes of the cacti. We searched for ferns, finding the rusty ceterach, the little trichomanes, and *Adiantum nigrum*, but especially the exquisite maiden-hair of the delicate variety called *Capillus veneris*, which fringed every water-course and bank and rock where there is the least moisture with its lovely green fretwork. There is a phrase current in Mentone and applied to this fern, as well as to the violets which grow wild in rich profusion, starring the ground with their blue; unthinking people say of them that they are "so common they become weeds." This phrase should be suppressed by a society for the cultivation of good taste and the prevention of cruelty to plants. Ivy was everywhere, growing wild, and heather in bloom.

Miss Graves was brought almost to tears one day by finding her old friend the wild climbing smilax of Florida on these Mediterranean rocks, and only recovered her self-possession because Lloyd would call it "sarsaparilla," and she felt herself called upon to do battle. But the profusion of the violets, the pomp of the red anemones, the perfume of the white narcissus, the hyacinths and sweet alyssum, all growing wild, who shall describe them? There were also tulips, orchids, English primroses, and daisies. Even when nothing else could grow there was always the demure rosemary. Of course, too, we made close acquaintance with the olive and lemon, the characteristic trees of Mentone, whose foliage forms its verdure, and whose fruit forms its commerce. The orange groves were insignificant and the oranges sour compared with those of Florida; but the olive and lemon groves were new to us, and in themselves beautiful and luxuriant. Our hotel stood on the edge of an old olive grove climbing the mountain-side slowly on broad terraces rising endlessly as one looked up. After some weeks' experience we found that we represented collectively various shades of opinion concerning olive groves in general, which may be given as follows:

Mrs. Clary: "These old trees are to me so sacred! When I walk under their great branches I always think of the dove bringing the leaf to the ark, of the olive boughs of the entry into Jerusalem, and of the Mount of Olives."

The Professor: "Olives are interesting because their manner of growth allows them to attain an almost indefinite age. The trunk decays and splits, but the bark, which still retains its vigor, grows around the dissevered portions, making, as it were, new trunks of them, although curved and distorted, so that three or four trees seem to be growing from the same root. It is



A MEDITERRANEAN BOAT.

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OIL MILL.

this which gives the tree its characteristic knotted and gnarled appearance. This species of olive attains a very fine development in the neighborhood of Mentone; there are said to be trees still alive at Cap Martin which were coeval with the Roman Empire."

Verney: "The light in an old olive grove is beautiful and peculiar; it is like nothing but itself. It is quite impossible to give on canvas the gray shade of the long aisles without making them dim, and they are not in the least dim. I have noticed, too, that the sunshine never filters through sufficiently to touch the ground in a glancing beam, or even a single point of yellow light; and yet the leaves are small, and the foliage does not appear thick."

Baker: "Olives and olive oil, the groundwork of every good dinner! I wonder how much a grove would cost?"

Mrs. Trescott: "How they murmur to us—like doves! My one regret now is that I did not name my child Olive. She would then have been so Biblical."

Inness: "I should think more of the groves if I did not know that they were fertilized with woollen rags, old boots, and bones."

Janet: "The inside tint of the leaves would be lovely for a summer costume. I have never had just that shade."

Miss Graves: "Live-oak groves draped in long moss are much more imposing."

Miss Elaine: "It is so jolly, you know, to sit under the trees with one's embroidery, and have some one read aloud—something sweet, like Adelaide Procter."

Margaret: "Sitting here is like being in a great cathedral in Lent."

Lloyd: "Shall we go quietly on, Miss Severin?"

And Lloyd, I think, had the best of it. I mean that he knew how to derive the most pleasure from the groves. This English use of "quietly," by-the-way, always amused Margaret and myself greatly. Lloyd and Verney were constantly suggesting that we should go here or there "quietly," as though otherwise we should be likely to go with banners, trumpets, and drums. The longer one remains in Mentone, the stronger grows attachment to the olive groves. But they do not seem fit places for the young, whose gay voices resound through their gray aisles; neither are they for the old, who need the cheer and warmth of the sun. But they are for

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the middle-aged, those who are beyond the joys and have not yet reached the peace of life, the poor, unremembered, hard-worked middle-aged. The olives of Mentone are small, and used only for making oil. We saw them gathered; men were beating the boughs with long poles, while old women and children collected the dark purple berries and placed them in sacks, which the patient donkeys bore to the mill. The oil mills are venerable and picturesque little buildings of stone, placed in the ravines where there is a stream of water. We visited one on the side hill; its only light came from the open door, and its interior made a picture which Gerard Douw might well have painted. The great oil jars, the old hearth and oven, the earthen jugs, hanging lamps with floating wicks, and the figures of the men moving about, made a picturesque scene. The fruit was first crushed by stone rollers, the wheel being turned by water-power; the pulp, saturated with warm water, was then placed in flat round rope baskets, which were piled one upon the other, and the whole subjected to strong pressure, which caused the clear yellow oil to exude through the meshes of the baskets, and flow down into the little reservoir below.



BRINGING LEMONS FROM THE TERRACE.

"Our manners would become charmingly suave if we lived here long," said Inness. "It would be impossible to resist the influence of so much oil."

The lemon terraces were as unlike the olive groves as a gay love song is unlike a Gregorian chant. The trees rose brightly and youthfully from the grassy hill-side steps, each leaf shining as though it was varnished, and the yellow globes of fruit gleaming like so much imprisoned sunshine. Here was no shade, no weird grayness, but everything was either vivid gold or vivid green. Janet said this.

"*I* am the latter, I think," said Baker, "to be caught here again on these terraces. I don't know what your experience has been, but for my part I detest them; I have been lost here again and again. You get into them and you think it all very easy, and you keep going on and on. You climb hopefully from one to the next by those narrow sidling little stone steps, only to find it the exact counterpart of the one you have left, with still another beyond. And you keep on plunging up and up until you are worn out.

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At last you meet a man, and you ask him something or other beginning with 'Purtorn'—"

"What in the world do you mean?" said Janet, breaking into laughter.

"I am sure I don't know; but that is what you all say."

"Perhaps you mean 'Peut-on,'" suggested Margaret.

"Well, whatever I mean, the man always answers 'Oui,' and so I am no better off than I was before, but keep plunging on," said Baker, ruefully.

But the Professor now opened a more instructive subject. "Lemons are the most important product of Mentone," he began. "As they can be kept better than those of Naples and Sicily, they command a large price. The tree flowers all the year through, and the fruit is gathered at four different periods. The annual production of lemons at Mentone is about thirty millions."

"Thirty millions of lemons!" I said, appalled. "What an acid idea!"

"The idea may be acid, but the air is not," said Margaret. "It is singularly delicious, almost intoxicating."

And in truth there was a subtle fragrance which had an influence upon me, although no doubt it had much more upon Margaret, who was peculiarly sensitive to perfumes.

"Have you heard the legend of the Mentone lemons?" said Verney.

"No; what is it? We should be *very* pleased to hear it," said Miss Elaine, throwing herself down upon the grass in what she considered a rural way. She was bestowing her smiles upon Verney that day; she had mentioned to me on the way up the hill that she did not approve of giving too much of one's attention "to one especial gentleman exclusively"—it was so "conspicuous." I was smiling inwardly at this, since the only "conspicuous" person among us, as far as attention to "the gentlemen" was concerned, was Miss Elaine herself, when I caught her glance directed toward Margaret and Lloyd. This set me to thinking. Could she be referring to them? They had been much together, without doubt, for Margaret liked him, and he was very kind to her. My poor Margaret, she was very precious to me; but to others she was only a pale care-worn woman, silent, quiet, and no longer young. With the remembrance of Miss Elaine's words in my mind, I now looked around for Margaret as we sat down on the grass to hear Verney's legend; but she had strolled off down the long green and gold aisle with Lloyd.

"Miss Severin is so well informed that she does not care for our simple little amusements," said Miss Elaine, in her artless way.

"Once upon a time, as we all know," began Verney, "Adam and Eve were banished from the garden of Paradise. Poor Eve, sobbing, put up her hand just before passing through the gate and plucked a lemon from the last tree beside the angel. The two then wandered through the world together, wandered far and wide, and at last, following the shores of the Mediterranean, they came to Mentone. Here the sea was so blue, the sunshine so bright, and the sky so cloudless, that Eve planted her treasured fruit. 'Go, little seed,' she said; 'grow and prosper. Make another Eden of this enchanting spot, so that those who come after may know at least something of the tastes and the perfumes of Paradise.'"

The Professor had not remained to hear the legend; he had gone up the mountain, and we now heard him shouting; that is, he was trying to shout, although he produced only a sort of long thin hoot.

"What can that be?" I said, startled.

"It is the Professor," answered Mrs. Trescott. "It is his way of calling. He has his own methods of doing everything."

It turned out that he had found a path down which the lemon girls were coming from the terraces above. We went up to this point to see them pass. They were all strong and ruddy, and walked with wonderful erectness, balancing the immense weight of fruit on their heads without apparent effort; they were barefooted, and moved with a solid broad step down the steep stony road. The load of fruit for each one was one hundred and twenty pounds; they worked all day in this manner, and earned about thirty cents each! But they looked robust and cheerful, and some of them smiled at us under their great baskets as they passed.

One afternoon not long after this we went to the Capuchin monastery of the Annunziata. Some of us were on donkeys and some on foot, forming one of those processions so often seen winding through the streets of the little Mediterranean town. We passed the shops filled with the Men-

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ON THE WAY TO L' ANNUNZIATA.

tone swallow, singing his "Je reviendrai" upon articles in wood, in glass, mosaic, silver, straw, canvas, china, and even letter-paper with continuous perseverance; we passed the venders of hot chestnuts, which we not infrequently bought and ate ourselves. Then we came to the perfume distilleries, where thousands of violets yield their sweetness daily.

"They cultivate them for the purpose, you know," said Verney. "It's a poetical sort of agriculture, isn't it? Imagination can hardly go farther, I think, than the idea of a violet farm."

We passed small chapels with their ever-burning lamps; the new villas described by the French newspapers as "ravishing constructions"; and then, turning from the road, we ascended a narrow path which wound upward, its progress marked here and there by stone shrines, some freshly repainted, others empty and ruined, pointing the way to the holy church of the Annunziata.

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"The only way to appreciate Mentone is to take these excursions up the valleys and mountains," said Mrs. Clary. "Those who confine themselves to sitting in the gardens of the hotels or strolling along the Promenade du Midi have no more idea of its real beauty than a man born blind has of a painting. Descriptions are nothing; one must *see*. I think the mountain excursions may be called the shibboleth of Mentone; if you do not know them, you are no true Israelite."

Verney had a graceful way of gathering delicate little sprays and blossoms here and there and silently giving them to Janet. The Professor had noticed this, and to-day emulated him by gathering a bunch of mallow with great care—a bunch nearly a yard in circumference—which he presented to Janet with much ceremony.

"Oh, thanks; I am *so* fond of flowers!" responded that young person. "Is it asphodel? I long to see asphodel."

Now asphodel was said to grow in that neighborhood, and Janet knew it; by expressing a wish to see the classic blossom she sent the poor Professor on a long search for it, climbing up and down and over the rocks, until I, looking on from my safe donkey's back, felt tired for him. And it was not long before our donkeys' steady pace left him far behind.

"With its pale, dusty leaves and weakly lavender flowers, it is, I think, about as depressing a flower as I have seen," said Inness, looking at the mammoth bouquet.

"I might fasten it to the saddle, and relieve your hands, Miss Trescott," suggested Verney. So the delicate gray gloves relinquished the pound of mallow, which was tied to the saddle, and there hung ignominiously all the remainder of the day.

The church and convent of L' Annunziata crown an isolated vine-clad hill between two of the lovely valleys behind Mentone. The church was at the end of a little plaza, surrounded by a stone wall; in front there was an opening toward the south, where stood an iron cross twenty feet high, visible, owing to its situation, for many a mile. The stone monastery was on one side; and the whole looked like a little fortification on the point of the hill. We went into the church, and looked at the primitive ex-votos on the wall, principally the offerings of Mediterranean sailors in remembrance of escape from shipwreck—fragments of rope and chain, pictures of storms at sea, and little wooden models of ships. In addition to these marine souvenirs, there were also some tokens of events on dry land, generally pictures of runaways, where such remarkable angels were represented sitting unexpectedly but calmly on the tops of trees by the road-side that it was no wonder the horses ran. But the lovely view of sea and shore at the foot of the great cross in the sunshine was better than the dark, musty little church, and we soon went out and seated ourselves on the edge of the wall to look at it. While we were there one of the Capuchins, clad in his long brown gown, came out, crossed the plaza, gazed at us slowly, and then with equal slowness stooped and kissed the base of the cross, and returned, giving us another long gaze as he passed.

"Was that piety or curiosity?" I said.

"I think it was Miss Trescott," said Baker.

Now as Miss Elaine was present, this was a little cruel; but I learned afterward that Baker had been rendered violent that day by hearing that his American politeness regarding Miss Elaine's self-bestowed society had been construed by that young lady into a hidden attachment to herself—an attachment which she "deeply regretted," but could not "prevent." She had confided this to several persons, who kept the secret in that strict way in which such secrets are usually kept. Indeed, with all the strictness, it was quite remarkable that Baker heard it. But not remarkable that he writhed under it. However, his remarks and manners made no difference to Miss Elaine; she attributed them to despair.

While we were sitting on the wall the Professor came toiling up the hill; but he had not found the asphodel. However, when Janet had given him a few of her pretty phrases he revived, and told us that the plaza was the site of an ancient village called Podium-Pinum, and that the Lascaris once had a château there.

"The same Lascaris who lived in the old castle at Mentone?" said Janet.

"The same."

"These old monks have plenty of wine, I suppose," said Inness, looking at the vine terraces which covered the sunny hill-side.

"Very good wine was formerly made around Mentone," said the Professor; "but the vines were destroyed by a disease, and the peasants thought it the act of Providence, and for some time gave up the cul-

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ture. But lately they have replanted them, and wine is now again produced which, I am told, is quite palatable."

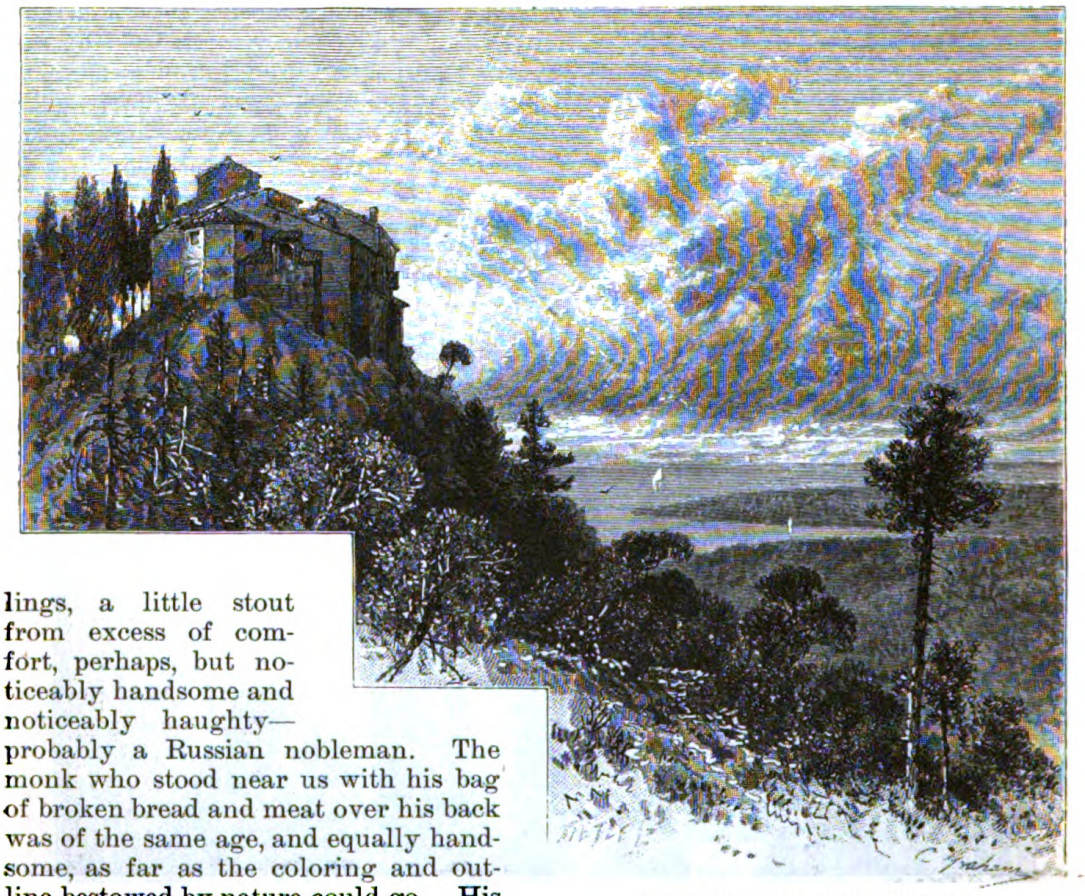
"That is but a cold phrase to apply to the *bon petit vin blanc* of Sant' Agnese, for instance," said Verney, smiling.



CAPUCHIN MONKS.

Soon we started homeward. While we were winding down the narrow path we met a Capuchin coming up, with his bag on his back; he was an old man with bent shoulders and a meek, dull face, to whom the task of patient daily begging would not be more of a burden than any other labor. But when we reached the narrow main street, and found a momentary block, another Capuchin happened to stand near us who gave me a very different impression. Among the carriages was a phaeton, with silken canopy, fine horses, and a driver in livery; upon the cushioned seat lounged a young man, one of Fortune's favorites and Nature's curled dar-

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THE MONASTERY OF L' ANNUNZIATA.

lings, a little stout from excess of comfort, perhaps, but noticeably handsome and noticeably haughty—probably a Russian nobleman. The monk who stood near us with his bag of broken bread and meat over his back was of the same age, and equally handsome, as far as the coloring and outline bestowed by nature could go. His dark eyes were fixed immovably upon the occupant of the phaeton, and I wondered if he was noting the difference; it seemed as if he must be noting it. It was a striking tableau of life's utmost riches and utmost poverty.

That evening there was music in the garden; a band of Italian singers chanted one or two songs to the saints, and then ended with a gay Tarantella, which set all the house-maids dancing in the moonlight. We listened to the music, and looked off over the still sea.

"Isn't it beautiful?" said Mrs. Clary. "I think loving Mentone is like loving your lady-love. To you she is all beautiful, and you describe her as such. But perhaps when others see her they say: 'She is by no means all beautiful; she has this or that fault. What do you mean?' Then you answer: 'I love her; therefore to me she is all beautiful. As for her faults, they may be there, but I do not see them: I am blind.'"

That same evening Margaret gave me the following verses which she had written:

MENTONE.

"*And there was given unto them a short time before they went forward.*"

Upon this sunny shore
A little space for rest. The care and sorrow,
Sad memory's haunting pain that would not cease,
Are left behind. It is not yet to-morrow.
To-day there falls the dear surprise of peace;
The sky and sea, their broad wings round us sweeping,
Close out the world, and hold us in their keeping.
A little space for rest. Ah! though soon o'er,
How precious is it on the sunny shore!

Upon this sunny shore
A little space for love, while those, our dearest,
Yet linger with us ere they take their flight
To that far world which now doth seem the nearest,
So deep and pure this sky's down-bending light.
Slow, one by one, the golden hours are given
A respite ere the earthly ties are riven.
When left alone, how, 'mid our tears, we store
Each breath of their last days upon this shore!

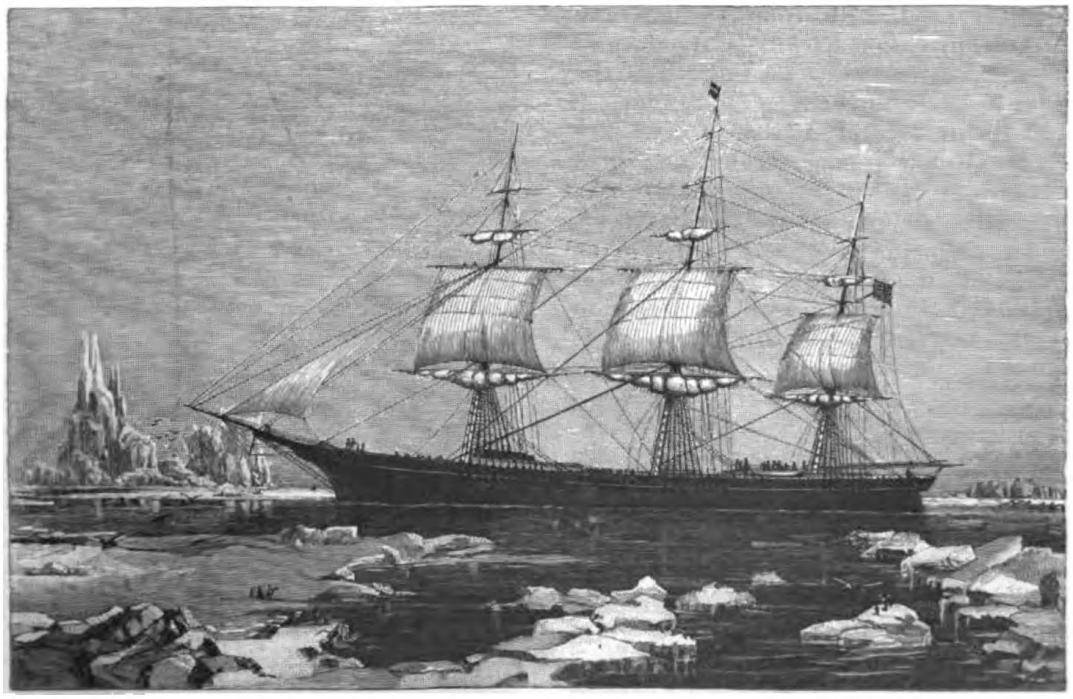
Upon this sunny shore
A little space to wait: the life-bowl broken,
The silver cord unloosed, the mortal name
We bore upon this earth by God's voice spoken,
While at the sound all earthly praise or blame,
Our joys and griefs, alike with gentle sweetness
Fade in the dawn of the next world's completeness.
The hour is thine, dear Lord; we ask no more,
But wait thy summons on the sunny shore.

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THE OLD PACKET AND CLIPPER SERVICE.

I.

"THIS narrow thoroughfare, baking and blistering in the sun, is Wall Street.... Below here, by the water-side, where the bowsprits of ships stretch across the footway and almost thrust themselves into the windows, lie the noble American vessels which have made their packet service the finest in the world," wrote Charles Dickens in his *American Notes*, in 1842, adding: "Before I left New York I made arrangements for returning home in the *George Washington* packet-ship." He had come to this country in an English steam-ship. The era of packet-ships was brought into existence by the demands of the increasing trade between the United States and Europe; and the pioneer line, whose vessels, the *Amity*, *Courier*, *Pacific*, *James Monroe*, *William Thompson*, *James Cropper*, *New York*, *Orbit*, *Nestor*, *Albion*, *Canada*, and *Columbia*, were unrivalled for strength, beauty, and speed, and for the regularity of their departure and the proximately uniform time of their passages, was the famous Black Ball Line, founded in 1816, after the war of 1812 had secured the rights of American commerce, by Isaac Wright and Son, Francis Thompson, Benjamin Marshall, and Jeremiah Thompson, of New York city, and afterward owned by Goodhue and Co., Charles H. Marshall, and others. During the first nine years the average time for sailing to Liverpool was twenty-three days, and for returning home forty days, but the *Canada* once made the outward trip in fifteen days and eighteen hours. The first four vessels of the list—the original Black-Ballers—though of only 400 or 500 tons burden, were considered very large, and by the superiority of their cabins and general equipment caused the old merchantmen to seem shabby and uninhabitable. One or another of them sailed regularly on the 1st day of the month. In 1821 a second Liverpool line, known as the Red Star Line, and consisting of the *Manhattan* (not the *Manhattan* of twenty years afterward), *Hercules*, *Panther*, and *Meteor*, was established by Byrnes, Grimble, and Co., one of its ships sailing on the 24th of the month. In six months the proprietors of the Black Ball Line added four new ships to their four old ones, and were able to send a ves-



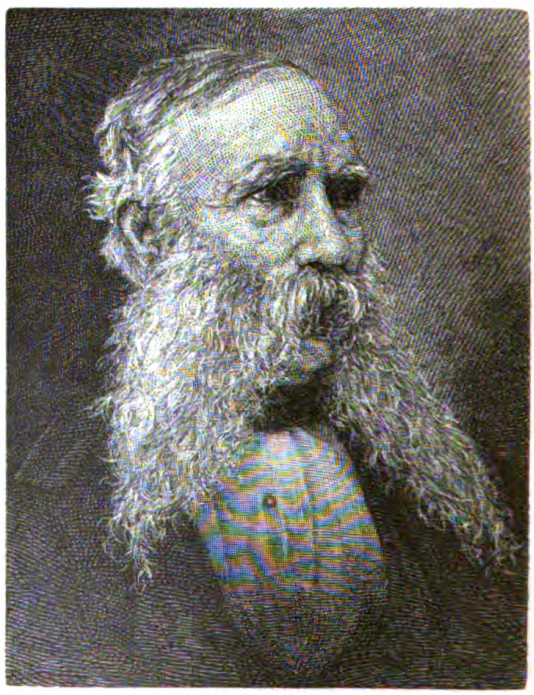
CLIPPER-SHIP "RED JACKET" IN THE ICE OFF CAPE HORN, AUGUST, 1854.
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CAPTAIN JOSEPH C. DELANO.

sel on the 16th of the month also; and soon Fish, Grinnell, and Co. (afterward Grinnell, Minturn, and Co.), and Thaddeus Phelps and Co., having founded the Swallow-tail Line, with four packets—the *Napoleon*, *Silas Richards*, *York*, and *George*, which sailed on the 8th of the month—New-Yorkers had the exclusive and distinguished benefit of a fast weekly service to Liverpool. From 1836, when Charles H. Marshall had purchased the interest of Goodhue and Co., and become the principal owner of the Black Ball Line, the number of its vessels was gradually increased by the accession of the *Oxford*, *Cambridge*, *New York*, *Montezuma*, *Yorkshire*, *Fidelia*, *Isaac Wright*, *Isaac Webb*, *Columbia*, *Manhattan*, *Harvest Queen*, *Great Western*, and *Alexander Marshall*, of from 600 to 1500 tons each. The Swallow-tail Line, too, soon received notable accessions—the *Roscoe*, Captain Delano; the *Independence*, Captain Ezra Nye; the *George Washington*, Captain Henry Holdredge; and the *Pennsylvania*, Captain John P. Smith; and Captain E. K. Collins having established the Dramatic Line to Liverpool, with the *Shakspeare*, Captain John Collins, the *Siddons*, Captain N. B. Palmer, the *Sheridan*, Captain F. A. De Peyster, the *Garrick*, Captain Alexander Palmer, and the *Roscius*, Captain Asa Eldridge, Grinnell, Minturn, and Co. proceeded to build the *Patrick Henry*, of about 1000 tons, as a make-weight to the *Roscius*, which was of about the same capacity. Under the command of the now venerable Captain Joseph C. Delano, of New Bedford, she was a remarkably fast sailor, and made more money for her tonnage than any other vessel ever owned by the firm. The *Ashburton*, Captain Henry Huttleston, of New Bedford, 1015 tons, was constructed in 1843 under the influence of the same rivalry with the Dramatic Line. The *Henry Clay*, 1250 tons, came next, large, and with three decks, and all New York rushed to see her as she lay at her pier, No. 18 East River, just opposite the Grinnell office. So numerous was the crowd, and so seriously did they interfere with the work of loading her, that it was necessary to issue a notice forbidding admission to all persons not on business. The *New World*, 1400 tons, was another wonder—the largest vessel afloat in 1846. Her first master, Captain William Skiddy, elder brother of the late Mr. Francis Skiddy, of New York city, had contracted with Donald McKay, of East Boston, to build her, and sold the



CAPTAIN WILLIAM C. THOMPSON.

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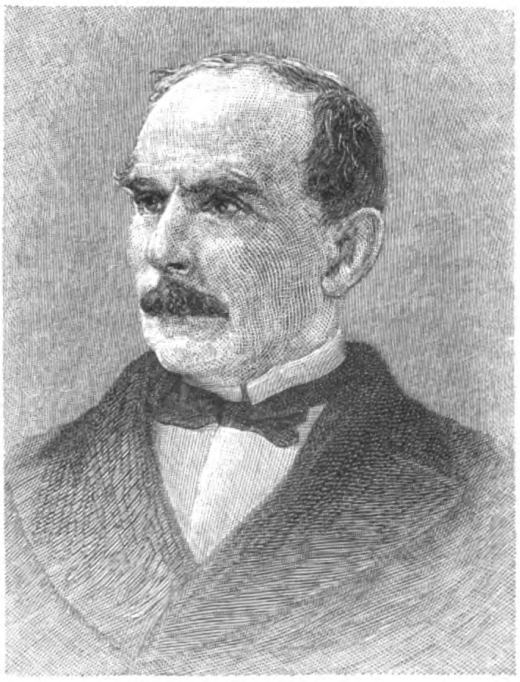


CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. ALLEN.

large interest in her to Grinnell, Minturn, and Co. The Irish famine occurring at this time, the freight on a barrel of flour from New York to Liverpool rose to five shillings sterling; shippers are now glad to take a barrel for eighteenpence, or even a shilling. In 1848, owing to the retirement of Woodhull and Minturn, their four ships, the *Hottinguer*, Captain Ira Bursley, *Queen of the West*, Captain Philip Woodhouse, *Liverpool*, Captain John Eldridge, and *Constitution*, Captain John Britton, came into the hands of Grinnell, Minturn, and Co. The *Constitution*, of about 1400 tons, and beautifully finished, was the finest ship ever built, up to that time, and her master, Captain John Britton, afterward United States Consul at Southampton, was an officer of impressive bearing and great ability, whose services the firm of Grinnell, Minturn, and Co. commemorate to this day with enthusiasm. These vessels all sailed to Liverpool, but in 1823 the same house had established a London line of packets, the first representatives of which were the *Corinthian*, Captain D. Chadwick, the *Cortes*, Captain Benjamin Sprague, the *Brighton*, Captain William S. Sebor, and the *Columbia*, Captain Joseph C. Delano, each of about 400 tons burden, which left for the British capital the first day of the month; and these pioneers were followed by at least twenty other vessels, the line having been run until last year, when the firm had ten or twelve vessels in the service. All are gone now, however, the last being the *Ne Plus Ultra*, of about 1300 tons, Captain Borden, which carried no passengers, nor indeed had these ships carried any for ten years previous.

A rival London line, established about the same time, was John Griswold's, afterward E. E. Morgan and Sons', with the ships *Sovereign*, *Cambria*, *President*, and *Hudson*, the last-named the first vessel commanded by Captain E. E. Morgan. The number in 1837 had been increased to twelve, not the least of which was the *Philadelphia*, built by Christian Bergh in 1832, and described by the New York *Commercial Advertiser* as sumptuously fitted up, with a piano: "A number of passengers have been engaged, among them, we learn, Mrs. Bankhead, the lady of the British chargé. A physician will be on board."

Spofford and Tileston's Liverpool line was started about 1852 with the *Orient*, the *Henry Clay* (rebuilt from the burned *Henry Clay* of the Grinnell line), the *Webster*, and the *Calhoun*, Captain Truman. The *Orient* and the *Webster* were built in



CAPTAIN JOHN BRITTON.

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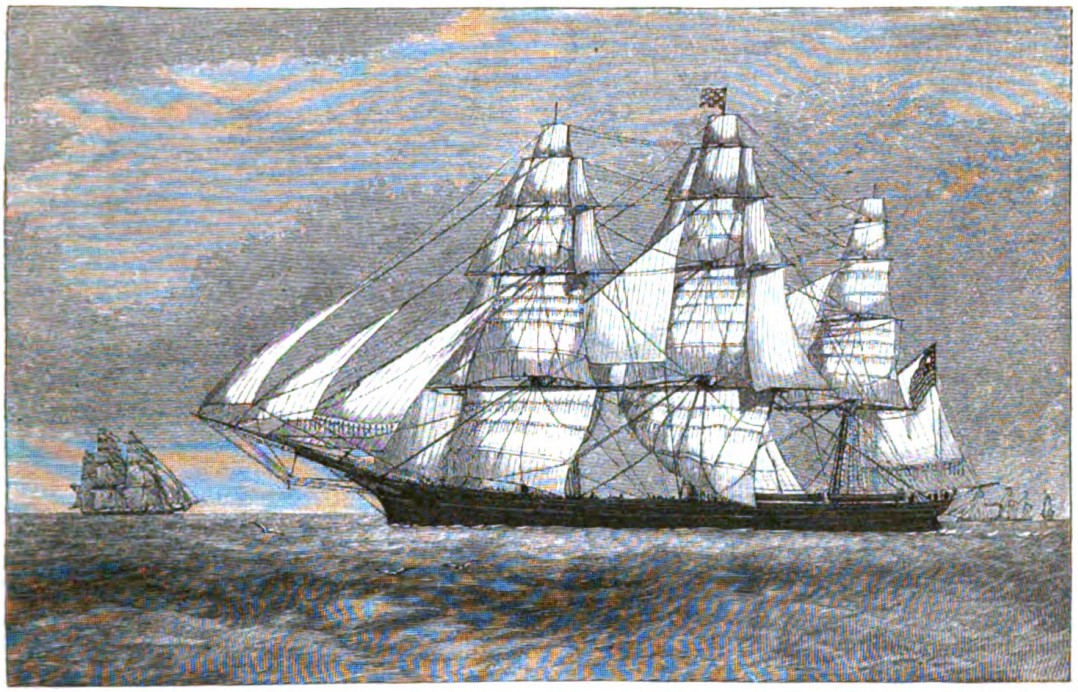
Portsmouth, New Hampshire, by George Raynes, and the former is afloat to-day, carrying cotton from New Orleans to Liverpool. Her commander in the packet period was Captain George S. Hill, the well-known secretary of the Marine Society, who once commanded the *Henry Clay*. In 1856, the *Orient* was chartered by the French government to take freight from New York to Havre at the rate of twenty-five cents a bushel of wheat. She carried 80,000 bushels (or 2100 tons) in shippers' bags, and 1000 barrels of flour, but on arriving at Havre, was run aground by the stupidity of a French pilot, and swung directly across the entrance to the harbor, and while some steamboats were trying to tow her off, she brought up on the old wall of a fortification and broke herself in two. Her master had her towed to Liverpool for repairs. On one of his trips to that city and back, Captain Hill collected $50,000 in freight money; and Captain Joseph J. Lawrence, of the *Webster*, of the same line, once "grossed" $60,000. The fastest vessel of Williams and Guion's Black Star Line to Liverpool, organized about 1851, was the *Adelaide*, Captain Robert C. Cutting.

The first line of Havre packets was founded by Francis Depau about 1822, with the *Stephania*, Captain John B. Pell, the *Montano*, Captain Smith, the *Henry IV.*, Captain William W. Skiddy, and the *Helen Mar*, Captain Harrison. Other early Havre packets were the *Cadmus*, Captain Allyn, *Edward Quesnel*, Captain E. Hawkins, *Bayard*, Captain Henry Robinson, *Howard*, Captain Holdredge, *Edward Bonaffé*, Captain James Funk, *Queen Mab*, Captain Butman, and *Don Quixote*, Captain James Clark. For most of these vessels, Crassous and Boyd were the agents—a firm which, under the name of Boyd and Hincken, had charge of the second line of Havre packets, which included the *Charles Carroll*, *Erie*, *France*, *Utica*, *Oneida*, *William Tell*, *Baltimore*, *Mercury*, and *Rhone*. Mr. John J. Boyd was an agent as early as 1823, and Mr. Edward Hincken, his partner, is now the sole survivor of all the agents of the Havre lines of packets. The business of Francis Depau was continued by his sons-in-law, Fox and Livingston, who added to the old line the *Silvie de Grasse*, *Louis Philippe*, and other ships. About the year 1832, William Whitlock, Jun., founded a third line, with the *Albany*, *Duchesse d'Orleans*, *Formosa*, *Gallia*, *Carolus Magnus*, and other vessels. Of all the Havre packet captains of 1832, only two are alive—Captains William W. Pell and Edward Funk. Among the merchants who held shares in the Havre packets was the late Andrew S. Norwood, whose son Carlisle Norwood, now president of the Lorillard Fire-insurance Company, went to France to school, when a boy, in a packet of only 400 tons burden.

Captain John Johnston of the *Isaac Bell*, of Fox and Livingston's Havre line, made three voyages from Havre to New York in less than eighteen days each, one of them in January, the worst month in the year. Though a master from 1837 to 1854, a period of seventeen years, he says: "In all my career I never knew the wind to blow but twice." One of these exceptional cases was on the 16th of August, 1839, when he was in command of the *Rhone*, and got into a hurricane which blew away every stitch of canvas that was spread, not leaving so much as a piece as big as your hand. Another distinguished Havre packet master was Captain James A. Wotton, of New York, who sailed the *Havre* and several other ships of Fox and Livingston's line, and whose accomplished daughter married the lamented Lieutenant De Long of the *Jeannette*.

These several lines of Atlantic packets rendered illustrious service to the growth of New York city as the commercial metropolis of the Union. In their presence the English and French trading vessels were absolutely insignificant. Their agents, builders, and captains speedily became rich, for all were owners—the agent owning, say, an eighth of a vessel; the builder another eighth, in order that he might secure the job of repairing her, which cost about $500 a round trip; the captain another eighth, that he might have the strongest of all motives to vigilance and prowess; the block-maker and sail-maker each a sixteenth, perhaps; and other persons the remainder, a packet of 500 tons being worth about $40,000. The tonnage kept increasing until the appearance, in 1854, of the *Palestine* and *Amazon*, the last ships of the Morgan line to London, each of about 1800 tons, the *Palestine*, under Captain Josiah M. Lord, making the quickest passage of the line, having landed her passengers at Portsmouth on the fourteenth day out, enabling them to do business in London on a Saturday,

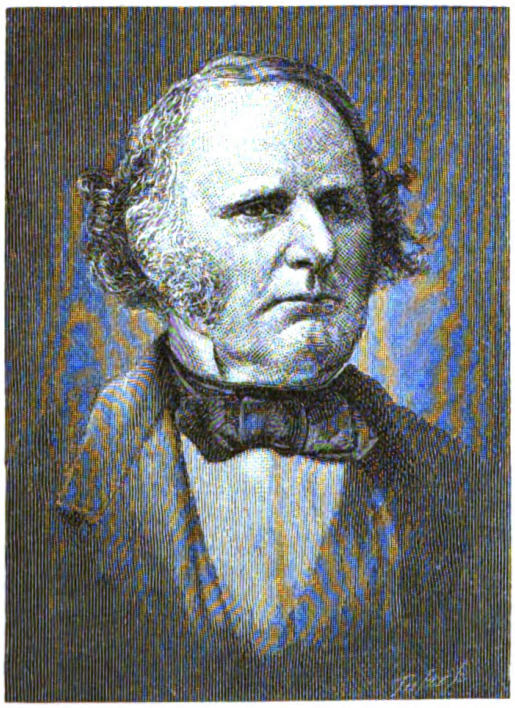
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NEW YORK CLIPPER-SHIP "CHALLENGE."—From a lithograph by Louis R. Menger.

while the passengers of the steamer that left New York next after she did reached London on the Monday following that Saturday. The passage of fourteen days to Liverpool in a packet-ship was of rare occurrence, although it was made several times by the *Independence*, 734 tons, built in 1834 by Smith and Dimon; by the *Montezuma*, 1070 tons, built in 1835 by Brown and Bell; by the *Patrick Henry*, 997 tons, built in 1839 by the same firm; and by the *Southampton*, 1273 tons, built in 1849 by Westervelt and Mackay. Captain William C. Thompson, now president of the Guardian Fire-insurance Company, New York city, sailed the *St. Andrew* of Robert Kermit's line to Liverpool in fourteen days, and in 1854 made a very short homeward passage in the *Stephen Whitney*, bringing important news of an advance in the price of cotton. Captain William Henry Allen was master successively of the *Virginian* (built in 1834), the *Waterloo*, the *West Point*, and the *Constellation*, all of Kermit's line, the last-named having previously been commanded by Captain Luce, of the ill-fated steamer *Arctic*. An 18th of September gale struck the *Waterloo* about the year 1848, on her return from Liverpool, and blew off her main-top-mast and her top-gallant-mast, leaving only the mainsail on the spars. After a course of protracted flapping in that violent wind, many pieces of the torn sails became so knotted and braided that a marline-spike could not penetrate them. Mr. Kermit saved several specimens as curiosities. While master of the *West Point* Captain Allen saw two of his men struck dead by lightning during a heavy rain at sea, and his vessel struck six times in one hour. The bodies of the victims bore no marks of the blow that killed them. The *Constellation* sprung a leak on her homeward trip from Liverpool about 1855, and would have gone to the bottom had it not been for the labors of the 125 men of her 700 steerage passengers, who perseveringly worked at the pumps. Her crew alone could not have kept her afloat ten hours. Most of the packets of the Liverpool lines were built by Stephen Smith, Isaac Webb, and Brown and Bell, and most of the Havre and some of the London lines by Christian Bergh, Jacob A. Westervelt, and William H. Webb. About the year 1843 there was a marked increase in the size of these vessels, Brown and Bell launching the *Liverpool*, of 1174 tons, and the *Queen of the West*, of 1168 tons. In 1849 Mr. W.

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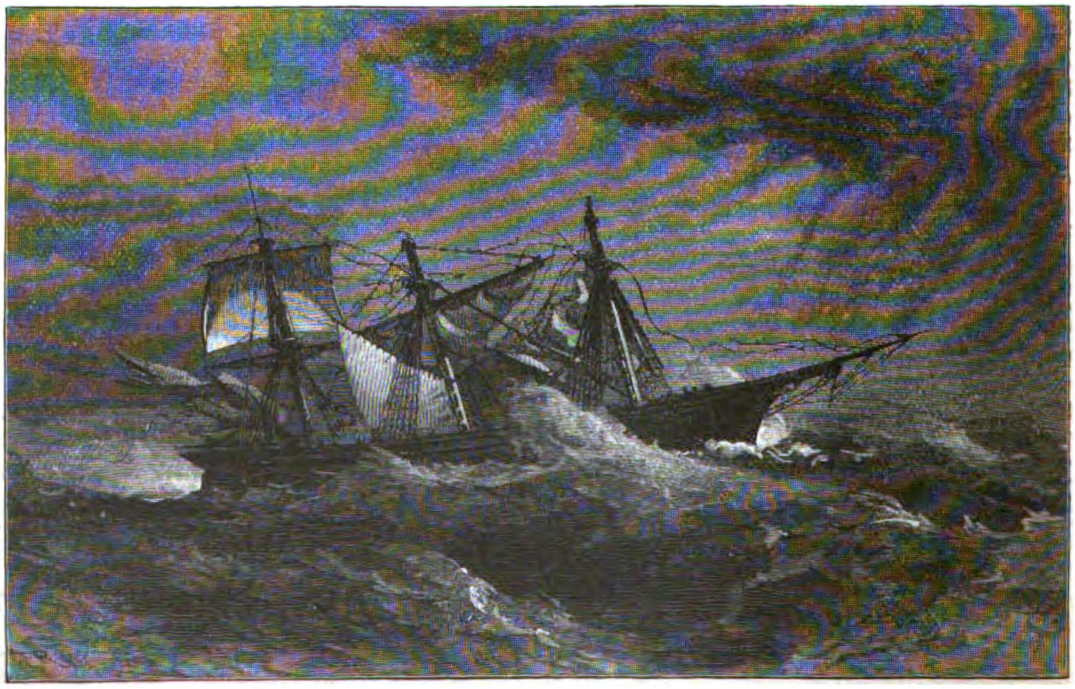


CAPTAIN LAUCHLAN McKAY.

H. Webb built the *Guy Mannering*, of 1400 tons; but the epoch was already on the wane, and soon the introduction of steam into the transatlantic service had so reduced fares, and consequently accommodations, on board the packets, that these became related to their noble predecessors very much as an omnibus hack is to a race-horse.

II.

The brilliant era of the clippers (1840–55) had begun while that of the packets was in its declension. Thirty-five years ago a clipper was a ship built expressly for speed, at whatever sacrifice of carrying capacity. First, last, and all the time she must be a fast sailer. Accordingly she was longer and narrower than other ships, very sharp at the bow, and tapering at the stern. It was the growing demands of the China and India trade that instituted this era, and the discovery of gold in Australia and California that developed it. "If our merchants on the Atlantic coast," said a California newspaper in 1852, "may complain that they have been injured by sending out to California the useless trash that they could sell nowhere else, they may well be proud that the discovery of our golden sands has done more in four years toward improvement in the style of ship-building than would have occurred from other general causes in half a century. The antiquated hulks



THE "SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS," DISMASTED.—Drawn by A. R. Waud.

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CAPTAIN GEORGE A. POTTER.

which, like huge washing-tubs, have been floating about the seas, sailing about as fast sideways as in any other direction, have been forced by the rapid spirit of the trade with California to give place to entirely new models, graceful in their motions as swans on a summer lake, and fleet as the cloud that is blown before the gale."

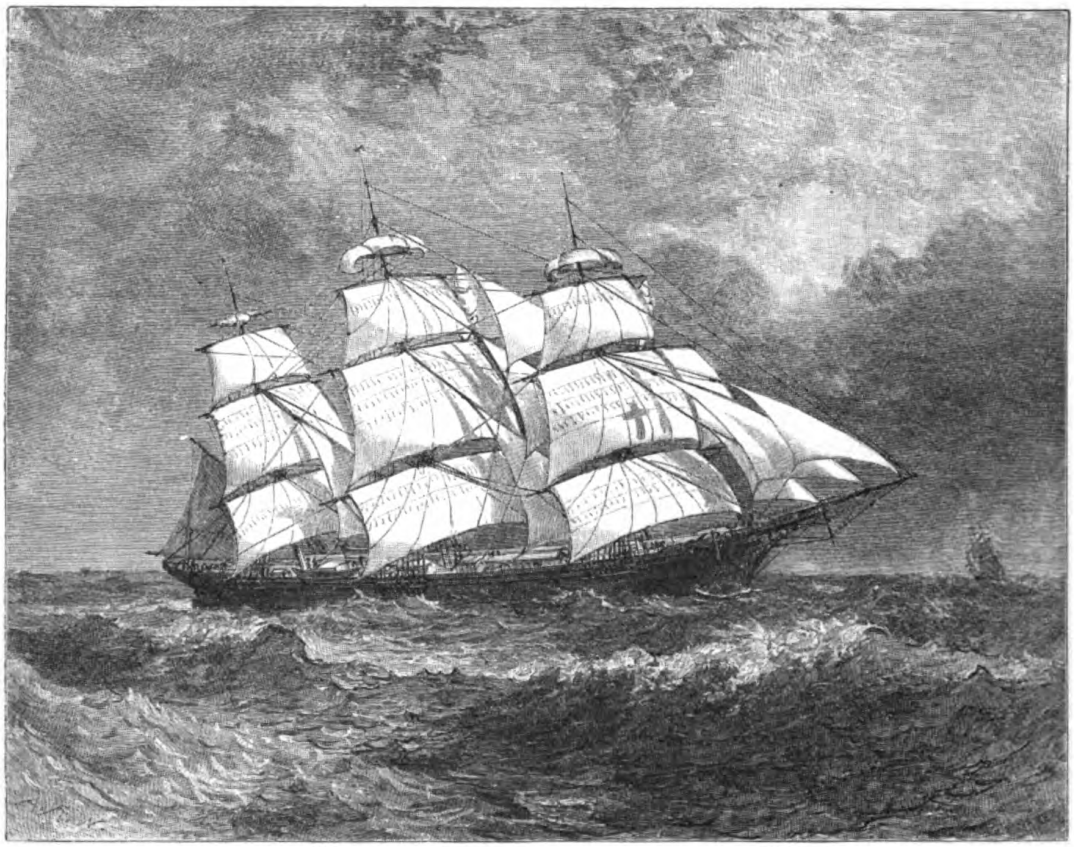
The first clipper of the famous series that carried across every ocean the fame of the American ship-builder was the *Rainbow*, of 750 tons, built about the year 1843 by Smith and Dimon for the China trade, on an order from William H. Aspinwall, and her trips becoming remunerative by reason of the increased prices for freights which her speed enabled her to obtain, other vessels of this class were soon on the stocks—the *Helena*, of 650 tons, built by William H. Webb for N. L. and G. Griswold; the *Houqua*, of 706 tons, built in 1844 by Brown and Bell for A. A. Low and Brother; the *Sea Witch*, 907 tons, built by Smith and Dimon for William H. Aspinwall; and the *Samuel Russell*, 940 tons, built by Brown and Bell for A. A. Low and Brother, all of them celebrated in their day.

But their carrying capacity was insufficient to let them pay well, and their slightness of build caused them to be so strained in rough weather that the cost of repairs was discouraging. Accordingly, in the year 1851, William H. Webb, a ship-builder always equal to an emergency (he has built 177,872 tons in 138 vessels—probably more than any other man that ever lived), put upon the stocks four clipper-ships which should solve the problem of combined speed, capacity, and strength. These noted vessels were the *Challenge*, of about 2000 tons, the largest clipper ever built in New York, owned by N. L. and G. Griswold, and commanded by Captain "Bob" Waterman (when lying at the foot of Pine Street her bowsprit at high tide reached over the roofs of the stores; crowds went down to see her); the *Invincible*, of 2150 tons; the *Comet*, of 1209 tons, remarkable for speed, seaworthiness, strength, productiveness, and good luck, commanded by Captain Gardner (she made the round trip to San Francisco in seven months and nine days, her return voyage occupying only seventy-six days—the shortest time on record); and the *Sword-Fish*, of 1150 tons, which sailed from Shanghai to San Francisco in thirty-one days—an average of 240 miles a day—again the shortest time on



CAPTAIN EDWARD G. TINKER.

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THE "DREADNOUGHT."—Drawn by A. R. Waud.

record. The change in the character of the names given to vessels at this period is significant. In earlier days such names as *Hope*, *Endeavor*, *Traveller*, *Perseverance*, and even *Peddler*, were most liked for ships; later, the custom was to use the names of distinguished merchants or captains—the *Houqua*, the *Samuel Russell*, the *N. B. Palmer;* but in this new and marvellous period of the swift sailers the spirit of naval enterprise was reflected in such names as the *Challenge*, the *Invincible*, the *Comet*, and the *Sword-Fish*, the *Tornado*, the *Flying Cloud*, the *Black Squall*, and the *Sovereign of the Seas*. Just as notable were the differences in construction, extending even to such minor details as a chain cable instead of a hempen one for the anchor; so that in the absence of tropical worms and barnacles, which needed to be washed off every Sunday, Jack's reading of the Fourth Commandment, "Six days shalt thou work and do all that thou art able, but on the seventh day thou shalt heave up and scrub the cable," became obsolete. In 1852 there arrived at San Francisco 157 vessels, of which 70 were clippers; and in 1853 occurred the greatest importation of high-priced teas into the port of New York between the years 1847 and 1856, the value being more than eight millions of dollars.

III.

That clipper epoch was an epoch to be proud of. And we were proud of it. The New York newspapers abounded in such head-lines in large type as these: "Quickest Trip on Record," "Shortest Passage to San Francisco," "Unparalleled Speed," "Quickest Voyage Yet," "A Clipper as Is a Clipper," "Extraordinary Dispatch," "The Quickest Voyage to China," "The Contest of the Clippers," "Great Passage from San Francisco," "Race Round the World." The clipper-ship *Surprise*, built in East Boston by Mr. Hall, and owned by A. A. Low and Brother, having sailed to San Francisco in ninety-six days—then the shortest time on record (Mr. W. H.

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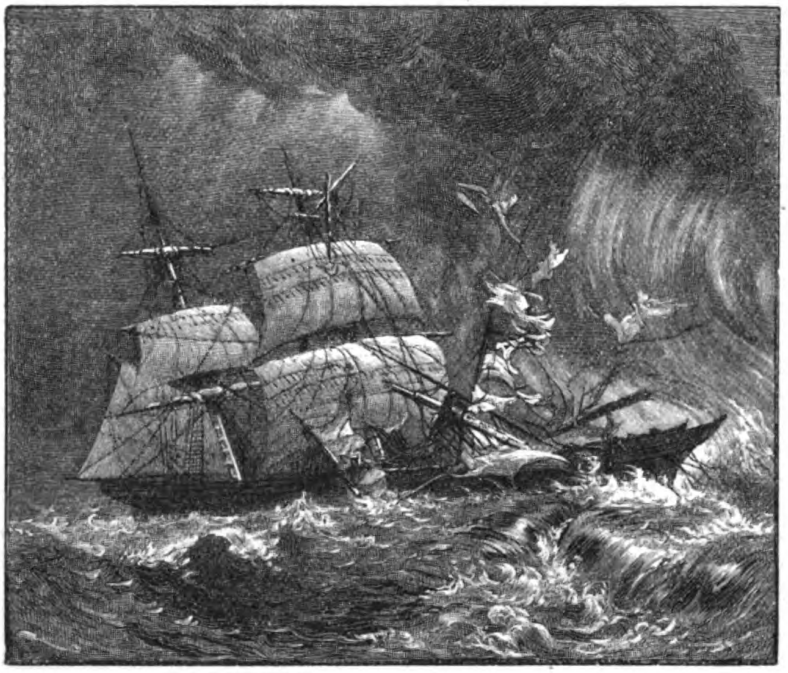
Aspinwall's *Sea Witch* had run the course in ninety-seven days)—a San Francisco journal said: "One of our most distinguished merchants made a bet with a friend some weeks since that the *Surprise* would make the passage in ninety-six days—just the time she has consumed to a day. Yesterday morning, full of confidence, he mounted his old nag, and rode over to the north beach to get the first glimpse of the looked-for clipper. The fog, however, was rather thick outside, and after looking awhile he turned back to town, but had not arrived at his counting-room before he heard that the *Surprise* had passed the Golden Gate, and by eleven o'clock Captain Dumaresq was in his old friend's counting-room on Sansome Street. She has brought 1800 tons of cargo, which may be estimated at a value of $200,000. Her manifest is twenty-five feet long." Her greatest run was 284 miles in twenty-four hours, and she reefed her topsails but twice during the voyage of 16,308 miles. She soon left San Francisco for London, by way of Canton, and on reaching the English capital her receipts for freights had entirely paid her cost and running expenses, besides netting her owners a clear profit of $50,000. At Canton her freight for London was engaged at £6 sterling a ton, while the English ships were taking their freight at £3 and £4 a ton; and this was the second season that the preference had been given to American ships at advanced rates, their shorter passages enabling shippers to receive prompt returns from their investments, to save interest, and to secure an early market. "If ships," said a California newspaper, "can be built to make such trips as this, steamers for long passages will be at a discount. California has done much toward the commencement of a new era in ship-building when the heavy, clumsy models of past days have given way to the new and beautiful one of the *Surprise* and others of the same build." "The Californians," said a New York newspaper, "are in ecstasies over our clipper-ships, which come and depart like so many winged Pegasuses. There are now on the way to the Pacific, and ready to start for that portion of the world, as splendid vessels as the eye ever rested upon, and commanded by men whose knowledge of their profession can not be excelled, and each determined to do his utmost to be first in this clipper contest."

The whole country, indeed, was stirred by the beauty, the speed, and the triumphs of these American clippers. The *Houqua*, Captain Daniel McKenzie, built by Brown and Bell for A. A. Low and Brother, made the trip from Shanghai to New York, in



CAPTAIN SAMUEL SAMUELS.

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CLIPPER-SHIP "TORNADO" STRUCK BY A WHIRLWIND.

1850, in eighty-eight days, then the shortest ever made between these ports. The *Samuel Russell*, Captain N. B. Palmer, owned by the same firm, sailed in one day in 1851, on her voyage home from Whampoa, China, 318 miles, or thirteen and a quarter miles an hour—a speed greater than had then been obtained by any ocean steamer. For thirty days in succession, from the 8th of November to the 7th of December, she averaged 226 miles a day, covering in that period 6722 miles, or one-half the entire distance between China and New York. On another occasion, while going to Canton, she sailed 328 miles in one day. "Now, sir," wrote one of her skippers, "I humbly submit if that is not a feat to boast of—if that is not an achievement to entitle a ship to be classed among clippers?" On her return voyage she had the honor of reporting in New York the news of her own arrival at Canton. The *Flying Cloud*, 1782 tons, built by Donald McKay, of East Boston, commanded by Captain Josiah P. Creesy, of Marblehead, went, in 1851, to San Francisco from New York in eighty-four days—the fastest trip ever made by a sailing vessel, and twelve days shorter than that of the *Surprise*. Lieutenant Maury, of the United States Naval Observatory at Washington, reported that the greatest distance "ever performed from noon to noon on the ocean was 433¼ statute miles, by the clipper-ship *Flying Cloud*, in her celebrated passage" of eighty-four days from New York to San Francisco, "which yet stands unequalled." The *Northern Light*, of Boston, left San Francisco on the 13th of March, 1853, and reached Boston on the 29th of May following, thus sailing more than 16,000 miles in seventy-seven days, an average of over 200 miles a day. Splendid is the record of the *Sovereign of the Seas*, commanded by Captain L. McKay, and built by his brother, Donald McKay. This noble vessel left New York for San Francisco in Au-



CAPTAIN ALBERT SPENCER.

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gust, 1851, with freight, for carrying which she would receive $84,000—a marvellous sum to-day—a barrel of flour on her arrival selling for $44; and when off Valparaiso in a storm was dismasted, everything above the mast-heads of her fore and main masts being carried away. In fourteen days she was rigged at sea, and proceeding on her way to California, reached her destination in 102 days from New York, in spite of the accident and detention—the best passage ever made at that season of the year. The picture of the *Sovereign of the Seas* in her dismasted condition which has been engraved for this article was sketched at the time by one of her passengers, a clever boy of eight years, and afterward "touched up" by an artist, and is pronounced by Captain McKay to be an accurate and faithful delineation. Seventy feet of her foremast and mainmast are gone, and also four sails on each mast. Having discharged her cargo, the clipper sailed for Honolulu, and loaded with oil for New York, which she reached in eighty-two days—a passage never equalled. For 10,000 miles she sailed without tacking or wearing, and in ten consecutive days she made 3300 miles. Loading again immediately for Liverpool, she left on a Saturday, the 18th of June, 1852. On Sunday, the 26th, she was becalmed on the Banks of Newfoundland; but at midnight a breeze sprung up, and on the following Saturday, at 5 o'clock P.M., she dropped anchor in the Mersey—another passage never equalled. She had sailed from the Banks to Liverpool in about five days and a half; and from New York to Liverpool in the unprecedented time of thirteen days and nineteen hours. One day she sailed 340 miles; on the same day the Cunard steamer *Canada*, which had left Boston almost simultaneously with the *Sovereign of the Seas*, made only 306 miles. To-day, thirty years afterward, it is enlivening to read in the newspapers of that time the editorial articles on the splendid performances of that splendid ship. But her story is not told yet. On the 10th of May, 1853, Lieutenant M. F. Maury reported to the Hon. James C. Dobbin, Secretary of the Navy, that the clipper-ship *Sovereign of the Seas*, 2421 tons, on a voyage from San Francisco, had made "the enormous run of 6245 miles" in twenty-two days, a daily average of 283.9 miles, and that the greatest distance traversed from noon of one day to the noon of the next day was 419 miles. After his illustrious performances on the ocean, Captain McKay is now a shipping merchant in South Street, New York city. His brother, Donald McKay, the builder, died some time since in Boston. For the meritorious work of rigging his vessel at sea, when dismasted off Valparaiso, Captain McKay was presented by Walter R. Jones, president of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, on behalf of the underwriters, with a massive and costly silver dinner service.

IV.

A captain of a packet or clipper was a much more important personage than a Cunard captain to-day is. He was an owner as well as a commander, and he met the shipping merchants on terms of social equality. He was absolute master of his vessel, and of every man on board of her. A Cunard captain has no control over his engineer. His income was often $5000 a year, consisting of five per cent. of all the freight money, five per cent. of all the steerage-passage money, twenty-five per cent. of all the cabin-passage money, the entire receipts for carrying the mails—twopence a letter from the British government and two cents a letter from the American government—and a salary of $360 per annum. Moreover, he had the privilege of taking his wife, and sometimes even her sister, board free. (Captain Creesy's wife could command a vessel as well as he did.) A Cunard commodore receives only $2500 a year, a captain of a Hamburg or Bremen steam-ship only $1200 a year; and while he and his Cunard brother have only to navigate their vessels, all cares of outfit being relegated to the port captain, our old packet or clipper captain attended personally to lading, rigging, victualling, manning, and many other prerequisites to a ship's orderly departure, superintending and paying for repairs, and keeping a regular business account with the agents, as one merchant does with another. In this way he became fit for the duties of managing a line of vessels, and, as in the cases of Captain C. H. Marshall and Captain E. E. Morgan, was sometimes invited to assume them. Furthermore, in many instances he was a gentleman's son who had left home to make a fortune. Two of Captain Tinker's comrades were a son of the late Professor Leonard Bacon, of Yale College, and a

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nephew of N. L. and G. Griswold, the shipping merchants (No-Loss and Great-Gain Griswold, the shippers used to call them), and in many instances also a native of New England, with all a New-Englander's success-compelling pluck, push, and principle. To-day the rates of maritime insurance for the same class of sailing vessels are fifty per cent. higher than in the packet and clipper eras. Why? Chiefly because the captains no longer come from New England school-houses, nor the crews from New England farms, but usually from the gutters. The schoolship *St. Mary's* has been organized to meet this important need of first-class officers for our merchant marine (or such of it as is left); and although still an experiment, the undertaking has been very successful. Her boys are not heavy enough on graduation to become officers at once, but they are immediately put in position to be so as soon as they are physically competent. Let us venture to introduce ourselves to some of those fine old packet and clipper captains.

Captain Samuel Samuels became famous in the clipper *Dreadnought*, and it used to be said that with a strong wind nothing ever passed her—not even a steamer. Built in Newburyport for Governor E. D. Morgan, Captain Samuels, and others, she was named after the famous vessel in Admiral Nelson's fleet, her owners sending to England to get the right spelling of the name, which they found to be *Dreadnought*, and not *Dreadnaught*. Her keel was laid in June, 1853, and her first return trip from Liverpool made in February, 1854. On that voyage she scudded into celebrity by reaching Sandy Hook as soon as the Cunard steamer *Canada*, which had left Liverpool one day earlier, reached Boston. In 1859 she made the 3000 miles from Sandy Hook to Rock Light, Liverpool, in thirteen days and eight hours; and in 1860 went from Sandy Hook to Queenstown, 2760 miles, in the unequalled sailing time of nine days and seventeen hours. How often a first-class steam-ship has been longer in going the same distance! Captain Samuels had a phenomenal experience on a return trip from Liverpool in 1862. While in the "tempestuous forties" he saw a big sea coming, and shouted to the sailors to hasten forward, while he put himself under the bulwarks, with one leg around a spar. The wave struck, sending him whirling across the deck, and leaving him leaning half over the bulwarks on the other side, with a gash in his head and one leg broken. Just as he was about to topple over into the water in an unconscious state he was rescued by several of his men, and on coming to himself was lying upon a wet sofa in the cabin, on the floor of which were several inches of water, his fore-leg fractured, and the bone protruding through the flesh. As there was no surgeon on board, the captain proposed to amputate the limb himself, but yielded to the remonstrance of his officers, who, by putting forth their strength, succeeded in pulling the leg straight, but could not keep it so. In the confusion the men left the wheel; the tiller was heard surging to and fro. The disabled captain gave orders to secure it. Presently it broke off, and then the rudder went too. For three days the *Dreadnought* lay in the trough of an angry sea, while the sailors, under the direction of the captain, who was constantly suffering the most excruciating tortures, constructed a new rudder. Successful at last, they were lowering it over the stern of the ship, when the straps that held it broke, and down it fell into the sea. They were at this time 600 miles from the island of Fayal, and the wounded captain, still lying on his back in that wet cabin, after using every effort by way of sweep or drag to turn her head to the southward, and unable to give the matter his personal attention, resolved to back his vessel toward that port. For a distance of 280 miles he actually performed this almost incredible feat, and nautical readers will be interested to learn how he did it. In his own words: "The ship was swinging with head to northward; it was calm weather, with the swell from the west. Fayal bore south by east, magnetic, and during the afternoon a slight breeze sprung up from west-southwest, westerly, and we did all we possibly could to turn the ship's head southward by using a drag from the starboard quarter, and by throwing another drag, consisting of a water cask with one head out, from the starboard cathead, as soon as the ship's head paid off. Each drag had a tendency to turn her to the eastward, we expecting finally to turn her to the southward, and thus to get her on the course to Fayal. It blew a royal breeze, and she paid off with her head-sails, no sails being set aft, until she brought the wind well on her quarter; but after

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ten hours of strenuous effort we found it impossible to get her head in the proposed direction. So we took in the drags, furled all the head-sails and all the canvas on the foremast, set all the square sails on the mizzenmast, the whole of the maintopsail, and the starboard clew of the mainsail, and threw sharp back every sail that was set. The tendency was to give her a stern board [*i. e.*, to sail her stern first]. By keeping the sails trimmed flat back on those two masts, the ship was backed two hundred and eighty miles, the weather continuing mild and spring-like, the winds steady at the west, and the ship's stern heading directly for Fayal, which then bore south, magnetic. At this time we were able to ship our second rudder, and in a short time we entered Fayal Harbor, fourteen days after the disaster." There the captain had himself hoisted overboard in a box, to which his mattress and himself were lashed, he cutting the rope by which the box was suspended at the moment that a favorable wave lifted the boat that was waiting to receive it and him. The water being too rough to allow landing him at the pier, he was carried three miles below, where some natives waded out from the beach, and took him ashore and to the hotel. The Portuguese surgeons decided at once that the leg must be cut off; but the captain, in great agony, replied that he had come into the world with two legs, and he proposed to take two out with him; that as for amputation, he could have performed that himself two weeks before, and that he had made his perilous and torturing journey to Fayal for something better than the knife. It took fifty-one days to repair his ship, and then the captain, with his leg in splinters, but so incompetently treated that the fractured bones were not in their normal place, was borne aboard of her, in spite of many protestations, and set sail for home. All he owned in the world was in the *Dreadnought*, and he would not leave her. At last he found himself in Brooklyn, and lay in bed from February to December, 1863. When he rose he had forgotten how to walk. Captain Samuels left his father's house when eleven years old to become a sailor, and when twenty-one years old was master of a ship. He had a thrilling adventure in quelling a mutiny once, during which some sailors went at him with knives. In his house is Walters's fine oil-painting of the *Dreadnought*, the lithograph of which was printed until the stone was entirely worn out, so great was the demand for the picture.

Captain Edward G. Tinker distinguished himself about the year 1846 by a homeward voyage from Liverpool in the packet-ship *Toronto*, of the Morgan line. The day before sailing he chanced to call upon a friend, and found him writing letters for the mail to leave for Boston by a wonderful new propeller, just built. "You can let me have those letters," he said, playfully; "I will take them as fast as she can." Sure enough, he reached New York a week before she entered Boston Harbor, although for three days the *Toronto* had been drifting in broken ice, which her master worked through by keeping to the northward. Other vessels in that region must have steered south, and encountered baffling winds in the Gulf Stream, for when Captain Tinker sailed into port his vessel was the first that had arrived in six weeks. He had beaten the Cunard steamer also, and had brought, in the single copy of the London *Times* which he possessed, the latest news from Europe, forty-two days later than the last. Amid the brisk competition of the reporters he gave the paper to the representative of the New York *Herald*, which published an "extra" the same afternoon. Mr. Griswold, one of the owners of the line, moved his hand up and down the captain's arm and chest as if to satisfy himself of his identity, saying at last, with an air of surprise, "I really believe it is you; I thought it was a ghost." Before the successful navigator had been in his office five minutes, most of the shipping merchants in South Street had called to see how he had got there, six weeks without the arrival of a single vessel seeming to have shaken their faith in the floating capacity of packets. "Who was that fellow who made that voyage in the *Toronto*?" asked a merchant on 'Change one morning. "By gracious! if he had been put up for President of the United States, he would have been elected!" There was glory for the packet captain who had beaten a Boston propeller and a Cunard steamer!

Captain Tinker's first ship was the *Montreal*, 542 tons, built by Christian Bergh about 1835; his next, the *Toronto*, 631 tons, built by Bergh about five years later; his next, the *Margaret Evans*, 1000 tons, built in 1846 by Jacob A. Westervelt; his next, the *Southampton*, 1200 tons, built in 1847

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by Westervelt; and his last, the *Palestine*, 1751 tons, built in 1856 by the same builder, all belonging to Morgan's Black X London Line. Soon after assuming command of the last-named ship he went to London, and took the agency of Grinnell's and Morgan's lines. Captain John Delano, the veteran packet master of New Bedford, was mate of the *Montreal* when young Tinker was a boy on board of her. The latter remembers that one day the sailors were hoisting a cow up the side of the ship (each ship carried a cow in those days), and had got her above the deck, when she slipped out of her fastenings and dropped into the hold and was killed; also that the sailors of the *Hannibal*, the next vessel of the line to leave port, said that they had nothing but that old cow to eat during the entire voyage out. Mr. Tinker did not leave the *Montreal* until he became her commander. He is a native of Lyme, Connecticut, where the Griswolds hail from, and he and Chief Justice Waite, of the United States Supreme Court, married sisters.

Captain John Britton, of the celebrated packet *Constitution*, was not only a brilliant officer, but a notable rescuer of lives. He has a testimonial "Presented to Captain John Britton by Captain Ebenezer Cauldwell and Mr. Enoch Train, his chief officer, for rescuing themselves and crew of the ship *Dorchester*, then in a sinking condition, December 6, 1845"; also a gold medal of a London society, on one side of which is the inscription, "Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck—George the Fourth, Patron," with the head of that king in relief; on the reverse, "Let not the deep swallow me up," with a relief of three men in a boat rescuing a fourth; and on the edge, "Captain John Britton—Voted 31st July, 1845." On several other notable occasions this gallant officer saved human lives. At his residence, No. 6 East Forty-ninth Street, there is an inspiriting oil-painting by Walters of the *Constitution* leaving Liverpool, about the year 1849, her four main courses hauled up, her sailors in the act of setting her foresail, and the "Blue Peter" flying from the mast-head. Captain Britton recently received a letter from his friend Captain Joseph C. Delano, of New Bedford, saying that Captain Britton, Captain William C. Thompson, Captain William Allen, and himself were the only surviving captains of the old packet period. His brother received a silver pitcher from the merchants of New York for making the fastest trip from Belfast to this city.

Captain Robert H. Waterman distinguished himself by making the voyage from Canton to New York in seventy-six days, without tacking once, in a flat-bottomed ship, the *Natchez*, which had formerly been used in the New Orleans trade, before Captain Eads removed the bar that obstructed navigation to that port. The excitement over this feat with the flat-bottomed vessel was tremendous. The captain made six successive trips from Canton, the longest of which was only ninety-eight days, reaching this city eight or ten days before his rivals, who had started at the same time, and it was believed by many people that he had actually found out the secret of the trade-winds, and knew just how to sail to take advantage of them. He earned so much money for the owners of the *Natchez* that in 1851 N. L. and G. Griswold contracted with William H. Webb to build for him the magnificent clipper-ship *Challenge*. Captain "Bob" Waterman was one of the most daring of commanders. He did not hesitate to shoot sailors off the yard-arms, and at one time was so sought after by the police that he preferred not to come to New York in his ship, but exchanged her for New Jersey while sailing up the bay. He had a quarrel with his carpenter, a Swede, when just out of sight of Sandy Hook: "You are my superior officer here," said the carpenter, "but if I had you ashore, I'd lick you." "By the powers! we'll try it," replied the captain, pulling off his coat. They had a fair stand-up fight, and the Swede proved himself the best man. The captain seemed fond of him ever afterward. He had a difficulty with his mate, Mr. Fraser, one day, and both having retired to the cabin, the latter drew out two bull-dog pistols and pushed them across the table to the captain, saying, "Either you or I have got to leave this ship." To which the captain at once responded, "You are the only man I ever had any respect for"; and from that time on they understood each other. Some old merchants will remember how "nobby" the captain used to look on his return from Canton in the lustrous straw-colored raw-silk suits made for him by the almond-eyed tailors of that city.

Captain "Bully" Hall, as he was called,

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earned his reputation as the commander of the *Superior*, and later of the *Splendid*, built for him by Isaac Webb very early in the latter's career, and objects of great interest as then the largest merchant vessels in the United States, though only of 500 tons burden. They were, in fact, too large; there was then no demand for such cargoes of teas and silks as the *Splendid* used to bring from China, and she became a Havre packet. Her captain was a character; he once fastened his mate in a chicken-coop and tantalizingly called to him as to a chicken to be fed with corn. A street urchin on the dock one day was boiling some sweet-potatoes in a pitch pot, when "Bully" Hall walked by in a new light-colored overcoat. "What have you got there?" he asked, in his usual overbearing manner. "Potatoes, sir." "What for?" "To cook 'em, sir." "Well," seizing a mop, and thrusting it into the pot, "cook that." The boy immediately pulled out the mop, dripping with pitch, gave the captain's light overcoat a vigorous wipe, and ran for dear life. As he was not caught, some of the by-standers seemed to think that for once "Bully" Hall had met his match. But the captain was a brave and able sailor.

Captain E. E. Morgan, afterward the principal owner of the London line of packets named after him, was a calm, self-possessed officer, whose reproval for a delinquent mate rarely took a form more severe than, "Never mind, I'll attend to it myself this voyage." While on deck during a storm he seemed to preserve his equilibrium by chewing the end of an unlighted cigar. Thackeray and the artist Leslie once sailed with him from London to Portsmouth, just for an excursion; and in the fury of a gale, while the captain, with hands to his mouth, stood shouting to the sailors up on the yards, Leslie, who had taken refuge under the gunwale, exclaimed, "Great heavens, what a picture!" and proceeded to make a sketch of the commanding officer, which he afterward filled in with his portrait—a work of art now in the possession of Captain Morgan's family. "You are a set of muffs," said the captain to some draught-playing passengers one day; "give me the board." He prided himself on his knowledge of that game. "Come with me," he said one morning to his friend Mr. Hammond, in New York, "and see my new ship launched. I am going to have a yachting voyage next time." It was of the *Hendrick Hudson*, then on the stocks in Westervelt's yard, that he spoke. There is an oil-painting of her in his old office at No. 70 South Street, and also of the *Philadelphia*, in which he took Joseph Bonaparte to London about the year 1841. Soon afterward he had the pleasure of entertaining Queen Victoria at luncheon on board the *Victoria*, which had been named in her honor. The Duke of Newcastle, one of the party, expressed his surprise that the captain had not called a ship after her Majesty before. "We never before built a ship that was worthy of her," replied the American officer. She was a wonder at that time, by reason of her long poop and her cabin on the main-deck, the cabin previously having invariably been between-decks.

Captain Charles H. Marshall was for twelve years (1822–1834) the master successively of the packets *James Cropper*, *Britannia*, and *South America*, and he abandoned the quarter-deck to become manager and chief owner of the Black Ball Line, to which these vessels belonged. He left his home at Easton, Washington County, New York, when fourteen years old, to seek his fortune on the seas. "My grandfather," he wrote, in an autobiographical sketch found among his papers after his death, "had been a sailor, and his adventures during his sea life I had often listened to with much delight, so that my desire to see something of the world became very ardent, and occupied most of my thoughts. How was this to be brought about? I was almost too young to go away alone, not having attained my fifteenth year; but still I was anxious to do so if I could get the consent of my parents, which, considering my early age and total ignorance of the world, never having been twenty-five miles from the spot where I was born, was a matter not likely to be accomplished without serious consideration on their part, and a great trial of feeling on my own. Still I lost no opportunity to urge them, promising good behavior and the utmost diligence and industry in everything that I might undertake. My mother finally consented, but it was with a condition that I should go to an Eastern port, and join a whaling ship that we had some knowledge was fitting for such a voyage. This ship, the *Lima*, of Nantucket, was commanded by Captain Solomon Swain, who had a

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nephew some two or three years older than myself living in the town with my parents. All things being prepared, my mother packed my sea chest with such articles of sailor's clothing as she could procure, together with a quantity of 'prog,' consisting of a ham, loaf of bread, pies, and crackers, and this, with thirteen dollars in money, which my father with much difficulty had raised, constituted my whole stock. The 15th day of April, 1807, was fixed for my departure. As the day approached, the idea of leaving my home, humble as it was, and parting with my affectionate parents, sisters, and brothers for an indefinite period, and perhaps forever, required all the firmness that I could possibly summon to my aid. I felt at times that I could not endure the trial, but I was ambitious, and my pride had been excited, and I determined to make a bold push and overcome every difficulty. At last the day arrived, and the wagon which was to convey me to Troy made its appearance at the door. My elder brother was appointed to accompany me so far on my way. We were summoned to the breakfast table, which we surrounded with heavy hearts. The silence that prevailed, and the tears that were now and then seen trickling down the cheeks of parents, brothers, and sisters, made our parting a trial of feeling almost beyond my power to endure; but taking fresh courage, I took my leave of all that I held most dear, to seek my fortune, I hardly knew where or how. We proceeded to Troy that day, and on arriving in the afternoon, my first object was to procure a passage in a vessel leaving for New York, which on repairing to the dock I secured." In nine years he was master of the *Julius Cæsar*, sailing in her from New York to Charleston for a cargo of cotton for Liverpool.

Captain Josiah P. Creesy, of the *Flying Cloud*, owned by Grinnell, Minturn, and Co., was presented by the Board of Underwriters with a service of plate on the 3d of February, 1855. Mr. Walter R. Jones, president of the board, said: "Sir, on your late passage from China, when in command of the celebrated ship *Flying Cloud*, with a rich and costly cargo of delicate goods, the total value of which probably amounted to a sum between a million and a million and a quarter of dollars, you encountered adverse currents and stormy and foggy weather, which carried your ship upon a coral reef on the 7th of August last, in the China seas, striking with such severity that her bow was raised out of water three or four feet, her shoe taken off her keel, and her keel itself cut through to the bottom planking, causing her to leak badly and to make a great quantity of water. With a skill that none but a first-rate ship-master possesses, you soon extricated her from her perilous situation, without cutting away her masts or making any other great sacrifice, which is often done, nominally for the benefit of whom it may concern, proving very frequently, however, to the great detriment of all concerned. In a very short time you had her afloat, ready to proceed, when the important question arose in your mind where you should go, on the settling of which much depended. Again your good judgment manifested itself. The expensive and costly ports in the straits were near at hand. You determined to avoid them, and no one can say how much you saved to those interested in your valuable ship and cargo, but it is reasonable to suppose that those concerned have been saved at least thirty thousand dollars, and probably much more. In fact, no one can probably tell the extent of saving with much accuracy; all know it to have been very large.

"At that time your qualifications as a skillful commander again became manifest, and you seem also to have combined in yourself the talents of the merchant as well as the ship-master. After relieving your ship, your attention was directed to the next best movement, and in that you rendered us an important service; instead of running your ship into an expensive port, before referred to, where the positive and known charges would have amounted to a very large sum, you examined the condition of the vessel and the means at your command, and although your crew was weak and insufficient, you made up your mind to proceed homeward, and, with a very leaky ship, you left the China seas, and in a very short time thereafter, to the great relief of the underwriters, you reached this port in safety, and with scarcely a damaged package on which a claim could be made on the underwriters."

Captain Creesy was then presented with "a choice and weighty service of plate." He replied that though he had merely done his duty as a ship-master, he was

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"very far from being ungrateful for the beautiful and valuable testimonial. The sailor," he added, "amid the difficulties, dangers, and responsibilities of his profession, often feels the need of appreciation and sympathy. These are his best reward and highest encouragement." After noting the remarkable fact that Captain Creesy, between the years 1845 and 1850, had made five voyages from New York to Anjer which did not vary twenty-four hours in length, and no one of which was more than ninety days, the New York *Evening Post* said: "The captain seems to have a propensity for ninety-day voyages. He is one of the most skillful sailors in the American merchant service."

Captain George S. Brewster, in his ship the *David Brown*, 1715 tons, built by Roosevelt, Joyce, and Co., the successors of Brown and Bell, and owned by A. A. Low and Brother, had a memorable race to San Francisco with Captain P. Dumaresq (formerly of the *Surprise*), in his new clipper the *Romance of the Sea*, 1782 tons, very long and sharp, built by Donald McKay, of East Boston. The *David Brown* left New York on the 13th of December, and the *Romance of the Sea* left Boston on the 16th of December. Off the coast of Brazil the two vessels were close to each other, and during the remainder of the voyage to San Francisco were not one hundred and fifty miles apart, and often only forty miles, each experiencing the same weather, each losing a jib-boom in the same gale, and each arriving at the common destination the same hour. There with great dispatch the cargoes were discharged, ballast was taken in, and new crews were shipped, and in eight days both ships sailed again side by side for China, arriving at Hong-Kong within three hours of each other.

Captain O. R. Mumford arrived from San Francisco in 1852 with the foremast of his ship, the clipper *Tornado*, very nearly prostrate, and the bowsprit broken off —the effect of a whirlwind in the Pacific a thousand miles west of Cape Horn. He had sailed her in this condition 8000 miles in sixty-five days. The accident occurred at two o'clock A.M. on the 11th of September, when the vessel was thirty-three days out, and about half-way home. "The shock," says the captain's log-book, "was instantaneous. The bowsprit was broken off close to the knight-heads, and the whole of it carried inboard on the port side. The foremast instantly followed it close to the deck, being lifted from between the main-stays so that the heel of it grazed the house, and went over the side, tearing away the main and monkey rails. This immense weight of mast, yards, sails, and rigging lying across the main-stays, together with the surging of the ship, caused by the increasing sea, had to be cut adrift to save the mainmast, which on examination was found to be sprung." The prospect of seeing New York again was not very bright, but the captain at once proceeded to business. In fourteen days, while the *Tornado* was at the mercy of the waves, he succeeded in completing a jury rig, and in fifty-one days thereafter sailed through the Narrows and into New York Harbor, without having once put into port for repairs. So much impressed were the officers of the New York, Atlantic, Astor, Sun, and Mercantile insurance companies with his brilliant skill and resolution that they presented him with a service of silver-ware richly chased and engraved—a salver, pitcher, coffee-pot, tea-pot, sugar-bowl, cream-cup, and slop-bowl, the centre of the salver containing a representation of the clipper in her dismasted condition as shown in our illustration (page 226). The *Tornado* was built by Jabez Williams and Son for Benjamin A. Mumford, and launched on the 12th of January, 1852. Her length was 229½ feet on deck, and 248½ feet over all; her breadth, 42.4 feet; her depth of hold, 28 feet; and her tonnage, 1802 tons. She had three decks, and while a clipper in bow and stern, was constructed with a flat bottom for buoyancy, it having been thought that the full clippers sailed too much under the water. There is an excellent lithograph of this remarkable clipper-ship in the hall of the Apprentices' Library, on Sixteenth Street. Captain Mumford used to tell merry stories of the speed with which during the gold fever in California the crews of incoming vessels would jump from the decks and run for the mines. The strongest contracts made in New York would not hold them.

Captain George A. Potter, of the *Architect*, a little clipper of 520 tons, built about 1847 in Baltimore by Mr. Gray, and owned by Nye, Parkin, and Co., an American firm in Canton (Mr. Parkin is now a resident of New York), contributed to the fame of the American clippers by a gallant passage in 1853 from Canton to

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London, in which he beat a small fleet of English vessels. It was a great thing in those days to be the first to reach London with the new crop of Congo teas. The English were connoisseurs in that commodity, and paid fancy prices for the privilege of decocting the first leaves of the season, so that the captain who was earliest in landing his cargo in London sold it fast at a good round sum, and in the Canton River, every year, when the crop came in, there lay a fleet of American and English clippers, each chafing to be the first to leave. How magnificent and impressive was the representation from the United States—beautiful and majestic vessels riding at anchor in the Chinese harbor, the pride of our countrymen and the admiration of the world! That year the saucy little *Architect* was surrounded by ten or twelve English ships, and having finished loading about as soon as they, left the Canton River in their company, and soon left their company too. She made the trip to London in 107 days, against the monsoon, and sold her entire cargo before any of her late comrades had put in an appearance. The first of the delinquents to arrive was the *Hero of the Nile*, whose captain on entering the Thames inquired anxiously of the pilot if he had seen anything of "a little American ship from Canton." With a light load of scrap-iron and paper cuttings, the *Architect* proceeded to New York, reaching there after the short winter passage of twenty-nine days, whence, having taken on board some flour and cotton goods, she returned to China, and being then famous for speed, was at once chartered to take a cargo of tea to London at £8 sterling a ton: on her former voyage she had received £6 sterling a ton, while the English vessels were glad to get £3 and £4. It is doubtful if such a freight rate as £8 a ton for a sailing vessel's cargo was ever paid before, or has ever been paid since. Ships at docks of the East River to-day are glad to get one cent a bushel for carrying grain to England, or 37½ cents a ton.

Captain Potter's brother, Captain Jesse F. Potter, of Salem, Massachusetts, was master of the New Bedford ship *Oneida*, owned by Thomas S. Hathaway (formerly a Liverpool packet), when she was captured and burned by the rebel privateer *Florida*. The Confederate sailors robbed him of his charts, instruments, and clothing, and even of his watch. In a belt around his body he had some gold and silver dollars; they took these too. And when he asked them to go down-stairs and try some gin, they civilly replied that the gin belonged to them. They put him on board a vessel which landed him at Pernambuco, and he died soon afterward, never having recovered his spirits. "It is a great grief to a captain to lose his ship," said an old sea-dog recently; "I never saw one that did not break down under it."

Captain Josiah Richardson, of the clipper *Stag Hound*, wrote from Valparaiso on the 8th of April, 1851, to Messrs. Sampson and Tappan: "Gentlemen, your ship the *Stag Hound* anchored in this port this day after a passage of sixty-six days, the shortest but one ever made here; and if we had not lost maintop-mast and all three top-gallant-masts February 6, our passage doubtless would have been the shortest ever made. . . . The ship is yet to be built to beat the *Stag Hound*. Nothing that we have fallen in with as yet could hold her play. I am in love with the ship; a better sea boat, or better working ship, or drier, I never sailed in."

The clipper *Red Jacket*, built by George Thomas, of Rockland, Maine, in 1853, for Seacomb and Taylor, of Boston, had a startling encounter with icebergs off Cape Horn on her passage from Australia to Liverpool in August, 1854. The beauty and grandeur of some of the cathedral-like masses of ice made a lasting impression upon her skipper.

Captain Samuel Yeaton and the other officers of the clipper *Samuel Russell* were presented by the owners and underwriters of that vessel with a purse of $1525 on the 7th of March, 1857, for their "self-sacrificing and untiring efforts in bringing the said ship and cargo" into the port of New York on her voyage from China. "After a long and tedious passage down the China Sea," wrote Messrs. A. A. Low and Brother, the owners, "against an adverse monsoon, during which your ship sprung a leak, you continued your voyage, aided by these officers, without putting into a foreign port, and with an energy and perseverance worthy of all praise finally succeeded, although upon a short allowance of provisions, under the most trying circumstances, in bringing your vessel and cargo where they have been secured to us with but little damage." To this, Captain Yeaton, on behalf of him-

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self and officers Osborne and Taylor, replied that it was "difficult for a sailor, unused to mercantile phrase, to find fitting words to convey his acknowledgments for this most liberal donation, and the flattering manner in which you have alluded to the services rendered by myself and officers during our late voyage from China. Permit me, then, to use a sailor's phrase, and say that I am 'taken all aback' by this unexpected demonstration."

These old captains are but types of a large class, and the qualities that most characterize them are those that belong to the men who make nations great.

V.

A fine sight it was to see a returning packet come up the East River and anchor off her pier with all sails set. The news of her arrival had been conveyed by signal-telegraph from Sandy Hook to Staten Island, and thence by another signal-telegraph to New York, though perhaps she had been two days in sailing her last twenty miles from the Hook to the river.

Tug-boats came into use about the year 1835, but being expensive, were hired by the packet-ships in cases of emergency only. It cost $125 to be towed from the pier in this city across the bar three miles beyond Sandy Hook. To-day the charge for the same service is only $40, and almost every ship leaves the harbor in tow. The packets were conspicuous for sailing regularly at their advertised time, wind or no wind, gale or calm. Eighty cabin passengers were considered a good list, and the freight consisted less of breadstuffs than at present, being chiefly virgin turpentine and pitch for ballast; tobacco, lard, cheese, oil-cake, woods, and staves. Such a cargo was paid for by weight and measurement—barrels by the piece, wheat by the bushel, cheese by the ton, tobacco by the hogshead—and from $5000 to $10,000 freight money, and from $2000 to $5000 passage money, were the usual returns of an outward voyage, although occasionally the sum was much larger. All freight was insured for its full value, and usually the vessel was insured also. The Atlantic Insurance Company would carry from $20,000 to $30,000 on the hull of each packet, the yearly rate for the hull being from eight to twelve per cent., paid by giving a premium note due in twelve months; and for the cargo, according to the season of the year, from two and one-half to four per cent.

Voyages, of course, were not always fast—the *Switzerland*, of the Grinnell line was once 110 days in returning to New York from Liverpool—and passengers must amuse themselves. After a nine-o'clock breakfast, backgammon, chess, checkers, and shuffle-board were in requisition, and if the ship was rolling it required considerable skill to keep the lignum-vitæ blocks in the latter game from sliding. At twelve o'clock the sun was taken and the ship's reckoning made, betting on the runs being much less frequent than in these days when the result is more nearly uniform. Dinner was served at half past two o'clock, and eaten in about two hours, all the meats being publicly carved on the table. The bill of fare of a Christmas dinner on board the *Cornelius Grinnell* in mid-ocean on the way to London in 1858 is preserved in some modest verses written at the time by one of the passengers:

"First of all we had some soup, and it was very good,
But as I could not take it, I left it for those who could.
The next course was boiled cod-fish, and boiled potatoes too,
But that I do not like, so I left it for those who do.
The next course was a stunner, which I must try to relate,
But I could not get a little of each dish upon my plate.
We had a fine roast turkey, just as fine and good
As if you had just gone and shot it on the prairie or the wood,
A fine dish of stewed chicken, a fine macaroni pie,
Roast and boiled potatoes, and mashed turnips, by-the-bye,
And very good fresh bread, which the steward bakes each day,
Besides sea-biscuits, pickles, and such fixings in that way.
And when we all had had enough, and that good course was done,
On came the fine plum-pudding, and then commenced the fun.
Mr. Clark had brought champagne for himself or for his wife,
And it certainly was some of the best I ever tasted in my life.
He brought it for sea-sickness, but they did not drink it on the way,
And he thought we could not do better than drink it on Christmas-day."

Tea was taken at seven o'clock, and followed by the reading of the daily or weekly journal of the voyage, by a lecture from a passenger, or by charades.

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Card-playing and singing were favorite amusements of the later hours, few passengers caring to go to bed until midnight. And according to the New York *Times* of March 11, 1882, "a down-East ship-captain ridicules the pretense that Minister Schenck introduced poker-playing into England (if anybody has pretended that he did), and says that poker-playing was carried to England in the old packet-ships, and many a noble son of Kentucky has beguiled the tedium of a forty-day voyage by teaching John Bull this little game."

At any hour of the day or night, testifies an old packet captain, flirtation and love-making were in order. "One couple were married in Trinity Church a week after landing in New York, although they had never seen each other until they met on shipboard, and the man had two grown-up children with him during the voyage." But this sort of thing can scarcely be said to have been peculiar to the old packet service. The presence of the captain's wife often added not a little to the general pleasure of the voyage. In a letter of thanks from his passengers received by Captain Albert Spencer on the arrival of the *Palestine* at London, February 17, 1856, occurs this paragraph: "Permit us also to express our appreciation of the many amiable qualities of your inestimable wife. She endeared herself to all by her amiability, her cheerfulness, and goodness of heart. Her presence always brought comfort and cheerfulness to her fellow-passengers. To her we attribute much of the happiness of our voyage."

VI.

That our English brothers should have remained comfortable under the pelting reports of such nautical triumphs of the American flag was scarcely to be expected. A Liverpool newspaper said: "The relative merits and demerits of British and American marine architecture have lately been placed in a prominent position before the public, and have commanded much attention. Not a few were there who, cowed by the lengthy and elaborate descriptions given by American scribes of the 'clippers' of their country, pitifully bemoaned the decadence of John Bull, sorrowfully hinted that Britannia was no longer 'mistress of the seas,' and confidently asserted that 'the wooden walls of Old England' stood in the same relation to the ships of our transatlantic brethren as a butcher's nag to a high-mettled racer." One bright morning, however, the London *Times* hastened to the relief of its readers by announcing that the English clipper *Chrysolite* had beaten the American clipper *Oriental* by nine days on the voyage from Liverpool to China. The news was received with general hurrahs, and published conspicuously in every quarter of Great Britain, and of course found its way to this country. But in a few weeks the fact came out that the American clipper had not been beaten at all; for she had gone to Anjier, in the island of Java, two thousand miles beyond Canton, where the English clipper had dropped anchor. "Not beat yet," exclaimed the Boston *Journal*, in display type, and hundreds of other American newspapers printed a similar head-line. "The English clipper *Chrysolite* did not beat the American clipper *Oriental*, after all the bragging of the British press." Despondency across the water was on the increase. A writer in the London *Times* confessed lugubriously that "it is to be feared the propelling power of the wind has not yet had a fair trial with models suited for obtaining its greatest effects, on principles which in this country have not yet been generally adopted, owing to circumstances which our ship-owners are best able to explain." The *Illustrated London News* recovered itself sufficiently to print a picture of a new clipper, the *Abagalda*, built at Aberdeen, which was to beat the *Oriental* and any other American vessel; but after the glorious little episode of the clipper-yacht *America* in English waters, Colonel Peel, M.P., rose in his seat in Parliament, and expressed his surprise that not a word had been said with reference to the circumstance of a foreign yacht having come to England, and, in the presence of the Queen herself, beaten some of the crack English sailing vessels. Whatever might be the sailing qualities of the American yacht, he declared that if such a defeat had been sustained by the English sailing vessels at the Isle of Wight, there was not a true sportsman in England who would not go to any expense to recover the lost laurels. The colonel's remarks were received with cries of "Hear!" "Hear!" Finally our English brothers tried the remedy of buying clippers in this country, and Mr. Donald McKay built for Banes and Co., of

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Liverpool, and others, a fleet of vessels larger than the *Sovereign of the Seas* or the *Flying Cloud*—say of 2400 tons burden. One of them, the *Lightning*, sailed to Melbourne from Liverpool in sixty-two days, and returned in sixty-four days—unapproached time. The *Donald McKay*, the *James Banes*, and the *Champion of the Seas* all performed notable service, but scarcely so satisfying as if it had been done by clippers of British make, although most of the successful clippers built in Great Britain after the triumphs of the Americans plainly showed in their modelling the influence of transatlantic ideas.

The opening of the Panama Railway in 1855, the establishment of the Pacific Mail Steam-ship Company, and the decline of the California and Australia marine trade conspired to close the clipper epoch. In that year there was an unparalleled depression in American ship-building, and desertion in many ship-yards. The intolerable dictation of the trades-unions came in to swell the trouble, and lead in some cases to the insolvency of the master-builders. The workmen whose services are necessary to the construction of ships—that is to say, the carpenters, calkers, joiners, painters, blacksmiths, riggers, and rope and sail makers—had been earning during the prosperous clipper period as much in three or four days as previously they had received in a week; and all at once they resolved to work only three or four days in a week, making it impossible for builders, who had entered into contracts under heavy forfeits for non-fulfillment, to keep their engagements. The partial failure of the crops of 1854, and the warlike attitude of Europe, were additional causes of depression. Seven years later the outbreak of the civil war drove American commerce from the seas.

ENSNARED.

DEEP in a vast primeval wood
My half-decaying cabin stood.
Its walls were mossy, and its floor
With stain and mould was darkened o'er.
Therein I dwelt, aloof from care,
Alone with fancies sweet and rare.

Long after dawn I lay in bed
And heard the woodpecker overhead
Beat on the roof his rattling call,
And heard the wind-waves rise and fall,
Whilst from afar, worn keen and thin,
Faint memories of the world came in.

At noon the wood was strangely still:
No fluttering wing, no tapping bill;
Shadow and sunshine side by side
Drowsed in slim aisles and vistas wide;
Even the brook's voice, rich and full,
Seemed slowly lapsing to a lull.

When night came on, the owl came too:
"Hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo-oo-oo!"
And sly faint footfalls, here and there,
Betrayed the hesitating hare;
Whilst in the tree-tops, dark and deep,
The wind sighed as a child asleep.

Day-time or night-time, all was well;
With light or dew God's blessings fell.
For coarser dreams I had no room:
My heart was like a lily bloom,
And every song I sang was sweet
As the blue violets at my feet.

But at the last, all unaware,
Unlucky bird! I touched the snare,
And (in the city's meshes wound)
My cabin never more I found,
Nor that sweet solitude where naught,
Save Nature, helped me when I wrought.

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"MY lords," said the Bishop of St. Asaph, in the British House of Lords, in 1774, "I look upon North America as the only great nursery of freedom left upon the face of the earth." It is the growth of freedom in this nursery which really interests us most in the Revolutionary period; all the details of battles are quite secondary. Indeed, in any general view of the history of a nation, the steps by which it gets into a war and finally gets out again are of more importance than all which lies between. No doubt every skirmish in a prolonged contest has its bearing on national character, but it were to consider too curiously to dwell on this, and most of the continuous incident of a war belongs simply to military history. If this is always the case, it is peculiarly true of the war of American Independence, which exhibited, as Lafayette said, "the grandest of causes won by contests of sentinels and outposts."

In April, 1777, John Adams wrote proudly to his wife, "Two complete years we have maintained open war with Great Britain and her allies, and after all our difficulties and misfortunes are much abler to cope with them now than we were at the beginning." The tale of the long years of hope and fear which followed has been several times told in this Magazine, and here at least need not be dwelt on. Those who remember the sort of subdued and sullen hopefulness which prevailed, year in and year out, in the Northern States, during the late war for the Union, can probably conceive something of the mood in which the American people saw months and years go by without any very marked progress, and yet with an indestructible feeling that somehow the end must come. The war for Independence dragged on its weary course; the winter at Valley Forge was worse than the winter at Morristown; Steuben took the hungry soldiers who hitherto had had no uniform drill—who numbered sometimes only thirty men to a regiment, and marched in Indian file—and drilled them into an army. Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga in 1777, and for a moment America, and even Europe, thought the war was won. That surrender is the only American battle included by Sir Edward Creasy in his *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*, and yet for six years its decisiveness was not recognized as final, and the war went on.

It was from France at last that not merely the material but the moral support came. Alliance with France meant friendship with the leading European nation. No power of imagination can now fully recall how unimportant to Europe were then these little colonies on the west coast of the Atlantic. America is not now more indifferent to the career of the smallest German state than the smallest German state then was to America, except as the Prince of Hesse-Cassel found there a market for three million dollars' worth of hired soldiers. On the other hand, when the importance of the American colonies was recognized by Spain, it was because Spain also had colonies, and feared to lose them. After all, she was right in her instincts. When Vergennes blandly assured the Spanish government that there was "no ground for seeing in this people a new race of conquerors," he did not look forward to the Mexican war. At any rate, Spain was hostile; the rest of Europe indifferent. To Frenchmen alone the new transatlantic nation was something interesting, a pet, a hobby, a philosophic whim—something to be taken up and maintained as a theory. Once adopted, it must be sustained handsomely—"an ill-favored thing, but mine own," as Touchstone, in the play, says of his bride.

The first treaty with France—which was also the first treaty of the United States with any foreign government—was signed February 6, 1778, two months after the news of Burgoyne's surrender had reached Paris. It had been negotiated mainly between Franklin and Vergennes, and its liberal and generous tone bore the marks of that singular diplomatic ability which in Franklin was called simplicity and philosophy. His triumph was a triumph of temperament; he conquered, as Emerson says the wise man should, "without the crossing of bayonets." When Franklin and Adams worked together, the zeal, the energy, the self-assertion, were supplied by Adams, but the patience, the soothing good-nature, the unerring tact, came from Franklin alone. As a French historian has said of him, "his virtues and his renown negotiated for him, and before the second year of his mission had expired no

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one conceived it possible to refuse fleets and an army to the compatriots of Franklin." He it was who supplied to Vergennes what was, after all, the controlling argument with the French government, namely, the conviction that the Americans, with or without its alliance, were destined to carry the day. Even before the treaty, Vergennes wrote that it was "almost physically impossible for the English to wrest independence from them"; that "all efforts, however great, would be powerless to reduce a people so thoroughly determined to refuse submission."

In lending money, it is pleasant to know that the person favored is capable of paying his debts, even without the loan; and in time of war there is a certain safety in forming a league on the winning side. However high we rate the value of the French help, we must remember that the alliance united England against it. There were many in that nation who were by this time convinced that the work of conquest was hopeless. "The time may come," said the King to Lord North in 1778, "when it will be wise to abandon all North America but Canada, Nova Scotia, and the Floridas; but then the generality of the nation must first see it in that light." If there is anything that is impressed upon the very school-books in connection with that period it is the obstinacy of King George III., and yet he had learned thus much. On the other hand, Lord Chatham, who had once said, "America has resisted; I rejoice, my lords," was now driven by the French alliance to take sides against America. He saw in the proposed independence only the degradation of the power of England before the French throne, and was carried from a sick-bed to speak against it in Parliament (April 7, 1778). "My lords," he said, "I rejoice that the grave has not closed upon me, that I am still alive to uplift my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy." As the Duke of Richmond essayed to answer, Chatham was seized with apoplexy, and was borne from the House to die. The young American government had gained a powerful alliance, but it had lost its best English friend. Richmond, Burke, and Fox supported its cause, but Chatham had roused the traditional pride of England against France, and Lord North was his successor. Then followed a period of which Washington wrote to George Mason (March 27, 1779) that he was for the first time despondent, and had beheld no day in which he thought the liberties of America so endangered. The war must still go on, and the French army and navy must cross the Atlantic for its prosecution. They were cordially welcomed by everybody except the German settlers of New York and Pennsylvania, who could not forget, as Mrs. Quincy's journal tells us, the excesses committed by the French troops in Germany.

The direct service done by the French alliance was of less value than the moral support it brought. It occupied Newport, Rhode Island, in July, 1780, with nearly six thousand men in army and navy. The unpublished memorials of that time and place contain many delighted recollections of the charming manners of the French officers: of the Rochambeaux, father and son; of the Duc de Deux-Ponts, afterward King of Bavaria; of the Prince de Broglie, guillotined in the Revolution; of the Swedish Count Fersen, "the Adonis of the camp," who afterward acted as coachman for the French King and Queen in their escape from Paris; of the Vicomte de Noailles and of Admiral De Ternay, the latter buried in Trinity Church yard in Newport. There are old houses in that city which still retain upon their window-panes the gallant inscriptions of those picturesque days, and there are old letters and manuscripts that portray their glories. One that lies before me describes the young noblemen driving into the country upon parties of pleasure, preceded by their running footmen—a survival of feudalism—tall youths in kid slippers and with leaping poles; another describes the reception of Washington by the whole French garrison in March, 1781. It was a brilliant scene. The four French regiments were known as Bourbonnais, Soissonnais, Deux-Ponts, and Saintonge; they contained each a thousand men; and the cavalry troop, under De Lauzun, was almost as large. Some of these wore white uniforms, with yellow or violet or crimson lapels, and with black gaiters; others had a uniform of black and gold, with gaiters of snowy white. The officers displayed stars and badges; even the officers' servants were gay in gold and silver lace. Over them all and over the whole town floated the white flag of the Bourbons with the fleurs-de-lis. They were drawn up in open ranks along the avenue leading to the long wharf, which was just then losing

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its picturesque old name, Queen's Hithe. This gay army, whose fresh uniforms and appointments contrasted strangely with the worn and dilapidated aspect of the Continental troops, received Washington with the honors due to a Marshal of France. In the evening a ball was given to the American generals; Washington opened the dance with the beautiful Miss Champlin: he chose for the figure the country-dance known as "A Successful Campaign," and, as he danced, the French officers took the instruments from the musicians, and themselves played the air and accompaniment. Thus with characteristic graces began the French occupation of Newport, and it continued to be for them rather a holiday campaign, until the siege of Yorktown, Virginia, proved the qualities of their engineers and their soldiers. After the ten days of the siege, the British army, overwhelmed and surrounded, had to surrender at last; and in the great painting which represents the scene, at the Versailles palace, General De Rochambeau is made the conspicuous figure, while Washington is quite secondary.

For nearly two years more the British troops held the cities of New York, Charleston, and Savannah; and though they were powerless beyond those cities, yet it seemed to their garrisons, no doubt, that the war was not yet ended. Mrs. Josiah Quincy, visiting New York as a child, just before its evacuation by the British under Sir Guy Carleton, in 1783, says that she accompanied her mother, Mrs. Morton, to call on the wife of Chief Justice Smith, an eminent loyalist. Their hostess brought in a little girl, and said, "This child has been born since the Rebellion." "Since the Revolution?" replied Mrs. Morton. Mrs. Smith smiled, and said, good-naturedly, "Well, well, Mrs. Morton, this is only a truce, not a peace; and we shall be back again in full possession in two years." "This prophecy happily did not prove true," adds Mrs. Quincy, with exultant patriotism.

Independence was essentially secured by the preliminary articles signed in Paris on January 20, 1783, although the final treaty was not signed till September 3. It was on April 18, 1783, that Washington issued his order for the cessation of hostilities, completing, as he said, the eighth year of the war. The army was disbanded November 3. The whole number of "Continentals" employed during the contest was 231,791. Of these Massachusetts had furnished 67,907, Connecticut 31,939, Virginia 26,678, Pennsylvania 25,678, and the other States smaller numbers, down to 2679 from Georgia. The expenditures of the war, as officially estimated in 1790, were nearly a hundred million dollars in specie ($92,485,693 15), and the debts, foreign expenditures, etc., swelled this to more than one hundred and thirty-five millions ($135,693,703). At the close, the army, which had been again and again on the verge of mutiny from neglect and privation, received pay for three months in six months' notes, which commanded in the market the price of two shillings for twenty shillings. The soldiers reached their homes, as Washington wrote to Congress, "without a settlement of their accounts, and without a farthing of money in their pockets."

Independence being thus achieved, what was to be done with it? Those who represented the nation in Congress, while generally agreed in patriotic feeling, were not agreed even on the fundamental principles of government. The Swiss Zubly, who represented Georgia, and who claimed to have been familiar with republican government ever since he was six years old, declared that it was "little better than a government of devils." John Adams heartily favored what he called republican government, but we know, from a letter of his to Samuel Adams (October 18, 1790), that he meant by it something very remote from our present meaning. Like many other men of modest origin, he had a strong love for social distinctions; he noted with satisfaction that there was already the semblance of an aristocracy in Boston; and he, moreover, held that the republican forms of Poland and Venice were worse, and the Dutch and Swiss republics but little better, than the old *régime* in France, whose abuses led to the Revolution. The republic of Milton, he thought, would imply "miseries," and the simple monarchical form would be better. He meant by republic, he said, simply a government in which "the people have collectively or by representation an essential share in the sovereignty"—such a share, for instance, as they have in England. This being the case, it is not strange that he should have regarded independence itself as but a temporary measure, a sort of protest, and should have looked forward without dis-

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may to an ultimate reunion with England, under certain guarantees to be secured by treaty.

It is very fortunate that the institutions of America were not to depend on the speculations of any one man, even the wisest. Many persons think of the organization of the United States as being the work of a few leaders. Had this been the truth, the Continental government would have been organized first, and the State governments would have been built afterward on its model. As a matter of fact, it was just the other way. While the great leaders were debating in Congress or negotiating in Europe, the question of government was settled by the reorganization of successive colonies into commonwealths, the work being done largely by men now forgotten. These men took the English tradition of local self-government, adapted it to the new situation, and adjusted it to a community in which kings and noblemen had already begun to fade into insignificance.

Even before independence was declared, some of the colonies—Massachusetts, New Hampshire, South Carolina, Virginia, and New Jersey—had begun to frame State governments on the basis of the old charter governments, but so hastily that their work needed in some cases to be revised. After the declaration, New York and Maryland followed soon, and then the rest. Jefferson wrote to Franklin (August 13, 1777) that in Virginia "the people seem to have laid aside the monarchical and taken up the republican government with as much ease as would have attended their throwing off an old and putting on a new suit of clothes." All these commonwealths agreed, almost without consultation, on certain principles. All recognized the sovereignty of the people, or at least the masculine half of the people; all wished to separate church and state; all distinguished, as did the unwritten constitution of England, between the executive, the judicial, and the legislative departments; all limited the executive department very carefully, as experience had taught them to do. Nowhere, except in Rhode Island and Pennsylvania, was there any recognition of the hereditary right to vote, this being in Rhode Island included in the royal charter under which that State governed itself, omitting only the part of royalty, till 1842. In short, all the thirteen colonies shifted what had seemed the very basis of their structure, and yet found themselves, after all, in good condition. We have grown accustomed, in these days, to the readiness with which English-speaking men can settle down anywhere on the planet and presently organize free institutions; so that we hardly recognize what a wonder it seemed that thirteen colonies, even while engaged in a great war, should one by one quietly crystallize into shape.

The great difficulty was to unite these little commonwealths into a nation. It took one unsuccessful experiment to teach the way of success, and it is astonishing that it did not take a dozen. It was a strange period. The war had unsettled men's minds, as is done by all great wars. It had annihilated all loyalty to the King, but it had done much more than this. It had made the rich poor, and the poor rich; had filled the nation with almost irredeemable paper money; had created a large class whose only hope was to evade payment of their debts. "Oh, Mr. Adams," said John Adams's horse-jockey client, "what great things have you and your colleagues done for us! We can never be grateful enough to you. There are no courts of justice now in this province, and I hope there never will be another."

The first experiment at national union was the Confederation. It was based essentially on a theory of Jefferson's. This theory was to make "the States one as to everything connected with foreign nations, and several as to everything purely domestic." For purposes of foreign commerce it must exist. To this all finally agreed, though with much reluctance. Indeed, the original apostles of this theory did not much believe in any such commerce. Jefferson wrote from Paris (in 1785) that if he had his way "the States should practice neither commerce nor navigation," but should "stand with respect to Europe precisely on the footing of China." But he admitted that he could not have his way, and wrote to Monroe (December 11, 1785) from Paris: "On this side of the Atlantic we are viewed as objects of commerce only." Granting thus much, then, to be inevitable, how was little Rhode Island or Delaware to resist the aggressions of any European bully, or of those Algerine or Tripolitan pirates who then bullied even the bullies themselves? For this purpose, at least, there must be some joint action. How could the United States

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treat with any foreign government when, as Washington said (in 1785), they were "one nation to-day and thirteen to-morrow"? They must therefore unite sufficiently to make a treaty and enforce it, but no farther. In other words, they undertook to build a house which should have an outside but no inside.

The Confederation was originally put in shape through a committee appointed by Congress, June 11, 1776, "to prepare and digest the form of a confederation to be entered into between these colonies." But the "articles" thus prepared were not accepted by Congress till November 15, 1777, and they had been much modified before they received the assent of the last of the States, on March 1, 1781. During all this time the affairs of the war were carried on loosely enough by Congress—still a single House—which had come to be familiarly known among the people as "King Cong." But this king had absolutely no power but in the impulsive support of the people. It was a thankless office to sit in Congress; the best men were more and more reluctant to serve there. To reach it, wherever it sat—Philadelphia, Baltimore, Lancaster, York, Princeton, or Annapolis—was to most of the members far more of a journey than to reach San Francisco or London from Philadelphia or Annapolis to-day. Inasmuch as all votes were taken by States, and every State had an equal vote, so long as there was one man to represent it, there was a strong temptation for delegates to absent themselves; and a single member from Delaware or Rhode Island could, if present, balance the whole representation from New York or Virginia. "It is enough to sicken one," wrote General Knox to Washington, in March, 1783, "to observe how light a matter many States make of their not being represented in Congress—a good proof of the badness of the present Constitution." Even on the great occasion when the resignation of Washington was to be received there were present only twenty members, representing but seven of the colonies. "It is difficult," wrote M. Otto to the French government, "to assemble seven States, which form the number required to transact the least important business;" and he wrote again, a few months after, that the secret of the predominant influence of Massachusetts in the Congress was that she usually kept four or five able delegates there, while other States rarely had two. As we read the records we can only wonder that the organization did its work so well; and it is not at all strange that, as the same General Knox wrote to Washington, the favorite toasts in the army were "Cement to the Union," and "A hoop to the barrel."

There were those who believed that nothing but the actual necessities of another war could really unite the colonies, and some patriots frankly wished for that calamity. M. Otto, writing home in December, 1785, to M. De Vergennes, declared that Mr. Jay was the most influential man in Congress, and that Mr. Jay had lately expressed in his hearing a wish that the Algerine pirates, then so formidable, would burn some of the maritime towns of the United States, in order to reunite the nation and call back the old feeling. "The majority of Congress perceive very clearly," he wrote, "that war would serve as a bond to the Confederation, but they can not conceal the lack of means which they possess to carry it on with advantage."

This desperate remedy being out of the question, the "hoop to the barrel" must be put on by some more peaceful method. Yet each way had its own perplexities. There were jealousies of long standing between North and South, between the colonies which were ready to abolish slavery and those which clung to it. Then the course of the Confederation had only increased the jealousy between the small and the large States. There were objections to a permanent President; some would have preferred, as a very few would still prefer, to have a system like that now prevailing in the Swiss Confederation, and to place at the head merely the chairman of a committee. Again, there existed a variety of opinions as to a Legislature of one or two Houses. It is said that when Jefferson returned from France he was breakfasting with Washington, and asked him why he agreed to a Senate.

"Why," said Washington, "did you just now pour that coffee into your saucer before drinking it?"

"To cool it," said Jefferson; "my throat is not made of brass."

"Even so," said Washington, "we pour our legislation into the Senatorial saucer to cool it."

Franklin, like Jefferson, approved only of the single chamber of deputies, and it has been thought that to his great influ-

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THE FRENCH OFFICERS AT NEWPORT.

ence in France, leading to the adoption of that method, were due some of the excesses of the French Revolution. The States of Pennsylvania and Georgia had, during the Confederation, but one legislative body; the Confederation itself had but one, and the great State of New York voted in the convention of 1787 against having more than one. The most enlightened European reformers—Mazzini, Louis Blanc, Stuart Mill, even Goldwin Smith—have always believed the second House to be a source of weakness in American institutions, while the general feeling of Americans is overwhelmingly in its favor. Yet its mere existence is a type of that compromise which is at the foundation of the national government. If Patrick Henry was right, if he had wholly ceased to be a Virginian in becoming an American, then there should be no separate representation of the States. If Jefferson was right—who considered the Union only a temporary device to carry the colonies through the war for Independence—then the States only should be represented, and they should weigh equally, whether small or large. But Elbridge Gerry included both statements when he said: "We are neither the same nation nor different nations.

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FISHER AMES.

We ought not, therefore, to pursue the one or the other of these ideas too closely." This statement is regarded by Von Holst, the acutest foreign critic of American institutions since De Tocqueville, as containing the whole secret of American history.

We are apt to suppose that the sentiment of union among the colonies, once formed, went steadily on increasing. Not at all; it went, like all other things, by action and reaction. It was before a shot was fired that Patrick Henry had thrilled the people's ears with his proud assertion of nationality. "The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New-Yorkers, and New-Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian; I am an American." But as the war went on the "people" of the United States came again to be loosely described as the "inhabitants" of the States. The separate common wealths had the organization, the power, all but the army, and one of them, North Carolina, went so far as to plan a fleet. The Confederation was only, as it described itself, "a firm league of friendship"; the Continental government was once actually characterized in Massachusetts as a foreign power; it was the creation of war's necessities, while the States controlled the daily life. Washington had to complain that the States were too much engaged in their "local concerns," and he had to plead for the "great business of a nation." Fisher Ames wrote, "Instead of feeling as a nation, a State is our country." So far as the influence of foreign nations went, it tend-

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ed only to disintegrate, not to unite. Even the one friendly government of Europe, the French, had no interest in promoting union; the cabinet at Versailles wrote to its minister in America (August 30, 1787) that it would not regret to see the Confederation broken up, and that it had recognized "no other object than to deprive Great Britain of that vast continent."

In short, the Confederacy waned day by day; it had no power, for power had been carefully withheld from it; it had only



GENERAL SIR GUY CARLETON.

influence, and, as Washington once said, "Influence is not government." Fisher Ames declared that "the corporation of a college or a missionary society were greater potentates than Congress. . . . . The government of a great nation had barely revenue enough to buy stationery for its clerks, or to pay the salary of the doorkeepers." It existed only to carry on the war as it best could, and when the war ended, the prestige of the Continental government was gone. There was left a people without a government, and this people was demoralized amidst success, discontented in spite of its triumph. Washington thus despairingly summed up the situation: "From the high ground we stood upon, from the plain path which invited our footsteps, to be so fallen, so lost, is really mortifying; but virtue, I fear, has in some degree taken its departure from our land, and the want of a disposition to do justice is the source of our national embarrassments."

The downfall of the Confederation was greatly aided by the celebrated insurrection of Daniel Shays in Massachusetts—an occasion when armed mobs broke up the courts and interrupted all the orderly processes of law. This body numbered, according to the estimate of General Knox, who defended the Springfield arsenal against them, not less than twelve or fifteen thousand men, scattered through the New England States; but he estimated the whole body of their friends and supporters at two-sevenths of the population—not, as Von Holst says, one-half. The grounds of this insurrection were, as it seems to me, a shade more plausible,

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and hence more formidable, than the historians have recognized. As stated by their most energetic opponent, Knox, these views were based expressly on the peculiar state of things at the close of a long and exhausting war, and amounted simply to the doctrine that, being narrowly rescued from shipwreck, the whole half-drowned company should share alike. As a result of the war, they urged, almost everybody was bankrupt. John Adams's horse-jockey client was really no worse off than the most sober and honest mechanic. Of the few who had any money, some were speculators and contractors, who had grown rich out of the government; others were Tories in disguise, who had saved their property from a just confiscation. All this property, having been saved from the British by the sacrifices of all, should in justice be shared among all. Yet they would not demand so much as that: let there be simply a remission of debts and a further issue of paper money.

Audacious as this proposition now seems, it was not wholly inconsistent with some things that had gone before it. If Washington himself thought it fitting to celebrate the surrender of Cornwallis by a general release of prisoners from jail, why not now carry this rejoicing a little further, and have an equally general release of those who were on their way to jail? Thus they reasoned, or might have reasoned, and all this helps us to understand a little better why it was that Jefferson did not share the general alarm at these doctrines, but, on the whole, rather approved of the outbreak. "Can history produce," he said, "an instance of rebellion so honorably conducted?" "God forbid we shall ever be without such a rebellion!" "A little rebellion now and then is a good thing." "An observation of this truth should render republican governors so mild as not to discourage them too much." Yet those who were on the spot saw in this rebellion not only the weakness of the general government, but that of the separate States as well. "Not only is State against State, and all against the Federal head," wrote General Knox to Washington, "but the States within themselves possess the name only, without having the essential concomitants of government.... On the very first impression of faction and licentiousness, the fine theoretic government of Massachusetts has given way."

Even before this insurrection, a convention, attended by five States only, had been held at Annapolis (September, 1786), with a view to some improved national organization. It called a general convention, which met at Philadelphia, having barely a quorum of States, on May 25, 1787. There the delegates sat amidst constant interruptions and antagonisms, the majority of the New York delegation leaving once under protest, South Carolina protesting, Elbridge Gerry predicting failure, and Benjamin Franklin despairingly proposing to open the sessions thenceforward with prayer as the last remaining hope. Then the Constitution was adopted at last—only to come into new and more heated discussion in every State. We have in *The Federalist* Hamilton's great defense of it; but Patrick Henry himself turned his eloquence against it in Virginia, and Samuel Adams in Massachusetts. These were two very powerful opponents, who were well entitled to a voice; and in these two important States the Constitution was accepted by majorities so small that the change of a dozen votes would have caused defeat. In the New York Convention the vote stood 30 to 27; in Rhode Island, 34 to 32; this being the last State to ratify, and the result being secured by a change of one vote under the instructions of a town-meeting in the little village of Middletown, too small, even at this day, to have a post-office. By a chance thus narrow was the United States born into a nation. The contest, as Washington wrote to Lee, was "not so much for glory as existence."

And as thus finally created the nation was neither English nor French, but American. It was in very essential features a new departure. It is common to say that the French Revolution brought with it French political theories in the United States. Edmund Burke wrote that the colonists were "not only devoted to liberty, but to liberty according to English ideas and on English principles," yet there is a prevalent impression that the influence of France converted this English feeling into a French habit of mind, and that the desire to legislate on the abstract rights of man came from that side of the English Channel. But Jefferson had never been in France, nor under any strong French influence, when he, as Rev. Ezra Stiles said, "poured the soul of a continent into

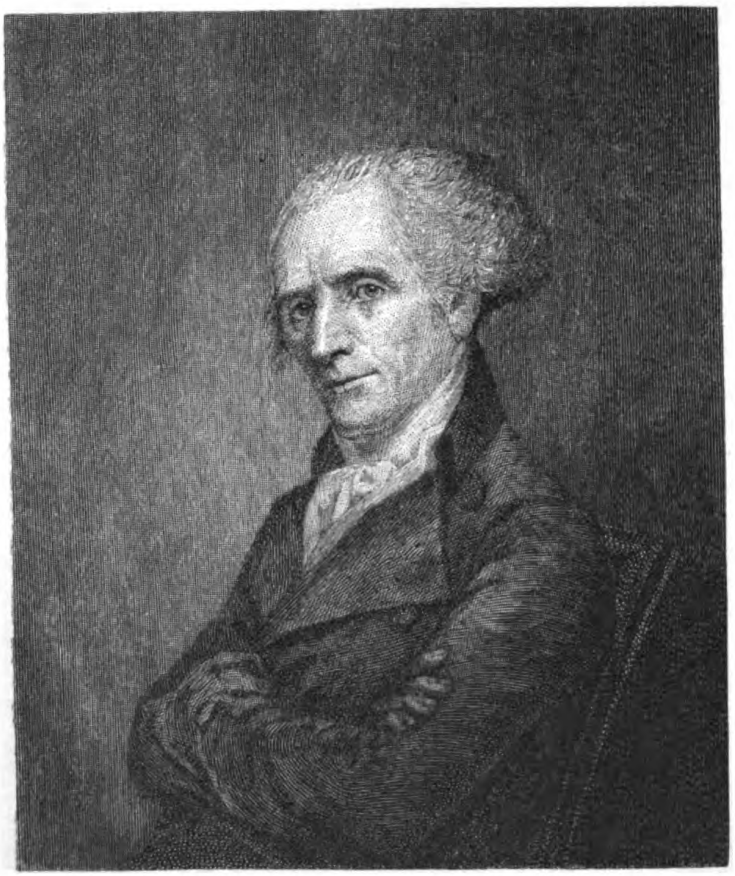
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SHAYS'S MOB IN POSSESSION OF A COURT-HOUSE.

the monumental Act of Independence"; and Franklin had made but flying visits to Paris when he wrote in England, about 1770, those striking sentences, under the name of "Some Good Whig Principles," which form the best compendium of what is called Jeffersonian Democracy: "The *all* of one man is as dear to him as the *all* of another, and the poor man has an equal right, but more need, to have representatives in the legislature than the rich one." What are sometimes reproachfully called

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ELBRIDGE GERRY.

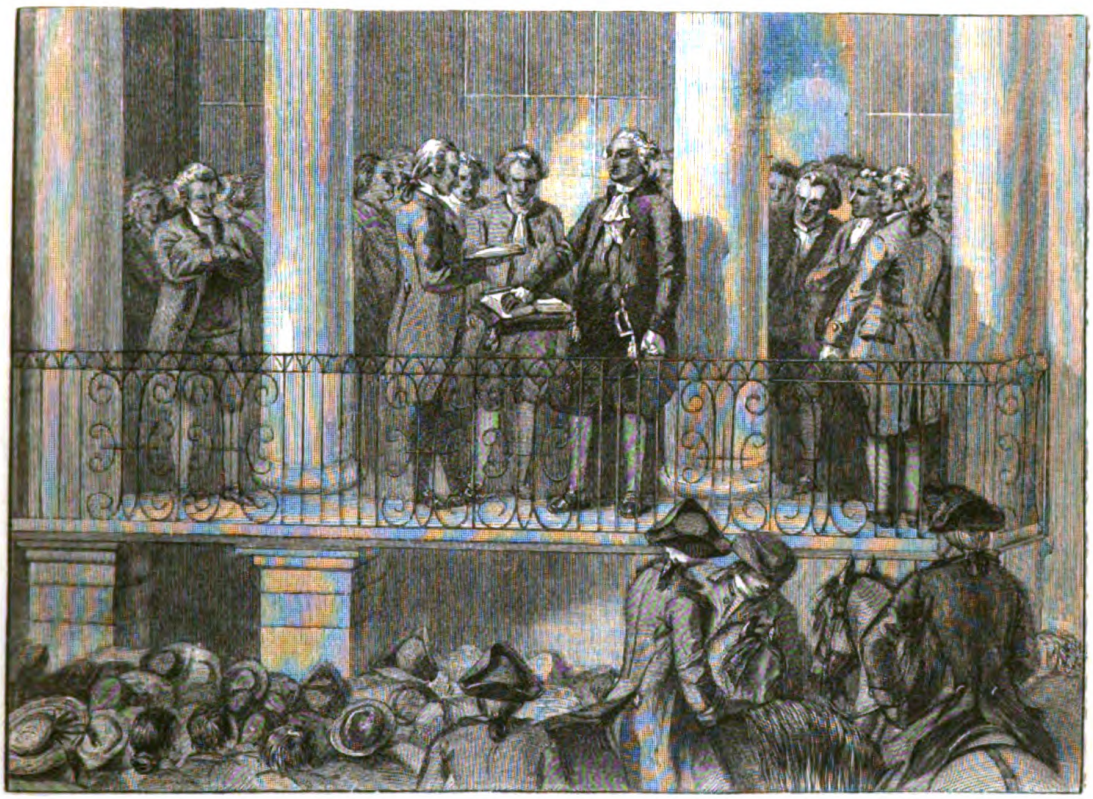
"transcendental politics" arose spontaneously in that age; the Constitution is based on them; and in urging them America probably influenced France more than France affected America. There is now a reaction against them, and perhaps it is as well that these oscillations of the pendulum should take place; but I am not one of those who believe that the people of the United States will ever outgrow the Declaration of Independence.

One of the most momentous acts of the Continental Congress had been to receive from the State of Virginia the gift of a vast unsettled territory northwest of the Ohio, and to apply to this wide realm the guarantee of freedom from slavery. This safeguard was but the fulfillment of a condition suggested by Timothy Pickering, when, in 1783, General Rufus Putnam and nearly three hundred army officers had proposed to form a new State in that very region of the Ohio. They sent in a memorial to Congress asking for a grant of land. Washington heartily indorsed the project, but nothing came of it. North Carolina soon after made a cession of land to the United States, and then revoked it; but the people on the ceded territory declared themselves for a time to be a separate State, under the name of Franklin. Virginia, through Thomas Jefferson, finally delivered a deed on March 1, 1784, by which she ceded to the United States all her territory northwest of the Ohio. The great gift was accepted, and a plan of government was adopted, into which Jefferson tried to introduce an antislavery ordinance, but he was defeated by a single vote. Again, in 1785, Rufus King, of Massachusetts, seconded by William Ellery, of Rhode Island, proposed to revive Jefferson's rejected clause, but again it failed, being smothered by a committee. It was not till July 13, 1787, that the statute passed by which slavery was forever prohibited in the territory of the Northwest, this being moved by Nathan Dane as an amendment to an ordinance already adopted—which he himself had framed—and being passed by a vote of every State present in the Congress, eight in all. Under this statute the Ohio Company—organized in Boston the year before as the final outcome of Rufus Putnam's proposed colony of officers—purchased from the government five or six millions of acres, and entered on the first great movement of emigration west of the Ohio. The report creating the colony provided for public schools, for religious institutions, and for a university. The land was to be paid for in United States certificates of debt, and its price in specie was between eight and nine cents an acre. The settlers were almost wholly men who had served in the army, and were used to or-

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ganization and discipline. The Indian title to the lands of the proposed settlement had been released by treaty. It was hailed by all as a great step in the national existence, although it was really a far greater step than any one yet dreamed. "No colony in America," wrote Washington, "was ever settled under such favorable auspices as that which has just commenced at the Muskingum."

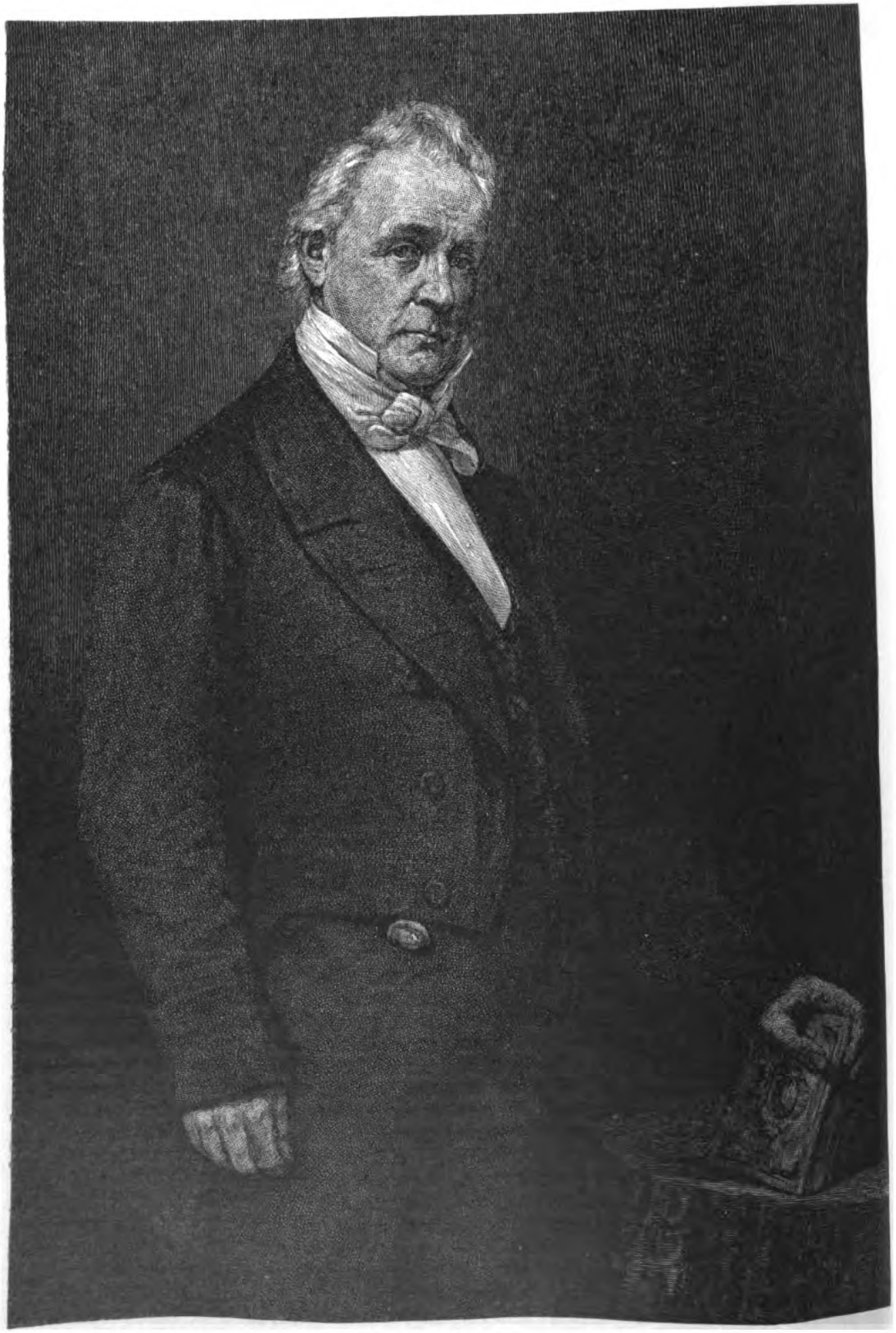
It had been provided that the new Constitution should go into effect when nine States had ratified it. That period having arrived, Congress fixed the first Wednesday in January, 1789, for the choice of Presidential electors, and the first Wednesday in March for the date when the new government should go into power. On March 4, 1789, the Continental Congress ceased to exist, but it was several weeks before either House of the new Congress was organized. On April 6 the organization of the two Houses was complete, the electoral votes were counted; and on April 21 John Adams took his seat as Vice-President in the chair of the Senate. On the 30th of April the streets around the old "Federal Hall" in New York city were so densely crowded that it seemed, in the vivid phrase of an eye-witness, "as if one might literally walk on the heads of the people." On the balcony of the hall was a table covered with crimson velvet, upon which lay a Bible on a crimson cushion. Out upon the balcony came with "superb dignity" the man whose generalship, whose patience, whose self-denial, had achieved and then preserved the liberties of the nation; the man who, greater than Cæsar, had held a kingly crown within reach, and had refused it. Washington stood a moment amid the shouts of the people, then bowed, and took the oath, administered by Chancellor Livingston. At this moment a flag was raised upon the cupola of the hall; a discharge of artillery followed, and the assembled people again filled the air with their shouting. Thus simple was the ceremonial which announced that a nation was born.



THE INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON.

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JAMES BUCHANAN.

Engraved by G. Kruell, from the steel engraving by J. C. Buttre

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JAMES BUCHANAN.*

JAMES BUCHANAN was born on the 23d day of April, 1791, and died on the 1st day of June, 1868. Of this long life the larger part was devoted to the service of the United States. In 1820 he was elected to the House of Representatives. In 1832 he was sent as Minister to Russia. In 1834 he was elected to the Senate. In 1845 he was made Secretary of State. In 1853 he was sent as Minister to England. In 1856 he was elected President of the United States. We have said he was in these various positions the servant of the people. The old times were not as these times. Office-holders during the period covered by the public life of Mr. Buchanan were servants, and hard-working servants. In our day there is too much of the notion prevalent that the holder of even a petty office is above the people, not under them, and that he is responsible only to the ring or the immediate holders of the influence which put him in and may put him out of office. A study of the biography of a statesman of the past generation is therefore a study of much of the history of the country. No book contains a more important condensation of the history of our home and foreign policy, the development to maturity and power among nations of our government, than this biography, beginning with the administration of James Monroe, and ending with that of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Buchanan went to Washington in the first years of Mr. Monroe's second term as President. Mr. Monroe had been elected with very slight opposition. Party politics was scarcely known, and there were no exciting public questions on which the people were divided. It was the business of men at Washington to study and effect the prosperity of the country, and they set themselves to the work. In the House were such men as George McDuffie, Joel R. Poinsett, Reuben H. Walworth, Benjamin Gorham, William Lowndes, John Randolph, John Sergeant, and a host of like spirits, whose names, to the American familiar with the history of his country, sound with a golden ring out of a golden past, in which the land prospered, and the foundations of our greatness were laid deep and broad.

It was Mr. Buchanan's habit in later times to make careful notes of important incidents and conversations, and he made now and then a note of his memories of persons and things in his earlier life. These notes, terse, clear, and sententious, form a valuable feature of the biography, and preserve for history many characteristics of the men with whom he came in contact. Thus he has left on record a tribute of profound admiration to one who, had he lived, would probably have occupied a high position in the affections and respect of his countrymen, William Lowndes, of South Carolina, and whom he characterizes as "the ablest, purest, most unselfish statesman of his day." John Sergeant said of him: "With so much accurate knowledge, and with powers which enabled him to delight and instruct the House, there was united so much gentleness and kindness, and such real, unaffected modesty, that you were prepared to be subdued before he exerted his commanding powers of argument." We have lived so fast, and so many men have arisen to be, and so many others to seem, great, that the name of Mr. Lowndes, once a prominent candidate for the Presidency, has almost passed out of American memory.

"John Randolph of Roanoke," says Mr. Buchanan, in the same note, "was the most conspicuous, though far from the most influential, member of the House when I first took my seat. He entered the House in 1799, and had continued there, with the exception of two terms, from that early period. His style of debate was in perfect contrast to that of Mr. Lowndes. He was severe and sarcastic, sparing neither friend nor foe when the one or the other laid himself open to the shafts of his ridicule. He was a fine *belles-lettres* scholar, and his classical allusions were abundant and happy. He had a shrill and penetrating voice, and could be heard distinctly in every portion of the House. He spoke with great deliberation, and often paused for an instant as if to select the most appropriate word. His manner was confident, proud, and imposing, and pointing, as he always did, his long forefinger at the object of attack, he gave peculiar emphasis to the severity of his language. He attracted a crowded

* *Life of James Buchanan, Fifteenth President of the United States.* By GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS. Two Volumes, 8vo. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1883.

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gallery when it was known he would address the House, and always commanded the undivided attention of his whole audience, whether he spoke the words of wisdom, or, as he often did, of folly. For these reasons he was more feared than beloved, and his influence in the House bore no proportion to the brilliancy of his talents. He was powerful in pulling down an administration, but had no skill in building anything up. Hence he was almost always in the opposition, but was never what is called a business member. To me he was uniformly respectful, and sometimes complimentary, in debate. I well remember Mr. Sergeant putting me on my guard against Mr. Randolph's friendship."

It is worth while, by way of reminding young readers of the rapid advance of the country, to note that among the first public questions which occupied Mr. Buchanan as a young statesman was the Cumberland Road, a national turnpike-road from Maryland to the banks of the Ohio River. This road was the great line of travel to the "far West." Its opponents were Pennsylvanians who owned stock in a turnpike from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. Mr. Buchanan, however, favored the national road, on the general principle that it was a bond of union between the East and the West. In these days of innumerable railways it seems almost incredible that but fifty years have passed since the United States Congress was legislating on a turnpike as an all-important bond of union of the States. The old road was kept up awhile after that, and as late as 1845 we remember the sunrise seen from the window of a stage-coach on the summit of the Alleghany ridge as we were pursuing the then quickest route from New York to Cincinnati.

It is not our purpose to follow Mr. Buchanan's public career. That would be to reprint a large portion of the volumes, in which the reader will find an admirable condensation of the political history of the administrations of the successive Presidents under each of whom Mr. Buchanan was in public service, until he became President himself.

Mr. Curtis's work may be divided into two parts, and each part has its separate interest to the reader. In the one is found the history of the man, in the other the history of his country. If one who reads it will—supposing it possible—forego all interest in political history, and seek only the story of a life which was passed among men and women of the generation now nearly gone, the life of a man of education, of accomplishments, of established social position, of sometimes high official position, and yet of a man who, while in the social world of his day, seems never to have been exactly of that world, but rather an observer of it, he will find in this biography ample material for thoughtful study and instruction.

That he was not of the world which surrounded him may perhaps be illustrated by a single remark. He had throughout life an extended correspondence with men of his time—eminent men on both sides of the Atlantic—from which the biographer has largely extracted. We do not find in all this record of friendship and association that any one ever addressed him as "Dear Buchanan," or that he ever addressed any one in that which is the ordinary style of correspondence between intimate friends. From his earliest days his affections, so far as this record informs us, were devoted to those of his own household. There, indeed, the warmth of a very calm but very earnest heart abundantly glowed. It has been excellent judgment on the part of the biographer to give such extended space to his correspondence with his niece (Miss Harriet Lane), to whom he was in place of a father. When she was a young girl he wrote to her letters recognizing, and thus leading her to recognize, the dignity of even a young girl's life, and doubtless confirming in her mind the assurance that she had always surrounding her the affectionate and firm guidance of a guardian on whose love and care she could depend. While she was at school he wrote to her such wise and pleasant words as these, which we quote from various letters:

"Your letter afforded me very great pleasure. There is no wish nearer my heart than that you should become an amiable and intelligent woman; and I am rejoiced to learn that you still continue at the head of your class. You can render yourself very dear to me by your conduct; and I anticipate with pleasure the month which, I trust in Heaven, we may pass together after the adjournment of Congress. I expect to be in Lancaster for a week or ten days about the 1st of April, when I hope to see you in good health, and receive the most favorable reports of your behavior."

"It is one of the first desires of my heart

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that you should become an amiable and good girl. Education and accomplishments are very important, but they sink into insignificance when compared with the proper government of the heart and temper. How all your relatives and friends would love you—how proud and happy I should be to acknowledge and cherish you as an object of deep affection, could I say, She is kind in heart, amiable in temper, and behaves in such a manner as to secure the affection and esteem of all around her! I now cherish the hope that ere long this may be the case. Endeavor to realize this ardent hope."

"What a long list of studies you are engaged upon! The number would be too great for any common intellect, but it would seem that you manage them all without difficulty. As mythology and history seem to be your favorites, I shall expect, when we meet, that you will have all the gods and heroes of Greece and Rome at your fingers' ends. At a dinner table at Washington, during the last session, a wager was made that no person at the table could name all the Muses, and the wager was won. Had you been one of the company the result would doubtless have been different. I presume that the Muses and Graces are great favorites with you. Attend diligently to your studies, but, above all, govern your heart and your conduct."

"I wish now to give you a caution. Never allow your affections to become interested or engage yourself to any person without my previous advice. You ought never to marry any man to whom you are not attached; but you ought never to marry any person who is not able to afford you a decent and immediate support. In my experience I have witnessed the long years of patient misery and dependence which fine women have endured from rushing precipitately into matrimonial connections without sufficient reflection. Look ahead, and consider the future, and act wisely in this particular."

As Miss Lane grew up, he from time to time, with steadily increasing confidence, made her sensible of her value to him, and of the trust he reposed in her, by occasional communications of important matters, not to be divulged, but which weighed on his mind and controlled his movements. At length the young lady, with mature intellect wisely guided and instructed, became the faithful and trusted companion of the statesman, the mistress of his establishment at a foreign court, and afterward in the President's house at Washington, and repaid in his declining years something of the debt of gratitude for his early watchfulness. The philosophic reader of this biography will do well to regard this attachment as the one thread running through the life of the man, which was never variable in strength, and which shows the long unchanging character of the real man, who has been hitherto known to the world only as the politician or the statesman.

It is in such correspondence as this that the reader may discover many of the prominent traits of personal character. Once the niece had accepted an invitation to make an excursion from New York to West Point on a United States revenue-cutter. The uncle, then President, wrote to her expressing his great regret, and reminding her of his rule not to use government money and property for private pleasures. As matter of fact it appears that this was his steadfast principle. It may sound somewhat strangely in this day when special trains and steamers are so frequently used for official parties of pleasure, but it is true, that Mr. Buchanan always paid his own bills on such occasions, and his travelling fare on journeys. When the Prince of Wales visited Washington, and was supposed to be the government's guest, he was in reality the guest of Mr. Buchanan, and the expenses of the entertainment of the Prince and his suite were entirely his private affair. During his Presidency of four years he expended considerably more than the salary of the office from year to year. On his retirement a rancorous political writer charged him with taking away from the White House the presents which were made to him as President by a Japanese embassy during his term of office. The charge was disposed of by the publication of the fact that the presents had been catalogued and deposited in the Patent-office by the President after the departure of the embassy. When he learned that the expenses of a luncheon on the steamer which conveyed the Prince of Wales to Mount Vernon had been sent to and were about to be paid by the Treasury Department, he forbade it, and ordered the bills to be sent to him, with intent to pay them himself. They were paid by the interposition of Mr. Cobb, who claimed the right to do it as the originator of the plan. Unswerving honesty of this kind characterized his entire public life.

In what we have said about Mr. Buchanan's personal attachments to others, there is one, and that a very important, exception. It was that which modified the entire course of his life. When a

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young lawyer in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, he was engaged to be married to a young lady to whom he was devotedly attached. The biographer has given us in a brief but deeply interesting sketch the history of this sad episode. A "lovers' quarrel," originating in the gossip of village girls, separated them. Trifles are causes in the philosophy of life, as in nature, which sometimes produce convulsions, catastrophes. Young girls of the past generation in a country town were marvellously like young girls of the preceding and of the present generation. The gossip of thoughtless children, scarce grown to womanhood, produced effects which they little imagined. The lovers were parted. The separation would have been only temporary, perhaps, but for her sudden death. In a very touching and eloquent letter he begged to be allowed to see his dead love. In this he said: "My prospects are all cut off, and I feel that my happiness will be buried with her in the grave. It is now no time for explanation, but the time will come when you will discover that she, as well as I, has been much abused. God forgive the authors of it! My feelings of resentment against them, whoever they may be, are buried in the dust. I have now one request to make, and, for the love of God and of your dear departed daughter, whom I loved infinitely more than any other human being could love, deny me not. Afford me the melancholy pleasure of seeing her body before its interment."

Perhaps to the unsentimental reader this is but a trifling incident in a human life. But, after all, the mighty forces which move humanity are the forces which come from the affections rather than from the cool intellect. Men have died, and worms have eaten them, and this for love. He who endeavors to measure the soul, to analyze the moral and intellectual part of man or woman, and who ridicules what we call sentiment, leaves out the most important element in the whole subject of consideration. When in later years Mr. Buchanan became a public man, political antagonists, according to the accepted American style of political campaigns, raked out of the history of his youth this incident, misrepresented and falsified it. The old politician, who knew better than any man in America how to meet and reply to all the attacks and accusations, true or false, of opponents, never allowed the solemn sacredness of this memory to be tarnished by any allusion to it on his part. Once he told a trusted friend that there were among his papers letters and relics which, when he was dead, would, if necessary, set this history truly before all who were interested. It would seem that before his decease he came to the conclusion that the story of his love belonged alone to himself and to her, and that it mattered little what was said here when he and she should talk it over where there are no gossips or scandal-mongers. His executors found a sealed package indorsed with directions to burn it unopened, and they obeyed the direction.

The course of true love, says our biographer, in terms of very simple eloquence, "ran in this case pure and unbroken in the heart of the survivor through a long and varied life. It became a grief that could not be spoken of, to which only the most distant allusion could be made; a sacred, unceasing sorrow, buried deep in the breast of a man who was formed for domestic joys; hidden beneath manners that were most engaging, beneath strong social tendencies, and a chivalrous old-fashioned deference to women of all ages and all climes. His peculiar and reverential demeanor toward the sex, never varied by rank or station or individual attractions, was doubtless in a large degree caused by the tender memory of what he had found or fancied in her whom he had lost in his early days by such a cruel fate."

The immediate effect of this sorrow was to change the course of his life. He had previously determined not to enter political life. He now sought excitement and associations with men, and accepted a nomination and election to Congress. The village gossips who parted the lovers are responsible for a vast deal that has since occurred in the history of the United States.

It is not to be doubted that this occurrence had much to do with that apparent coldness and reserve of manner with which Mr. Buchanan impressed many of those who came only in casual contact with him. But he was a genial and delightful companion with his intimates, albeit, as we have seen, intimacy with him rarely if ever amounted to affectionate friendship. He was, however, a polished and agreeable member of the social circles into which his varied experiences in

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life brought him, and his letters show that he was a keen observer and shrewd annotator of the social characteristics of women and men. Perhaps in nothing does this appear more distinctly than in his accounts of that memorable interruption of our foreign relations which seemed imminent when the State Department issued its instructions to United States representatives abroad on the subject of coats and breeches.

Many young and even middle-aged persons of the present day have no recollection of this somewhat ridiculous passage in the history of our country. The Secretary of State, Mr. Marcy, in 1853 issued a circular directing United States ministers to appear at foreign courts "in the simple dress of an American citizen." He did not define whether he intended to designate the buckskin hunting-shirt of the Western frontiersman, the homespun suit of the honest Pennsylvania farmer, the traditional striped trousers and swallow-tail coat of Brother Jonathan, or the ordinary evening costume of gentlemen in our various cities and towns. Mr. Buchanan was placed in an embarrassing position by this remarkable circular, as were other foreign ministers. The courts of Europe have always prescribed certain formalities of dress, as do all social circles. The right to insist on this is a right which every American lady claims and exercises within her own house, where she is a queen.

Mr. Buchanan's method of dealing with the subject was cool and calm, and the result was eminently gratifying.

On October 28 he wrote officially to the State Department an account of an informal conversation with Major-General Sir Edward Cust, master of ceremonies at the court, whom he met at the Travellers' Club in London. Sir Edward "expressed much opposition to my appearance at court in the simple dress of an American citizen. I said that such was the wish of my own government, and I intended to conform to it, unless the Queen herself would intimate her desire that I should appear in costume. In that event I should feel inclined to comply with her Majesty's wishes."

This suggestion was ingenious. It was a thorough astonishment to the ceremonialist, for it was throwing the responsibility of excluding the American representative, not on ancient settled customs of the court, but on the Queen herself. The perplexed courtier replied testily that the Queen would receive him in whatever dress he chose to wear, but the people of England would consider it presumption. The American answered this by saying that while he had the highest respect for her Majesty, and would pay every deference to her, it was a matter of total indifference to himself individually whether he ever appeared at court. The master of ceremonies said that an invitation from the Queen was a command. The American received this information in silence.

This accidental club conversation opened the public discussion of the subject, and while Mr. Buchanan evidently regarded the circular order as injudicious, he resolved to be bound by it, although the subject had now become one of some importance. For if the minister were omitted by her Majesty in invitations to court balls and dinners, he would be omitted also in general London society, and would thus lose those opportunities for contact in conversation with members of the government and ministers of other powers, which are of higher value to a diplomatic officer than all formal interviews. "The difficulty in the present case, too," writes Mr. Buchanan to Mr. Marcy, "is greatly enhanced by the fact that the sovereign is a lady, and the devotion of her subjects toward her partakes of a mingled feeling of loyalty and gallantry." To add to the responsibility of the minister in London, the United States representatives at other European courts were awaiting the result at the Court of St. James as a guide to their conduct.

On the whole, the circular of the Secretary of State, issued perhaps more with a view to popularity at home than effect abroad, had excited the conservative courts of Europe in a manner wholly unexpected. It was an attack on ancient rights and settled principles. It was impolite, impolitic, impertinent. It threatened the overthrow of customs dear to the hearts of old courtiers, and was devised to undermine some at least of the thrones—such, perhaps, as had small royalty left, except the state ceremonials which made them seem to be thrones sustaining monarchs.

Mr. Buchanan's resolution to obey the circular led him to serious consideration of the subject, and he at length regarded the principle as correct, and resolved with

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serious determination to be bound by it. He came to the conclusion that for an American to attempt to wear court costume would be "but a feeble attempt 'to ape foreign fashions,' because, most fortunately, he could not wear the orders and stars which ornament the coats of other diplomatists, nor could he, except in rare instances, afford the diamonds, unless hired for the occasion."

It was proposed to him, from an authoritative quarter, to appear in the civil dress worn by General Washington. He doubtless laughed at the idea of seeing himself in such a dress, and the dry report which he makes of this proposal and his reply indicates his appreciation of its absurdity. His letters to his niece graphically relate the progress and end of the "ridiculous muss." It was not till February in 1854 that it was adjusted. He writes, February 21: "I dined on Wednesday last with the Queen at Buckingham Palace. Both she and Prince Albert were remarkably civil, and I had quite a conversation with each of them separately. But the question of costume still remains, and from this I anticipate nothing but trouble in several directions. I was invited 'in frock dress' to the dinner, and of course I had no difficulty." A few days later (February 24) he writes: "The dress question, after much difficulty, has been finally and satisfactorily settled. I appeared at the levee on Wednesday last in just such a dress as I have worn at the President's a hundred times—a black coat, white waistcoat and cravat, and black pantaloons and dress boots, with the addition of a very plain black-handled and black-hilted sword—this to gratify those who have yielded so much, and to distinguish me from the upper court servants. I knew that I would be received in any dress that I might wear, but could not have anticipated that I should be received in so kind and distinguished a manner. Having yielded, they did not do things by halves. As I approached the Queen, an arch but benevolent smile lit up her countenance, as much as to say, 'You are the first man who ever appeared before me at court in such a dress.' I confess that I never felt more proud of being an American than when I stood in that brilliant circle 'in the simple dress of an American citizen.'"

Well might Mr. Buchanan conclude his last dispatch to Mr. Marcy on this matter, as he did, with the words, "I hope I am now done with this subject forever." It is now a mere matter of curiosity as an incident in past history, without good or evil coming out of it. It is more than probable that the very quiet and gentlemanly but firm manner in which Mr. Buchanan obeyed the instructions of his government, without ostentation or discussion, did very much to establish him in the esteem of the royal family as well as of the people of England. He was universally respected, and when Miss Lane joined him in 1854 she was received with great warmth and cordiality on his account—a reception which was followed by admiration of the young lady on her own account, and the establishment of friendships which continue unbroken to the present time.

Mr. Buchanan's ministry to England was not his first foreign diplomatic service. General Jackson had sent him to Russia when he was still a young man. He went reluctantly, and with constant determination to return at the end of two years, and sooner if the President would permit. Mr. Randolph had preceded him, and failed to accomplish what was then greatly desired, the negotiation of a commercial treaty with Russia. When the Russian ministry was offered him, Mr. Buchanan regarded as the chief obstacle to his fitness for it his ignorance of European languages. His course, in view of this deficiency, would probably seem old-fashioned and somewhat ridiculous to not a few of the later representatives of our government on the Continent. He commenced the study of French. It is worth while to look through the pages of private and public correspondence and see how an old-fashioned American statesman set about serving his country by fitting himself for his work. In his reply to the offer of the appointment, dated June 4, 1831, he says, "I wish to be placed in no public station in which I can not discharge my duty with usefulness to the country and honor to the administration of General Jackson. Ignorant as I now am of the French language, I doubt whether I could acquire a sufficient knowledge of it in proper time to enable me to hold that free communion with the political circles in St. Petersburg which I consider essential to the able discharge of the duties of a foreign minister."

On the 12th June he accepted the mission by letter to the Secretary of State.

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It was desired by the President to keep the fact of his appointment secret for a time, but he expresses the fear that the preparations he must make, "together with the study of the French language, which I intend to commence," will disclose it to the public. From St. Petersburg, in September, he writes to his brother: "I have so far mastered the French language as to be able to read and understand it without much difficulty. It will be some time, however, before I shall speak it fluently." In October he writes to General Jackson a private letter advising him as to the qualifications which a minister to Russia should possess: "Great talents are by no means so requisite as an easy address, insinuating manners, and a perfect knowledge of the French language. In the latter I have already made considerable advances." At the end of October, in a letter to a lady friend at home, he says: "Since my arrival here I have learned to read and write the French, and now begin to speak it in cases of necessity." By this time he was somewhat fitted for the delicate work of negotiating the commercial treaty with the ministry, at the head of which was Count Nesselrode, who spoke English not so well as Mr. Buchanan now spoke French.

The negotiations were conducted with unexampled secrecy. The English ambassador had wholly failed in effecting such a treaty on behalf of his government, and influential members of the Russian ministry were opposed on principle to all such treaties. The work which Mr. Buchanan had undertaken, in which his predecessor had failed, was to establish between Russia and the United States those cordial and friendly relations which have existed to the present day, with such vast commercial benefit to the people of both countries. His study of French was, like all else that he did, a laborious and intelligent part of the undertaking which he had set out to accomplish. When he had accomplished it, as he did most successfully, the disclosure of the fact was an astonishment to the representatives of other governments. This disclosure was unexpectedly made by the Emperor himself at a levee on his saint's day, December 18. Mr. Buchanan describes the somewhat dramatic occurrence:

"The strictest secrecy had been preserved throughout the negotiations. Indeed, I do not believe an individual, except those immediately concerned, had the least idea that negotiations were even pending. A rumor of the refusal of this government to make the treaty had circulated two months ago, and I was then repeatedly informed in conversation that it was in vain for any nation to attempt to conclude a treaty of commerce with the Russian government whilst Count Cancrene continued to be Minister of Finance. Count Nesselrode had on one occasion intimated a desire that the British government should not obtain a knowledge that negotiations were proceeding, and this was an additional reason on our part for observing the greatest caution. It ought to be remembered, however, that this intimation was given before information had reached St. Petersburg of the conclusion of the late treaty between France and England in relation to the Belgian question.

"The diplomatic corps, according to the etiquette, were arranged in a line to receive the Emperor and Empress; and Mr. Bligh, the English minister, occupied the station immediately below myself. You may judge of my astonishment when the Emperor, accosting me in French, in a tone of voice which could be heard by all around, said, 'I signed the order yesterday that the treaty should be executed according to your wishes'; and then immediately turning to Mr. Bligh, asked him to become the interpreter of this information. He (Mr. Bligh) is a most amiable man, and his astonishment and embarrassment were so striking that I felt for him most sincerely. This incident has already given rise to considerable speculation among the knowing ones of St. Petersburg; probably much more than it deserves.

"I ought to remark that when I was presented to the Emperor I understood but little—I might almost say no—French, and there was then an interpreter present. Supposing this still to be the case, the Emperor must have thought that an interpreter was necessary, and he was correct to a certain extent, for I have not yet had sufficient practice to attempt to speak French in the presence of the whole court. I trust this may not long be the case."

It has been said that there was little or no party politics in the country when Mr. Buchanan entered the House of Representatives. The change which he lived to witness came slowly at first, then with fear-

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ful rapidity. It is no part of the purpose of this article to follow him into the tempestuous atmosphere which he entered in his political career. It is, however, proper to say that his honor, honesty, and pure devotion to his country are ably and abundantly vindicated by his biographer. It will not do hereafter for any one discussing his part in American history to assume to express judgment on his motives or his acts without having studied carefully the evidences here gathered, and which have not heretofore been accessible, whose existence has not even been known. In all countries the passions of political conflict forbid the contemporaneous judgment of the acts of public men. In this country perhaps more than any other the license of the platform and the press, elsewhere unequalled, commits to print and impresses on the minds of the living generation an infinite amount of falsehood concerning prominent men of all political parties. The wise historian gives in general small weight to prevalent public opinion of modern men, unless he finds the opinion, for good or for evil, sustained by facts well ascertained, and other than the statements of political opponents. It need give no offense that the biographer of Mr. Buchanan proves beyond a possible doubt that statements made and published concerning his public acts by eminent opponents, over their own signatures, were pure fabrications, which these eminent men, of course, had been induced to believe in all honesty. One illustration may serve, and will indicate how great is the danger of trusting to contemporary history written in times of passionate excitement. During the war for the Union the late Mr. Thurlow Weed, having been sent to England on a special mission, whose object was to thwart the influence of agents of the Confederacy, and cultivate British friendship for the Union cause, published in a London newspaper the history of a remarkable scene said to have occurred in a cabinet meeting in February, 1861. The story, in brief, was that the Secretary of War, Mr. Floyd, of Virginia, demanded of the President that Major Anderson should be ordered back to Fort Moultrie (whence he had removed his little force to Sumter), and threatened to resign unless his demands were complied with. The cabinet was immediately assembled, and Mr. Buchanan informed them that he should accede to Mr. Floyd's request. Mr. Edwin M. Stanton thereupon made a violent speech, closing with the statement that to order Major Anderson back to Moultrie would be dangerous. "But if you intend to try it, before it is done I beg that you will accept my resignation." "And mine," added the Secretary of State, Mr. Black. "And mine also," said the Postmaster-General, Mr. Holt. "And mine too," followed the Secretary of the Treasury, General Dix. "This, of course," was the comment of Mr. Weed, "opened the bleared eyes of the President, and the meeting resulted in the acceptance of Mr. Floyd's resignation."

This story was wholly fictitious. It had not even a foundation in truth, and the evidence of its fabrication is conclusive. Undoubtedly Mr. Weed believed it to be true when he published it, and many readers of this will remember with how much contempt for Mr. Buchanan and admiration of Mr. Stanton this fiction was published and commented on in America. It is one of the inexplicable facts in history that General Dix, who was not even a member of the cabinet at the time of this alleged occurrence, but who was a devoted friend and correspondent of Mr. Buchanan for years after, never took occasion to deny the story, and that Mr. Stanton himself, who knew better than any other man its impossibility of truth, and who also continued to be a confidential and flattering correspondent of Mr. Buchanan for a long time after his retirement to private life, allowed it to be circulated with his approval. It is an instructive incident in the history of American politicians.

It is not the purpose of this article to discuss Mr. Buchanan's course as President of the United States. The biography itself must be carefully read by any person who pretends to form an intelligent opinion on that subject. Passion and prejudice are not yet wholly passed, but the generation of Americans now living, largely consisting of men and women born since Mr. Buchanan's retirement, or who were but children in the war times, will have opportunity here to study a vast deal of hitherto unpublished history.

It is not without important significance that those members of Mr. Buchanan's cabinet who afterward became prominent in the cabinet of Mr. Lincoln or in the ranks of the Republican party were not

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only hearty approvers of his policy while they were his advisers, but always continued to be so. A great deal of the obloquy which was thrown on the reputation of the retiring President during Mr. Lincoln's first administration originated in such stories of cabinet quarrels as the one we have referred to. It was a common notion that Mr. Buchanan had been obstinate, mulish, headstrong, against the advice of such men as Dix, Stanton, and Holt. The letters of these gentlemen to the retired statesman in his country home are among the most important historical documents. General Dix writes always with manly confidence in his old friend and chief; and it is equally plain that while he had thoroughly approved the course of the President in seeking to avert civil war, now that the war had become a fixed fact Mr. Buchanan heartily approved the patriotic course of the New York general. On the 19th of April, 1861, Mr. Buchanan wrote to him: "The present administration had no alternative but to accept the war initiated by South Carolina, or the Southern Confederacy. The North will sustain the administration almost to a man, and it ought to be sustained at all hazards." This sentiment both he and General Dix recognized as consistent with his entire administration.

To Mr. Holt Mr. Buchanan wrote on March 11:

"I have not heard a word from any member of my late cabinet since I left Washington, except a letter from Mr. Stanton, received yesterday. I had expected to hear often, especially from Judge Black and yourself. Meanwhile the Northern papers are teeming with what I know to be misrepresentations as to expressions used by yourself concerning my conduct. From our first acquaintance I have had the most implicit confidence in your integrity, ability, and friendship, and this remains unchanged. Pray enlighten me as to what is going on in Washington."

To this Mr. Holt replied in a long letter, saying:

"As I read but few of these papers, it is not surprising that such calumnies should have escaped my notice; but I am astonished that they should not have been mentioned to me by some of our common friends. Having no knowledge whatever of the nature or details of these misrepresentations, of course I can offer you no explanation or refutation of them. This much, however, may be safely affirmed: that if they impute to me expressions in any degree disparaging to yourself personally or officially, they are utterly false. I gave to your administration an earnest and sincere support, first from a high sense of duty to my country, and next out of regard for yourself personally. What I thus supported I will never cease to defend.

"I feel a gratitude that words can not convey for the declaration that, in despite of all these fabrications and perversions of a profligate press, your confidence remains unshaken. Be assured that I have not and never will do aught unworthy of the trust that you so generously repose. I have labored to deserve your friendship, which has lavished upon me honors and distinctions for which I am and shall continue to be grateful with every throb of my life. No greater mortification could befall me than to fear even that you regarded me insensible to these kindnesses, or capable of being less than your devoted friend, now and hereafter, here and everywhere.

"I think you have little reason to disquiet yourself about the calumnies of the press. The enthusiasm which greeted you in your progress homeward shows how these things have impressed the popular heart. You will not have to live long to witness the entombment of the last of the falsehoods by which your patriotic career has been assailed. If you are not spared until then, you need have no fear but that history will do you justice."

Mr. Stanton's letters to his former chief are of very remarkable character, and will surprise many readers. On the 10th March he writes:

"I am also convinced by the general tone prevailing here that there is not the least design to attempt any coercive measure. A continuation of your policy *to avoid collision* will be the course of the present administration. General Dix gave up the Treasury Department Thursday, and went home Friday morning. He on all occasions speaks of you with kindness and regard. Mr. Holt is the only one of your cabinet yet in office: the probability is that he will receive the nomination of Supreme Judge as a reward for what he terms his efforts to arrest the downward course of public affairs at the time he became Secretary of War."

March 14 he says:

"Judge Grier went home sick two days ago. Judge McLean is reported to be quite ill. Lincoln will probably (if his administration continues four years) make a change that will affect the constitutional doctrines of the court.

"The pressure for office continues unabated. Every department is overrun, and by the time that all the patronage is distributed the Republican party will be dissolved."

March 16 he writes:

"Every day affords proof of the absence of any settled policy or harmonious concert of

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action in the administration. Seward, Bates, and Cameron form one wing; Chase, Miller, Blair, the opposite wing; Smith is on both sides, and Lincoln sometimes on one, sometimes on the other. There has been agreement in nothing. Lincoln, it is complained in the streets, has undertaken to distribute the whole patronage, small and great, leaving nothing to the chiefs of departments. Growls about Scott's 'imbecility' are growing frequent. The Republicans are beginning to think that a monstrous blunder was made in the Tariff Bill, and that it will cut off the trade of New York, build up New Orleans and the Southern ports, and leave the government no revenue: they see before them the prospect of soon being without money and without credit. But, with all this, it is certain that *Anderson will be withdrawn.* I do not believe there will be much further effort to assail you. Mr. Sumner told me yesterday that Scott's *proposed order* was based upon purely military reasons, and the limited military resources of the government. The embarrassments that surrounded you they now feel, and whatever may be said against you must recoil as an argument against them. And in giving reasons for their action they must exhibit the facts that controlled you in respect to Sumter."

On April 11 he said:

"The administration has not acquired the confidence and respect of the people here. Not one of the cabinet or principal officers has taken a house or brought his family here. Seward rented a house 'while he should continue in the cabinet,' but has not opened it, nor has his family come. They all act as though they meant to be ready 'to cut and run' at a minute's notice—their tenure is like that of a Bedouin on the sands of the desert. This is sensibly felt and talked about by the people of the city, and they feel no confidence in an administration that betrays so much insecurity. And, besides, a strong feeling of distrust in the candor and sincerity of Lincoln personally and of his cabinet has sprung up."

June 8 he wrote:

"No sooner had the appearance of imminent danger passed away, and the administration recovered from its panic, than a determination became manifest to give a strict party direction, as far as possible, to the great national movement. After a few Democratic appointments, as Butler and Dix, everything else has been exclusively devoted to Black Republican interests. This has already excited a strong reactionary feeling, not only in New York, but in the Western States. General Dix informs me that he has been so badly treated by Cameron, and so disgusted by the general course of the administration, that he intends immediately to resign. This will be followed by a withdrawal of financial confidence and support to a very great extent. Indeed, the course of things for the last four weeks has been such as to excite distrust in every department of the government.

On July 26 (after the first Bull Run) the patriotic ex-Attorney-General under Mr. Buchanan, and future Secretary of War under Mr. Lincoln, wrote:

"The dreadful disaster of Sunday can scarcely be mentioned. The imbecility of this administration culminated in that catastrophe; an irretrievable misfortune and national disgrace never to be forgotten are to be added to the ruin of all peaceful pursuits and national bankruptcy, as the result of Lincoln's 'running the machine' for five months.....It is not unlikely that some change in the War and Navy departments may take place, but none beyond those two departments until Jeff Davis turns out the whole concern. The capture of Washington seems now to be inevitable; during the whole of Monday and Tuesday it might have been taken without any resistance. The rout, overthrow, and utter demoralization of the whole army is complete. Even now I doubt whether any serious opposition to the entrance of the Confederate forces could be offered. While Lincoln, Scott, and the cabinet are disputing who is to blame, the city is unguarded, and the enemy at hand. General McClellan reached here last evening. But if he had the ability of Cæsar, Alexander, or Napoleon, what can he accomplish? Will not Scott's jealousy, cabinet intrigues, and Republican interference thwart him at every step?"

These are but specimens from the many letters of Mr. Stanton to Mr. Buchanan. Lest it should be imagined that they were induced by letters indicating similar feeling on the part of Mr. Buchanan, it is proper to add that in all his correspondence that gentleman sustained a calm and dignified attitude, full of intense interest in the terrible conflict in which the country was involved, and inculcating steadfastly in private and public the duty of the citizen to sustain the administration of Mr. Lincoln. His consistent course was in accordance with his letter of September 28, 1861, addressed to the citizens of Chester and Lancaster counties, in Pennsylvania, in which he said:

"You correctly estimate the deep interest which I feel 'in common with the citizens who will there be assembled, in the present condition of our country.' This is, indeed, serious, but our recent military reverses, so far from producing despondency in the minds of a loyal and powerful people, will only animate them to more mighty exertions in sustaining a war which has become inevitable by the assault of the Confederate States upon Fort Sumter. For this reason, were it possible for

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me to address your meeting, waiving all other topics, I should confine myself to a solemn and earnest appeal to my countrymen, and especially those without families, to volunteer for the war, and join the many thousands of brave and patriotic volunteers who are already in the field.

"This is the moment for action, for PROMPT, ENERGETIC, and UNITED action, and not for discussion of PEACE PROPOSITIONS. These, we must know, would be rejected by the States that have seceded, unless we should offer to recognize their independence, which is entirely out of the question. Better counsels may hereafter prevail, when these people shall be convinced that the war is conducted, not for their conquest or subjugation, but solely for the purpose of bringing them back to their original position in the Union, without impairing in the slighest degree any of their constitutional rights. Whilst, therefore, we shall cordially hail their return under our common and glorious flag, and welcome them as brothers, yet until that happy day shall arrive it will be our duty to support the President with all the men and means at the command of the country in a vigorous and successful prosecution of the war."

Mr. Buchanan was a Presbyterian, and throughout his long life, although a member of that Church only by baptism, and not by communion, led the life of a consistent old-fashioned Christian. He was a careful observer of the Sabbath, went into none of the customary gayeties of foreign countries on that day, and when in the White House illustrated his traditional education by prohibiting dancing there on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales, not because he had any objection to it himself, but because to the religious people of his country it was quite likely to "cause scandal." He was a daily reader and student of the New Testament, and made a well-known book, Jay's *Morning and Evening Exercises*, his constant companion. To a lady who seemed to treat prayer lightly he said, "I say my prayers every day of my life"; and when she looked at him in surprise, repeated, "No, I am not jesting; I have always said my prayers." Rev. Dr. W. M. Paxton, of New York, contributes an interesting sketch of a visit to him, while President, in 1860. Mr. Buchanan invited the interview, and after a long and remarkable conversation on religious subjects said, "As soon as I retire from my office as President I will unite with the Presbyterian Church."

To this Dr. P. replied, "Why not *now*, Mr. President?"

To this he answered, with deep feeling, and with a strong gesture, "I must delay, for the *honor of religion*. If I were to unite with the Church *now*, they would say hypocrite from Maine to Georgia."

He fulfilled his determination, and died in the communion of the Presbyterian Church at Lancaster.

WHAT WAS SEEN BY JUAN VALDEZ IN SALTILLO.

"I WAS a young man then, señor; just turned of twenty-five, and just made *mayordomo de tren;* and proud I was to be in command of my four great wagons, with their fourteen mules each, and of all the teamsters, and prouder still of the trust placed in me by Señor Don Ramon Sanchez, to whom the *tren* belonged, and for whom I was to carry the goods southward to Guadalajara, and there trade them for *loza* to bring back again to the north. Ah, those were brave days, señor! But they are passing away now, for who will send goods longer in wagons when the iron roadway and the steam-horse have come into the land? Even now the highway from Monterey to Saltillo is a desert place, with only here and there a stray burro or two with little packs upon their backs, where only a year ago were long lines of heavy-laden wagons and great crowds of mules and horses and men.

"But in that good day no *ferro-carril* was dreamed of. Right gallantly, with whips cracking and bells jingling, we got out from Monterey as dawn was breaking, and fell into the procession that moved steadily down the southern road; and by that night we had reached the foot of the great hill, *la Cuesta de Muerto*, where the road passes into Cohahuila from Nuevo Leon. All the next day we spent in hauling the *tren* up the hill. Three, four teams of mules struggled with a single wagon up the height—straining and stretching, harness snapping, wagons creaking and plunging, great danger all the while of wreck, of death to mules or men. But by rare good fortune no harm befell, and by night we were camped upon the crest, a league from where we had started in the

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morning — more than a thousand feet higher in the air. The next day we made the short stage to the *Hacienda de los Muertos*, where the mules had rest and water and grass after their hard work, and so by the evening of the fourth day we were safe in Saltillo, twenty leagues on our journey from Monterey. Ah, señor, it is defying the good God's providence to make this journey, as they do it now upon the *ferro-carril*, in less than a single day!

"When my wagons were set in order, and the mules safe in the corral and fed, and food also given to my men, I went gratefully to the beautiful cathedral that I might thank our Lady for having brought me thus far safely upon my way, and that I might pray for her safe guidance to my journey's end. The daylight was near gone when I entered the holy cathedral, and all within was dark, save where a little candle burned before our Lady's altar. Perhaps it is not so with all men, señor, but for me there is much comfort and refreshment in prayers thus said in the solemn stillness and duskiness of a great church; for then the Holy Mother seems most near to me, and I have a sure conviction that my prayers are heard. So, after a little, I came out again from the cathedral, with heart at rest and cheerful, and with love toward all mankind. I tell you all this that you may know that I was in no sorrow that night, that no sin lay upon my soul, that both my body and my spirit were in peace.

"From the cathedral to where my wagons lay the shorter way is not direct across the plaza, but down by the old Franciscan convent and across the bit of waste land that lies beyond it. Smoking my *cigarrito*, and thinking of nothing but getting soon to sleep, and so awake and up and off before daylight in the morning, I went down this way. The young moon, near setting, cast only a faint light, shimmering and uncertain, that made even familiar things seem strange. Few people were on the streets, for nearly all the town was upon the plaza at that hour, and when I came out upon the waste beyond the houses all was deeply still. Half-way across this waste my path led me close by an old house standing there lonelily. Like all the houses of Saltillo, it was built of *adobe*, a single story high, and had about its roof a sort of parapet or battlement. It had been rather a grand house in its day, larger by far than any other in that quarter of the town. Built around a great court-yard, the front was a full hundred feet long, the sides as deep, and out to the rear lay a corral, in which a tangle of bushes grew, and around which ran a high wall, whereof whole sections here and there had fallen down. Even in the moonlight I could see that the house itself was part in ruins. One corner had completely broken away, the walls resolved into a heap of clay, on which lay in a confused mass the clay and rafters and light canes that had been the roof. Bits of the parapet had fallen off in many places, leaving along the roof edge a jagged outline like a broken saw; the wooden water-spouts had rotted away, and the walls everywhere were seamed in deep gullies by the rain. From the *patio* around which the house was built loomed up high above the broken roof many great cottonwoods and pecans, their vigorous strength throwing into sharp contrast the wreck in the midst of which they grew.

"I can not explain to you why it was, señor, but this strange, desolate house—far more strange and desolate it appeared to me in the wavering moonlight than I can make it appear to you by mere words—exercised over me a most strong fascination. It was like the evil-eye; it repelled my soul, and yet it drew my body toward it. Without meaning to go nearer, I found myself presently in front of the great gateway, peering curiously into the *patio* beyond. The gate had crumbled and fallen; only the strong timbers on which it had swung, fixed firmly above and below in their wooden sockets, yet remained, with here and there a ragged, rotting bit of board or bracing stretching out from one side or the other in a sort of ruinous lattice-work, through which, under the archway of the *zaguan*, I could see faintly the dark tree-shaded *patio* beyond. There had been a garden once in the *patio*, but now it was only a tangle of rose and pomegranate and orange trees run wild, with all manner of new noxious growth — rank weeds and foul, poisonous vines, from which came out into the warm night air a faint, sickening smell. In the centre of the *patio*, nearly lost in the lush growth about it, was an old well. A stray moonbeam that somehow had worked its way down through the thick masses of foliage above struck full upon the stone arch sprung

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across from curb to curb, and showed a bit of the old well rope still hanging there. It is strange, señor, but this scrap of rope, on which human hands long since had ceased to move, made the dismalness of that most dismal place more dismal still.

"I longed to turn and run away. In that dead air, laden with the evil odor of the crawling plants, I was suffocated in body and in soul. But I could not turn. On the contrary, I felt myself moving forward through the ruins of the gate, the dry wood crackling as it broke before my arms and beneath my feet, and raising about me a little cloud of dust. The crackling, slight though it was, sounded in my ears like pistol-shots. From somewhere among the ruined rafters above, a *tecolate* —bird of evil omen—uttered its shuddering cry; and a moment later I heard the flapping of its heavy wings as it swept by me, rustlingly, in the darkness, bringing to my troubled mind with tenfold force and vividness our Indian proverb:

'Cuando el tecolate canta,
El indio muere.'

"As I stood there, longing to get away, yet with my feet held fast, trying to think of the blessed saints in heaven who in their infinite love and mercy watch over and guard helpingly sinful men on earth, I became conscious of a pale, glowing light under the arcade in the corner of the *patio* to the right of where I stood. It was not like the light of fire or candle, but rather like the glow of starlight in clear, still air. It grew brighter as I looked upon it, until I could see clearly that it came through an open doorway—whereof the door lay rotting upon the ground—that led into what once must have been the *sala*. Presently out from this doorway came a young child: and the light came with the child, seeming to form around it a circle of brightness, leaving the doorway and the *sala* beyond it dark. The strangest part of this strange brightness was that it came not from a light that the child carried, but from the child itself. The little hands were stretched out forwardly, as though feeling the way; and as I looked at the child's face I seemed to see a clear white light raying out from the little finger-tips; yet when I looked at the hands these rays disappeared, and the light seemed to come from a luminousness that surrounded the child's head; and that, in turn, disappeared when I looked upon it straitly. So I can not truly say where the light came from; all that I know is that in some way it came from the child.

"The child was a most curious little creature, and saddening to look upon. On its back was a cruel hump that raised its shoulders near to its ears, and that drew in its poor little breast until its body was bent forward like the body of one crushed down by the weight of many woful years. There was a halt in its gait, as though one leg were shorter than the other; but this I could not surely know, for the little gown, of some dark stuff, in which it was clad fell completely to the ground. But what was most pitiful about it was the expression of its little wizened face—eager, earnest, longing, and filled with a great melancholy. In the faces of most little children whom God has sent into the world ill-shaped and crippled, señor, you do not see this sorrowful look, though it surely comes later, when they have learned sorrowfully how cruel the world can be. But as little children the mother's love and the father's tenderness are guards against the world's harsh heartlessness, so that the poor little ones receive even more than full measure of gentleness and love, and so love more than children do to whom no birthright of sorrow belongs. But this crippled child seemingly never had known what love was, and already, though of such tender years, had come to the full sad knowledge of its evil plight—as though those who most of all should have comforted and cherished it had been angered with themselves for having begotten so rueful a little monster, and had vented on it freely the spite and malice of their evil hearts.

"Do not believe, señor, that all these thoughts came into my mind then. In truth I was too much frightened, so prodigious was what I saw, to think at all. But the figure and the face of the child always since have remained a clear picture in my mind, and looking on that picture these thoughts have come to me. From what passed before my eyes that night I do not for a moment doubt that the poor little one was so hated of its wicked parents that at last their hatred took shape and substance in the working of a deadly crime.

"The child looked over toward me for a little, and then, beckoning to me, moved slowly down the shadowy arcade: and that little motion drew me after it as re-

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sistlessly as I would have been drawn by all the mules together of my *tren*. The moonlight was gone now, but from the child came light enough for me to see my way over and among the broken stuff—ruins of doors and rafters—that lay in masses under the arcade. When the child came to the rear of the *patio*, where the store-rooms and stables once had been, it entered a gap in the *adobe* wall—whence the door long since had dropped away—drawing me after it by making again the same slight motion with its hand. The room seemed to have been used to keep horse trappings in, for long pegs such as saddles are hung upon projected from the walls, and upon a broken shelf there still remained a pair of wooden stirrups and a rusty spur. As I entered this room there came upon me a shuddering feeling that the child and I no longer were alone. It is hard to tell why this feeling so terrified me, for until that very moment I had been longing with all the strength of my nature for any companionship other than that of the unmortal companion whom fate had thrown me with. Perhaps, though, my greater terror was because whatever it was that was near me was felt rather than seen. For I could see nothing clearly, only I knew that beside me, to my right or left, anywhere but where I looked directly, were shadowy forms.

"The child moved slowly across the room to where—as the light that went out from it showed me—a broken door in the floor was raised against the wall, and a flight of steps went downward into darkness. (A strange thing, this, to find in a Mexican house, señor, as you well know.) Down the stairway, that curved in descending so that after a few steps the entrance was hid, it passed, and I followed, and with me came whatever it was that I had felt or seen in the room above. The stairs went down a long way, until it seemed to me that we must be near the level of the water in the well in the *patio*. They ended in a low room, the ceiling of which was laid on arches sprung from a line of stone pillars along the centre to the outer walls. There was a sound of trickling water. But I could see no water running, only in one corner was a still, dark pool, that vanished in the blackness of a low archway. Doubtless from this source the well was fed. Upon the stone curb of the pool, looking wofully down upon the water, the child stopped.

"While I looked at it fearfully the shadows which had come with us in our strange journey moved nearer to it, and grew more real, and in a little I saw clearly two human figures, a woman and a man. The woman was young and beautiful, señor, but most evil was her face, and cruel the look that came from her dark eyes. Such hate as was in her gaze when she turned upon the child I never saw on human face before: please God I never may see such look on human face again! And, very terrible, withering her beauty, her flesh had the look of dead flesh in which decay has begun. There were livid streaks of purplish-blue upon it, most shocking to look upon; and her hair grew rankly, as hair grows in the grave. More horrible still was the man. Around his neck was a dark purple mark, his tongue was a little beyond his lips, his eyes protruded, lustreless and sodden. His face was swollen, yet drawn in lines of wrenching pain, and his head was not set firmly on his shoulders, but lolled hideously to one side. Once, in the war-time long ago, I saw such another face as this; it was that of a man whom the enemy had caught and hung for a spy, and who had lain where we chanced to find him for nearly a week under the summer sun. God help me, señor, those two faces will be living horrors to me as long as my life lasts! And yet this grisly, distorted face that I now saw, though stamped with the seal of more and worse than death, was informed by a fearful energy of hate when it was turned upon the child.

"The child, standing by the pool and looking down into the water, evidently did not perceive the two forms close behind it. There was a stealthy quiet in their air, and their feet were bared so that their steps should make no sound: as though they had watched it descend to this dark, hidden place—perhaps had sent it here—and then had followed, close behind it, silently.

"As I watched, my heart's blood running cold, they exchanged glances—glances most horrible between dead, livid eyes—and then stole nearer to it still, while the man loosened from his side a long, thin knife. If ever I saw two devils incarnate, I saw them then. In a moment more they were at the child's back, and here they paused, while the woman freed her arms of her shawl, showing her beautiful bosom, that, like her face, was

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made ghastly by the ravages of death, and while the man drew back the arm that held the knife. Like a flash the woman's hands descended upon and firmly clasped the child's shoulders; like a flash the hand with the knife struck and struck again. For an instant I saw in the two faces a look half of horror, half of savage, devilish joy, and then the child fell out from under the woman's hands into the still pool, and the black water, closing over it, shut out the light, and left me with the horror of darkness upon my senses, with the horror that comes of witnessing a deadly crime upon my soul.

"Through that darkness God knows how I found the stairway and clambered up it, crossed the little room above and the ruin-strewn arcade, and so came out at last through the crumbling gateway into the free night air. My heart lay almost dead within me, and, although in those days I was a strong, vigorous man, I trembled in all my flesh, and scarce could walk.

"But I knew that this horror had not come upon me without a purpose, and I felt sure that the Blessed Virgin, who loves little children well, had directed my steps from her altar so that I might know what wickedness had been done, and so that by me the soul of the poor murdered child might be saved out of purgatory, where its dismal ending on earth had left it for all these years. Therefore that very night I went to a holy priest who ministered in the cathedral, and gave money that masses should be said for the repose of a restless soul."

"And you never went back to the house, Juan?"

"Señor, God forbid!"

JUDITH SHAKESPEARE:

HER LOVE AFFAIRS AND OTHER ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER I.

AN ASSIGNATION.

IT was a fair, clear, and shining morning, in the sweet May-time of the year, when a young English damsel went forth from the town of Stratford-upon-Avon to walk in the fields. As she passed along by the Guild Chapel and the Grammar School, this one and the other that met her gave her a kindly greeting; for nearly every one knew her, and she was a favorite; and she returned those salutations with a frankness which betokened rather the self-possession of a young woman than the timidity of a girl. Indeed, she was no longer in the first sensitive dawn of maidenhood — having, in fact, but recently passed her five-and-twentieth birthday — but nevertheless there was the radiance of youth in the rose-leaf tint of her cheeks, and in the bright cheerfulness of her eyes. Those eyes were large, clear, and gray, with dark pupils and dark lashes; and these are a dangerous kind; for they can look demure, and artless, and innocent, when there is nothing in the mind of the owner of them but a secret mirth; and also — and alas!—they can effect another kind of concealment, and when the heart within is inclined to soft pity and yielding, they can refuse to confess to any such surrender, and can maintain, at the bidding of a willful coquetry, an outward and obstinate coldness and indifference. For the rest, her hair, which was somewhat short and curly, was of a light and glossy brown, with a touch of sunshine in it; she had a good figure, for she came of a quite notedly handsome family; she walked with a light step and a gracious carriage; and there were certain touches of style and color about her costume which showed that she did not in the least undervalue her appearance. And so it was "Good-morrow to you, sweet Mistress Judith," from this one and the other; and "Good-morrow, friend So-and-so," she would answer; and always she had the brightest of smiles for them as they passed.

Well, she went along by the church, and over the foot-bridge spanning the Avon, and so into the meadows lying adjacent to the stream. To all appearance she was bent on nothing but deliberate idleness, for she strayed this way and that, stooping to pick up a few wild flowers, and humming to herself as she went. On this fresh and clear morning the air seemed to be filled with sweet perfumes after the close atmosphere of the town; and if it was merely to gather daisies, and cuckoo-flowers, and buttercups, that she had come, she was obviously in no hurry about it. The sun was warm on the rich

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green grass; the swallows were dipping and flashing over the river; great humble-bees went booming by; and far away somewhere in the silver-clear sky a lark was singing. And she also was singing, as she strayed along by the side of the stream, picking here and there a speed-well, and here and there a bit of self-heal or white dead-nettle; if, indeed, that could be termed singing that was but a careless and unconscious recalling of snatches of old songs and madrigals. At one moment it was:

Why, say you so? Oh no, no, no;
Young maids must never a-wooing go.

And again it was:

Come, blow thy horn, hunter!
Come, blow thy horn, hunter!
Come, blow thy horn, jolly hunter!

And again it was:

For a morn in spring is the sweetest thing
Cometh in all the year!

And in truth she could not have lit upon a sweeter morning than this was; just as a chance passer-by might have said to himself that he had never seen a pleasanter sight than this young English maiden presented as she went idly along the river-side, gathering wild flowers the while.

But in course of time, when she came to a part of the Avon from which the bank ascended sharp and steep, and when she began to make her way along a narrow and winding foot-path that ascended through the wilderness of trees and bushes hanging on this steep bank, she became more circumspect. There was no more humming of songs; the gathering of flowers was abandoned, though here she might have added a wild hyacinth or two to her nosegay; she advanced cautiously, and yet with an affectation of carelessness; and she was examining, while pretending not to examine, the various avenues and open spaces in the dense mass of foliage before her. Apparently, however, this world of sunlight and green leaves and cool shadow was quite untenanted; there was no sound but that of the blackbird and the thrush; she wandered on without meeting any one. And then, as she had now arrived at a little dell or chasm in the wood, she left the foot-path, climbed up the bank, gained the summit, and finally, passing from among the bushes, she found herself in the open, at the corner of a field of young corn.

Now if any one had noticed the quick and searching look that she flashed all around on the moment of her emerging from the brush-wood—the swiftness of lightning was in that rapid scrutiny—he might have had some suspicion as to the errand that had brought her hither; but in an instant her eyes had recovered their ordinary look of calm and indifferent observation. She turned to regard the wide landscape spread out below her; and the stranger, if he had missed that quick and eager glance, would have naturally supposed that she had climbed up through the wood to this open space merely to have a better view. And indeed this stretch of English-looking country was well worth the trouble, especially at this particular time of the year, when it was clothed in the fresh and tender colors of the spring-time; and it was with much seeming content that this young English maiden stood there and looked abroad over the prospect—at the placid river winding through the lush meadows; at the wooden spire of the church rising above the young foliage of the elms; at here and there in the town a red-tiled house visible among the thatched roofs and gray walls and orchards—these being all pale and ethereal and dream-like in the still sunshine of this quiet morning. It was a peaceful English-looking picture that ought to have interested her, however familiar it may have been; and perhaps it was only to look at it once more that she had made her way up hither; and also to breathe the cool sweet air of the open, and to listen to the singing of the birds, that seemed to fill the white wide spaces of the sky as far as ever she could hear.

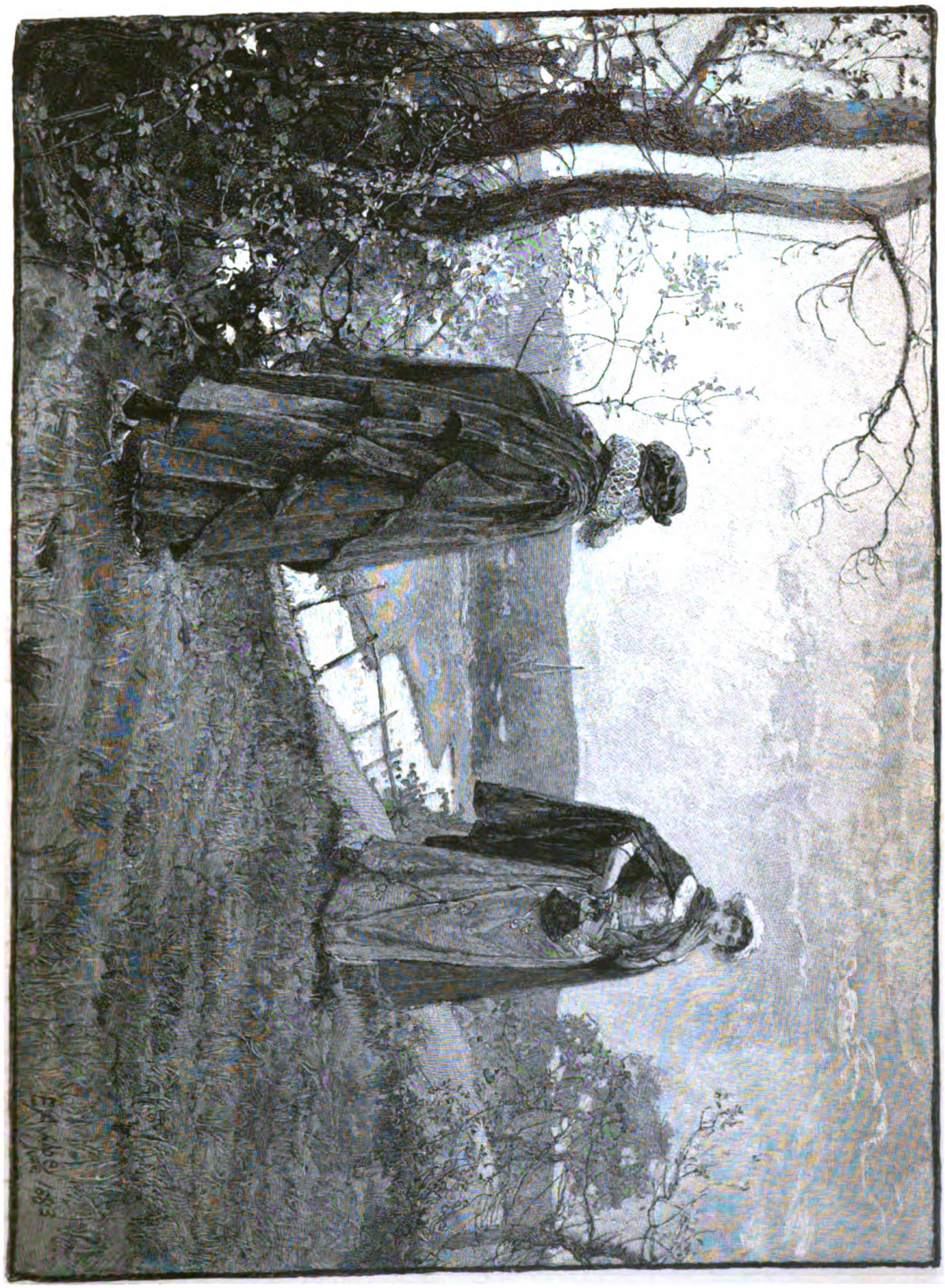
Suddenly she became aware that some one was behind her and near her, and instantly turning, she found before her an elderly man with a voluminous gray beard, who appeared to affect some kind of concealment by the way he wore his hat and his long cloak.

"God save you, sweet lady!" he had said, almost before she turned.

But if this stranger imagined that by his unlooked-for approach and sudden address he was likely to startle the young damsel out of her self-possession, he knew very little with whom he had to deal.

"Good-morrow to you, good Master Wizard," said she, with perfect calmness, and she regarded him from head to foot with nothing beyond a mild curiosity. Indeed, it was rather he who was embar-

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rassed. He looked at her with a kind of wonder—and admiration also; and if she had been sufficiently heedful and watchful she might have observed that his eyes, which were singularly dark, had a good deal of animation in them for one of his years. It was only after a second or so of this bewildered and admiring contemplation of her that he managed to say, in a grave and formal voice, something in praise of her courage in thus keeping the appointment he had sought.

"Nay, good sir," said she, with much complacency, "trouble not yourself about me. There is no harm in going out to gather a few flowers in the field, surely. If there be any danger, it is rather you that have to fear it, for there is the pillory for them that go about the country divining for gold and silver."

"It is for no such vain and idle purposes that I use my art," said he; and he regarded her with such an intensity of interest that sometimes he stumbled forgetfully in his speech, as if he were repeating a lesson but ill prepared. "It is for the revelation of the future to them that are born under fortunate planets. And you are one of these, sweet lady, or I would not have summoned you to a meeting that might have seemed perilous to one of less courage and good heart. If it please you to listen, I can forecast that that will befall you—"

"Nay, good sir," said she, with a smile, "I have heard it frequently, though perhaps never from one so skilled. 'Tis but a question between dark and fair, with plenty of money and lands thrown in. For that matter, I might set up in the trade myself. But if you could tell me, now—"

"If I were to tell you—if by my art I could show you," said he, with a solemnity that was at least meant to be impressive (though this young maid, with her lips inclining to a smile, and her inscrutable eyes, did not seem much awe-stricken)—"if I could convince you, sweet lady, that you shall marry neither dark nor fair among any of those that would now fain win you—and rumor says there be several of those—what then?"

"Rumor?" she repeated, with the color swiftly mantling in her face. But she was startled, and she said, quickly, "What do you say, good wizard? Not any one that I know? What surety have you of that? Is it true? Can you show it to me? Can you assure me of it? Is your skill so great that you can prove to me that your prophecy is aught but idle guessing? No one that I have seen as yet, say you? Why," she added, half to herself, "but that were good news for my gossip Prue."

"My daughter," said this elderly person, in slow and measured tones, "it is not to all that the stars have been so propitious at their birth."

"Good sir," said she, with some eagerness, "I beseech you forgive me if I attend you not; but—but this is the truth, now, as to how I came in answer to your message to me. I will speak plain. Perchance rumor hath not quite belied herself. There may be one or two who think too well of me, and would have me choose him or him to be my lover; and—and—do you see now?—if there were one of those that I would fain have turn aside from idle thoughts of me and show more favor to my dear cousin and gossip Prudence Shawe—nay, but to tell the truth, good wizard, I came here to seek of your skill whether it could afford some charm and magic that would direct his heart to her. I have heard of such things—"

And here she stopped abruptly, in some confusion, for she had in her eagerness admitted a half-belief in the possible power of his witchcraft which she had been careful to conceal before. She had professed incredulity by her very manner; she had almost laughed at his pretensions; she had intimated that she had come hither only out of curiosity; but now she had blundered into the confession that she had cherished some vague hope of obtaining a love-philtre, or some such thing, to transfer away from herself to her friend the affections of one of those suitors whose existence seemed to be so well known to the wizard. However, he soon relieved her from her embarrassment by assuring her that this that she demanded was far away beyond the scope of his art, which was strictly limited to the discovery and revelation of such secrets as still lay within the future.

"And if so, good sir," said she, after a moment's reflection, "that were enough, or nearly enough, so that you can convince us of it."

"To you yourself alone, gracious lady," said he, "can I reveal that which will happen to you. Nay, more, so fortunate is the conjunction of the planets that

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reigned at your birth—the *ultimum supplicium auri* might almost have been declared to you—that I can summon from the ends of the earth, be he where he may, the man that you shall hereafter marry, or soon or late I know not: if you will, you can behold him at such and such a time, at such and such a place, as the stars shall appoint."

She looked puzzled, half-incredulous and perplexed, inclined to smile, blushing somewhat, and all uncertain.

"It is a temptation—I were no woman else," said she, with a laugh. "Nay, but if I can see him, why may not others? And if I can show them him who is to be my worshipful lord and master, why, then, my gossip Prue may have the better chance of reaching the goal where I doubt not her heart is fixed. Come, then, to prove your skill, good sir. Where shall I see him, and when? Must I use charms? Will he speak, think you, or pass as a ghost? But if he be not a proper man, good wizard, by my life I will have none of him, nor of your magic either."

She was laughing now, and rather counterfeiting a kind of scorn; but she was curious; and she watched him with a lively interest as he took forth from a small leather bag a little folded piece of paper, which he carefully opened.

"I can not answer all your questions, my daughter," said he; "I can but proceed according to my art. Whether the person you will see may be visible to others I know not, nor can I tell you aught of his name or condition. Pray Heaven he be worthy of such beauty and gentleness; for I had heard of you, gracious lady, but rumor had but poor words to describe such a rarity and a prize."

"Nay," said she, in tones of reproof (but the color had mounted to a face that certainly showed no sign of displeasure), "you speak like one of the courtiers now."

"This charm," said he, dropping his eyes, and returning to his grave and formal tones, "is worth naught without a sprig of rosemary; that must you get, and you must place it within the paper in a threefold manner—thus; and then, when Sol and Luna are both in the descendant—but I forget me, the terms of my art are unknown to you; I must speak in the vulgar tongue; and meanwhile you shall see the charm, that there is nothing wicked or dangerous in it, but only the wherewithal to bring about a true lovers' meeting."

He handed her the open piece of paper; but she, having glanced at the writing, gave it him back again.

"I pray you read it to me," she said.

He regarded her for a second with some slight surprise; but he took the paper, and read aloud, slowly, the lines written thereon:

"*Dare you haunt our hallowed green?*
None but fairies here are seen.
Down and sleep,
Wake and weep,
Pinch him black, and pinch him blue,
That seeks to steal a lover true
When you come to hear us sing,
Or to tread our fairy ring,
Pinch him black, and pinch him blue—
Oh, thus our nails shall handle you!"

"Why, 'tis like what my father wrote about Herne the Hunter," said she, with a touch of indifference; perhaps she had expected to hear something more weird and unholy.

"Please you, forget not the rosemary; nothing will come of it else," he continued. "Then this you must take in your hand secretly, and when no one has knowledge of your outgoing; and when Luna—nay, but I mean when the moon has risen to-night so that, standing in the church-yard, you shall see it over the roof of the church, then must you go to the yew-tree that is in the middle of the church-yard, and there you shall scrape away a little of the earth from near the foot of the tree, and bury this paper, and put the earth firmly down on it again, saying thrice, *Hieronymo! Hieronymo! Hieronymo!* You follow me, sweet lady?"

"'Tis simple enough," said she, "but that on these fine evenings the people are everywhere about; and if one were to be seen conjuring in the church-yard—"

"You must watch your opportunity, my daughter," said he, speaking with an increased assumption of authority. "One minute will serve you; and this is all that needs be done."

"Truly? Is this all?" said she, and she laughed lightly. "Then will my gallant, my pride o' the world, my lord and master, forthwith spring out of the solid ground? God mend me, but that were a fearful meeting—in a church-yard! Gentle wizard, I pray you—"

"Not so," he answered, interrupting her. "The charm will work there; you must let it rest; the night dews shall nour-

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ish it; the slow hours shall pass over it; and the spirits that haunt these precincts must know of it, that they may prepare the meeting. To-night, then, sweet lady, you shall place this charm in the churchyard at the foot of the yew-tree, and to-morrow at twelve of the clock—"

"By your leave, not to-morrow," said she, peremptorily. "Not to-morrow, good wizard; for my father comes home to-morrow; and, by my life, I would not miss the going forth to meet him for all the lovers between here and London town!"

"Your father comes home to-morrow, Mistress Judith?" said he, in somewhat startled accents.

"In truth he does; and Master Tyler also, and Julius Shawe—there will be a goodly company, I warrant you, come riding to-morrow through Shipston and Tredington and Alderminster; and by your leave, reverend sir, the magic must wait."

"That were easily done," he answered, after a moment's thought, "by the alteration of a sign, if the day following might find you at liberty. Will it so, gracious lady?"

"The day after? At what time of the day?" she asked.

"The alteration of the sign will make it but an hour earlier, if I mistake not; that is to say, at eleven of the forenoon you must be at the appointed place—"

"Where, good wizard?" said she—"where am I to see the wraith, the ghost, the phantom husband that is to own me?"

"That know I not myself as yet; but my aids and familiars will try to discover it for me," he answered, taking a small sun-dial out of his pocket and adjusting it as he spoke.

"And with haste, so please you, good sir," said she, "for I would not that any chance comer had a tale of this meeting to carry back to the gossips."

He stooped down and placed the sun-dial carefully on the ground, at a spot where the young corn was but scant enough on the dry red soil, and then with his forefinger he traced two or three lines and a semicircle on the crumbling earth.

"South by west," said he, and he muttered some words to himself. Then he looked up. "Know you the road to Bidford, sweet lady?"

"As well as I know my own ten fingers," she answered.

"For myself, I know it not, but if my art is not misleading there should be, about a mile or more along that road, another road at right angles with it, bearing to the right, and there at the junction should stand a cross of stone. Is it so?"

"'Tis the lane that leads to Shottery; well I know it," she said.

"So it has been appointed, then," said he, "if the stars continue their protection over you. The day after to-morrow, at eleven of the forenoon, if you be within stone's-throw of the cross at the junction of the roads, there shall you see, or my art is strangely mistaken, the man or gentleman—nay, I know not whether he be parson or layman, soldier or merchant, knight of the shire or plain goodman Dick—I say there shall you see him that is to win you and wear you; but at what time you shall become his wife, and where, and in what circumstances, I can not reveal to you. I have done my last endeavor."

"Nay, do not hold me ungrateful," she said, though there was a smile on her lips, "but surely, good sir, what your skill has done, that it can also undo. If it have power to raise a ghost, surely it has power to lay him. And truly, if he be a ghost, I will not have him. And if he be a man, and have a red beard, I will not have him. And if he be a slape-face, I will have none of him. And if he have thin legs, he may walk his ways for me. Good wizard, if I like him not, you must undo the charm."

"My daughter, you have a light heart," said he, gravely. "May the favoring planets grant it lead you not into mischief; there be unseen powers that are revengeful. And now I must take my leave, gracious lady. I have given you the result of much study and labor, of much solitary communion with the heavenly bodies; take it, and use it with heed, and so fare you well."

He was going, but she detained him.

"Good sir, I am your debtor," said she, with the red blood mantling in her forehead, for all through this interview she had clearly recognized that she was not dealing with any ordinary mendicant fortune-teller. "So much labor and skill I can not accept from you without becoming a beggar. I pray you—"

He put up his hand.

"Not so," said he, with a certain grave dignity. "To have set eyes on the fairest maid in Warwickshire—as I have heard you named—were surely sufficient recom-

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pense for any trouble; and to have had speech of you, sweet lady, is what many a one would venture much for. But I would humbly kiss your hand; and so again fare you well."

"God shield you, most courteous wizard, and good-day," said she, as he left; and for a second she stood looking after him in a kind of wonder, for this extraordinary courtesy and dignity of manner were certainly not what she had expected to find in a vagabond purveyor of magic. But now he was gone, and she held the charm in her hand, and so without further ado she set out for home again, getting down through the brush-wood to the winding path.

She walked quickly, for she had heard that Master Bushell's daughter, who was to be married that day, meant to beg a general holiday for the school-boys; and she knew that if this were granted these sharp-eyed young imps would soon be here, there, and everywhere, and certain to spy out the wizard if he were in the neighborhood. But when she had got clear of this hanging copse, that is known as the Wier Brake, and had reached the open meadows, so that from any part around she could be seen to be alone, she had nothing further to fear, and she returned to her leisurely straying in quest of flowers. The sun was hotter on the grass now; but the swallows were busy as ever over the stream; and the great bees hummed loud as they went past; and here and there a white butterfly fluttered from petal to petal; and, far away, she could hear the sound of children's voices in the stillness. She was in a gay mood. The interview she had just had with one in league with the occult powers of magic and witchery did not seem in the least to have overawed her. Perhaps, indeed, she had not yet made up her mind to try the potent charm that she had obtained; at all events the question did not weigh heavily on her. For now it was,

Oh, mistress mine, where are you roaming?

and again it was,

For a morn in spring is the sweetest thing
Cometh in all the year!

and always another touch of color added to the daintily arranged nosegay in her hand. And then, of a sudden, as she chanced to look ahead, she observed a number of the school-boys come swarming down to the foot-bridge; and she knew right well that one of them—to wit, young Willie Hart—would think a holiday quite thrown away and wasted if he did not manage to seek out and secure the company of his pretty cousin Judith.

"Ah! there, now," she was saying to herself, as she watched the school-boys come over the bridge one by one and two by two, "there, now, is my sweetheart of sweethearts; there is my prince of lovers! If ever I have lover as faithful and kind as he, it will go well. 'Nay, Susan,' says he, 'I love you not; you kiss me hard, and speak to me as if I were still a child; I love Judith better.' And how cruel of my father to put him in the play, and to slay him so soon; but perchance he will call him to life again—nay, it is a favorite way with him to do that; and pray Heaven he bring home with him to-morrow the rest of the story, that Prue may read it to me. And so are you there, among the unruly imps, you young Prince Mamillius? Have you caught sight of me yet, sweetheart blue-eyes? Why, come, then; you will outstrip them all, I know, when you get sight of Cousin Judith; for as far off as you are, you will reach me first, that I am sure of; and then, by my life, sweetheart Willie, you shall have a kiss as soft as a dove's breast!"

And so she went on to meet them, arranging the colors of her straggling blossoms the while, with now and again a snatch of careless song:

Come, blow thy horn, hunter!
Come, blow thy horn, hunter!
Come, blow thy horn—jolly hunter!

CHAPTER II.

SIGNIOR CRAB-APPLE.

THERE was much ado in the house all that day, in view of the home-coming on the morrow, and it was not till pretty late in the evening that Judith was free to steal out for a gossip with her friend and chief companion, Prudence Shawe. She had not far to go—but a couple of doors off, in fact; and her coming was observed by Prudence herself, who happened to be sitting at the casemented window for the better prosecution of her needle-work, there being still a clear glow of twilight in the sky. A minute or so thereafter the two friends were in Prudence's own chamber, which was on the first floor, and looking out to the back over barns and

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orchards; and they had gone to the window, to the bench there, to have their secrets together. This Prudence Shawe was some two years Judith's junior—though she really played the part of elder sister to her; she was of a pale complexion, with light straw-colored hair; not very pretty, perhaps, but she had a restful kind of face that invited friendliness and sympathy, of which she had a large abundance to give in return. Her costume was of a Puritanical plainness and primness, both in the fashion of it and in its severe avoidance of color; and that was not the only point on which she formed a marked contrast to this dear cousin and willful gossip of hers, who had a way of pleasing herself (more especially if she thought she might thereby catch her father's eye) in apparel as in most other things. And on this occasion—at the outset at all events—Judith would not have a word said about the assignation of the morning. The wizard was dismissed from her mind altogether. It was about the home-coming of the next day that she was all eagerness and excitement; and her chief prayer and entreaty was that her friend Prudence should go with her to welcome the travellers home.



"THERE, NOW, IS MY SWEETHEART OF SWEETHEARTS."

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"Nay, but you must and shall, dear Prue; sweet mouse, I beg it of you!" she was urging. "Every one at New Place is so busy that they have fixed upon Signior Crab-apple to ride with me; and you know I can not suffer him; and I shall not have a word of my father all the way back, not a word; there will be nothing but a discourse about fools, and idle jests, and wiseman Matthew the hero of the day—"

"Dear Judith, I can not understand how you dislike the old man so," her companion said, in that smooth voice of hers. "I see no garden that is better tended than yours."

"I would I could let slip the mastiff at his unmannerly throat!" was the quick reply—and indeed for a second she looked as if she would fain have seen that wish fulfilled. "The vanity of him!—the puffed-up pride of him!—he thinks there be none in Warwickshire but himself wise enough to talk to my father; and the way he dogs his steps if he be walking in the garden—no one else may have a word with him!—sure my father is sufficiently driven forth by the preachers and the psalm-singing within-doors that out-of-doors, in his own garden, he might have some freedom of speech with his own daughter—"

"Judith, Judith," her friend said, and she put her hand on her arm, "you have such willful thoughts, and wild words too. I am sure your father is free of speech with every one—gentle and simple, old and young, it matters not who it is that approaches him."

"This Signior Crab-apple truly!" the other exclaimed, in the impetuosity of her scorn. "If his heart be as big as a crab-apple, I greatly doubt; but that it is of like quality I'll be sworn. And the bitterness of his railing tongue! All women are fools—vools he calls them, rather—first and foremost; and most men are fools; but of all fools there be none like the fools of Warwickshire—that is because my worshipful goodman gardener comes all the way from Bewdley. 'Tis meat and drink to him, he says, to discover a fool, though how he should have any difficulty in the discovering, seeing that we are all of us fools, passes my understanding. Nay, but I know what set him after that quarry; 'twas one day in the garden, and my father was just come home from London, and he was talking to my uncle Gilbert, and was laughing at what his friend Benjamin Jonson had said, or had written, I know not which. 'Of all beasts in the world,' says he, 'I love most the serious ass.' Then up steps goodman Matthew. 'There be plenty of 'em about 'ere, zur,' says he, with a grin on his face like that on a cat when a dog has her by the tail. And my father, who will talk to any one, as you say truly, and about anything, and always with the same attention, must needs begin to challenge goodman Crab-apple to declare the greatest fools that ever he had met with; and from that day to this the ancient sour-face hath been on the watch—and it suits well with his opinion of other people and his opinion of himself as the only wise man in the world—I say ever since he hath been on the watch for fools; and the greater the fool the greater his wisdom, I reckon, that can find him out. A purveyor of fools!—a goodly trade! I doubt not but that it likes him better than the tending of apricots when he has the free range of the ale-houses to work on. He will bring a couple of them into the garden when my father is in the summer-house. 'Ere, zur, please you come out and look 'ere, zur; 'ere be a brace of rare vools.' And the poor clowns are proud of it; they stand and look at each other and laugh. 'We be, zur—we be.' And then my father will say no, and will talk with them, and cheer them with assurance of their wisdom; then must they have spiced bread and ale ere they depart; and this is a triumph for Master Matthew—the withered, shrivelled, dried-up, cankered nutshell that he is!"

"Dear Judith, pray have patience—indeed you are merely jealous."

"Jealous!" she exclaimed, as if her scorn of this ill-conditioned old man put that well out of the question.

"You think he has too much of your father's company, and you like it not; but consider of it, Judith, he being in the garden, and your father in the summer-house, and when your father is tired for the moment of his occupation, whatever that may be, then can he step out and speak to this goodman Matthew, that amuses him with his biting tongue, and with the self-sufficiency of his wisdom—nay, I suspect your father holds him to be a greater fool than any that he makes sport of, and that he loves to lead him on."

"And why should my father have to be in the summer-house but that in-doors

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the wool-spinning is hardly more constant than the lecturing and the singing of psalms and hymns?"

"Judith! Judith!" said her gentle friend, with real trouble on her face, "you grieve me when you talk like that—indeed you do, sweetheart! There is not a morning nor a night passes that I do not pray the Lord that your heart may be softened and led to our ways—nay, far from that, but to the Lord's own ways—and the answer will come; I have faith; I know it; and God send it speedily, for you are like an own sister to me, and my heart yearns over you!"

The other sat silent for a second. She could not fail to be touched by the obvious sincerity, the longing kindness of her friend, but she would not confess as much in words.

"As yet, sweet Prue," said she, lightly, "I suppose I am of the unregenerate, and if it is wicked to cherish evil thoughts of your neighbor, then am I not of the elect, for I heartily wish that Tom Quiney and some of the youths would give Matthew gardener a sound ducking in a horse-pond, to tame his arrogance withal. But no matter. What say you, dear Prue? Will you go with me to-morrow, so that we may have the lad Tookey in charge of us, and Signior Crab-apple be left to his weeding and graffing and railing at human kind? Do, sweet mouse—"

"The maids are busy now, Judith," said she, doubtfully.

"But a single day, dear mouse!" she urged. "And if we go early we may get as far as Shipston, and await them there. Have you no desire to meet your brother, Prudence—to be the first of all to welcome him home? Nay, that is because you can have him in your company as often as you wish; there is no goodman-wiseman-fool to come between you."

"Dear heart," said Prudence Shawe, with a smile, "I know not what is the witchery of you, but there is none I wot of that can say you nay."

"You will, then?" said the other, joyfully. "Ah, look, now, the long ride home we shall have with my father, and all the news I shall have to tell him! And all good news, Prue; scarcely a whit or bit that is not good news: the roan that he bought at Evesham is well of her lameness—good; and the King's mulberry is thriving bravely (I wonder that wiseman Matthew has not done it a mischief in the night-time, for the King, being above him in station, must needs have nothing from him but sour and envious words); and then the twenty acres that my father so set his heart upon he is to have—I hear that the Combes have said as much—and my father will be right well pleased; and the vicar is talking no longer of building the new piggery over against the garden—at least for the present there is nothing to be done: all good news; but there is better still, as you know; for what will he say when he discovers that I have taught Bess Hall to ride the mastiff?"

"Pray you have a care, dear Judith," said her friend, with some apprehension on her face. "'Tis a dangerous-looking beast."

"A lamb, a very lamb!" was the confident answer. "Well, now, and as we are riding home he will tell me of all the things he has brought from London; and you know he has always something pretty for you, sweet Puritan, though you regard such adornments as snares and pitfalls. And this time I hope it will be a silver brooch for you, dear mouse, that so you must needs wear it and show it, or he will mark its absence; and for the others let us guess; let us see. There may be some more of that strange-fashioned Murano glass for Susan, for as difficult as it is to carry; and some silk hangings or the like for my mother, or store of napery, perchance, which she prizeth more; and be sure there is the newest book of sermons from Paul's Church-yard for the Doctor; a greyhound, should he hear of a famous one on the way, for Thomas Combe; toys for the little Harts, that is certain; for my aunt Joan—what?—a silver-topped jug, or some perfumes of musk and civet?—and what else—and for whom else—well—"

"But what for yourself, dear Judith?" her friend said, with a smile. "Will he forget you? Has Matthew gardener driven you out even from his recollection? Will he not have for you a pretty pair of rose shoe-strings, or one of the new tasselled French hoods they are speaking of, or something of the kind, that will turn the heads of all the lads in Stratford twice further round? You are a temptress surely, sweetheart; I half forget that such vanities should displease me when I see the way you wear them; and that I think you must take from your father, Judith; for no matter how plain

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his apparel is—and it is plain indeed for one that owns the New Place—he wears it with such an ease, and with such a grace and simplicity, that you would say a prince should wear it even so."

"You put me off, Prue," her friend said, with a sort of good-natured impatience. "Why, I was showing you what nicelings and delicates my father was bringing, and what I had thought to say was this: that he may have this for one, and that for the other, and many a one proud to be remembered (as I shall be if he thinks of me), but this that I know he is bringing for little Bess Hall is something worth all of these, for it is nothing less than the whole love of his heart. Nay, but I swear it; there is not a human creature in the world to compare with her in his eyes; she is the pearl that he wears in his heart of hearts. If it were London town she wanted, and he could give it to her, that is what he would bring for her."

"What! are you jealous of her too?" said Prudence, with her placid smile.

"By yea and nay, sweet Puritan, if that will content you, I declare it is not so," was the quick answer. "Why, Bess is my ally! We are in league, I tell you; we will have a tussle with the enemy ere long; and, by my life, I think I know that that will put goodman-wiseman's nose awry!"

At this moment the secret confabulation of these two friends was suddenly and unexpectedly broken in upon by a message from without. Something white came fluttering through the open casement, and fell, not quite into Judith's lap, which was probably its intended destination, but down toward her feet. She stooped and picked it up; it was a letter, addressed to her, and tied round with a bit of rose-red silk ribbon that was neatly formed into a true-lover's knot.

CHAPTER III.

THE PLANTING OF THE CHARM.

THE embarrassment that ensued—on her part only, for the pale and gentle face of her friend betrayed not even so much as surprise—was due to several causes. Judith could neither read nor write. In her earlier years she had been a somewhat delicate child, and had consequently been excused from the ordinary tuition, slight as that usually was in the case of girls; but when, later on, she grew into quite firm and robust health, in her willfulness and pride and petulance she refused to retransform herself into a child and submit to be taught children's lessons. Moreover, she had an acute and alert brain; and she had a hundred reasons ready to show that what was in reality a mere waywardness on her part was the most wise and natural thing in the world; while her father, who had a habitual and great tolerance for everything and everybody that came within his reach, laughed with her rather than at her, and said she should do very well without book-learning so long as those pink roses shone in her cheeks. But she had one reason that was not merely an excuse. Most of the printed matter that reached the house was brought thither by this or that curate, or by this or that famous preacher, who, in going through the country, was sure of an eager and respectful welcome at New Place; and perhaps it was not kindly nor civilly done of them—though it may have been regarded as a matter of conscience—that they should carry thither and read aloud, amongst other things, the fierce denunciations of stage-plays and stage-players which were common in the polemical and puritanical literature of the day. Right or wrong, Judith resented this with a vehement indignation; and she put a ban upon all books, judging by what she had heard read out of some; nay, one day she had come into the house and found her elder sister, who was not then married, greatly distressed, and even in the bitterness of tears; and when she discovered that the cause of this was a pamphlet that had been given to Susanna, in which not only were the heinous wickednesses of plays and players denounced, but also her own father named by his proper name, Judith, with hot cheeks and flashing eyes, snatched the pamphlet from her sister's hand and forthwith sent it flying through the open window into the mud without, notwithstanding that books and pamphlets were scarce and valuable things, and that this one had been lent. And when she discovered that this piece of writing had been brought to the house by the pious and learned Walter Blaise—a youthful divine he was who had a small living some few miles from Stratford, but who dwelt in the town, and was one of the most

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eager and disputatious of the Puritanical preachers there—it in no way mitigated her wrath that this worthy Master Blaise was regarded by many, and even openly spoken of, as a suitor for her own hand.

"God mend me," said she, in her anger (and greatly to the distress of the mild-spoken Prudence), "but 'tis a strange way of paying court to a young woman to bring into the house abuse of her own father! Sir Parson may go hang, for me!" And for many a day she would have nothing to say to him; and steeled and hardened her heart not only against him, but against the doctrines and ways of conduct that he so zealously advocated; and she would not come in to evening prayers when he happened to be present; and wild horses would not have dragged her to the parish church on the Sunday afternoon that it was his turn to deliver the fortnightly lecture there. However, these things abated in time. Master Walter Blaise was a civil-spoken and an earnest and sincere young man, and Prudence Shawe was the gentle intermediary. Judith suffered his presence, and that was about all as yet; but she would not look the way of printed books. And when Prudence tried to entice her into a study of the mere rudiments of reading and writing, she would refuse peremptorily, and say, with a laugh, that, could she read, the first thing she should read would be plays, which, as sweet cousin Prue was aware, were full of tribulation and anguish, and fit only for the foolish Galatians of the world, the children of darkness and the devil. But this obstinacy did not prevent her overcoming her dear cousin Prue's scruples, and getting her to read aloud to her in the privacy of their secret haunts this or the other fragment of a play, when that she had adroitly purloined a manuscript from the summer-house in New Place; and in this surreptitious manner she had acquired a knowledge of what was going on at the Globe and the Blackfriars theatres in London, which, had they but guessed of it, would have considerably astounded her mother, her sister, and good Parson Blaise as well.

In more delicate matters still, Prudence was her confidante, her intermediary, and amanuensis; and ordinarily this caused her no embarrassment, for she wished for no secrets with any of human kind. But in one direction she had formed certain suspicions; and so it was that on this occasion, when she stooped down and picked up the letter that had been so deftly thrown in at the casement, her face flushed somewhat.

"I know from whom it comes," said she, and she seemed inclined to put it into the little wallet of blue satin that hung at her side.

Then she glanced at Prudence's eyes. There was nothing there in the least approaching displeasure or pique, only a quiet amusement.

"It was cleverly done," said Prudence, and she raised her head cautiously and peeped through one of the small panes of pale green glass. But the twilight had sunk into dusk, and any one outside could easily have made his escape unperceived through the labyrinth of barns and out-houses.

Judith glanced at the handwriting again, and said, with an affectation of carelessness:

"There be those who have plenty of time, surely, for showing the wonders of their skill. Look at the twisting and turning and lattice-work of it—truly he is a most notable clerk; I would he spent the daylight to better purpose. Read it for me, sweet Prue."

She would have handed the letter—with much studied indifference of look and manner—to her friend, but that Prudence gently refused it.

"'Tis you must undo the string; you know not what may be inside."

So Judith herself opened the letter, which contained merely a sprig of rosemary, along with some lines written in a most ornate caligraphy.

"What does he say?" she asked, but without any apparent interest, as she gave the open letter to her companion.

Prudence took the letter and read aloud:

"*Rosemary is for remembrance*
Between us day and night;
Wishing that I might always have
You present in my sight.

This from your true well-wisher, and one that would be your loving servant unto death. *T. Q.*"

"The idle boy!" she said, and again she directed a quick and penetrating look of inquiry to her friend's face. But Prudence was merely regarding the elaborate handwriting. There was no trace of wounded pride or anything of the kind

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in her eyes. Nay, she looked up and said, with a smile,

"For one that can wrestle so well, and play at foot-ball, and throw the sledge as they say he can, he is master of a most delicate handwriting."

"But the rosemary, Prue!" Judith exclaimed, suddenly, and she groped about at her feet until she had found it. "Why, now, look there, was ever anything so fortunate? Truly I had forgotten all about rosemary, and my reverend wizard, and the charm that is to be buried to-night; and you know not a word of the story. Shall I tell you, sweet mouse? Is there time before the moon appears over the roof of the church?—for there I am summoned to fearful deeds. Why, Prue, you look as frightened as if a ghost had come into the room—you yourself are like a ghost now in the dusk—or is it the coming moonlight that is making you so pale?"

"I had thought that better counsels would have prevailed with you, Judith," she said, anxiously. "I knew not you had gone to see the man, and I reproach myself that I have been an agent in the matter."

"A mouth-piece only, sweet Prue!—a mere harmless, innocent whistle that had nothing to do with the tune. And the business was not so dreadful either; there was no caldron, nor playing with snakes and newts, no, nor whining for money, which I expected most; but a most civil and courteous wizard, a most town-bred wizard as ever the sun set eye on, that called me 'gracious lady' every other moment, and would not take a penny for his pains. Marry, if all the powers of evil be as well-behaved, I shall have less fear of them; for a more civil-spoken gentleman I have never encountered; and 'sweet lady' it was, and 'gracious lady,' and a voice like the voice of my lord bishop; and the assurance that the planets and the stars were holding me in their kindest protection; and a promise of a ghost husband that is to appear that I may judge whether I like him or like him not; and all this and more—and he would kiss my hand, and so farewell, and the reverend magician makes his obeisance and vanishes, and I am not a penny the poorer, but only the richer because of my charm! There, I will show it to you, dear mouse."

After a little search she found the tiny document; and Prudence Shawe glanced over it.

"Judith! Judith!" said she, almost in despair, "I know not whither your willfulness will carry you. But tell me what happened. How came you by this paper? And what ghost husband do you speak of?"

Then Judith related, with much circumstantiality, what had occurred that morning; not toning it down in the least, but rather exaggerating here and there; for she was merry-hearted, and she liked to see the sweet Puritan face grow more and more concerned. Moreover, the dull gray light outside, instead of deepening into dark, appeared to be becoming a trifle clearer, so that doubtless the moon was declaring itself somewhere; and she was looking forward, when the time came, to securing Prudence's company as far as the church-yard, if her powers of persuasion were equal to that.

"But you will not go—surely you will not go, darling Judith," said Prudence, in accents of quite pathetic entreaty. "You know the sin of dealing with such ungodly practices—nay, and the danger too, for you would of your own free-will go and seek a meeting with unholy things, whereas I have been told that not so long ago they used in places to carry a pan of frankincense round the house each night to keep away witchcraft from them as they slept. I beseech you, dearest Judith, give me the paper, and I will burn it!"

"Nay, nay, it is but an idle tale, a jest; I trust it not," said her friend to re-assure her. "Be not afraid, sweet Prue. Those people who go about compelling the planets and summoning spirits and the like have lesser power than the village folk imagine, else would their own affairs thrive better than they seem to do."

"Then give me the paper; let me burn it, Judith!"

"Nay, nay, mouse," said she, withholding it; and then she added, with a sort of grave merriment or mischief in her face: "Whether the thing be aught or naught, sure I can not treat so ill my courteous wizard. He was no goose-herd, I tell you, but a most proper and learned man; and he must have the chance of working the wonders he foretold. Come, now, think of it with reason, dear Prue. If there be no power in the charm, if I go to Shottery for my morning walk and find no one in the lane, who is harmed? Why, no one; and Grandmother Hathaway is pleased, and will show me how her garden

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is growing. Then, on the other hand, should the charm work, should there be some one there, what evil if I regard him as I pass from the other side of the way? Is it such a wonder that one should meet a stranger on the Bidford road? And what more? Man or ghost, he can not make me marry him if I will not. He can not make me speak to him if I will not. And if he would put a hand on me, I reckon Roderigo would speedily have him by the throat, as I hope he may some day have goodman Matthew."

"But, Judith, such things are unlawful and forbidden—"

"To you, sweet saint—to you," said the other, with much good-humor. "But I have not learned to put aside childish things as yet; and this is only a jest, good Prue; and you, that are so faithful to your word, even in the smallest trifle, would not have me break my promise to my gentle wizard? 'Gracious lady,' he says, and 'sweet lady,' as if I were a dame of the court; it were unmannerly of me not to grant him this small demand—"

"I wish I had misread the letter," said Prudence, so occupied with her own fears that she scarcely knew what to do.

"What!" exclaimed her friend, in tones of raillery; "you would have deceived me? Is this your honesty, your singleness of heart, sweet Puritan? You would have sent me on some fool's errand, would you?"

"And if it were to be known you had gone out to meet this conjurer, Judith, what would your mother and sister say? —and your father?"

"My mother and sister—hum!" was the demure reply. "If he had but come in the garb of a preacher, with a Bible under one arm and a prayer-book under the other, I doubt not that he would have been welcome enough at New Place—ay, and everything in the house set before him, and a Flanders jug full of Quiney's best claret withal to cheer the good man. But when you speak of my father, dear Prue, there you are wide of the mark—wide, wide of the mark; for the wizard is just such an one as he would be anxious to know and see for himself. Indeed, if my mother and Susan would have the house filled with preachers, my father would rather seek his company from any strange kind of vagrant cattle you could find on the road—ballad-singers, strolling players, peddlers, and the like; and you should see him when some ancient harper in his coat of green comes near the town—nay, the constable shall not interfere with him, license or no license—my father must needs entertain him in the garden; and he will sit and talk to the old man; and the best in the house must be brought out for him; and whether he try his palsied fingers on the strings, or perchance attempt a verse of 'Pastime with good company' with his quavering old voice, that is according to his own good will and pleasure; nothing is demanded of him but that he have good cheer, and plenty of it, and go on his way the merrier, with a groat or two in his pouch. Nay, I mind me, when Susan was remonstrating with my father about such things, and bidding him have some regard for the family name—'What?' says he, laughing; 'set you up, Madam Pride! Know you not, then, whence comes our name? And yet 'tis plain enough. *Shacks*, these are but vagrant, idle, useless fellows; and then we come to *pere*, that is, an equal and companion. There you have it complete—*Shackspere*, the companion of strollers and vagabonds, of worthless and idle fellows. What say you, Madam Pride?' And, indeed, poor Susan was sorely displeased, insomuch that I said, 'But the spear in the coat of arms, father—how came we by that?' 'Why, there, now,' says he, 'you see how regardless the heralds are of the King's English. I warrant me they would give a ship to Shipston and a hen to Enstone.' Indeed, he will jest you out of anything. When your brother would have left the Town Council, Prue—"

But here she seemed suddenly to recollect herself. She rose quickly, thrust open the casement still wider, and put out her head to discover whereabouts the moon was; and when she withdrew her head again there was mischief and a spice of excitement in her face.

"No more talking and gossip now, Prue; the time has arrived for fearful deeds."

Prudence put her small white hand on her friend's arm.

"Stay, Judith. Be guided—for the love of me be guided, sweetheart! You know not what you do. The profaning of sacred places will bring a punishment."

"Profaning, say you, sweet mouse? Is it anything worse than the children playing tick round the grave-stones; or even, when no one is looking, having a game of King-by-your-leave?"

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"It is late, Judith. It must be nine o'clock. It is not seemly that a young maiden should be out-of-doors alone at such an hour of the night."

"Marry, that say I," was the light answer. "And the better reason that you should come with me, Prue."

"I?" said Prudence, in affright.

"Wherefore not, then? Nay, but you shall suffer no harm through the witchery, sweet mouse; I ask your company no further than the little swing-gate. One minute there, and I shall be back with you. Come, now, for your friend's sake; get your hood and your muffler, dear Prue, and no one shall know either of us from the witch of Endor, so quickly shall we be there and back."

Still she hesitated.

"If your mother were to know, Judith—"

"To know what, sweetheart? That you walked with me as far as the church and back again? Why, on such a fine and summer-like night I dare be sworn, now, that half the good folk of Stratford are abroad; and it is no such journey into a far country that we should take one of the maids with us. Nay, come, sweet Prue! We shall have a merry ride to-morrow; to-night for your friendship's sake you must do me this small service."

Prudence did not answer, but somewhat thoughtfully, and even reluctantly, she went to a small cupboard of boxes that stood in the corner of the apartment, and brought forth some articles of attire which (although she might not have confessed it) were for the better disguising of herself, seeing that the night was fine and warm. And then Judith, having also drawn a muffler loosely round her neck and the lower half of her face, was ready to go, and was gone, in fact, as far as the door, when she suddenly said:

"Why, now, I had nearly forgot the rosemary, and without that the charm is naught. Did I leave it on the window-shelf?"

She went back and found it, and this time she took the precaution of folding it within the piece of paper that she was to bury in the church-yard.

"Is it fair, dear Judith?" Prudence said, reproachfully, before she opened the door. "Is it right that you should take the bit of rosemary sent you by one lover, and use it as a charm to bring another?"

"Nay, why should you concern yourself, sweet mouse?" said Judith, with a quick glance, but indeed at this end of the room it was too dark for her to see anything. "My lover, say you? Let that be as the future may show. In the mean time I am pledged to no one, nor anxious that I should be so. And a scrap of rosemary, now, what is it? But listen to this, dear Prue: if it help to show me the man I shall marry—if there be aught in this magic—will it not be better for him that sent the rosemary that we should be aware of what is in store for us?"

"I know not—I scarcely ever know—whether you are in jest or in earnest, Judith," her friend said.

"Why, then, I am partly in starched cambric, good mouse, if you must know, and partly in damask, and partly in taffeta of popinjay blue. But come, now, let us be going. The awful hour approaches, Prue. Do you not tremble, like Faustus in the cell? What was't he said?

It strikes; it strikes. Now, body, turn to air!

Come along, sweet Prue."

But she was silent as they left. Indeed, they went down the dark little staircase and out at the front door with as little noise as might be. Judith had not been mistaken: the fine, clear, warm evening had brought out many people; and they were either quietly walking home or standing in dusky little groups at the street corners talking to each other; whilst here and there came a laugh from a ruddy-windowed ale-house; and here and there a hushed sound of singing, where a casement had been left a bit open, told that the family within were at their devotional exercises for the night. The half-moon was now clear and silvery in the heavens. As they passed under the massive structure of the Guild Chapel the upper portions of the tall windows had a pale greenish glow shining through them that made the surrounding shadows look all the more solemn. Whether it was that their mufflers effectually prevented their being recognized, or whether it was that none of their friends happened to be abroad, they passed along without attracting notice from any one, nor was a word spoken between themselves for some time.

But when they drew near to the church, the vast bulk of which, towering above the trees around, seemed almost black against the palely clear sky, the faithful

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Prudence made bold to put in a final word of remonstrance and dissuasion.

"It is wickedness and folly, Judith. Naught can come of such work," she said.

"Then let naught come of it, and what harm is done?" her companion said, gayly. "Dear mouse, are you so timorous? Nay, but you shall not come within the little gate; you shall remain without. And if the spirits come and snatch me, as they snatched off Doctor Faustus, you shall see all the pageant, and not a penny to pay. What was it in the paper?

> *'Pinch him black, and pinch him blue,*
> *That seeks to steal a lover true.'*

Did it not run so? But they can not pinch you, dear heart; so stand here now, and hush!—pray you do not scream if you see them whip me off in a cloud of fire—and I shall be with you again in a minute."

She passed through the little swinging gate and entered the church-yard, casting therewith a quick glance around. Apparently no one was within sight of her, either among the gray stones or under the black-stemmed elms by the river; but there were people not far off, for she could hear their voices—doubtless they were going home through the meadows on the other side of the stream. She looked but once in that direction. The open country was lying pale and clear in the white light; and under the wide branches of the elms one or two bats were silently darting to and fro; but she could not see the people, and she took it for granted that no one could now observe what she was about. So she left the path, made her way through the noiseless grass, and reached the small yew-tree standing there among the gravestones. The light was clear enough to allow her to open the package and make sure that the sprig of rosemary was within; then she rapidly, with her bare hand, stooped down and scooped a little of the earth away; she imbedded the packet there, repeating meanwhile the magic words; she replaced the earth, and brushed the long grass over it, so that, indeed, as well as she could make out, the spot looked as if it had not been disturbed in any manner. And then, with a quick look toward the roof of the church to satisfy herself that all the conditions had been fulfilled, she got swiftly back to the path again, and so to the little gate, passing through the church-yard like a ghost.

"The deed is done, good Prue," said she, gayly, but in a tragic whisper, as she linked her arm within the arm of her friend and set out homeward. "Now are the dark powers of the earth at league to raise me up—what think you, sweetheart?—such a gallant as the world ne'er saw! Ah! now when you see him come riding in from Shottery, will not the town stare? None of your logget-playing, tavern-jesting, come-kiss-me-Moll lovers, but a true-sworn knight on his white war steed, in shining mail, with a golden casque on his head and ostrich feathers, and on his silver shield 'St. George and England!'"

"You are light-hearted, Judith," said the timid and gentle-voiced Puritan by her side; "and in truth there is nothing that you fear. Well, I know not, but it will be in my prayers that no harm come of this night."

HIDDEN HISTORY.

THERE was a maiden in a land
  Was buried with all honor fine,
For they said she had dared her pulsing life
  To save a silent holy shrine.

The canon rode by the church's door,
  The men's wild faces flashed in the sun;
The woman had guarded with rifle poised,
  While the cassocked priests had run.

Ah, no; to save her pulsing life
  The woman like a reindeer turned,
While hostile armies rolled by in clouds,
  And miles of sun and metal burned.

But who should know? For she was dead
  Before the leathern curtain's wall
When came her loving and mourning and found
  Her body and her weapon, all.

There was a woman left to die
  Who never told her sacrifice,
But for her crown trusted all to God
  For its rare value and device.

No land was prouder for her heart,
  No word has echoed long her deed,
And where she has lain, the angel flower
  Looks like a common weed.

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II.

THOUGH greatly wearied, Amy was kept awake during the earlier part of the night by the novelty of her new life and relations, and she was awakened in the late dawn of the following day by exclamations of delight from Mrs. Leonard's room. She soon remembered that it was Christmas morning. The children evidently had found their stockings, for she heard Johnnie say, "Oh, mamma, do you think Aunt Amy is awake? I would so like to take her stocking to her!"

"Yes," cried Amy, "I'm awake;" and the little girl, draped in white, soon pushed open the door, holding her own and Amy's stockings in hands that trembled with delightful anticipation.

"Jump into bed with me," said Amy, "and we will empty our stockings together."

The years rolled back, the previous months of sorrow and suffering were forgotten, the day, the hour, with its associations, the eager child that nestled close to her, made her a child again. She yielded wholly to her mood; she would be a little girl once more, Johnnie's companion in feeling and delight; and the morning of her life was still so new that the impulses of that enchanted age before the light of experience has defined the world into its matter-of-fact proportions came back unforced and unaffected. Her voice vied with Johnnie's in its notes of excitement and pleasure, and to more than one who heard her it seemed that their first impression was correct, that a little child had come to them, and that the tall, graceful maiden was a myth.

"Merry Christmas, Amy!" cried the voice of Webb on the stairs.

The child vanished instantly, and a blushing girl let fall the half-emptied stocking. Something in that deep voice proved that if she were not yet a woman, she had drawn so near that mystery of life that its embarrassing self-consciousness was beginning to assert itself. "How silly he will think me!" was her mental comment, as she returned his greeting in a voice that was rather faint.

The "rising bell" now resounded through the house, and she sprang up with the purpose of making amends by a manner of marked dignity. And yet there remained with her a sense of home security, of a great and new-found happiness, which the cold gray morning could not banish. The air-tight stove glowed with heat and comfort, and she afterward learned that Mrs. Leonard had replenished the fire so noiselessly as not to awaken her. The hearty Christmas greetings of the family as she came into the breakfast-room were like an echo of the angels' song of "good-will." The abounding kindliness and genuine pleasure at her presence made the feeling that she had indeed become one of the household seem the most natural thing in the world, instead of a swiftly wrought miracle.

Little Ned had in his arms one of the rabbits that had been shot on the previous evening, and to him it was more wonderful than all his toys. "You should have seen him when he awoke," said his mother, "and saw the poor little thing propped up at the foot of his crib. His eyes grew wider and rounder, and at last he breathed, in an awed whisper, 'Brer Rabbit.' But he soon overcame his surprise, and the jargon he talked to it made our sides ache with laughing."

Amy took the gifts that had been prepared for the supposed child in very good part, but with the tact of a well-bred girl who would not spoil a jest, rather than with the undisguised delight of Johnnie.

"Only Johnnie and I have seen little Amy," said Leonard—"I at the depot before she grew up; and this morning she became a little girl again as a Christmas wonder for my little girl. Johnnie's faith and fairy lore may make the transformation possible to her again, but I fear the rest of us will never catch another glimpse of the child we expected;" for Amy's grown-up air since she had appeared in the breakfast-room had been almost a surprise to him after hearing through the thin partition her pretty nonsense over her stocking.

"I fear you are right," said Amy, with a half sigh; "and yet it was lovely to feel just like Johnnie once more;" and she stole a shy glance at Webb, who must have heard some of her exclamations. The expression of his face seemingly reassured her, and without further misgiving she joined in a laugh at one of Burt's sallies.

Amy's thoughts naturally reverted be-

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fore very long to Mrs. Clifford's pets—the flowers, and she asked how they had endured the intense cold of the night.

"They have had a narrow escape," the old lady replied. "If Maggie had not suggested the tub of water last night, I fear we should have lost the greater part of them."

"Yes," said Mrs. Leonard, "I went to the flower-room with fear and trembling this morning, and when I found the water frozen thick I was in despair."

"It was the water freezing that saved the plants," Webb remarked, quietly. "I put water in the root-cellar before I went to bed last night, with like good effect."

"Well, for the life of me," said Maggie, "I can't understand why the plants and roots don't freeze when water freezes."

"Come, Burt," added her husband, "you are a college-bred man. You explain how the water draws the frost from the plants."

"Oh, bother!" Burtis answered, flushing slightly, "I've forgotten. Some principle of latent heat involved, I believe. Ask Webb. If he could live long enough he'd coax from Nature all her secrets. He's the worst Paul Pry into her affairs that I ever knew. So beware, Amy, unless you are more secretive than Nature, which I can not believe, since you seem so natural."

"I'm afraid your knowledge, Burt, resembles latent heat," laughed Leonard. "Come, see what you can do, Webb."

"Burt is right," said Webb, good-naturedly; "the principle of latent heat explains it all, and he could refresh his memory in a few moments. The water does not draw the frost from the plants, but before it can freeze it must give out one hundred and forty degrees of latent heat. The flower-room and root-cellar were therefore so much warmer during the night than if the water had not been there. The plants that were nipped probably suffered after the ice became so thick as to check in a great measure the freezing process."

"How can ice stop water from freezing?" Alf asked, in much astonishment.

"By keeping it warm, on the same principle that your bedclothes kept you warm last night. Heat passes very slowly through ice—that is, it is a poor conductor. With the snow it is the winter wrap of nature, which protects all life beneath it. When our ponds and rivers are once frozen over, the latent heat in the water beneath can escape through the ice but very gradually, and every particle of ice that forms gives out into the water next to it one hundred and forty degrees of heat. Were it not for these facts our ponds would soon become solid. But to return to the tub of water in the flower-room. The water, when placed there, was probably warmer than the air, and so would give out or radiate its heat until a thermometer, placed either in the room or in the water, would mark thirty-two degrees above zero. At this point the water would begin to freeze, but plants or vegetables would not. They would require slightly severer cold to affect them. But as soon as the water begins to freeze it also gradually gives out its latent heat, and before a particle of ice can form it must give out one hundred and forty degrees of heat to the air and water around it. Therefore the freezing process goes on slowly, and both the air and water are kept comparatively warm. After a time, however, the ice becomes so thick over the surface that the freezing goes on more and more slowly, because the latent heat in the unfrozen water can not readily escape through the ice. It is therefore retained, just as the latent heat in the water of an ice-covered pond is retained."

"It follows, then," said Leonard, "that after the water beneath the ice in the tub began to freeze slowly, the flower-room, in that same degree, began to grow cold."

"Certainly, for only as the water freezes can it give out its latent heat. The thick wooden side of the tub is a poor conductor; the ice that has formed over the surface is even a worse, and so the water within is shielded from the cold. It therefore almost ceases to freeze, and so becomes of no practical use. An intelligent understanding of these principles is of great practical value. If I could have waked up and placed another tub of water in the room at two or three o'clock, or else taken all of the ice out of the first one, the process of freezing and giving out heat would have gone on rapidly again, and none of the plants would have suffered. I have heard people say that putting water in a cellar was all a humbug—that the water froze and the vegetables also. Of course the vegetables froze after the water congealed, or the cellar may have been so defective that both froze at the same time. The latent heat given

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out by a small amount of freezing water can not counteract any great severity of frost."

"The more water you have, then, the better?" said his father.

"Yes, for then there is more to freeze, and the effect is more gradual and lasting."

"I feel highly honored, Webb," said his mother, smiling, "that so much science should minister to me and my little collection of plants. I now see that the why and wherefore comes in very usefully. But please tell me why you put the plants that were touched with frost into cold water, and why you will not let the sunlight fall on them?"

"For the same reason that you would put your hand in cold water if frost-bitten. Your expression, 'touched with frost,' shows that there is hope for them. If they were thoroughly frozen you would lose them. Your plants, you know, are composed chiefly of water, which fills innumerable little cells formed by the vegetable tissue. If the water in the cells is chilled beyond a certain point, if it becomes solid ice, it expands and breaks down the tissue of the cells, and the structure of the plant is destroyed. If the frost can be gradually withdrawn so as to leave the cells substantially intact, they can eventually resume their functions, and the plant receive no very great injury."

"But why does sudden heat or sunlight destroy a frosted plant?"

"For the same reason that it breaks down the vegetable tissue. Heat expands, and the greater the heat, the more rapid the expansion. When the rays of the sun, which contain a great deal of heat, fall on any part of a frost-bitten plant, that part begins to expand so rapidly and violently that the cellular tissues are ruptured, and life is destroyed. What is more, the heat does not permeate equally and at once the parts affected by frost. The part farthest away from the heat remains contracted, while the parts receiving it expand rapidly and unequally, and this becomes another cause for the breaking up of the vegetable tissue. The same principle is illustrated when we turn up the flame of a lamp suddenly. The glass next to the flame expands so rapidly that the other parts can not keep pace, and so, as the result of unequal expansion, the chimney goes to pieces. With this principle in mind, we seek to withdraw the frost and to re-apply the vivifying heat very gradually and equally to every part, so that the vegetable tissues may be preserved unbroken. This is best done by immersing them in cold water, and then keeping them at a low temperature in a shady place. As the various parts of the plant resume their functions, the light and heat essential to its life and growth can gradually be increased."

"It seems to me that your theory is at fault, Webb," said Leonard. "How is it that some plants are able to endure such violent alternations of heat and cold?"

"We don't have to go far—at least I do not—before coming to the limitations of knowledge. What it is in the structure of a plant like the pansy, for instance, which makes it so much more hardy than others that seem stronger and more vigorous, even the microscope does not reveal. Nature has plenty of secrets that she has not yet told. But of all people in the world those who obtain their livelihood from the soil should seek to learn the wherefore of everything, for such knowledge often doubles the prospect of success."

"Now, Amy," said Burtis, laughing, "you see what sort of a fellow Webb is. You can not even sneeze without his considering the wherefore back to the remotest cause."

"Are you afraid of me, Amy?" asked Webb.

"No," was the quiet reply.

Amy spent the greater part of the day in unpacking her trunks, and in getting settled in her home-like room. It soon began to take on a familiar air. Hearts, like plants, strike root rapidly when the conditions are favorable. Johnnie was her delighted assistant much of the time, and this Christmas-day was one long thrill of excitement to the child. Her wonder grew and grew, for there was a foreign air about many of Amy's things, and having been brought from such a long distance, they seemed to belong to another world. The severe cold continued, and only the irrepressible Burtis ventured out to any extent. After Alf's excitement over his presents began to flag, Webb helped him make two box-traps, and the boy concealed them in the copse where the rabbit tracks were thickest. Only the biting frost kept him, in his intense eagerness, from remaining out to see the result. Webb, however, taught him patience by assur-

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"JOHNNIE WAS HER DELIGHTED ASSISTANT."

ing him that watched traps never caught game.

Beyond the natural home festivities the day passed quietly, and this was also true of the entire holiday season. Cheerfulness, happiness, abounded, and there was an unobtrusive effort on the part of every one to surround the orphan girl with a genial, sunny atmosphere. And yet she was ever made to feel that her sorrow was remembered and respected. She saw that Mr. Clifford's mind was often busy with

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the memory of his friend, that even Burt declined invitations to country merry-makings in the vicinity, and that she was saved the ordeal of meeting gay young neighbors with whom the Clifford home was a favorite resort. In brief, they had received her as a daughter of the house, and in many delicate ways proved that they regarded her as entitled to the same consideration as if she were one. Meanwhile she was shown that her presence cast no gloom over the family life, and she knew and they knew that it would be her father's wish that she should share in all the healing gladness of that life. No true friend who has passed on to the unclouded shore would wish to leave clouds and chilling shadows as a legacy, and they all felt that in Amy's case it had been her father's desire and effort to place her under conditions that would develop her young life happily and therefore healthfully. There is the widest difference in the world between cheerfulness and mirthfulness which arise from happy home life and peaceful hearts, and the levity that is at once unfeeling, inconsiderate, and a sure indication of a coarse-fibred, ill-bred nature. Amy was made to feel this, and she found little indeed which jarred with memories that were only sad, not bitter nor essentially depressing. Every day brought new assurance that her father's wishes and hopes in her behalf had been gratified and fulfilled to a degree that must have added to his heavenly content, could he know how well he had provided for her. And so the busy days glided on; and when the evening brought them all together, there was music, reading aloud, and genial family talk, which usually was largely colored by their rural calling. Therefore, on New-Year's morning Amy stood as upon a sunny eminence, and saw her path leading away amid scenes that promised usefulness, happiness, and content.

One evening early in the year three neighbors dropped in. They were evidently as diverse in character as in appearance. The eldest was known in the neighborhood as Squire Bartley, having long been a justice of the peace. He was a large land-holder, and carried on his farm in the old-fashioned ways, without much regard to system, order, or improvement. He had a big, good-natured, red face, a stout, burly form, and a corresponding voice. In marked contrast with his aspect and past experience was Mr. Alvord, who was thin almost to emaciation, and upon whose pallid face not only ill health but deep mental suffering had left their unmistakable traces. He was a new-comer into the vicinity, and little was known of his past history beyond the fact that he had exchanged city life for country pursuits in the hope of gaining strength and vigor. He ought to have been in the full prime of cheerful manhood, but his sombre face and dark, gloomy eyes indicated that something had occurred in the past which so deeply shadowed his life as to make its long continuance doubtful. He had not reached middle age, and yet old Mr. Clifford appeared a heartier man than he. While he had little knowledge of rural occupations, he entered into them with eagerness, apparently finding them an antidote for sad memories. He had little to say, but was a good listener, and evidently found at the Cliffords' a warmth and cheer coming not from the hearth only. Webb and Leonard had both been very kind to him in his inexperience, and an occasional evening at their fireside was the only social tendency that he had been known to indulge. Dr. Marvin, the third visitor, might easily compete with Burtis in flow of spirits, and in his day had been quite as keen a sportsman. But he was unlike Burtis in this, that all birds were game to him, and for his purpose were always in season. In response to Emerson's line,

"Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?"

he could not reply in the affirmative, and yet to kill as many as possible had never been his motive. From earliest childhood he had developed a taste for ornithology, and the study of the fauna of the region had been almost his sole recreation for years. He too was a frequent visitor at the Cliffords', where he ever found ready listeners and questioners.

"I don't know what is the matter with my poultry," Squire Bartley remarked, after the weather, politics, and harmless phases of local gossip had been discussed; "they are getting as poor as crows. My boys say that they are fed as well as usual. What's more, I've had them throw down for 'em a good warm mash of meal and potatoes before they go to roost, but we don't get an egg. What luck are you having, Leonard?"

"Well, I don't know that I'm having

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THE FLOWER ROOM.

much luck in the matter," Leonard replied, with his humorous smile; "but I can't complain. Until this very cold weather set in we had eggs in plenty, and still have a fair supply. I'm inclined to think that if your hens are the right kind, and are properly cared for, they can't help producing eggs. That has usually been my experience. I don't believe much in luck, but there are a few simple things that are essential to success with poultry in winter. By-the-way, do you give them well or spring water to drink?"

"Well, no, I don't believe we do, at this time of year. I've so arranged it that the drippings from the eaves of the barn fall into a trough, and that saves trouble. I expect the boys are careless, too, for I've seen the fowls eating snow and ice."

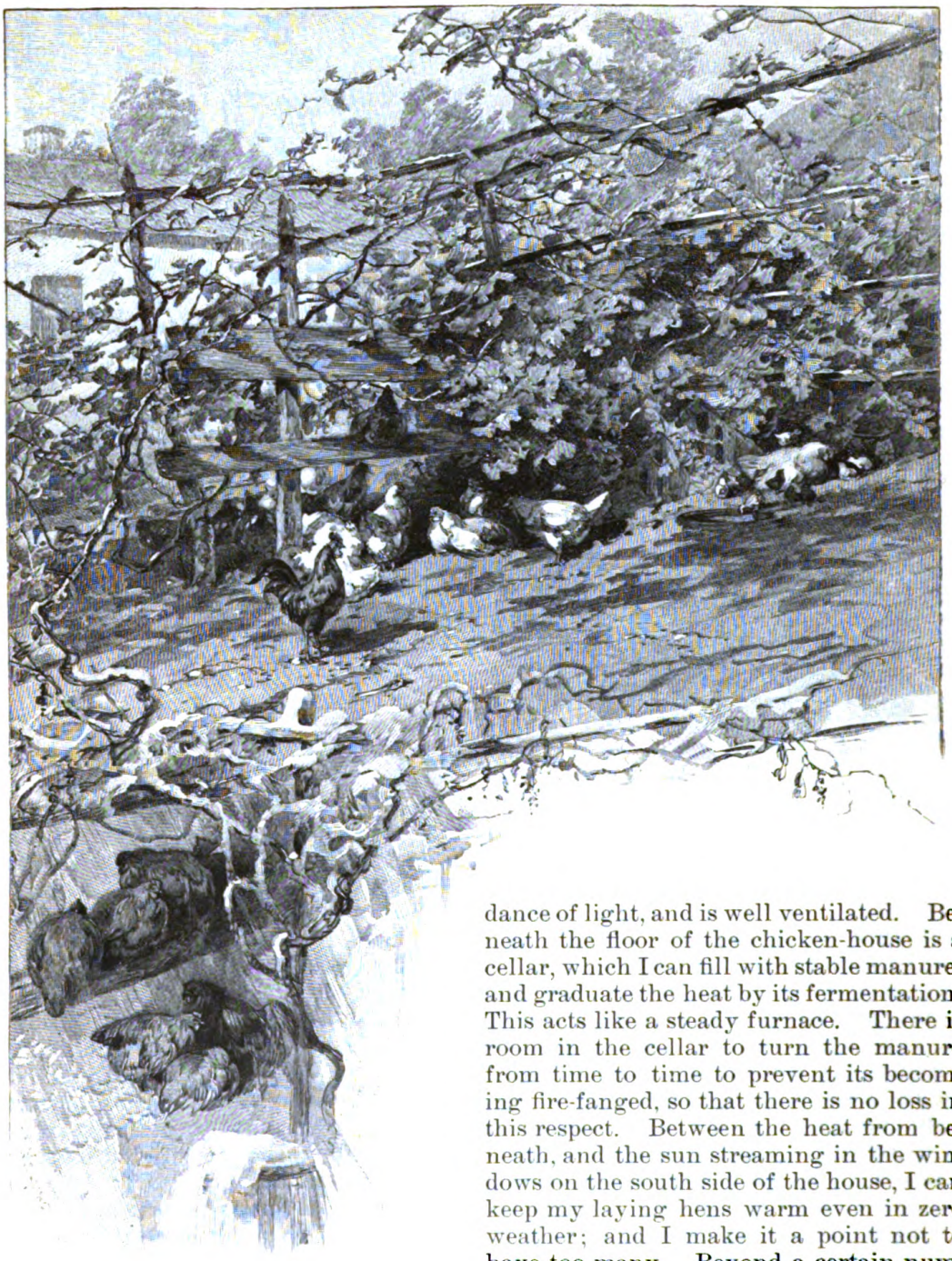
"That accounts for your poultry being like crows, for, whatever the reason may be, snow-water will soon reduce chickens to mere feathers and bones."

"You don't say so!" cried the squire. "Well, I never heard that before."

"I don't think your system of feeding is the correct one, either," pursued Leonard. "You give your hens the warm mash to-morrow evening, as usual, and then about midnight go to the roosts and feel of their crops. I'll warrant you'll find them empty. The meal, you see, digests speedily, and is soon all gone. Then come the long cold hours before morning, and the poor creatures have nothing to sustain them, and they become chilled and enfeebled. It takes some time for the grain you give them in the morning to digest, and so they are left too long a time without support. Give them the grain in the evening — corn and buckwheat and barley mixed — and there is something for their gizzards to act on all night long. The birds are thus sustained and kept warm by their food. Then in the morning, when they naturally feel the cold the most, give them the warm food, with a little pepper mixed with it during such weather as this."

"Well," remarked the squire, "I guess you're right. Anyway, I'll try your plan. One is apt to do things the same way year after year without much thought about it."

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A DREAM OF SUNRISE.

"Then, again," resumed Leonard, "I find it pays to keep poultry warm, clean, and well sheltered. In very cold weather I let them out only for an hour or two. The rest of the time they are shut up in the chicken-house, which has an abundance of light, and is well ventilated. Beneath the floor of the chicken-house is a cellar, which I can fill with stable manure, and graduate the heat by its fermentation. This acts like a steady furnace. There is room in the cellar to turn the manure from time to time to prevent its becoming fire-fanged, so that there is no loss in this respect. Between the heat from beneath, and the sun streaming in the windows on the south side of the house, I can keep my laying hens warm even in zero weather; and I make it a point not to have too many. Beyond a certain number, the more you have the worse you're off, for poultry won't stand crowding."

"You farmers," put in Dr. Marvin, "are like the doctors, who kill or cure too much by rule and precedent. You get into certain ways or ruts, and stick to them. A little thought and observation would often greatly modify your course. Now in regard to your poultry, you should remember that they all existed once as

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nature made them—they were wild, and domestication can not wholly change their character. It seems to me that the way to learn how to manage fowls successfully is to observe their habits and modes of life when left to themselves. In summer, when they have a range, we find them eating grass, seeds, insects, etc. In short, they are omnivorous. In winter, when they can't get these things, they are often fed one or two kinds of grain continuously. Now, from their very nature, they need in winter all the kinds of food that they instinctively select when foraging for themselves—fresh vegetables, meat, and varieties of seeds or grain. We give to our chickens all the refuse from the kitchen—the varied food we eat ourselves, with the exception of that which contains a large percentage of salt—and they thrive and lay well. Before they are two years old we decapitate them. Old fowls, with rare exceptions, will not lay in winter."

Sad-eyed Mr. Alvord listened as if there were more consolation and cheer in this talk on poultry than in the counsel of sages. The "chicken fever" is more inevitable in a man's life than the chicken-pox, and sooner or later all who are exposed succumb to it. Seeing the interest developing in his neighbor's face, Leonard said, briskly:

"Mr. Alvord, here's an investment that'll pay you to consider. The care of poultry involves light and intelligent labor, and therefore is adapted to those who can not well meet the rough and heavy phases of out-door work. The fowls often become pets to their keepers, and the individual oddities and peculiarities of character form an amusing study which is not wanting in practical advantages. The majority of people keep ordinary barn-door fowls, which are the result of many breeds or strains. The result is almost as great diversity of character within gallinaceous limits as exists in the families that care for them. For instance, one hen is a good persistent layer; another is a patient, brooding mother; a third is fickle, and leaves her nest so often and for such long intervals that the eggs become chilled, and incubation ceases. Some are tame and tractable, and others as wild as hawks, and others still are not of much account in any direction, and are like commonplace women, who are merely good to count when the census is taken."

"I hope you make no reference to present company," Maggie remarked.

Leonard gave his wife one of his humorous looks as he replied, "I never could admit that in regard to you, for it would prove too much against myself. The idea of my picking out a commonplace woman!"

"Leonard knows, as we all do, that he would be like a decapitated chicken himself without her," said Mrs. Clifford, with her low laugh.

Maggie smiled. This was re-assuring from the mother of the eldest and favorite son.

"Well," remarked Squire Bartley, sententiously, "there are old housewives in the neighborhood that have more luck with poultry than any of you, with all your science."

"Nonsense," replied Dr. Marvin. "You know a little about law, squire, and I less about medicine, perhaps, and yet any good mother could take care of a lot of children better than we could. There is old Mrs. Mulligan, on the creek road. She raises ducks, geese, and chickens innumerable, and yet I fail to see much luck in her management; but she has learned from experience a better skill than the books could have taught her, for she said to me one day, 'I jis thries to foind out what the crathers wants, and I gives it to 'em.' She knows the character of every hen, duck, and goose she has, and you don't catch her wasting a sitting of eggs under a fickle biddy. And then she watches over her broods as Mrs. Leonard does over hers. Don't talk about luck. There has been more of intelligent care than luck in bringing up this boy Alf. I believe in book-farming as much as any one, but a successful farmer could not be made by books only; nor could I ever learn to be a skillful physician from books, although all the horses on your place could not haul the medical literature extant. I must adopt Mrs. Mulligan's tactics, and so must you. We must find out 'what the crathers want,' be they plants, stock, or that most difficult subject of all, the human crather. He succeeds best who does this *in* season, and not out of season."

"You are right, doctor," said Leonard, laughing. "I agree with what you say about the varied diet of poultry in general, and also in particular, and I conform my practice to your views. At the

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same time I am convinced that failure and partial success with poultry result more from inadequate shelter and lack of cleanliness than from lack of proper food. It does not often happen in the country that fowls are restricted to a narrow yard or run, and when left to themselves they pick up, even in winter, much and varied food in and about the barn. But how rarely is proper shelter provided! It is almost as injurious for poultry as it would be for us to be crowded, and subjected to draughts, dampness, and cold. They may survive, but they can't thrive and be profitable. In many instances they are not even protected from storms, and it's a waste of grain to feed poultry that roost under a dripping roof."

"Well," said the squire, "I guess we've been rather slack. I must send my boys over to see how you manage."

"Amy," remarked Burtis, laughing, "you are very polite. You are trying to look as if you were interested."

"I am interested," said the young girl, positively. "One of the things I liked best in English people was their keen interest in all rural pursuits. Papa did not care much for such things; but now that I am a country girl I intend to learn all I can about country life."

Amy had not intended this as a politic speech, but it nevertheless won her the increased good-will of all present. Burtis whispered,

"Let me be your instructor."

Something like a smile softened Webb's rugged face, but he did not raise his eyes from the fire.

"If her words are not the result of a passing impulse," he thought, "sooner or later she will come to me. Nature, however, tolerates no fitful, half-hearted scholars, and should she prove one, she will be contented with Burt's out-of-door fun."

"Miss Amy," remarked Dr. Marvin, vivaciously, "if you will form some of my tastes you will never suffer from *ennui*. Don't be alarmed; I have not drugs in my mind. Doctors rarely take their own medicine. You don't look very strong, and have come back to your native land with the characteristics of a delicate American girl, rather than the vigor of an English one. I fear you slighted British beef and mutton. If I were so officious as to prescribe unasked, I should put you on birds for several months, morning, noon, and evening. Don't you be officious also, Burt. It's on the end of your tongue to say that you will shoot them for her. I had no such commonplace meaning. I meant that Miss Amy should enjoy the birds in their native haunts, and learn to distinguish the different varieties by their notes, plumage, and habits. Such recreation would take her often out-of-doors, and fill every spring and summer day with zest."

"But, Dr. Marvin," cried Amy, "is not the study of ornithology rather a formidable undertaking?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply. "I sometimes feel as if I could devote several lifetimes to it. But is it such a formidable thing to begin with a few of our commonest birds, like the robin or wren, for instance; to note when they first arrive from their southern sojourn, the comical scenes of courtship and rivalry in the trees about the door, the building of their homes, and their housekeeping? I am sorry to say that I find some of my patients consumed with a gossipy interest in their neighbors' affairs. If that interest were transferred to the families residing in the cherry and apple trees, to happy little homes that often can be watched even from our windows, its exercise would have a much more wholesome effect on health and character. When a taste for such things is once formed it is astonishing how one thing leads to another, and how fast knowledge is gained. The birds will soon begin to arrive, Miss Amy, and a goodly number stay with us all winter. Pick out a few favorite kinds, and form their intimate acquaintance. I would suggest that you learn to identify some of the birds that nest near the house, and follow their fortunes through the spring and as late in the summer as their stay permits, keeping a little diary of your observations. Alf here will be a famous ally. You will find these little bird histories, as they develop from day to day, more charming than a serial story."

It were hard to tell who was the more captivated by the science of ornithology, Amy or Alf, when this simple and agreeable method for its study was suggested. Mr. Alvord looked wistfully at the unalloyed pleasure of the boy and the young girl as they at once got together on the sofa and discussed the project. He quietly remarked to the doctor, "I also shall make time to follow your suggestion, and shall

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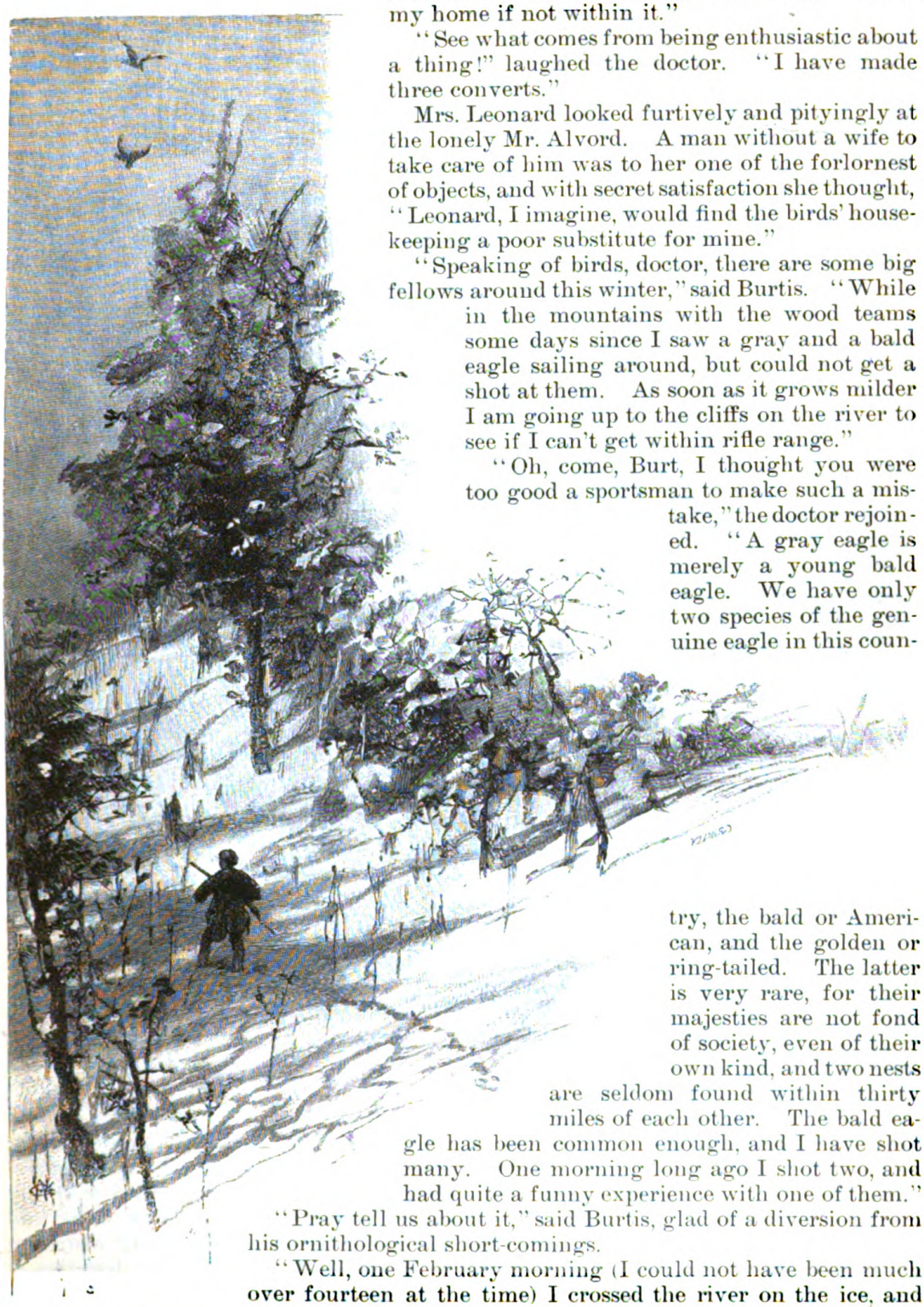
look forward to some congenial society without my home if not within it."

"See what comes from being enthusiastic about a thing!" laughed the doctor. "I have made three converts."

Mrs. Leonard looked furtively and pityingly at the lonely Mr. Alvord. A man without a wife to take care of him was to her one of the forlornest of objects, and with secret satisfaction she thought, "Leonard, I imagine, would find the birds' housekeeping a poor substitute for mine."

"Speaking of birds, doctor, there are some big fellows around this winter," said Burtis. "While in the mountains with the wood teams some days since I saw a gray and a bald eagle sailing around, but could not get a shot at them. As soon as it grows milder I am going up to the cliffs on the river to see if I can't get within rifle range."

"Oh, come, Burt, I thought you were too good a sportsman to make such a mistake," the doctor rejoined. "A gray eagle is merely a young bald eagle. We have only two species of the genuine eagle in this country, the bald or American, and the golden or ring-tailed. The latter is very rare, for their majesties are not fond of society, even of their own kind, and two nests are seldom found within thirty miles of each other. The bald eagle has been common enough, and I have shot many. One morning long ago I shot two, and had quite a funny experience with one of them."



THE EAGLE HUNT.

"Pray tell us about it," said Burtis, glad of a diversion from his ornithological short-comings.

"Well, one February morning (I could not have been much over fourteen at the time) I crossed the river on the ice, and took the train for Peekskill. Having transacted my business and procured a good supply of ammunition, I started homeward. From the car windows I saw two eagles circling over the cliffs of the lower Highlands, and with the rashness and inexperience of a boy I determined to leave the train while it was under full headway. I passed through to the rear car, descended to the lowest step, and, without realizing my danger, watched

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for a level place that promised well for the mad project. Such a spot soon occurring, I grasped the iron rail tightly with my right hand, and with my gun in my left I stepped off into the snow, which was wet and slushy. My foot bounded up and back as if I were India rubber, and maintaining my hold I streamed away behind the car in an almost horizontal position. About once in every thirty feet my foot struck the ground, bounded up and back, and I streamed away again as if I were towed or carried through the air. After taking a few steps of this character, which exceeded any attributed to giants in fairy-lore, I saw I was in for it, and the next time my foot struck I let go, and splashed with a force that I even now ache to think of into the wet snow. It's a wonder I didn't break my neck, but there is a Providence that cares for drunken men and fools, and I scrambled up not very much the worse for my tumble. There were the eagles; my gun was all right, and that was all I cared for at the time. I soon loaded, using the heaviest shot I had, and in a few moments the great birds sailed over my head. I devoted a barrel to each, and down they both came, fluttering, whirling, and uttering cries that Wilson describes as something like a maniacal laugh. One lodged in the top of a tall hemlock, and stuck; the other came flapping and crashing through another tree until stopped by the lower limbs, where it remained. I now saw that their distance had been so great that I had merely disabled them, and I



THE WOUNDED EAGLE.

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began reloading, but I was so wild from excitement and exultation that I put in the shot first. Of course my caps only snapped, and the eagle in the hemlock top, recovering a brief renewal of strength after the shock of his wound, flew slowly and heavily away, and fell on the ice near the centre of the river. I afterward learned that he was carried off by some people on an ice-boat. The other eagle, whose wing I had broken, now reached the ground, and I ran toward it, determined that I should not lose both of my trophies. As I approached I saw that I had an ugly customer to deal with, for the bird, finding that he could not escape, threw himself on his back, with his tail doubled under him, and was prepared to strike blows with talons and beak that would make serious wounds. I resolved to take my game home alive, and after a little thought cut a crotched stick, with which I held his head down while I fastened his feet together. A man who now appeared walking down the track aided me in securing the fierce creature, which task we accomplished by tying some coarse bagging round his wings, body, and talons. I then went on to the nearest station in order to take the train homeward. Of course the eagle attracted a great deal of attention in the cars—more than he seemed to enjoy, for he soon grew very restless. I was approaching my destination, and three or four people were about me, talking, pointing, and trying to touch the bird, when he made a sudden dive. The bagging round his wings and feet gave way, and so did the people on every side. Down through the aisle, flapping and screaming, went the eagle; and the ladies, with skirts abridged, stood on the seats and screamed quite as discordantly. Not a man present would help me, but, mounting on the seats, they vociferated advice. The conductor appeared on the scene, and I said that if he would head the bird off I would catch him. This he agreed to do, but he no sooner saw the eagle bearing down on him with his savage eye and beak than he, as nimbly as the best of them, hopped upon a seat, and stood beside a woman, probably for her protection. A minute or two later the train stopped at my station, and I was almost desperate. Fortunately I was in the rear car, and I drove my eagle toward the rear door, from which, by the vigorous use of my feet, I induced him to alight on the ground—the first passenger of the kind, I am sure, that ever left the cars at that station. After several minor adventures, I succeeded in getting him home. I hoped to keep him alive, but he would not eat; so I stuffed him in the only way I could, and he is now one of my specimens."

"Well," said Burtis, laughing, "that exceeds any eagle adventure that I have heard of in this region. In the car business you certainly brought his Majesty down to the prose of common life, and I don't wonder the regal bird refused to eat thereafter."

"Can not eagles be tamed—made gentle and friendly?" old Mrs. Clifford asked. "I think I remember hearing that you had a pet eagle years ago."

"Yes, I kept one—a female—six months. She was an unusually large specimen, and measured about eight feet with wings extended. The females of all birds of prey, you know, are larger than the males. As in the former case, I had broken one of her wings, and she also threw herself on her back and made her defense in the most savage manner. Although I took every precaution in my power, my hands were bleeding in several places before I reached home, and, in fact, she kept them in a rather dilapidated condition all the time I had her. I placed her in a large empty room connected with the barn, and found her ready enough to eat. Indeed, she was voracious, and the savage manner in which she tore and swallowed her food was not a pleasant spectacle. I bought several hundred live carp—a cheap, bony fish—and put them in a ditch where I could take them with a net as I wanted them. The eagle would spring upon a fish, take one of her long hops into a corner, and tear off its head with one stroke of her beak. While I was curing her broken wing the creature tolerated me after a fashion, but when she was well she grew more and more savage and dangerous. Once a Dutchman who worked for us came in with me, and the way the eagle chased that man around the room and out of the door, he swearing meanwhile in high German and on a high key, was a sight to remember. I was laughing immoderately, when the bird swooped down on my shoulder, and the scars would have been there to-day had not her talons been dulled by their constant attrition with the boards of her extemporized cage. Cover-

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ing my face with my arm—for she could take one's eye out by a stroke of her beak—I also retreated. She then dashed against the window with such force that she bent the wood-work and broke every pane of glass. She seemed so wild for freedom that I gave it to her, but the foolish creature, instead of sailing far away, lingered on a bluff near the river, and soon boys and men were out after her with shot-guns. I determined that they should not mangle her to no purpose, and so, with the aid of my rifle, I added her also to my collection of specimens."

"Have you ever found one of their nests?" Webb asked.

"Yes; and they are rather curious affairs, and are sometimes five feet in diameter each way, and quite flat at the top. They use for the substratum of the domicile quite respectable cord-wood sticks, thicker than one's wrist. The mother-bird must be laying her eggs at this season, cold as it is. But they don't mind the cold, for they nest above the arctic circle."

"I don't see how it is possible for them to protect their eggs and young in such severe weather," Mrs. Clifford remarked.

"Nature takes care of her own in her own way," replied the doctor, with a slight shrug. "One of the birds always remains on the nest."

"Well," said Squire Bartley, who had listened rather impatiently to so much talk about an unprofitable bird, "I wish my hens were laying now. Seems to me that Nature does better by eagles and crows than any fowls I ever had. Good-night, friends."

With a wistful glance at Amy's pure young face, and a sigh so low that only pitiful Mrs. Leonard heard it, Mr. Alvord also bowed himself out in his quiet way.

"Doctor," said Burtis, resolutely, "you have excited my strongest emulation, and I shall never be content until I have brought down an eagle or two."

"Dear me," cried the doctor, looking at his watch, "I should have thought that you would have had enough of eagles, and of me also, by this time. Remember, Miss Amy, I prescribe birds, but don't watch a bald-eagle's nest too closely. We are not ready to part with your bright eyes any more than you are."

During the night there was a slight fall of snow, and Webb explained at the breakfast table that its descent had done more to warm the air than would have been accomplished by the fall of an equal amount of red-hot sand. But more potent than the freezing particles of vapor giving off their latent heat were the soft south wind and the bright sunshine, which seemingly had the warmth of May.

"Come, Amy," said Burtis, exultantly, "this is no day to mope in the house. If you will trust yourself to me and Thunder, you shall skim the river there as swiftly as you can next summer on the fastest steamer."

Amy was too English to be afraid of a horse, and with wraps that soon proved burdensome in the increasing warmth of the day, she and Burt dashed away down the slopes and hill that led to the river, and out upon the wide, white plain. She was a little nervous as she thought of the fathoms of cold dark water beneath her; but when she saw the great loads of lumber and coal that were passing to and fro on the track she was convinced that the ice bridge was safe, and she gave herself up to the unalloyed enjoyment of the grand scenery. First they crossed Newburgh Bay, with the city rising steeply on one side, and the Beacon Mountains farther away on the other. The snow covered the ice unbrokenly, except as tracks crossed here and there to various points. Large flocks of crows were feeding on these extemporized roadways, and they looked blacker than crows in the general whiteness. As the sleigh glided here and there it was hard for Amy to believe that they were in the track of steamers and innumerable sail-boats, and that the distant shores did not slope down to a level plain, on which the grass and grain would wave in the coming June; but when Burt turned southward and drove under the great beetling mountains, and told her that their granite feet were over a hundred yards deep in the water, she understood the marvellous engineering of the frost-spirit that had spanned the river, where the tides are so swift, and had so strengthened it in a few short days and nights that it could bear enormous burdens.

Never before had she seen such grand and impressive scenery. They could drive within a few feet of the base of Storm King and Cro' Nest, and the great precipices and rocky ledges, from which often hung long, glittering icicles, seemed tenfold more vast than when seen from a distance. The furrowed granite cliffs, sur-

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mounted by snow, looked like giant faces, lined and wrinkled by age and passion. Even the bright sunshine could do little to soften their frowning grandeur. Amy's face became more and more serious as the majesty of the landscape impressed her, and she grew silent under Burtis's light talk. At last she said:

"How transient and insignificant one feels among these mountains! They could not have looked very different on the morning when Adam first saw Eve."

"They are, indeed, superb," replied Burtis, "and I am glad my home—our home—is among them; and yet I am sure that Adam would have found Eve more attractive than all the mountains in the world, just as I find your face, flushed by the morning air, far more interesting than these hills that I have known and loved so long."

"My face is a novelty, brother Burt," she answered, with deepening color, for the young fellow's frequent glances of admiration were slightly embarrassing.

"Strange to say, it is growing so familiar that I seem to have known you all my life," he responded, with a touch of tenderness in his tone.

"That is because I am your sister," she said, quietly. "Both the word and the relation suggest the idea that we have grown up together," and then she changed the subject so decidedly that even impetuous Burt felt that he must be more prudent in expressing the interest which daily grew stronger. As they were skirting Constitution Island Amy exclaimed:

"What a quaint old house! Who lives there all alone?"

"Some one that you know about, I imagine. Have you ever read *The Wide, Wide World*?"

"What girl has not?"

"Well, Miss Warner, the author of the book, resides there. The place has a historical interest also. Do you see those old walls? They were built over one hundred years ago. At the beginning of the Revolution the Continental authorities were stupid enough to spend considerable money, for that period, in the building of a fort on those rocks. Any one might have seen that the higher ground opposite, at West Point, commanded the position."

"No matter about the fort. Tell me about Miss Warner."

"Well, she and her sister spend their summers there, and are ever busy writing, I believe. I'll row you down in the spring after they return. They are not there in winter, I am told. I have no doubt that she will receive you kindly, and tell you all about herself."

"I shall not fail to remind you of your promise, and I don't believe she will resent a very brief call from one who longs to see her and speak with her. I am not curious about celebrities in general, but there are some writers whose words have touched my heart, and whom I would like to see and thank. Where are you going now?"

"I am going to show you West Point in its winter aspect. You will find it a charming place to visit occasionally, only you must not go so often as to catch the cadet fever."

"Pray what is that?"

"It is an acute attack of admiration for very young men of a military cut. I use the word cut advisedly, for these incipient soldiers look for all the world as if carved out of wood. They gradually get over their stiffness, however, and as officers usually have a fine bearing, as you may see if we meet any of them. I wish, though, that you could see a squad of 'plebes' drilling. They would provoke a grin on the face of old Melancholy himself."

"Where is the danger, then, of acute admiration?"

"Well, they improve, I suppose, and are said to be quite irresistible during the latter part of their course. You need not laugh. If you knew how many women —some of them old enough to be the boys' mothers—had succumbed, you would take my warning to heart."

"What nonsense! You are a little jealous of them, Burt."

"I should be indeed if you took a fancy to any of them."

"Well, I suppose that is one of the penalties of having brothers. Are all these houses officers' quarters?"

They had now left the ice, and were climbing the hill as he replied:

"No, indeed. This is Logtown—so named, I suppose, because in the earlier days of the post log huts preceded these small wooden houses. They are chiefly occupied by enlisted men and civilian employés. That large building is the band barracks. The officers' quarters, with a few exceptions, are just above the

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brow of the hill west and south of the plain."

In a few moments Amy saw the wide parade and drill ground, now covered with untrodden snow.

"What a strange formation of land, right in among the mountains!" she said.

"Yes," replied her companion. "Nature could not have designed a better place for a military school. It is very accessible, yet easily guarded, and the latter is an important point, for some of the cadets are very wild, and disposed toward larks."

"I imagine that they are like other young fellows. Were you a saint at college?"

"How can you think otherwise? There, just opposite to us, out on the plain, the evening parade takes place after the spring fairly opens. I shall bring you down to see it, and 'tis a pretty sight. The music also is fine. Oh, I shall be magnanimous, and procure you some introductions if you wish."

"Thank you. That will be the best policy. These substantial buildings on our right are the officers' quarters, I suppose?"

"Yes. That is the commandant's, and the one beyond it is the superintendent's. They are both usually officers of high rank, who have made an honorable record for themselves. The latter has entire charge of the post, and the position is a very responsible one; nor is it by any means a sinecure, for when the papers have nothing else to find fault with they pick at West Point."

"I should think the social life here would be very pleasant."

"It is, in many respects. Army ties beget a sort of comradeship which extends to the officers' wives. Frequent removal from one part of the country to another prevents anything like vegetating. The ladies, I am told, do not become overmuch engrossed in housekeeping, and acquire something of a soldier's knack of doing without many things which would naturally occupy their time and thought if they looked forward to a settled life. Thus they have more time for reading and society. Those that I have met have certainly been very bright and companionable, and many who in girlhood were accustomed to city luxury can tell some strange stories of their frontier life. There is one army custom which often bears pretty hard. Can you imagine yourself an officer's wife?"

"I'll try, if it will be of help to you."

"Then suppose you were nicely settled in one of those houses, your furniture arranged, carpets down, etc. Some morning you learn that an officer outranking your husband has been ordered here on duty. His first step may be to take possession of your house. Quarters are assigned in accordance with rank, and you would be compelled to gather up your household gods and take them to some smaller dwelling. Then your husband—how droll the word sounds!—could compel some other officer, whom he outranked, to move. It would seem that the thing might go on indefinitely, and the coming of a new officer produce a regular 1st of May state of affairs."

"I perceive that you are slyly providing an antidote against the cadet fever. What large building is this?"

"The cadet barracks. There are over two hundred young fellows in the building. They have to study, I can tell you, nor can they slip through here as some of us did at college. All must abide the remorseless examinations, and many drop out. There goes a squad to the riding hall. Would you like to see the drill and sabre practice?"

Amy assenting, they soon reached the balcony overlooking the arena, and spent an amused half-hour. The horses were rather gay, and some were vicious, while the young girl's eyes seemed to have an inspiriting effect upon the riders. Altogether the scene was a lively one, and at times exciting. Burtis then drove southward almost to Fort Montgomery, and returning skirted the West Point plain by the river road, pointing out objects of interest at almost every turn, and especially calling her attention to old Fort Putnam, which he assured her should be the scene of a family picnic on some bright June day. Amy's wonder and delight scarcely knew bounds when from the north side of the plain she saw for the first time the wonderful gorge through which the river flows southward from Newburgh Bay—Mount Morris and Breakneck on one side, and Cro' Nest and Storm King on the other. With a deep sigh of content she said,

"I'm grateful that my home is in such a region as this."

"I'm grateful too," the young fellow replied, looking at her and not at the scenery.

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But she was too preoccupied to give him much attention, and in less than half an hour Thunder's fleet steps carried them through what seemed a realm of enchantment, and they were at home. "Burt," she said, warmly, "I never had such a drive before. I have enjoyed every moment."

"Ditto, ditto," he cried, merrily, as the horse dashed off with him toward the barn.

CITY ATHLETICS.

THE natural conditions of rural life are the most favorable to health. But the artificial conditions are not always the best in the world. Even in our small towns the social organization is too loose-jointed and spiritless to enter heartily into schemes for the thorough education of the body; and as to farm life, there is a vast deal of balderdash talked about that Arcadian mode of existence. Bad food and ill-ordered work are the rule on our American farms. Salæratus bread, heavy pastry, and fried meat do not form the best diet for an athlete. And whether he is ploughing, or hoeing, or digging, or pitching hay, the young farmer's labor is little better in kind than that of the drain-digger on our boulevards.

Careful consideration of these facts may convince the most fettered slave of childhood's fond delusion that the male dweller in the city need not be an absolute physical wreck. There is a saving muscular grace for the town man, and it is found in what is known as "amateur athletics." But even he who has some genuine light on the subject will be surprised to learn to what an extent and how successfully the young New-Yorker seeks after this saving grace, and will receive with incredulity the statement that New York is in a fair way to become the amateur athletic capital of the world.

It does sound somewhat startling; but it is true. In the first place, Nature has given the child of Manhattan every possible facility for making his recreation literally a re-creation—a building up of new strength of body, controlled in its development by gymnastic skill. It seems almost as though the original plan of New York island and the surrounding region had been laid out with this end solely in view.

Look at the map. To the south of the long, high-backed island on which the city sits is a broad bay, at the confluence of two rivers. The bay opens, by a passage miscalled the "Narrows," to another still larger bay, and that has a wide doorway to the open sea. This spread of waters offers accommodations to all kinds and conditions of crafts, from a canoe to a Cunarder. Of the two rivers, the one has been described as "the largest of its size" in the world. It is a broad, deep, powerful stream, with enough volume of water in it to make an Ohio or a Rio Grande, if economized after the Western fashion. In New York it has to be crowded to make room for a few lakes which we have up in the north of the State.

The other river gives a broad stream to the requirements of down-town commerce, and then obligingly splits itself up and opens in one direction into a mighty sound, and in the other into a shallow, spreading creek, quite the ideal place for rowing.

Two good roads lead from the city proper to the suburbs north, where the new wards in Westchester offer fairly cheap sites for ball-grounds and race-tracks. Ground may be had, likewise, on Staten Island, to the south, or in Jersey, to the west, where are the best roads for bicycling this side of Boston. And the bold hunters of the anise-seed bag have all Long Island to themselves.

But does the young New-Yorker take advantage of his opportunities? Let us see. In 1868 there was one athletic club in New York. The year before there was none. This large increase arose from the founding of the New York Athletic Club, and was thought much of at the time. To-day the score of 1867 is beaten by seven, the Staten Island Athletic Club being included. These are the athletic clubs pure and simple, those that encourage all manly sports. Of clubs that make a specialty of one form of exercise there is no end. There are rowing clubs, yachting clubs, bicycle clubs, lawn-tennis clubs, racket clubs, croquet clubs, archery clubs, walking clubs, lacrosse clubs, curling clubs, skating clubs, riding clubs, rifle clubs, gun clubs, base-ball and cricket clubs, fishing clubs, bowling clubs, polo clubs—and Indian clubs for the "unattached."

The numbering and naming of these clubs would make a chapter like the generations of Enoch; and it would at the best be a misleading piece of work. For it is only a few of the greater associations

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which can give you documentary evidence of their membership and achievements; and these are, in a sense, the least interesting and important of all. Of course your great club is the standard, the criterion, the shining bright example, to a host of smaller ones; but muscle is made and health gained in the unpretentious little organizations whose names are never in the papers, whose "constitution and by-laws" are not printed in neat little books, whose members never "lower the record," or deck their broad breasts with gold badges.

In looking over the *Herald*, or, more likely, the *News* or the *Journal*, or some other distinctively "popular" paper, you will see a brief paragraph stating that the employés of the Smith Manufacturing Co. defeated the Jones, Brown, and Robinson Brothers Club in a boat-race or a game of base-ball. Now you will never hear of those sturdy young toilers at the spring games or the annual meetings of the New York or the Manhattan Athletic clubs; there is never a runner among them who will make Mr. Myers tremble for his laurels; the ghosts of the old original Atlantics could pitch and catch and bat them into oblivion at the national game; but they are, in fact, the truest athletes of all. They do not seek semi-professional celebrity; the applause of their friends—especially of their young female friends—and such a line as you have read in the journal they most affect, represent to them all that glory and fame can give. They work in modest retirement for strength and health, and they get it.

There are such clubs as these in most of the large mercantile and manufacturing establishments, and they compete with each other in a more or less friendly spirit. There is a certain social rivalry between different houses in the same trade, often between different divisions of one house. Compositors do battle with pressmen, weavers with dyers, the hands in the wholesale department with the hands in the retail store. Any morning you may read in the *Sun* or the *Star* that a certain valiant lithographer, for instance, offers to row or to wrestle with any other lithographer for the championship of the lithographers. Sometimes you will learn in this way of strange and mysterious callings, undreamed of by the general public. You will read, mayhap, of a "double-wadder" who desires to be known as the strong man of all the double-wadders in New York, and who will put his prowess to the test with any other double-wadder, be he never so mighty of muscle, who will meet him on the peaceful field where double-wadders are wont to "put the shot" or "throw the hammer." The peaceful field is generally a small Schützen Park or picnic "woods" upon the Harlem, or over the river in Jersey.

It is natural that men who make their living by manual labor, and earn their bread literally in the sweat of their brows, should be athletes. Likewise the athletic clubs of the militia regiments may be taken as a matter of course. And with the apparent inseparableness of a collegiate from an athletic education we are all familiar—too, too sadly familiar, perhaps. But it is surprising to see how the mania for forming associations for physical exercise has spread through all the classes of a great city. The young men of a certain neighborhood gather together and get up a loosely organized little club to play base-ball or cricket; the establishment of a good bowling-alley is the signal for the appearance of half a dozen new bowling clubs, each one of which has its evening, when it holds exclusive possession of the floor; and on Murray Hill, where base-ball and ten-pins are in no great favor, the young men and women of each little "set" get ease and grace and strength to dance the nightly German by practicing at lawn tennis in the armories or in public halls, which are to be had cheaply for use in the daytime; and there they acquire the semi-professional skill shown in their championship matches at Newport.

Seeing that these gatherings of muscle-seekers have no yearnings after public notice, and that their incorporate existence rarely passes the limit of two or three years—for young men grow up and marry, bowling-alleys are crowded out by local growth and appreciation of real estate, and society friendships faint and fail in a season's space—it is not always easy to have ocular evidence of the existence of these very private clubs. But if you want to see the West Ninety-sixth Street Base-ball Nine at work, go over any Saturday afternoon to the waste places of Jersey, between Hoboken and Guttenburg, and you will see a party of young men, whose uniformity of attire goes no further than a general tendency to shirt sleeves, playing the game with a vast deal of un-

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professional noise. They do not wear red stockings and conspicuously initialed flannel shirts; but they are a club, and they hold the dignity dear. They have a captain, and a treasurer who is also a secretary, and who collects the fines. Indeed they are a club, and next season they will go far into "Jersey" to meet the South Orange Junction Oriole Stockings, and play their first game in a regular inclosure. And there, mayhap, their crack pitcher will distinguish himself, or somebody will do a little neat fielding, and you may see that man, a year or two hence, playing up at the Polo Grounds in a gorgeous uniform, with applauding thousands around.

The bowling-alley is, as a rule, an adjunct of what is known as a beer garden. The name is somewhat strange. The "beer" part of it is well applied; but the "garden" covers only a tiny square of ground with "two dyspeptic aloes"—from which it appears that good beer does in truth need some sort of bush. Beyond this little space—"a square of clay, unused to vegetation"—lies the alley, too often constructed of green wood, which warps with the rolling years and splinters under the rolling bowls. Here the little coterie of friends is to be found on the evening set apart for it. The club has its own score-board, with the names of the members painted thereon. The proprietor generally furnishes some small solid refreshment, and each member pays for the liquids he consumes—a moderate score it is, too, for exercise is the sworn foe of intemperance—and at the end of the evening the expenses of the meeting, consisting of hall rent and the hire of the attendant boys, are divided up among those present. The tax may be fifty cents a head or thereabouts.

The Germans are the great bowlers of the city, and they have made the pastime popular; but they have ruined the fine old American system of playing, by the introduction of mighty balls, such as Thor might love to roll in Walhalla, pierced with two holes, side by side, into one of which the player inserts his thumb, slipping two fingers into the other. This reduces the difficulties of the game to a minimum, and makes it largely a matter of brute strength. Any obese giant who can lift one of these great spheres and start it straight in the centre of the alley may trust to its size and the momentum it must acquire to sweep down most of the pins. Oh, for the old balls, hardly larger than a croquet ball, and the round-hand bowling of our fathers' day! Strikes and spares were less common then; but when a man cleaned the board he had something to be proud of. It must be said for our German friends, however, that their own game is more complicated than ours, and that an ordinary club meeting with them means a prolonged tourney, lasting sometimes four or five hours, much more scientifically arranged than our simple contests.

But the shrinking and sensitive club is the tennis club. This is not because of any modesty; it probably calls itself the "True Knickerbocker Tennis Club," or the "Original Mayflower Racketeers." The fact is, it has been for a year or two quietly and unobtrusively "squatting" in one of the militia armories, and it well knows that the State government looks with stern disapproval upon such frivolous tenantry. Nay, so very decided are the powers at Albany that the fine floors and high ceilings of the regimental drill-rooms are now practically delights of the past to the tennis-player, and he must needs hire a hall wherein to spread his harmless net.

Now there are not very many halls suitable for tennis-playing in New York, and when a good one is secured it is the part of wisdom for the "True Knickerbockers" to say nothing about their find, lest the "Antediluvian Aristocrats" outbid them, and secure the prize themselves. So the tennis club of "sassiety" hides itself, as it were, in the tender twilight of well-bred retirement, and has a good time all by itself, slipping down in its monogrammed coupés to Avenue A to chase the standard ball over the waxed floors of Klumpenheimer Hall, where in the evening the belles of the Bowery will dance to the music of two fiddles and a piano, at the annual ball of McGeoghegan Coterie No. 2.

It is rather surprising that more use is not made of the smaller halls, meeting-rooms, ball-rooms, and lecture-rooms that are plentiful enough all over the city. They will not do for tennis; but they serve well enough for the practice of light gymnastics, fencing, broadsword, and single-stick exercise, and wrestling and boxing matches. They may be had, in the daytime, for a dollar or two an hour, sometimes even less. There is always a janitor, who will for a small fee take care

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of the implements of war, so that parties may meet at stated times without having to make themselves painfully conspicuous in the public eye by marching through the streets loaded down with boxing-gloves or broadswords. Of course the lessees of the hall may close the doors and enjoy the strictest privacy.

Senac is New York's great professor of fence, but there are many teachers of less renown. As to the gentlemen whose lives are devoted to spreading a knowledge of the manly art, they are beyond all counting. No man who wishes to learn to box will have the slightest difficulty in finding somebody's "Mouse," or a "Chicken" from somewhere, who will be happy to impart instructions at low rates, and likewise to sell his pupil a pair of gloves at about twenty-five per cent. more than he would have to pay for them at a sporting-goods shop. But let the young disciple beware of those teachers who are known as "sluggers." A knowledge of the Briton's beloved science may be acquired without the loss of one's front teeth and self-respect. It is unwise to rely too fondly upon the instructor's guarantee of "gentlemanly treatment." There are many youths now walking about this city who have been "treated" to black eyes and broken noses by the gentlemanly Mice and Chickens whose patron saint is the Marquis of Queensberry. Decent and competent teachers may, however, be found who will show a man how to use his fists in from a dozen to two dozen lessons, at one or two dollars a lesson.

But if the young cit is really "going in" for athletics, the best thing he can do is to make sure of his enthusiasm lasting by putting it into a joint-stock company. Lonely exercise grows a wearisome thing in the end; it becomes mere work, and distasteful work at that. But the member of a club, be it large or small, has the pleasure of companionship, the stimulus of rivalry; gets advice, encouragement, assistance, and in consequence finds a pleasure in all that he does and bears, in all the sweating and shivering he must go through to come first under or get furthest over the line. Nor is it strange if the glimmer of a gold medal or a silver cup increases his desire to touch the goal.

Of course there is a prejudice, confined for the most part to overfond mothers and timorous maiden aunts, against the athletic club as a physical educator. Mr. Wilkie Collins's *Man and Wife*, with its shocking picture of the breaking down of Mr. Geoffrey Delamayne, has frightened many excellent old ladies, and they are likewise troubled with visions of brutal trainers and unmannerly associates—"strange gentlemen" like those who disturbed the peace of the Countess, *née* Kilmansegg, and who were

> "in the fancy line;
> And they fancied spirits instead of wine,
> And called her lap-dog Wenus."

So far as the athletic-club system of New York is concerned, this is a groundless prejudice indeed. Now and then, perhaps, vaulting ambition gets a fall, or a sprain, or a strain; but a young man is likelier to be a sound young man, morally and physically, in a club than he is out of it. Physical training is, in a negative way, moral exercise. The man who is in training must needs keep early hours, be wary of the flowing bowl, and generally lead a sober and temperate life. He is under the charge of a professional trainer, who will see that he does not overwork himself. The collective eye of the club is on him. It watches him to note his special capacity, to find out what he can do best. Then he is encouraged to judicious endeavor. If he undertakes to represent his club at the general games, it is of importance to every member that he shall be in the best condition to sustain its honor. His associates are young men of from eighteen to twenty-five, with a few old veterans, who give a leaven of solid wisdom to the crude mass of youthful enthusiasm. These young men are clerks, lawyers, and the like; the majority of them Americans; the others principally Germans and Irish of the better sort.

No, the young man need come to no harm in this company; and he may choose for himself among what class or clan of amateur athletes he will take his chosen form of exercise. The list is large enough.

At the top should stand, by right of seniority, the New York Athletic Club. Organized in 1868, it is now a gray-headed Nestor among the younger generation of clubs. It has laid down its laurels on the banks of Harlem Creek, and leaves its juniors to fight for medals, cups, and championships. There is an atmosphere of quiet and exclusive respectability about its neat, well-arranged club-house and spacious grounds on the Mott Haven side

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of the Harlem. It seems altogether too comfortable and conservative a club ever to have been the radical pioneer of amateur athletics, with traditions of poor little games, ill attended, and wholly despised and neglected by conservative and slothful New-Yorkers. But Mr. W. B. Curtis and Mr. H. E. Buermeyer, the founders of the club, are on hand to-day to tell the tale of the old days in the little patch of ground on this side of the river, still active members of the club, and familiar figures at all athletic meetings.

The N. Y. A. C. originates most of the laws which bind the National Association of Amateur Athletes of America, a mighty league which holds its legislative and executive sessions at the spring games, on the first Wednesday in May. It will cost the young man who is properly introduced ten dollars for an admission fee and twenty-five dollars for yearly dues to become a member of this club, and for this he will soon be able to invite his friends to the handsomest club-house and one of the best gymnasiums in the country; these, moreover, are to be within the city limits.

The New York represents Sybaris among the clubs of the city, and the Manhattan may be called Sparta. The Manhattan Club pits an active present against an honored past. It was organized in November, 1877, and got to work early in the following year with just a score of members. It has now about 175, and the number increases with a healthy growth.

The Manhattan holds the championship emblem, and it does more than any other organization to keep the athletic ball rolling. It has two "grounds"—one place at Fifty-sixth Street and Eighth Avenue, and another on the same thoroughfare, exactly one mile and a half to the north, at Eighty-sixth Street. The latter is, or will be when it is finished, the largest and best of its sort. It covers a whole block, has space for base-ball, foot-ball, lacrosse, and lawn tennis, a quarter-mile track for running and bicycling, and a shady, airy grand stand, where the lasses may sit at the games and watch their favored lads in the red-diamond-decked suits of white. If you are seeking luxury and recreation only, you should join the New York. If you want exercise for health's sake, or fame as a runner, a vaulter, or a heaver of heavy weights, the Manhattan is your club, for the Manhattans are an ambitious lot. They have heaped up a majority score of individual championships, and their native land is too small to contain their ambition. They send teams to try the muscles of the hardy Kanucks, and they sent the famous Myers to England to drown the roar of the British lion in the whoop of the American eagle. To cover the expenses of this patriotic venture they got up a series of games at the Madison Square Garden, where Charles Rowell gave for their benefit an exhibition of the style of running which gave him for years the title of "the unconquered."

And by-the-way, Alcides Urban, if you think that a huge frame is necessary to a good athlete, it were well for you to look at those two men. Mr. L. E. Myers's weight varies from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty pounds, and the "great" Rowell is a little fellow of Napoleonic build, with nothing big about him save his legs.

"'Ow much do you think my chest measures?" he asked of me.

"About forty inches, I suppose, when you are in training."

"Thirty-five hinches," said the champion. He was the champion then.

And as to Myers, the champion "sprint," or short distance runner, he is a walking—nay, a running—plea for amateur athletics, and he will deliver a little sermon on the subject if you choose to seek him, lounging of a summer evening about the vast grounds at Eighty-sixth Street and Eighth Avenue.

Oh no, Alcides, this isn't at all what your dear aunt Cassandra thinks of when she hears the word "athlete"—the prize-fighting, race-selling, bullying, swaggering "professional." This is a good-looking, gentlemanly young skeleton of twenty-five. His eyes, his teeth, his smile, are bright; his skin—the costume gives great opportunities for observation—is bright and brown. Finger and thumb of a "7 cadet's" glove would girt his slender ankle; but you notice that all his bones are light; that his hand is small, his instep high; that he carries himself gracefully; that his muscles play supple, clean, and quick under his thin skin. This is fine stock, not feeble. This is your amateur athlete.

"Yes," he says, with a smile, "it's very exasperating. There are people who will persist in classing amateur athletes with professionals. They ask me if I can outrun Rowell!"

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If Mr. Myers were to run one hundred yards in a public race with Mr. Rowell, Mr. Myers might put himself out of amateurdom forever.

"They can't understand that money makes all the difference between the two classes. These professionals make a business of sport. But there is nothing mercenary in an amateur's ambition. He values his medals and cups not for the gold or silver in them, but for the achievements which they represent. We try to make our clubs fit for gentlemen, and I think we succeed. We are thoroughly democratic; we don't care for a man's wealth or social position, but we exact of him decent and courteous behavior and unquestionable character. Why, we have all sorts of people in this club—mostly clerks and young business men, but everybody else, too—lawyers, doctors, journalists, brokers—I don't know. They all seem to get along well together."

"All great athletes? Oh no. Many join the club only for their health—to get a bit of exercise. Awkward for them coming among trained men? No, indeed. Why, the old hands encourage them—help them on—give them advice. We want to make everything pleasant here, naturally."

"Yes, I was always fond of sport, and as a child I danced a good deal. That, I think, limbered up my legs. Besides, I've got these; they are muscles, and they help me to run."

And he exhibits a pair of abnormal trunk handles, one on each hip, bulging out his running breeches.

"No, sir, no one else has 'em. That's the only pair in the world. Well, when I began as an amateur, I was in very bad health, apparently in the first stages of consumption. No one thought I would live. I was broken down, sickly, weak. But I had made up my mind that there was only one way to get back health—through exercise. So I ran and jumped and sparred and put the shot, though for a while the least exertion made me very sick, and—well, here I am. Pretty sound for a man who was at death's door a few years ago, eh? Not much consumption here?"

And he inflates a healthy chest, small, but sound.

"Exercise now? Well, fifteen minutes a day would cover all the time I spend in active exercise. I just come up here, on pleasant summer evenings, and amuse myself running or throwing weights with the rest of the boys, and when I am tired I stop."

"Training? I never trained but twice, and both times it disagreed with me. I eat and drink just as any reasonable man should, avoiding simply what is unwholesome—what one knows to be bad for him. I don't deny myself anything good, so long as it doesn't hurt me. But I don't smoke—and *you* oughtn't to either."

Mr. H. G. Crickmore is the great "Krik" of the sporting world. "I know more about horses than about humans," he said to me the other day; "but I have watched those boys. I think they would do well to go in for easy, steady, long-distance running rather than for sprinting and that sort of violent exercise. But they are doing a great work, as all men are who try to build up the body, to increase their physical strength, and to raise the general standard of health. It is a work that will show in their children and in their grandchildren—in a race of healthier and stronger men and women."

And your choice lies not only between two athletic clubs. There are four small and active associations in this city, which exist at present mainly to produce good runners and walkers for the championship games, but which may, with accessions to their membership, increase the scope of their efforts. The American Athletic Club is a homeless group of athletic nomads, who hire the grounds of other clubs for practice and for exhibition, until such time as their treasury may warrant the lease of suitable lots and the erection of the necessary buildings. The A. A. C. is generally regarded as an offshoot of the Young Men's Christian Association Gymnasium, and is principally remarkable as having brought to the front young G. D. Baird, a walker who gives promise of great things, if he doesn't walk his short legs off within the next two or three years.

The Pastime A. C. has cool grounds at Sixty-sixth Street and the East River. Among its members are Lambrecht, the champion heaver of the heavy hammer and putter of the ponderous weight; Conolly, the champion heavy-weight boxer; and Mr. Nason, to whom his colleagues proudly point as the "champion sack-racer of the world."

The Gramercy is practically a running club, and its chief glory is in its fine runner, Golden. This club has no grounds.

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It scarcely needs them. The whole, the boundless continent is *its*. In winter the members take easy runs up along the Hudson River—to Peekskill, for instance.

The hero and president of the West Side Athletic Club is William Meek, champion long-distance walker. The club has the grounds of the old Scottish-American Club on Fifty-fourth Street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues. The initiation fee, dues, and assessments in these four clubs are very light indeed. It must be a lean pocket that can not meet them.

But there are many who are good New-Yorkers at heart, but for whom New York is only a base of financial supplies. These live in the suburbs of the great city, whose boundary line ought to be drawn from, say Yonkers, through Westchester County, sweeping around through Long Island to Coney Island, around again, embracing Staten Island, through New Jersey to its starting-place. That is really New York, and these her suburban residents are not shut out from the athletic advantages of those who dwell within the walls. Do you live in Yonkers? at Fordham? at New Rochelle? at Mount Vernon? The New York Club's grounds and all the boat-houses of the Harlem are within your reach.

Do you inhabit that fair island that lies like the dot below the crooked exclamation-point of Manhattan, far to the south? Well, you have the Staten Island Athletic Club, with some two hundred and fifty apostles of the knee-breeched cultus. They have a boat-house—and boats in it, too—at New Brighton, and track and base-ball grounds at West Brighton. They have swallowed up the old Hesper and Neptune rowing clubs, and they yearn for aquatic renown.

Long Island, if you live in Brooklyn or Williamsburg, can give you the privileges of the W. A. C.—a most promising and plucky organization, six years old, with more than two hundred members. They have a commodious camping-ground at the corner of Wythe Avenue and Penn Street, Brooklyn, E. D. They have an originally constructed track, tipped outside up, like a railroad curve. They also have a gymnasium and a "crack" trainer, Jack McMasters, and their games are getting to be considered great "events."

If Fate has sent you to New Jersey, you may join the Elizabeth A. C., which is one year younger than the Williamsburg, and has about the same number of active members, who rejoice in a club-house with billiard-tables and bowling-alleys, in a good track and grand stand, and in being also members of the American Athletic Base-ball Association.

But it may be, Alcides Urban, that you prefer to cultivate the one little muscular talent which nature has allotted you, caring naught for sports in general. Well, you can do it without going out of the suburbs.

Do you row? And are you unwilling or unable to pay $100 or $120 for a shell wherein to paddle in selfish solitude? You can join, for twenty-five dollars admission fee and twenty dollars annual dues, the New York Rowing Club, where there are more than a hundred other young men just of your way of thinking, who have the freedom of a well-fitted-up boat-house just above the elevated railroad bridge on the Harlem. This is a veteran club that nowadays feels more inclined for play than for work; but there were days when its name was great among the racers, and the young oarsmen of to-day find that some of the old "New-Yorkers" are the best "coaches" to be had.

If this does not suit you, you may take your choice between the Nassau and the Atalanta. If you are in bondage to learning at Columbia, you will join the college boat club; if you are a budding broker on Broad Street, you may sit on the sliding seats of the Stock Exchange Rowing Club's shells. Or you may be a Metropolitan or a Dauntless; if you live near Bergen Point, an Argonaut; if near Yonkers, one of the Palisades; if on Staten Island, a member of the S. I. R. C.

Perhaps a great yearning has seized upon you to enlarge your biceps after some other fashion. The Scottish-Americans will teach you to put the shot and to throw the hammer.

Perhaps you have read *The Canoe and the Flying Proa*, and wish to test for yourself the relative virtues of the "Rob Roy," the "Shadow," the "Nautilus," and the "Herald." There is a New York Canoe Club at Staten Island, and a Knickerbocker Canoe Club at Eighty-sixth Street and the North River, and another club at Bayonne, "over in Jersey"; and likewise there is the Flushing C. C., of Long Island; and you will be afforded every possible opportunity for accustoming yourself

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to the sudden dampness that succeeds a capsizing fit before you go on your summer vacation trip, canoeing it all the way to Lake George and back.

Roughly, a canoe costs $100, and it is a good and, except for predestined idiots, a safe investment. It is faster than a row-boat, and less cranky, the seat being *below* the surface of the water. It tempts to exercise and travel in watery paths of pleasantness and peace. The American Canoe Association is enthusiastic enough to support a handsome little monthly, published by Brentano Brothers, New York, and called *The American Canoeist*. From its pages he who would canoe may learn how to go about to accomplish his end.

Mr. J. R. Flannery is the good genius of lacrosse in this region, and he is well seconded by Messrs. Erastus Wiman and Hermann Oelrichs; but lacrosse has had in New York a spasmodic sort of career, living, dying, and being resuscitated over and over again for the last fifteen years. It requires grounds that can not be had within the city lines. Yet it is a fine game—a sort of shinney raised to the nth, or what we used to call, when we were boys, "gool." I suppose we meant goal, or golf. In '82 six clubs fought for the U. S. N. A. LC. Association Cup, given by Mr. Oelrichs. These were the New York, the Princeton, the Harvard, the Yale, the New York University, and the Bloomfield, New Jersey. There are but two clubs now in the city, the N. Y., and the N. Y. U. C.; and one in Brooklyn, the Adelphic. Lacrosse is earnestly recommended to the unattached athlete.

Tennis perchance suits your errant fancy. It is, indeed, a pretty game, but leads to a lax taste in the way of bats. Well, if you can buy a flannel shirt, a pair of rubber-soled shoes, and a racket, and are able to pay some ridiculously low dues and assessments, you may readily gratify your whim. Tennis is the cuckoo of games. It is ever squatting in some alien nest. It has a building all to itself at 212 West Forty-first Street, where the pioneers and the strictly feminine *bonnets rouges* play; and yet it confiscates the militia armories and the assembly halls; and you may find it hanging on the skirts of archery, base-ball, cricket, and general athletic clubs all through the suburbs. The new Manhattan grounds are to have some wonderful courts. The St. George's Cricket Club, of New York, has twenty grass courts on its grounds at Hoboken, the Staten Island C. and B.-B. C. has twelve, and there are some more in Prospect Park, Brooklyn. There are nine well-established tennis clubs in New Jersey (some of them adjuncts of base-ball, cricket, or archery clubs), two in Brooklyn, one on Staten Island, and one at Hastings—particular Hastings-upon-Hudson, which is ever truly British. Old clubs die and new ones are formed all the time, yet it would be fairly safe to hazard the estimate of fifteen hundred club players in New York and her tributary towns. The champion tennis-players are Mr. R. D. Sears and Dr. James Dwight, both of Boston.

Among these poisers of the airy racket I have not counted the members of the Racquet Club—a mighty organization, dwelling in a frowning castle on the corner of Twenty-sixth Street and Sixth Avenue; a bachelor palace within, well known to rich and luxurious young New-Yorkers.

If you wish to be a bicycler, Alcides; if you are not afraid of being held an outcast from society because you put on neat knee-breeches and a polo cap, and straddle that wiry wheel which the "average citizen," not daring to mount, doth much deride and ridicule; if you wish to enjoy a ride where you have the combined joy in strength and speed of horse and rider; if you wish to spin over the fine roads of New Jersey, or up the smooth Boulevard to Yonkers, or along the Pelham road, passing on a spurt the truly British turnouts of the Coaching Club; if you desire wiry legs, good digestion, and sound sleep o' nights—you may join the band of wheelmen, who are forbidden to travel in the mazy ways of Central Park because an occasional horse has shown an antipathy to knickerbockers and rubber tires. Horses, it is well known, never shy at locomotives, heaps of brick, circus posters, bands of music, or red parasols.

There is room in the world for the bicycles outside of Central Park, Alcides, and you may learn to ride to-day much more easily and peacefully than did the poor pioneers of the sport three years ago, when the wheel was a new thing in New York ways, and the dogs were set upon it, the while the populace jeered. In those days you had to learn for yourself, but nowadays you may go to Mr. Elliot Mason's school in Thirty-fourth Street, where one of the Ma-

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sons, sticking closer than a brother, will hold you on your machine until you are its master. Then you may hire a bicycle there, or at Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, and practice on the road till such time as you feel that you may wisely invest ninety or a hundred dollars in a "Special Columbia," or from twenty to fifty more in an imported "Humber," or a native "Expert." The English machines have held the top of the market until recently, but it is getting to be pretty well understood that the American bicycles are more durable and better adapted to our heavy country roads. And when you are the owner of a "bi," you may enroll your name on the list of the New York, the Manhattan, the Mercury, the Ixion, the Citizen's, or the Lenox club; or, if you are a Brooklynite, you have your choice between the Brooklyn Bicycle Club, or the King's County Wheelmen, of Williamsburg.

Do you yacht?—in the grammar of the day. There are the Brooklyn, the New York, the Seawanhaka, and the Larchmont yacht clubs.

Is cricket your delight, and do you long to hear the English tourist within the gates of the club ground cry, "Well played, sir!"? You may bat under the gonfalon of the St. George, at Hoboken, the Staten-Islanders, or the Manhattans, of Brooklyn. Then you will have opportunities of meeting the Young Americas of Philadelphia, or the Thespians of everywhere.

Alcides Urban, my boy, fear not your maiden aunt Cassandra. What if she prophesy truly a few sprained fingers, a bruise or two, or a "barked" shin?

"Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit et alsit."

The words are true to-day as when they were written. If you would reach the wished-for goal—sound health, self-reliant spirit, well-disciplined forces—much must you have done and borne, my boy, and sweated and shivered.

And remember that there are few places where you may reach the goal more surely or more swiftly than in this good city of New York. What she is, I have tried to sketch for you. Of what she will be, I have a vision only. I see "across the swirling Kills and gusty bay" the white sails of yachts that brave the broad ocean to salute the English crafts off the Isle of Wight. I see the long shells dart up and down her rivers, the steel wheels flash along her roads. I see a new generation of young athletes, who swim, who ride, who run, who box with the world's best brawn and muscle, whose breasts glitter with the cheap yet effective medal, whose shelves are loaded with cups wherefrom they drink only draughts of ambition, which, inspiring their strength and skill and pluck, will help them to make New York the athletic capital of the world.

CASSIE'S CHRISTMAS-BOX.

I.—THE FIRST BOX.

A SNOW-STORM raging without at the close of the dark winter's day, but tropical weather, fragrance of flowers, and flashing of lights within the luxurious parlors of the Grand Windsor Hotel. Hither Captain Hereford had brought his three-year-old nephew, little Arthur, to call on Narcisse's mistress, and present to her a silver collar of filigree-work brought from Italy for that pampered beast, Narcisse. To mention the lady merely as a dog's mistress, instead of by her own name, is more reasonable than polite, since she herself impressed her friends with the fact that his comfort was her chief care, and his beauty her chief pride. Even baby Arthur, a most acute observer, expressed in his innocent fashion the general sense of their relationship, when he returned home with his pockets full of candy.

"Where in the world did you get so many bonbons?" asked his mother.

"Why, mamma," said he, pausing as he filled her lap, and lifting his brown eyes to hers in explanation, "Uncle Harry took me to some dog's house, and the dog's lady gave them to me."

The dog's lady, a childless widow, with a passion for her pet and for painting, rode her harmless hobbies that never kicked anybody, never shied, and ate only gilded oats, and, as she rode, all the world admired and all the world applauded, while two stood aloof, the only two whose praise or blame she cared for, so that even her bed of roses had its crumpled leaves. Mounted upon her triumphal chariot, the lady saw with pain that her brother Tom waxed wroth, while her friend the Captain stood in silent disapproval. The latter had known her in girlhood, and loved her before his ship came in, when he was too poor to tempt her, and too wise to ask

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her to marry him. Now she was free again; and, richly freighted, he had come to port, only to find her, what? Chiefly Narcisse's mistress. But the foibles that silenced him aroused Tom's deepest ire, and whenever they were exhibited, met with unsparing irony. As for Narcisse, Tom hated him with the utmost frankness. He had a vague idea that her time and money might be lavished on worthier objects; she had an idea, equally vague, that such objects meant coarse flannel for the poor, and the adoption of an Irish baby in Narcisse's stead; and bitterly she complained to the Captain. What comfort could he give her? Only the filigree collar, which seemed to answer every purpose, and which she had tenderly adjusted upon the animal's neck as he lay on his satin cushion. With mischievous satisfaction, her brother noted the look of intense depreciation upon Arthur's face, and said,

"You don't like Narcisse, do you?"

"No," said the child; "I like Phlox."

"And pray who is Phlox?"

"Phlox is Uncle Harry's cat, on his ship, and he's as black as black"—finding no more suitable simile—"and he wears a gold collar, and eats at the officers' table."

"A rival!" laughed Tom; "but Phlox will find it hard to beat a bloated aristocrat like Narcisse. Did you know," he said, solemnly, "that Narcisse has been promised a Christmas tree, trimmed with chocolate rats and mice tied with blue ribbons, and is to have turkey and sweet-bread for Christmas dinner? Yes, regardless of the fact that Irish babies are existing on sea-weed porridge, and not enough of that!"

"Phlox catches real mice, and eats them!" evidently despising chocolate ones, and ignoring Irish babies and sea-weed porridge. The lady stirred uneasily; disparagement troubled her. "After all, Phlox is merely a cat, while Narcisse is a dog, which is much better; and he is so beautiful that I think sometimes his tail is a wing that is sprouting, it looks so much like a plume."

"Dogs don't have wings," said the child, in marked contempt for her ignorance of canine anatomy.

"But perhaps little dog-angels do, and Narcisse is such a very good dog that he gave half his allowance for neck ribbons to the poor, and only wears a new one every other day," said his mistress.

"No matter how good he is, he can't get into heaven. He must stand outside. My mamma told me so; she read it out of a book."

"What did the book say, Arthur?" inquired Tom, with interest.

"'Without are dogs,'" quoted the boy, slowly, and with emphasis; and then added, as he looked up into his uncle's face, "But it doesn't say a word about cats"; whereat they all laughed.

"What a horrid man he'll be to marry!" cried the lady. "Always crushing one with stony logic, instead of pelting one with flowers. I never thought of Narcisse existing at all hereafter, and he actually quotes the Bible for it! Now I have a new worry. How very unpleasant!" and murmuring "Poor dog!" she kissed and caressed her pet, who growled at Arthur in jealous dislike.

"I must show you his latest portrait," said she, presently, and her maid was dispatched for the picture. "See," she continued, when it was brought and placed upon its easel, "I have painted him like a true Narcissus, looking at his own image in the water."

"Ah, Captain," cried Tom, "can you fancy Narcissus in a raging hydrophobia? At his first sitting a mirror laid flat upon the floor was substituted for water, and the brute nearly had a fit of apoplexy trying to get at his own reflection and tear it into crumbs."

The Captain laughed, and examined the picture, praising all he could find in it to praise. He could do no less while others did so much more, they even assuring the artist that her genius would make her fortune had it not been, most conveniently, already made.

"Try it," said Tom; "put it to the proof. Turn out in the guise of a necessitous woman artist, and test the public taste. Earn a pair of shoes at it, or a dinner, and I will be convinced. You will find such work brings only the value of its frame."

"But a prophet is not without honor," she quoted, plaintively.

"A prophet!—true, but you are not a prophet, but a princess at a bazar. If you were freckle-faced and cross-eyed, being a princess, you could sell button-hole bouquets at a guinea apiece; while if you were a starving flower-girl on a windy street corner, they'd be considered dear at sixpence. Your monopodous storks and impossible parrots would not keep Narcisse in dog's-meat." Notwithstanding which

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critique, she clung to her pastime: what else was there in the world to do, when the days were so long, and she likely to die of *ennui*? With much enthusiasm she began to enlighten the Captain—who excused his lukewarm praise by disclaiming all technical knowledge of art—upon the difficulties of perspective, to the great relief of his honest soul, since they seemed to account naturally for everything peculiar in the portrait, especially the feathery tail, which might indeed have been a plume, or a sprouting wing, or a newly discovered vegetable, or almost anything but a tail. The lady talked long and fluently, glad of so amiable a listener, while Tom amused himself by fanning the feud between Arthur and Narcisse, until presently the Captain, whose blue eyes, sailor fashion, had wandered to the horizon of his present surroundings, exclaimed, "How extraordinary!" and then looked startled at his own emphasis. Had not the two enemies engaged, most opportunely, in a pitched battle at that very instant, Mrs. Courtland must have noticed, as Tom did, that the Captain's tone was a trifle too astonished, his manner—looking over the top of the easel—too irrelevant, to have any reference to her sketch. He had been at the antipodes too often to be surprised at a trivial affair, and he had studied perspective, negatively considered, in Chinese art galleries too often to be particularly affected by its absence now. His anchor lost, so to speak, some minutes ago, he was tossing bewildered on Art's unexplored sea, and during her dissertation, much of it to him incomprehensible, his glance had gone straight out between the shifting figures of elegantly dressed women, between the marble columns and spacious doorways, over the tessellated pavement of the office beyond, and rested on a walnut box standing in the very centre of the floor, where it was wedged between two iron pillars that upheld the lofty ceiling. For space it was something smaller than a hackney-coach, a Sedan-chair, a sentry-box, or a confessional. He might never have noticed it at all, though it was conspicuous enough, but that his far-sighted eyes had caught a glimpse of a most lovely face, crimson-cheeked, under a felt hat, which the rude breath of the winter's night had gemmed with hoar-frost. A face so radiant and spring-like, advancing like a vision of pure delight, that he watched it with the keenest interest. He had scarcely time to think it odd that she should enter by that door instead of the one set apart for ladies, when, still advancing, she suddenly veered to the right, bent her stately head, and doubling up as if by diabolic magic, vanished—disappeared into the box. It was then, surprised out of self-possession, he exclaimed, "How extraordinary!"

The widow, busy in distributing her sugary bribes to the combatants, paused only long enough to remonstrate, "How can you spoil his temper so, Tom dear?" the pronoun referring, of course, to Narcisse, and then returned to the Captain. "Yes," she said, supposing that a true appreciation of art had flashed upon his benighted mind—"yes, that is just what everybody says; only poor dear stupid Tom, who has not a particle of taste, criticises adversely."

And too happy to escape embarrassment through the door which gratified vanity held wide open for him, the Captain bowed, seized his belligerent nephew by the hand, and, after a gracious adieu, departed, accompanied by Tom.

"What startled you out of propriety, old boy? Did you see Cassie crawl into her box?" inquired the latter, when they had left the parlors behind them.

The tone might be humorous, but his face was stern and grim as fate's; and wonderingly the Captain replied,

"I saw her, yes; but what does it mean?"

"Simply that the telegraph operator of the Grand Windsor has returned to her post from supper."

They were sauntering now through the spacious and well-appointed office, adorned with frescoes, tiles, polished wood, and marble, and Arthur, in scarlet fez and mittens, ran before them. The box stood directly in his path, and espying it and the girl who occupied it, he called out, in his clear, bird-like voice,

"Oh, Uncle Harry, come here and see this poisoned lady!" And with one hand extended he pointed to the blushing Cassie, while with the other he beckoned to the Captain, who in his confusion knew not whether to advance or retreat. Tom, however, was perfectly cool, and bowing politely to the young lady, who had doubtless heard Arthur's remarkable assertion, he said,

"Poisoned, Arty?—why, how is that?"

"Marie says wooden soldiers with red

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coats will poison you if you put them in your mouth," and Arthur's round eyes surveyed Cassie as if he suspected her of dining off a wooden regiment, or some such misdemeanor with her playthings.

"And what else did Marie say?" inquired Tom, resolved to trace this nexus to its end, though its links were of sand, or seemed a curious introversion of reasoning.

"And Marie says if you are poisoned you must die," with great emphasis, and hand still extended, "and be shut up in a box!"

"Ah," said the Captain, greatly relieved, "our little boy knows nothing of death in its skeleton form, but thinks he has found it in its angel guise;" and while they laughed at Arthur's application of his nurse's warning, Tom added,

"For your sake, Miss Cassie, I am glad there is a shining exception to Marie's rule, and that one may be in a box and not be dead;" and they no longer regretted the mischance which had given them an opportunity to see so fair a face in its lovely smiling aspect, as Cassie playfully blew from her finger-tips the kiss which she could bestow upon Arthur in no other way.

"What do you think of that for a nineteenth-century, equality-of-woman, enlightened and Christian community arrangement?" asked Tom, when they had left the hotel, and, seated in the street car, Arthur between them, were hastening homeward.

"The Greek myth inverted: Aurora imprisoned, and Tithonus free," and the Captain, frowning, stroked his iron-gray beard.

"That girl sits there from eight in the morning until nearly nine at night, with a beggarly interval of half an hour at six o'clock for refreshments. Dinner-time she has none," continued Tom.

"Does she eat no dinner?"

"She brings a lunch with her; the lunch dignified by Shakspeare's recognition of it—the one with which they twitted ancient Pistol—'Mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes.'"

"Don't be too harrowing, Tom. How do you know she brings prunes?"

"By the process of induction. I saw her shake the stones from her napkin."

"Her wages ought to be magnificent."

"One dollar per day—her day being of the length I mentioned." Tom had evidently studied the case in all its bearings.

"Oh, heavens!—to be 'cribbed, cabined, and confined' for a sum like that! The girl will die—must die of such barbarity; and with a face like hers!"

"That she has a beautiful face is a mere chance; the principle is the same, and would be, were she ugly as one of the Gorgons."

"Are you very cross, Uncle Harry, when you do so?" asked Arthur, contracting his baby brows after the pattern of the Captain's.

"Yes," said the Captain, "I am. I feel like killing a dog I know, a wicked dog that has the presumption to lie upon a satin cushion, and eat turkey and sweetbread, and ride in a carriage daily, while a lovely lady lives in a box upon stewed prunes under the same roof."

To his confusion, the Captain would afterward have this speech recalled.

"Is that wicked dog Narcisse, Uncle Harry?"

"I'm afraid it is," said his uncle.

"Oh," cried the child, with sparkling eyes, "I'll lend you my new gun as soon as I get home."

"Amiable young barbarian, it is time we had arrived there already;" and taking the boy in his strong arms, they hastened through the fast-falling snow.

"Now you know why I hate Narcisse and the fine arts," said Tom, an hour after, as they cozily smoked their cigars in the Captain's room. "If it were not for them, my sister might use her eyes and see this girl. God knows it would not be so Quixotic, so eccentric, so impossible, to throw her a smile, or give her a flower or a peach, if *I* were a woman and dying of *ennui*. Being a man, and in danger of having so slight a kindness misconstrued, I simply waste myself in indignation. She came to the hotel—our Cassie—last Christmas-day, blithe as a lark, overjoyed with her position, and with this dainty Christmas-box full of voices, as she calls her cage, and I give you my word I have never heard her utter a complaint, and yet she can not stretch out her arms freely in it, and for a change of position must sit down on a footstool on its floor. You saw those women trailing their silk dresses over the carpet this evening? Their influence sways the world, and makes of it and us what they will, but I have never heard one of them men-

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tion her, pity her, speak to her, or cry shame upon the greed that enslaves her, and yet it is a woman's cause."

"Surely," said the Captain, in distress, "she does not represent a class? There are not many like her."

"Thousands of them—book-keepers—cashiers in stores; look at—"

"Hold on!" cried the Captain, whose cup of misery was full; "don't tell me any more! Tell me what *we* can do."

"Nothing, since we can not marry them all. If happier women are so blind, then matrimony is the only solution—the senseless old taunt, you know, that these women only pick up a trade until some fellow tells them to lay it down."

"True enough; but consider the conditions under which a woman works, conditions intolerable, impossible, to man. Take Cassie for an instance. Is her life so pleasant, her reward so rich, her advancement so sure, the price she pays for her independence so fairly adjusted, that she has learned to do without a man, or curl her lip at the first 'fellow' who asks her to marry him? She is beautiful and intelligent; she gives the whole of her waking life for six dollars per week; could she do any worse even by marrying a clown?"

"Better, infinitely better," said Tom; "for, besides his love, which may or may not be worth having, what does he offer her? Sunshine, daylight, liberty, a square meal and time to eat it, the right to laugh aloud—more than you or I could offer to a woman higher up in the social scale. With such advantages to back his offer, is it a marvel that she marries? It would be a miracle if she did not."

The sailor's frank brow was clouded; he was now thoroughly unhappy. His friend had generalized where he particularized, and while Tom poured out the vials of his wrath for all oppressed women, he himself mourned over one. In his wisdom Tom declared matrimony the solution of the problem, and in his sincere and ardent soul the Captain felt that he could propose that very hour to purchase liberty for a woman—if she had the brow, the eyes, the mouth, of Cassie.

II.—THE SECOND BOX.

In baseless dreams that night he pictured a face like hers, and the expression it might wear at offered emancipation. Brown eyes flashing, cheeks mantling like a rose's heart with the new delight. "She calls that den a Christmas-box. What if one were to give her another and a better one?" The changing and marvellous sea had brought him into direct contact with wonders far stranger than this, and the round earth, which he had girdled many a time, was like an open book upon whose varying pages he had read more curious tales than the one his imagination was weaving. In his mind's eye he violated with fearless ease the inexorable unities of time and place, and laid at Cassie's feet not only the sunshine, daylight, and liberty of Tom's enumeration, but leisure and competency wherewith to adorn it. They would voyage together under far-away skies—she never saw it now for darkness of the early morning and tiredness at night—but he would show her its brilliant beams in the frozen north, and its golden haze in the tropics. She could not stretch her arms out straight to-day, but what rich recompense should be hers in rose gardens and orange groves of which he knew, the stewed prunes and prison banished forever! He re-arranged his life, and scorned his old perplexity—the reconciliation of Phlox and Narcisse in case he wedded the dog's lady; to *her* what could he be? Merely another Narcisse; to Cassie he would be a deliverer; and so the strong man, who was bold as a lion and cunning as a serpent upon the treacherous and stormy ocean, became harmless as a dove and simple as a child upon land, and Arthur's willfulness and Tom's philosophy conspired to drive him upon the Grand Windsor's perilous reef.

Early the next morning he summoned his faithful ally, Arthur, and together they went, where business called him daily, to the hotel. Had the Captain been a schemer of the deepest dye, he could have done no better than to sally forth with his small aide-de-camp. At the marble entrance sat a colored man with a tray of summery bloom—roses and pansies.

"Uncle Harry, I want a flower," said the young imperialist, seizing a handful of roses. "I like these."

Bought and paid for, the Captain asked, "But what will you do with them?"

"What would you do with them, Uncle Harry?" very anxiously.

"I don't know—give them to a lady, I suppose."

"The dog's lady?" and then, deprecatingly, "Do *you* like her, Uncle Harry?"

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"Oh, you need not give them to her on my account," exclaimed the Captain, hastily, not knowing what complications might arise from Arthur's gallantry.

"Oh, I know! I know!" cried the child, joyously, stopping at Cassie's box. "I'll give them to her.—See! I've brought you a beautiful bunch of bouquet," reaching up a-tiptoe. "I don't like the dog's lady;" and then, with a burst of loyalty which demanded the approval of his superior officer, he asked, "Uncle Harry, do you like this lady in the box?"

It was Cassie now who was self-possessed, while the Captain's glowing face betokened one who had voyaged upon equatorial seas. "Dear little fellow!" said she, taking the flowers, "how I would love to kiss you!" And with his uncle's aid she seated him upon the narrow window-sill, where, well pleased with himself and the world, he proceeded to discourse on things in general, to the Captain's terror.

"Uncle Harry bought me those roses, and I don't like Narcisse." And with dancing eyes he added, "We are going to shoot him dead with my new gun."

Narcisse's fame had reached Cassie's ears. "Poor doggie!" said she, "was he naughty?"

"Naughty!" cried the child; "Uncle Harry says he is wicked. He ate a lovely lady's dinner all up, and she didn't have nuffin'," with solemn eyes and twisted pronunciation, "but *strewed* prunes."

The lovely lady's face blushed crimson with the innate consciousness of "strewed" prunes, and kissing Arthur ere the Captain hastily lifted him from his perch, she saw him depart, waving his red mittens in adieu, and declaring with flute-like voice, "I'm coming back to-morrow."

So it happened that he often came, nor could he be induced to pass Cassie's box without his childish gift of fruit or flower, and while the Captain gravely kept him under surveillance, inwardly he bestowed avuncular blessings upon the childish friendship which gave him an opportunity to greet and study the sweet face that daily smiled upon them from the window. And now the time drew nearer when the *Ariel* would take brisk flight to foreign waters, and Christmas crept on apace, while Cassie's deliverance was still an unaccomplished fact, and the scornful unities of time and place revenged themselves upon the Captain. It chanced one day that Arthur, who had been left for a few minutes to his own devices in the parlor, tired of Narcisse and tired of waiting, wandered unnoticed out into the office, and made his way to the low narrow door of the box through which Cassie by stooping made her exit and entrance.

"Let me in! let me in!" he cried, thumping with chubby fist to supplement the exigence of his tone. "I came to see you," with the air of an autocrat. And then, as Cassie drew him within, and placed him on her lap, he made the sweet-mouthed appeal which he had already learned would cover a multitude of sins: "I want to kiss you," he said. Viewed from the inside, her narrow quarters seemed to strike him more forcibly than ever. To him, contracted space brought the idea of bitter punishment. He had stood in a corner, and with the remembrance upon him he asked, with soft pity shining in his beautiful eyes: "Were you naughty? Can't you *ever* come out?"

"I'll tell you how it was if you'll stay with me and listen to a fairy story," she said, anxious only to keep him contented in the cramped space until some one came to reclaim him; and with his head upon her shoulder, and his small fingers clasping hers, he listened attentively to the tale she improvised for his amusement. "Once upon a time a poor little princess was travelling in a great forest with her brothers and sisters, when suddenly a storm came, of wind and sleet and snow, and blew them, the children, far, far apart. It was cold, dark winter, and when morning dawned at last the poor little princess found herself alone under the naked branches, without a soul in the world to love her or take care of her, and in great danger besides of being eaten by a wicked wehr-wolf that lived in the forest."

"Did he eat ladies?" asked Arthur, in whose previous experience wolves confined themselves to a diet of bad boys.

"Yes, indeed," said Cassie,

> "'Woman pudding with baby sauce,
> And little-boy pie for a second course,'

were every-day dinners with him; and what do you think the princess did when she heard him coming?"

"She cried," confidently predicating her actions from what his own would have been in a similar case—"she cried louder and louder till somebody heard her."

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"Yes, a big stupid giant heard her—for giants are always stupid, you know, and the bigger they grow the worse they get—and when he came and saw her in such distress, he promised to save her from the wicked wolf if she would work for him. They could hear his feet trotting on the crisp snow, and as anything was better than being eaten alive, she kissed the giant's mighty hand in token of obedience, and he took her to his castle; and what do you think he gave her to do?"

"He gave her tangled silk to wind, maybe"—with a passing recollection of Marie's legends.

"Worse than that: he shut her up in a box."

"Just like this?"—glancing around.

"Exactly like this, and the box was full of voices"—touching with her finger the key of the instrument—"and they asked her questions, and teased her for answers, and they called her a thousand times a day, and all day long and part of the night she must attend to their wants. It was a distracting business, I assure you; and the giant only gave her food enough to keep her alive; and though he did not lock the box, yet she was obliged to stay inside all the same; for if ever she tired of those querulous voices, and wanted to run away into the dancing sunshine, then the giant threatened to call the wolf, who was always near, waiting to eat her up. Sometimes she cried, and wished she had died in the forest, and been covered with leaves by the robin-redbreasts."

"But where's the Prince?" cried the child, who thought it high time that that scion of royalty had made his appearance—"the Prince with a long, long feather in his hat, who makes everything right? There's a Prince in all Marie's stories."

"Ah!" said Cassie; and then stopped, with the light as of a rosy sunset on her face, for the window being darkened by a shadow, there stood, not the Prince, indeed, but the Captain, looking in upon them with an odd expression of interest in the sequel.

"Runaway!" he cried, "I knew I should find you here. Let me relieve you, Miss Cassie," and lifted the child from his hiding-place.

"I don't want to go; I can't go," urged Arthur. "The story is not finished."

Coercion never answered with him, but in this case even diplomatic tact failed to satisfy him. He would not be cheated out of his Prince, nor stir a foot till he had entered.

"He is right," said his uncle; "that is the most interesting part of the story. I am curious myself to know the end. Miss Cassie, I entreat you to finish it."

The sunset's crimson light deepened upon Cassie's cheeks, and in the Captain's eyes there was the soft flashing of those equatorial seas when she answered, with a desperate assumption of carelessness, "Oh, I only made it up as I went along. I don't know the end myself;" and then, while the rose hue faded: "It *has* no end."

"It *must* have," said he, still holding Arthur upon the window-ledge. "I am familiar with that story, and I think I could finish it myself. As a matter of fact, there *was* a Prince, Arthur; a little slower and older perhaps than he ought to have been, but entirely ardent and earnest; and when, after much difficulty and delay, he had made the acquaintance of the Princess, she being so very shy, and her box such a very tight one, you know, he tried many times to tell her of a charm he carried which would put any giant sound asleep, and frighten the wickedest wolf to death, and quiet forever the querulous voices, and open in safety her cage door. Now what do you think it was?"

"What?" asked the boy, in enthusiastic expectation.

"It was a tiny ring in a velvet box."

"And did he give it to the little Princess *right away*?"

"No," said the Captain, slowly, with his eyes upon Cassie, who was busy, very busy, tying the scarlet mittens and arranging the troublesome fez, and seemed to have caught a reflection from them on her cheeks and lips—"no, he didn't, for he wasn't sure she would put it on her finger, which she would have to do to make the charm complete; but if you will come with me now, I'll tell you the rest another time."

"When?" cried Arthur, with impatience—"when?"

"On Christmas-eve," said the Captain; and having conquered the unities of time and place, he turned with his companion from the window.

And she wore it on her finger, nor did it fail of any charm it promised, the little circlet that sparkled in this her second Christmas-box; at least she told Arthur

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so, and that exacting and irrepressible infant seemed entirely satisfied. When next Tom passed her box she was far away—with the Captain; and that indignant bachelor, seeing her plain, pale-faced successor, muttered, "Alas! she merely chanced to be beautiful. But the barbarous principle is the same, and would be, though she had been as ugly as one of the Gorgons."

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN his farewell speech at the Union League Club in New York, the Lord Chief Justice of England, with his generous urbanity and kindliness of heart, spoke most warmly of the two friends, also distinguished Englishmen, whom he left behind him in the country, Matthew Arnold and Henry Irving. His words fell upon ready and friendly hearts, for it can not be truly said that the general tone of the press in greeting Matthew Arnold expressed the real feeling of hearty respect and admiration which is entertained for him as an author by all intelligent and honorable Americans. Much of the comment, indeed, would have come worthily from the press of such an America as Mrs. Trollope described, and was the mere gibe of a vanity which had been irritated by a frank comment upon America.

Few Englishmen have ever made a pleasanter impression than Lord Coleridge. He thought that much of his welcome, which he called exceedingly generous, was due to his name, and to his relationship to the great poet, his granduncle. But he was in error. It was due to his own candor, simplicity, and charm of character and address. One of the great dignitaries in England, and owing his distinguished position not to the accident of rank or mere favor, but to his own merit, proved in the most conspicuous arena, he was yet so modest and courteous and simple that all suspicion of pretension vanished, and he stood in every company an accomplished and delightful gentleman. His family connection with the poet affected in no degree the warmth of his reception.

Yet fifty years ago his name and relationship alone would have assured him a sincere welcome, for at that time the elder Coleridge, not only as a poet but as a philosophical thinker, was a man of great influence upon scholars and thoughtful men in America. He was the middle-man between German thought and the English mind, and by many eminent men of that time he was regarded as the original Transcendentalist. Coleridge had nowhere a body of more diligent readers, and even disciples, than among the scholars of our older colleges, and his influence upon the Transcendental movement in this country is evident enough. Since that time his philosophic significance has doubtless declined. But he is still the poet of the "Ancient Mariner," of "Christabel," and of "Kubla Khan," and it was exceedingly interesting to seek in the lineaments of the Chief Justice some trace of his great relative, and to observe the tradition of an illustrious name so worthily maintained.

Lord Coleridge's address at the Academy of Music was very characteristic. It was perfectly courteous, manly, dignified, yet genial and frank. He did not flatter nor insinuate, but he showed unmistakably that kindness had not blinded him, and that he respected his hosts too truly to be either trifling or servile. Neither vast territory nor immense fortunes, he said, are in themselves matters of national congratulation or revelations of national character. It is the general well-being which had struck him most, and which is the true ground of pride. Bigness in a country is in itself no more evidence of excellence than in art—a truth which poor Haydon could not understand. The colossal statues of the old Roman despots are still the images of monsters. The two countries which have exercised the profoundest and most permanent influence upon the world are Greece and England. But both of them were small states; and the word brings us back to Sir William Temple's question, "What constitutes a state?"

Those Americans who are a little indignant when they contrast the public attention paid to distinguished Englishmen in this country with that which is accorded to distinguished Americans in England do not allow for the differences of national temperament. Noted Americans and Americans of high position are continually going to England, says Patrioticus, vehemently, but how many of them are publicly fêted, and called to address every kind of audience in the kingdom? At the Froude dinner a dozen years ago in New York one of the guests protested, *sotto voce*, all the evening at the eloquent outpourings of the orators in welcome and commendation of the guest, and he insisted that it was unbecoming a self-respecting people, and showed a cheap and snobbish turn of mind.

On the contrary, to refuse to follow our own impulse, because it is not that of another people, is snobbish. Shall we decline to show our regard for a distinguished man in any department of human activity because some other community has not the same disposition? Shall we omit publicly to honor Dickens or Thackeray because Englishman may not honor Washington Irving or Bryant in the same way? That certainly would reveal a most morbid deference to the example of English-

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men. It would be to regulate American conduct by English standards. And if the English standard were not approved by us, it would be to place ourselves in the ludicrous position of not acting generously, as we wished to act, because somebody whose authority we renounce does not act generously.

This kind of irritation springs from a want of proper American feeling. To state it extravagantly, why should we decline to fête the Lord Chief Justice of England in every proper way because English society might not fête the Chief Justice of the United States? Or, to push it to a further extravagance, why should we be impolite to Smith because somebody else is impolite to Brown? It is very pleasant to see distinguished Americans pleasantly treated by Englishmen. But if they are not so treated, we shall hardly bring them to terms by reprisals.

A great many Americans swagger about the world in an armor of exceedingly brittle vanity. It is deplorably nicked and shivered at every turn, and their consequent chagrin is as immense as it is unnecessary. If a sparkling writer says that not more than one in a hundred thousand Americans changes his shirt more than once a week, he is marked for execration and execution. If he ventures to our shores, hapless commentator! he learns summarily what it is to asperse the linen of a great and free people whose home is in the setting sun. How many shirts has the critic, pray, and how often does he change them?

This is the kind of welcome which exposes the host, but which certainly does not harm the guest. We laugh at the sensitive little America which winced under the coarse and shallow observations of Mrs. Trollope half a century ago. But how if our good-natured laughter of to-day should be interrupted by the trenchant assertion, Thou art the America?

THIS winter New York is the metropolis of the Italian opera, if of nothing else. The opening of the two rival opera-houses was treated by the newspapers of the next day as an event of the highest importance and interest, and column after column of description was lavished upon the new house and the singers. It must, however, be a ruinous rivalry. There is a great deal of wealth in New York, and there is enormous profusion in expense. But it can hardly support two great opera-houses, with enormous salaries to the chief singers. It should be recorded for the information of the curious reader who will hereafter seek in these pages some information about the city pleasures of this day that Patti contracted to receive five thousand dollars for every performance. What secret understandings there may be, the public, of course, can not know. But this was the sum which was promised after a hot contest between the two managers.

Besides Patti there are Mesdames Nilsson, Gerster, Sembrich, and Scalchi, and Signor Campanini, all of whom are most liberally paid. Here are the chief living singers of the Italian opera, who have come to conquer and renew their conquest of the New World. Gerster is now the first of Aminas, Nilsson of Marguerites, Sembrich of Lucias, unless Patti be held to surpass each singer in her especial part, and Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini, and Verdi, with Gounod, are still apparently the supreme composers for the operatic audience. The spectacle is still essentially the same, but with a more splendid circumstance. In the vast and elaborate Metropolitan Opera-house, filled with a brilliant throng sumptuously attired, whose possessions the admiring reports estimate at hundreds of millions of dollars, as if those figures supplied a standard which the American reader would most quickly appreciate—in all this the veteran, as he gazes around and pays homage to the glittering spectacle of wealth and fashion, sees only the vision of the old Chambers Street Opera-house, immensely enlarged and adorned—another, yet the same.

In those old days of opera, which Mr. Grant White has so pleasantly and vividly commemorated, the youth who looked around beheld the fashion of the hour in all the gayety of dress and decoration of which the present spectacle is but the counterpart. Then as now the "old families" circled the house. Then as now, if then the custom had not been more decent, the amount of the fortunes of the audience might have been estimated and printed as adding to the interest and splendor of the description. Then as now the composers were Bellini and Donizetti and Verdi and Rossini, and the soft sorrows of Amina and the decorous madness of Lucia upon the stage entranced the soft Aminas and the decorous Lucias in the boxes and the balcony. The present scene is larger and more magnificent, but it is not substantially different. It was a smaller city. But more than twenty years before those days, just across the Park, Malibran had sung. The great traditions had already begun.

Indeed, the veteran whose capacious memory contains the Chambers Street Opera, the Astor Place Opera, and the Sontag Opera at Niblo's, as he sits dazzled in the new palace of opera, is not sure that the performance transcends all that he remembers in the smaller day. Benedetti and Salvi, Truffi and Steffanone and Bosio—is it only distance that makes those voices so penetratingly sweet and touching? Do the greater fames attest a greater charm? With all her voice and her faultless vocalization, shall Patti be accounted a finer artist than Sontag? The New York memory—and the Easy Chair knows such a memory—in which Malibran and Caradori and Cinti Damoreau and Castellan and Grisi and Sontag and Jenny Lind still warble, will gladly entertain Patti and Nilsson and Gerster and Campanini and Sembrich and Scalchi, but

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only as it welcomes larks and thrushes to a grove of nightingales.

The money and energy and enthusiasm which are devoted to the production of the Italian opera were treated with a charming lightness of touch by the author of a paper upon the new opera-house which was published in the November number of this Magazine. It is all the more striking when the amusingly artificial nature of opera is considered. It should seem to be a curious perversion of music to fit it to the ordinary drama of the stage, as is done in most of the operas. It is a drama sung instead of spoken. Men and women are made to sing under circumstances in which men and women never do sing. The opera is even ludicrously artificial. The fathers of the social critical essay, Steele and Addison, criticised this absurdity when the opera was first introduced in England, but the gravity of their censure is hardly less amusing than the absurdity which they attack.

In one of the first *Tatlers*, Steele says that an opera, half English and half Italian, had been performed on "Saturday night last" with great applause, and he remarks that the intelligence is not very acceptable to the friends of the theatre, "for the stage being an entertainment of the reason and all our faculties, this way of being pleased with the suspense of them for three hours together, and being given up to the shallow satisfaction of the eyes and ears only, seems to arise rather from the degeneracy of our understanding than an improvement of our diversions." This is a Johnsonian breaking of a butterfly upon the wheel. Addison, a year or two later, in the thirteenth *Spectator*, which is a delightful illustration of his humor, says that his purpose has been to show "what are at present the reigning entertainments of the politer part of Great Britain." Addison, too, could not like the opera. "How glorious," he says, "would an English tragedy appear with that action which is capable of giving a dignity to the forced thoughts, cold conceits, and unnatural expressions of an Italian opera!"

Dennis, also, the great critic of the time, railed and even raged at the opera. But experience has shown the amusing futility of deriding the opera as nonsense. The critic might as well sneer at a fairy tale. The opera, even the Italian opera, is so wholly a world of its own that it is, on the ground of incongruity, unassailable. When Jenny Lind sang or Gerster sings Amina, the story is as actual and tender as that of Rip Van Winkle. Love-lorn damsels, indeed, do not sing coherently in their sleep—no: that is true; they do not. And a beauty never slept for a hundred years to be wakened with a kiss. But how immortal the pretty story is! And for the opera—here is the new house with all its magnificent throng and its luxurious and lavish appointments, and at the old house Patti singing for five thousand dollars a night.

THE oldest play-goer in New York would find it hard to recall a more delightful Shakespearean evening than that which Mr. Henry Irving provided in the *Merchant of Venice*. It was all poem and picture—and Venice. The familiar story was presented to the eye as it presents itself to the imagination, and the falling curtain fell upon a charmed memory of moonlight and music, of revelry and romance, and the harsh discord of the Jew.

Mr. Irving's Shylock is a restrained and intellectual figure, except in the outburst with Tubal. The pathos of the character, not its tenderness or sentiment, but the essential pathos of the position of a solitary member of a hated race at bay among the race that hates him, was finely indicated. The unresisting submission, when his own ferocity reacts upon him, and he is caught in the law in which he meant to insnare Antonio, was admirable. But most admirable was Mr. Irving's just perception of the purport of the whole play, and his subordination even of the figure of Shylock to the central charm of the drama, which is Portia. It is almost incredible, but it is true, that here was an actor more intent upon Shakespeare than upon himself.

Miss Terry's Portia was not Minerva, nor was it

> "she,
> The foundress of the Babylonian wall,
> The Carian Artemisia strong in war,
> The Rhodope that built the pyramid,
> Clelia, Cornelia, with the Palmyrene
> That fought Aurelian."

It was none of these, but Shakespeare's Portia, noble, maidenly, and gay—an "inexpressive she," whose destiny might well be committed to a golden casket for the contest of princes. Graceful womanly dignity and sparkling simplicity characterized Miss Terry's Portia. She was as charming to the spectator as to the Prince of Morocco or to Bassanio, and nothing could be more refined and gently feminine than her demeanor throughout the selection of the casket, and nothing more happily arch than her action and aspect in the ring scene with which the drama ended.

And all this admirable play of the chief characters, supported by excellent subordinates, was relieved against a vivid and beautiful background of Venice. Masked revellers, merrily singing, passed in the cold moonlight across the bridge over the canal, while a lighted gondola, with throbbing guitars and blended voices, glided below. The moon rose from the lagune, through the level bars of vapor, over the lighted palace of Belmont, and in the garden, on a seat of marble, Jessica and Lorenzo told their love. The Prince of Morocco tested his fate in a hall whose spacious splendor became the high-born lady of the drama; and all went swiftly and continuously to the end. Garrick may have played Hamlet in a full-bottomed wig, but Shakespeare's pictorial tale demands a fitting scene,

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and with singular felicity Mr. Irving has responded.

Looking around the delighted audience, and recalling the play-goers of other days, it was impossible not to wish that Charles Lamb and Gulian C. Verplanck, lovers of the theatre and of Shakespeare, might have seen the harmonious and beautiful and satisfactory representation—a poem seen with the eyes as well as heard with the ears—which they enjoyed who beheld Henry Irving's *Merchant of Venice*.

As the Revolutionary centenaries end in the State of New York the bicentenaries begin, and between the interesting days at Newburgh and in the city which commemorated the disbanding of the American army and the departure of the English army, Staten Island celebrated the bicentenary of its erection into a county. This afforded an opportunity, which the citizens of Richmond County improved, to recall the story of their beautiful island, which is not very familiar even to its citizens, although the late Mr. John J. Clute, who was for nearly half a century a resident and a student of its history, printed a volume of annals drawn from local records and tradition and from the published authorities. The volume shows that Mr. Clute had consulted a great part of the material for a history of the island, and his work contains quite enough to interest every resident of the county in its historic associations.

The law authorizing the erection of counties in New York was the second important act of the Dongan Legislature, which was itself an act of grace from the Duke of York. This Legislature, which consisted of eighteen delegates elected by the freeholders, and to which Staten Island sent one delegate, is often cited as the first really popular Legislature in the colonies, and its first act, ordaining that no tax should be laid without the consent of the representatives, has been extolled as the first practical assertion of the great doctrine of the Revolution—no taxation without representation. It was such an assertion, but it was wholly formal and futile.

The laws of the Dongan Assembly derived no authority from the people. They were acts of mere ducal grace. No law was valid without the Duke's approval; and, even when approved, they could be revoked at any moment by his personal pleasure. Indeed, this very law for taxation by consent only was never confirmed. It was presented to the Duke, and he signed it. But before he had returned it to New York with his signature, his brother, Charles II., died, and the Duke of York was King of England. The ducal domain of New York had become suddenly a royal province. The acts of the Dongan Assembly were much too liberal for a king. His Majesty refused to ratify them, and ordered his Captain-General, Dongan, to disallow the charter. The Assembly itself held but three sessions. American liberty did not spring from the whim of the most bigoted of despots. It was asserted and maintained by the American people against the embattled might of royal power.

Staten Island, therefore, can not claim, by the title of representation in the Dongan Assembly, a part in the first authoritative assertion of the great Revolutionary doctrine which was made by the Stamp Act Congress nearly a century later. But it had a voice in the creation of the counties, having a representative in the Assembly. Yet, as its spirit was always strongly Tory—except at the time of Leisler's government, with which the islanders apparently sympathized—it is fair to suppose that it shared the servile feeling which determined the names of the original counties. They commemorate the titles or the royal relationships of the Duke of York—Albany and Dukes from his ducal style, Ulster from his Irish earldom, Dutchess from his wife, Kings from his brother, Queens from his sister-in-law, Orange from his son-in-law, and Richmond—alas! Richmond—from his illegitimate nephew.

The Duke of Richmond was the son of the Duchess of Portsmouth, Louise de Querouaille—Madame Carwell, as the London mob called her—the fascinating French siren whom Louis XIV. sent over to England to bind King Charles by a silken chain to the will of France, and whom Charles preferred to all his other sultanas. "There, too," says Macaulay, depicting the great gallery at Whitehall, and the gay and disgraceful court of Charles—"there, too, was the Duchess of Portsmouth, whose soft and infantine features were lighted up with the vivacity of France." It is her son whose name is commemorated in the county name of Staten Island.

Happily nobody recalled this fact at the celebration, nor, as Dick Swiveller would have said, assumed to "mar the hilarity of the occasion" by untimely allusions. Indeed, he must have been a Staten-Islander of very imperfect sympathies who could have seen the surprising festivity of the day without pride and pleasure. There was never such a throng of persons upon the island, and never so long and picturesque a procession. Staten Island, said one of the New York papers truly, seldom wakes up, but when it does, it wakes up with a bang. The day was clear, with a rather chilly northwest wind that fanned the procession briskly as it wound along the curving North Shore. But nothing could chill the genuine enthusiasm of the occasion, and since Staten Island has astonished herself by showing what public spirit can do, her best friends will hope that the bicentennial was but a beginning of good works.

THE poetical descriptions of old age, says a gentleman who has to deal officially with aged people, are very different from the reality of weakness, irritability, personal negligence,

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and sickness. It is the old gap between what should be and what is, or what we call the real and the ideal. This contrast was doubtless suggested to some musing spectator at the closing centennials of the great Revolutionary series at Newburgh and in New York. When the retiring British fleet, after firing the last shot of the Revolution at the Staten Island patriots, who shouted with derisive glee, had vanished beyond Sandy Hook, and British authority was completely overthrown in the old colonies, doubtless there were honest patriots in the city who breathed freely and joyfully in the conviction that now the American people, chastened by long and sharp experience, would select the best citizens for the chief officers, and make intelligence and public virtue the foundation of the new government.

A few years later, when Washington stood where the new statue of him in Wall Street stands, and took the oath to discharge loyally the great office to which he had been unanimously elected, those honest patriots might well feel that their anticipations would be fulfilled, and that the new republic would indicate its character by the selection of men of the Washington mould for its official leaders. But if one of them should stray into the city to-day, and express the same simple expectation, would he or would he not be regarded with the amused surprise which greeted the awakening of Rip Van Winkle, and would or would not his questions and his amazement seem as antiquated and strange as Rip's dazed inquiries to his old companions, and his ragged and quaint attire?

Let any reader turn to Mrs. Lamb's admirable and pleasant history of New York, and look at the men who were foremost in the city government and in the city representation to the Legislature a hundred years ago, and then contemplate many of the corresponding dignitaries to-day. Would he not be conscious of the difference between the real and the ideal, between the theory and the fact? Obliged to ask himself whether the best men in the community were usually selected as its representatives, would he be able to answer, simply and directly, yes? The Easy Chair could show him a community in which an honest, able, intelligent, experienced, and admirable representative was lately superseded in his own party by a political jobber, for no reason whatever except that the honest and experienced man was disliked for the same reason that Aristides was ostracized. Doubtless the reader smiles as he proceeds, and remarks that he could show the simple old Easy Chair plenty of such instances. And if he should do so, would it or would it not tend to show that the real operation of popular institutions is somewhat different from the ideal?

The moral which the simple old Easy Chair desires to spring upon the smiling reader is that republics will not work themselves. The "good men" will not appear in the high offices merely because in a republic, or a government of the numerical majority, it will be always the interest of the community to select honest and competent officers. It is the interest of drivers to treat their horses kindly, but horses are often fearfully abused. It was the interest of slave-holders to treat their slaves well, but read the story of slavery. It is the interest of men to be temperate, frugal, self-restrained. Does the smiling reader know any men who are not so? Interest is a very powerful motive, but it is not the strongest. Passion of many kinds is stronger. Principle is stronger. It is undeniably the interest of the community to select its best men for its officers; but that interest will be often overborne by passion, by ignorance, by brutality, and they can be mastered only by principle. Professor Ely shows us that the defect of our political economy has been its overestimate and exaltation of the power of self-interest. It is as true in the political as in the industrial sphere.

No man, therefore, has a right to complain that the reality of popular government is very different from its theory until he has done his share in supplying that active practical participation in it which the theory presupposes. The theory of popular government is not that a few mercenary politicians will select the best citizens for office, but that the whole community will do so. If the honest early patriots who watched the evacuation of the city and the inauguration of Washington supposed that the whole community would arouse itself at the appeal of every election, they were mistaken. What it can do when it does arouse itself, the overthrow of Tweed showed. What enormous risks of every kind it runs by sluggishness and inactivity, the history of the Tweed Ring shows.

If, therefore, the city permits the selection of unworthy official representatives, it is because it does not really care to have better representatives, or even to try to have them. There is immense indifference and inactivity because effort is said to be "of no use." But that is the baby plea. It is undoubtedly very difficult to know in the city for whom you are voting, but if the community really cared to know, it would have a system under which it would know. No device can supply the want of public spirit. If an evil system prevents the real wish of the community from having its way, when that wish is strong enough to be determined to have its way it will put an end to the evil system.

It is a hundred years ago that monarchy sailed away from our shores, and nearly a hundred since the official oath of Washington began the united republic; but would any grumbler really recall monarchy, or insist that because a republic will not work itself it is not worth working?

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Editor's Literary Record.

THE large circle of readers who have found perennial entertainment for more than a score of years in Anthony Trollope's sterling novels, and who have become in some sort his friends and familiars through their medium, will find much to move them deeply in his *Autobiography*,[1] not only as illustrating the story of his literary life, of his methods as an author, and of the sources, origin, and fortunes of his numerous novels and other writings, but also for the pathetic revelations it makes of his desolate early life, and of the phenomenal neglect, friendlessness, and isolation from which he suffered then and long afterward with a poignancy that was heightened by the unsuspected keenness of his sensibilities, and the low valuation that he put upon himself and that was placed upon him by his companions in consequence of his untoward surroundings and his personal defects of manners and appearance. Not one of his novels enlists our compassionate sympathies more powerfully for its imaginary hero than they are enlisted for himself in this touching autobiography; and we follow him with constantly increasing commiseration through his loveless, friendless, and most wretched childhood and his desolate early manhood, until he achieved a tardy success after disappointments that would have forever crushed the spirit and extinguished the hopes of a man of less sturdy, less buoyant, and less patient temperament. It is not to be inferred from what has been said that Mr. Trollope postures as a hero in his autobiography. Nothing could be more remote from the truth than such a conclusion. His recital is a modest and unaffected, but, as relates to its earlier period, terribly candid and humbling statement, of the incidents of his career. This is not inconsistent with the fact that he leaves much of a personal nature untold, which delicacy and a consideration for the feelings of others prompted him to withhold. Thus, he does not invite the world to gaze upon the sanctities of his courtship and married life, and only such occasional glimpses are permitted of his inner domestic life as are necessary to a fuller conception of his own individual life and character, and a more intimate knowledge of the incidents and events that made a durable impression on both. We have read autobiographies of many other men, among them being some of much greater men than Mr. Trollope, but we can not now recall one that, taken all in all, is more delightful and instructive reading than his, or whose frankness is so unreserved, and more completely wins our respect and esteem for its author. His memoir undoubtedly has defects of taste and judgment, but these are few and comparatively insignificant; and the recital itself is carried forward with such a rush of animated and minute reminiscence relative to himself and others, and so graphically and unreservedly displays the feelings, motives, and doings of the man, in his private and business affairs, as an author, as an individual, and as a public officer, that the interest of the reader does not languish for a moment from its opening to its closing paragraph. Interwoven with the story of his personal life and of his struggles, failures, and successes as an author, the autobiography comprises a large body of candid and very acute criticisms on himself and his writings, on the writings of others, on publishers and book-making, and on authorship and novel-writing generally. A more manly book we are not often privileged to read, or one which more attractively combines the utmost frankness compatible with delicacy and the most punctilious consideration for others, or which gives a more unreserved exhibition of the author's own real self, and a more modest appraisal of his abilities and performances.

THAT religious books are not necessarily dry and prosy reading, and that without any sacrifice of spirituality or accurate Biblical scholarship they may be made very attractive and engaging, is satisfactorily shown by the entertaining and instructive biography of *David, King of Israel*,[2] which has been prepared by the Rev. William M. Taylor, D.D. The work is a companion volume to several others by the same genial and accomplished author, illustrative of the lives of representative Scripture characters, among others, Moses the lawgiver, the prophets Elijah and Daniel, and the apostles Peter and Paul. The peculiar value and interest of all these volumes reside in the fact that in each the author has gathered into a continuous narrative form from various portions of the Scripture all the scattered and sometimes minute particulars that throw any light upon the character, career, and actions of the persons memorialized, upon the incidents and vicissitudes that befell them, and upon the events in which they bore a leading part, the whole being supplemented by well-authenticated facts still further in illustration of their lives, derived from standard secular historians. In the case of the Psalmist it is surprising, considering how familiar we are with his character and the incidents of his life, how many interesting and important details illustrative of both had escaped us, which are to be found in dispersed passages and allusions in other books of the Bible than those in which the more connected account of his life is given. All these have been diligently gleaned and

[1] *An Autobiography*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. 12mo, pp. 329. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *David, King of Israel*. His Life and Its Lessons. By Rev. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 97. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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collected together by Dr. Taylor, and wrought into an animated continuous biographical sketch, in which the entire career of Israel's sweet singer and warrior king is traced with great minuteness, a vivid portraiture is given of the man, and a careful analysis is supplied of the influences that entered into the formation of his moral, intellectual, religious, and personal character, or that fostered and developed his faculty for musical and poetic interpretation and expression. At the close of each chapter of the biography Dr. Taylor pauses to introduce some brief and appropriate reflections naturally suggested by the period in David's life that had been considered, or by the incidents and events that had been related; and thus from the narrative, while it is still fresh in the memory, he is able to draw highly impressive lessons which are profitable "for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness," and also for guidance or warning in the general conduct of every-day life and affairs. In addition to its other numerous features of interest—historical, biographical, Biblical, etc.—a fine literary flavor is imparted to the work by a succession of studies introduced at appropriate stages of the narrative, in which the author embodies close and scholarly analyses and criticisms of the Psalms, traces their composition with great certainty to particular periods of David's life, and describes their origin, the occasions which prompted them, and the circumstances under which they were written.

THE momentous themes of God and the immortality of the soul are considered from the stand-point of natural religion by Mr. Charles Nordhoff in a little volume entitled *God and the Future Life*,[3] and are treated by him with impressive earnestness and candor, in terms so plain and familiar as to address themselves to the understanding of immature or unlearned readers, and withal so cogent and philosophical as to satisfy the demands of adult and mature minds. Although he defers to no one in the strength of his convictions as to the truth of supernatural revelation, and in his reverence for Holy Scripture as the depository of that truth, Mr. Nordhoff's aim is to convince those who have been misled by the specious half-truths and mistaken deductions of science, and who have drifted away from belief in God and the future life, and who doubt or question the authenticity or authoritativeness of the Bible record, that the reasonableness of "the faith once delivered to the saints," and of the great doctrines which it embalms, may be clearly established by scientific methods—by reasoning and arguments outside of the Bible, by the study of the history of the race, the earth, and the universe, by the assistance of natural laws—in fine, by the use of precisely the same processes as have been resorted to by the skeptical leaders of modern scientific thought to demonstrate their materialistic theories. Taking, for instance, the atomic theory as an illustration, Mr. Nordhoff shows that while no one has seen or in any other way physically apprehended an atom or a molecule, or can possibly see or apprehend either, yet the defender of this theory supports it because it is not possible to demonstrate the contrary, and also because he finds that it gives a sensible and reasonable explanation and justification of a multitude of well-known phenomena that can not be explained by any other hypothesis, and is consistent with well-ascertained natural laws. In like manner Mr. Nordhoff deduces the theory of the existence of God and of the reality of a future life, showing that it also finds its explanation and justification in all that is now ascertained of the universe and of human life, that it is in strict harmony with all that we know, and that the opposite hypothesis introduces confusion, and may for that reason be held scientifically to be in the highest degree improbable, at least until some evidence for it shall be produced. Mr. Nordhoff successively tries the theories of the existence of God, of the immortality of the soul, and of the providence of God in the affairs of men and the world, and the scheme and offices of Christianity, by this test, and demonstrates the reasonableness of each. His treatise is rich in suggestive aids to faith, and is an intelligent guide to personal holiness.

THIS book,[4] even in outward appearance, recalls Dr. Keep's excellent translation of Dr. Autenrieth's *Homeric Dictionary;* and the many that have used the dictionary will be prepared to welcome Dr. Keep as a competent editor and commentator of the text. The dictionary was, indeed, the best of preparation for the edition; for in following Autenrieth Dr. Keep had to deal one by one with almost all the difficulties, small and great, of Homeric interpretation. The work thus done sufficed not only to make him incapable of any serious blunder as to the meaning of the text itself, but also to give him command of the widely scattered material that is needed to explain and illustrate the Homeric thought. To the edition we can pay the compliment of saying that it is as good and useful as we had the right to expect from the translator of the dictionary.

Dr. Keep began editing Homer by working up Mr. Sidgwick's edition of Books I. and II. of the Iliad, and by adding on his own edition of Book III. This edition of three books he has now expanded into an edition of six, and by rewriting the notes on Books I. and II. he makes the whole work his own, and assumes responsibility for all. The text, however, is that of La Roche, edition of 1877; but in Books

[3] *God and the Future Life.* The Reasonableness of Christianity. By CHARLES NORDHOFF. 16mo, pp. 228. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[4] *The Iliad of Homer.* Books I.–VI. With an Introduction and Notes by ROBERT P. KEEP. Boston: John Allyn. 1883.

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I. and II. Dr. Keep still follows in part Sidgwick's text.

The adjuncts to the book are well chosen and useful. That part of the introduction, indeed, which deals with epic poetry and the Homeric question is too brief for a serious discussion, or even statement of the points involved; but in accepting and quoting Jebb's summing up on the genesis of the Iliad, Dr. Keep gives us the best verdict of modern scholarship. The outline of the plot of the Iliad is far too short. But the few pages on scanning Homer, and the few pages more on the chief peculiarities of the Homeric dialect, translated from Koch, and reprinted from the *Homeric Dictionary*, give in good form the matter most needed for reading Homer with intelligence.

The text itself is neatly printed. The plan of dividing it into short paragraphs, and of prefixing to each paragraph a short summary of its contents, seems to us admirable. It seems better than either introduction or notes to keep unbroken in the student's mind the continuity and development of the story. The notes occupy 143 pages, to 156 pages in text. This is hardly enough for the absolute needs of a school commentary, and the effect is to be seen in leaving many most important questions, especially of the higher syntax, undiscussed. In general, however, the notes seem accurate and helpful. But here and there the notes blunder either in grammatical diction or interpretation. When he tells us, at vi. 59, that the ὅς in μηδ' ὅς φύγοι is "relative used as demonstrative," he disturbes the true relation of the pronouns. When he says, at vi. 171, of θεῶν ὑπ' ἀμύμονι πομπῇ, that "the phrase means nothing more than safe-conduct," he misses the meaning and spirit of the text. When he tells us, at vi. 255, that δυσώνυμοι means, literally, "not to be named," he gives a misleading statement in word-formation. When he translates (vi. 74) ἀναλκείῃσι by "on account of their failure to defend themselves," he misinterprets, in spite of excessive diffuseness, the meaning of the word. When, in vi. 2, he translates ἴδυσε μάχη.....πεδίοιο by "the tide of battle set over the plain," he falls into the worst defect of translation, the intrusion of a false metaphor into the text, and the ascription to the poet of a thought that could not possibly have been his.

In spite of some such faults, the edition is good and useful. It brings the time nearer, we hope, when a full and scholarly knowledge of the Homeric poems shall be a part and an unfailing result of all collegiate education in America.

MR. WILLIAM SHEPARD has compiled a volume of *Pen Pictures of Modern Authors*,[5] in the preparation of which he has displayed a commendable facility in the use of the editorial scissors, and an equally commendable ingenuity in converting his judicious clippings from the staple of other writers into an attractive literary patchwork, with the intervention of the fewest possible, but always opportune, stitches of his own. A small proportion only of those who are comprised in the term "modern authors" are memorialized in the volume, nor are those who are admitted to it representative of the entire field of literature, or always of the first rank in their particular field. But notwithstanding the rather promiscuous character of the collection, and the fewness of the individuals who are portrayed in it, Mr. Shepard's instinctive editorial tact in the choice of authors who are widely known and have a strong hold upon the popular interest or curiosity has enabled him to produce a thoroughly enjoyable book—the more relishing for his studious avoidance of all formal critical, bibliographical, and biographical details, and his strict adherence to the idea of bringing some prominent authors, whose work belongs to the present half of the century, familiarly before us by graphic descriptions of their personal appearance, and their characteristic traits of conduct and manners, through the medium of the anecdotal reminiscences of those who were admitted to a more or less familiar intercourse with them. The sketches are sometimes exceedingly brief, sometimes extended and elaborate, but all are crisp and bright, and the longest may be easily dispatched at a sitting.

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROTHERS, of Boston, are rendering an acceptable service to letters, and re-opening a new source of enjoyment to many readers, by the republication in a neat, serviceable, and cheap form of the writings of some standard authors of a former generation, whose permanent hold upon popularity fairly entitles them to be placed among the classics. The initial volumes of the series are Southey's manly and unaffected *Life of Nelson*,[6] with illustrations by Birket Foster, and Miss Edgeworth's "Simple Susan," "Waste Not, Want Not," "The Mimic," "Madame Panache," and other tales.[7] It was of the first of these, "Simple Susan," that Sir Walter Scott once said to Mrs. John Davy: "I'm sure, in that story where the little girl parts with her lamb, and the little boy brings it back to her again, there's nothing for it but just to put down the book and cry." This edition of Miss Edgeworth's tales is accompanied by a fine biographical sketch by Grace A. Oliver, condensed from her more elaborate memoir of Miss Edgeworth, recently noticed in this department of the Magazine. The same publishers include in this series an

[5] *The Literary Life.* Edited by WILLIAM SHEPARD. Pen Pictures of Modern Authors. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 333. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[6] *The Life of Nelson.* By ROBERT SOUTHEY. 16mo, pp. 314. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[7] *Classic Tales by Maria Edgeworth.* With a Biographical Sketch by Grace A. Oliver. 16mo, pp. 332. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

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excellent collection of stirring ballads of heroism and adventure,[8] brought together from many sources, and arranged as nearly as practicable in the chronological order of the events they celebrate. The collection embraces examples from Scott, Burns, Macaulay, Lockhart, Tennyson, Aytoun, John Stirling, Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, Stedman, and others.

No story in our literature has maintained a firmer hold upon the popular fancy, or has longer remained a universal favorite with young and old, wise and simple, than that which relates the life, exploits, and adventures of Robin Hood, the gentle outlaw of Sherwood Forest, and the doings of his renowned band. Originating in a popular ballad probably as early as the twelfth century, or the first part of the thirteenth, the story was further contributed to, and enlarged and enriched, by nearly every after-generation for more than four hundred years, each of which added new turns and incidents to it, chronicling the exploits of the chivalrous outlaw, increasing the number of his followers and investing each with a distinctive personality, and perpetuating their names and memories, and even their physical and other characteristics, till they have become more familiar and real than many historical personages, and at length Robin Hood, in virtue of his position as a popular hero, possesses a literature of his own, and has conquered a place among the foremost of English worthies. The ballads that form this Robin Hood literature are very numerous. But notwithstanding their great number, and the widely distant periods when they were composed, it is noteworthy that throughout all of them the character of Robin Hood is preserved with a unique fidelity to the pristine conception, and that the additions, both of characters and incidents, that were made from time to time are perfectly in harmony with the spirit and environments of the original story. The great charm of all these ballads, from the earliest to the latest, and the secret of their strong grip upon the popular heart, are the joyous and inspiring air of free out-door life that pervades them, the downright manliness and the genuine heroic qualities of their actors, their generosity, their love of woodcraft and of good cheer, their frank good-fellowship, their merry greenwood revels, their personal courage and hardihood, their fair play in giving or taking hard knocks, their hearty love of adventure having a spice of danger, their dexterity in all manly sports and exercises, their mastery in the use of the favorite national weapons of the common people—the bow and the quarter-staff—and above all else their successful resistance to the tyrannical forest laws of the period, and the retribution they visited upon the rich, the lazy, the pampered, the miserly, the crafty, and the oppressors of the poor, by the exercise of the levelling power of easing them of their ill-gotten superfluity and giving it to the wronged, the suffering, the deserving, and the needy. Although there have been several attempts to evolve a connected story out of these numerous dispersed ballads, none of them hitherto has been very successful, and it has been reserved to Mr. Howard Pyle to mould them into an animated and genial prose narrative, in a superb volume entitled *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood of Great Renown*,[9] in which the old ballad spirit, and much of its expressive archaic phraseology, is faithfully preserved, and a complete and veritable history is now for the first time produced, embodying all the most striking and picturesque features of the old popular versions. So admirably has Mr. Pyle mastered the literary complications incident upon the number and the various and conflicting forms of the ballads from which he has constructed his chronicle, and incident also upon the difficulty of preserving the ancient modes of expression without lapsing into obscurity, that none but the practiced scholar will detect the art with which he has commingled the old and the new dictions and framed them into a style at once flowing and vigorous, while the general reader will be carried away by the smooth naturalness and charmed by the musical cadences of his engrossing narrative. Mr. Pyle's volume is an elegantly printed royal octavo, copiously illustrated with vigorous figure drawings of Robin Hood and his men as they are engaged in their various occupations and adventures, and richly embellished with illustrative head and tail pieces and initial letters, reproducing in miniature, in lines of almost microscopic fineness and delicacy, the scenes and incidents of the text. The book is just the one to capture the imagination of youths of both sexes, and is our ideal of a Christmas souvenir.

EACH new collection of poetry is another illustration of the infinite diversity of choice and selection that is possible to editors and compilers, and of the endless permutations to which the productions of the poets are susceptible at their hands. It is safe to say that of the hundreds of poetical collections, specimens, repositories, cyclopædias, anthologies, and what not, that have appeared during the last two centuries, no two of the same period comprise precisely the same authors, or even the same examples of the same author. The reasons for this are various. It may arise from the limitations which the compiler has laid down for his government, or from the wide range or the restricted field of his reading, or from his good taste and industry, or the lack

[8] *Classic Heroic Ballads.* Selected by the Editor of Quiet Hours. 16mo, pp. 289. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[9] *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood of Great Renown, in Nottinghamshire.* Written and Illustrated by HOWARD PYLE. Royal 8vo, pp. 296. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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of both, or from some other causes that need not now be entered into. But, after all is said, it is not to be doubted that to the very large body of readers who are unable to own the complete works of all the poets, even a sparse or poor collection is better than none, while a full and well-chosen one is at once a boon, and the opportunity for a liberal education in a most inviting and ennobling field of letters. Despite their deficiencies, then, and the shortcomings that an Argus-eyed scholar may discover in the best of them, we are disposed to welcome them as important agencies for culture and refinement, and to disagree with those who sneer at them from amidst the surroundings of their own choice and well-stocked libraries. Although it were easy to point out favorite authors who have been omitted from it, or favorite pieces of particular authors which have been supplanted by inferior pieces by the same authors, we have no hesitation in saying that we count as among the best and handiest collections of poetry of which we have any knowledge, an anthology of *English Verse*,[10] edited by W. J. Linton and R. H. Stoddard, of which two volumes are now completed, and are the basis of our judgment. The examples in the first volume cover the period from Chaucer to Burns, and those in the second comprise a selection of the lyrics of the nineteenth century, from Wordsworth till the present day. Mr. Linton supplies a sufficient body of crisp and well-considered biographical and explanatory notes to the collection, and Mr. Stoddard contributes to each volume a genial and readable introductory essay in which he embodies respectively a brief and pregnant outline sketch of the history of English verse, from its first great story-teller and painter of manners, Chaucer, to its first great song-writer, Robert Burns, and a similar sketch of the history of lyrical verse in the nineteenth century. If we scan the collection closely, as has been intimated, we shall here and there miss some familiar and treasured name. Generally, however, it will be found, especially in the volume dealing with the earlier period, that the name omitted is that of an author whose works are chiefly prized because they are rare or curious, but that no truly representative author, who has exerted a perceptible influence upon English poetry, has been excluded. Candor obliges us to further say that not a few names have been admitted to both volumes of whose representative character or influence upon our literature not even the most expansive charity can discover the slightest evidence.

Two additional volumes, the eighth and ninth, of *The Parchment Shakespeare*[11] have just issued from the press of the Messrs. Appleton, and repeat all the inviting and attractive features we have heretofore commended in their predecessors. The plays included in the new volumes are *Troilus and Cressida*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Timon of Athens*, and *Julius Cæsar*.

"The Harry Fenn Edition" of *Gray's Elegy*,[12] just published by the Messrs. Roberts, of Boston, is entitled to share in the hearty eulogy bestowed upon "The Artists' Edition" of the same poem in last month's Literary Record. Although the new volume is more unpretending than the former one in size, typography, and paper, it is in all respects the equal of the other in the perfection of its illustrations, the originality of their conception, and the poetic grace that pervades them. As was naturally to have been expected where the study of one artist was concentrated upon the poem, there is perhaps a greater consistency and a more perfect unity of sentiment visible in Mr. Fenn's interpretation of the "Elegy" than was possible where it was parcelled out among a number. Mr. Fenn's reproduction, from sketches made on the spot, of the scenes and surroundings at Stoke Pogis amid which the poet conceived and wrote the poem, and which he has incorporated into his verse, imparts a peculiar and almost a religious value to his illustrations. Especially interesting are his delineations of the rural and domestic sights and scenes on which Gray must have looked while he was engaged upon the "Elegy," and of the grand old trees, hoary with age, and each bearing the impress of its own distinctive individuality, beside whose "old fantastic roots"

> "His listless length, at noontide, would he stretch,
> And pore upon the brook that babbles by."

The same publishers have prepared elegant illustrated editions of John Henry Newman's fine hymn, *Lead, Kindly Light*,[13] Jean Ingelow's pathetic historical ballad, *The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire in* 1517,[14] and Lord Houghton's delicious nursery ballad, *Good-Night and Good-Morning*.[15] The illustrations of the hymn are thoroughly in harmony with its rapt and richly devotional spirit and its weird atmosphere, but by a singular perversion of the historical facts of the case, not demanded by any poetical necessity, the artists have proceeded on the assumption that the petitioner for the guidance of the heavenly light is a woman, whereas it is well known that the poem was

[10] *English Verse*. Edited by W. J. Linton and R. H. Stoddard. Volume I. Chaucer to Burns. 12mo, pp. 331. Volume II. Lyrics of the Nineteenth Century. 12mo, pp. 334. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[11] *The Parchment Shakespeare*. Shakespeare's Works. Volumes VIII. and IX. 16mo, pp. 318 and 268. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[12] *Elegy Written in a Country Church-Yard*. By Thomas Gray. "The Harry Fenn Edition." Illustrated by Harry Fenn. 12mo, pp. 34. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[13] *Lead, Kindly Light*. By John Henry Newman. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 32. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[14] *The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire*, 1517. By Jean Ingelow. Illustrated. Sq. 8vo, pp. 69. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[15] *Good-Night and Good-Morning*. Words by Lord Houghton. With Illuminations and Etchings by Walter Severn. Sq. 4to, pp. 16. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

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written while its author was suffering an agony of religious incertitude, as he hesitated on the brink between the Church of England and the Church of Rome. The illustrations of Jean Ingelow's poem comprise some fine examples of their best work by Harry Fenn, F. S. Church, W. A. Rogers, William St. John Harper, F. B. Schell, J. Appleton Brown, J. Francis Murphy, J. D. Woodward, and others. The volume is a superb specimen of book-making. Lord Houghton's poem is in the form of a portfolio of heavy leaflets, on each of which a single stanza of the ballad is printed, and is illuminated by an antique colored initial letter. The remainder of the page is occupied by a large colored etching by Walter Severn, reproducing the text with exquisite grace and tenderness. Mr. Severn's etchings are fine instances of the art, uniting boldness and originality of fancy with rare grace and delicacy of detail.

Sunlight and Shade[16] is the title of a collection of poems and prose pen-pictures, the name of whose editor is not announced, but whom we infer from some obvious indications to be its largest contributor, Mr. George Weatherley. The selections cover a wide range of sentiment and feeling, and are uniformly tasteful, though seldom of the highest quality. The illustrations are excellent.

WE are assured that we are in the presence of a true artist as we delightedly con the pages of Mr. J. W. Bouton's superb edition of Adrien Marie's charming pictorial work, *Une Journée d'Enfant, or The Child's Day*,[17] and at the same time are reminded that we are also in the presence of universal babyhood. It is true the artist is a Frenchman, and that the original of the child, the minute incidents of whose daily life he pictures with a masterly and loving hand, lived and moved and had her being in Paris, but the babe that lives in his pages, with her pretty unconscious motions, her piquant little ways, her dainty airs and graces, her sweet caprices and willfulnesses, and her fathomless love and trust and innocence, is of no exclusive nationality, but is your true cosmopolitan, and reigns supreme in every household the world over where the family and home have reared their altar. Mr. Marie's conception was a felicitous one, and he has wrought it out with inimitable grace and lightness, in a series of child sketches that go straight to the heart, as he follows baby through all her daily round, from her first awakening till sleep again falls on her—

> "like a silent dew,
> Or like the maiden showers
> Which by the peep of day do strew
> A baptism o'er the flowers."

In Mr. Bouton's splendid edition of this exquisite work we have seventy-five heliotype portraits of baby in all those winning moods and attitudes, pranks, diversions, and gradual unfoldings, which parents have learned by heart. These are superbly printed from entaglio plates on prepared artists' paper, folio size, and form one of the most engaging and attractive gift-books of the season.

NONE are better able to realize the importance and the difficulty of supplying young people with reading which is at once wholesome and entertaining than parents and others to whom their mental and moral development is intrusted. To say nothing of that which is obviously coarse or poisonous, much that is prepared for children with an honest purpose develops their intellect prematurely at the expense of their fancy, much that is merely entertaining is enervating, or stimulates the imagination unduly, or introduces them to a world of passion and emotion which they are as yet unfit to enter, and much that is useful and instructive is rendered valueless by its prosiness, its undue length, and the mental strain that is required for its mastery. What is especially needed in literature for very young children are variety, brevity, instruction duly blended with entertainment, and simplicity combined with gracefulness, clearness, and ease of expression — reading which shall strengthen and inform without wearying the mind, shall keep the fancy and imagination active without stimulating either unduly or creating a distaste for the real, the true, and the practical, shall insensibly woo the child to form habits of close attention, and dispose him to love reading because it gratifies his natural and healthful curiosity. Those who feel a lively solicitude on this subject will find all these conditions fulfilled in a highly satisfactory degree in *Harper's Young People*,[18] the fourth volume of which is now ready, and forms a most appropriate and acceptable gift-book for the holidays. A careful review of the contents of this excellent periodical for the year just closed has strongly impressed us by the rich variety and excellent quality of its contents. It is, indeed, a treasury of useful information, refined and engaging entertainment, and wholesome amusement, of which far the greater part is original, and all is rendered doubly attractive by the spirit and vivacity of the text and the artistic excellence of its illustrations. Drawing upon the entire field of literature that can yield profit or pleasure to young readers, its contents embrace contributions from the departments of history and biography, legend and fiction, music and the drama, natural history and geography, voyages, travel, and adventure, the arts and sciences, and the trades and industries;

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[16] *Sunlight and Shade.* Being Poems and Pictures of Life and Nature. Illustrated. Large 4to, pp. 193. New York: Cassell and Co.

[17] *Une Journée d'Enfant.* Compositions inédites par ADRIEN MARIE. Vingt Planches en Heliogravure de DUJARDIN. Folio, pp. 70. New York: J. W. Bouton.

[18] *Harper's Young People.* An Illustrated Weekly. 1882-1883. Volume IV. 4to, pp. 840. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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and commingled with all this are fairy tales and apologues, Bible stories and lessons, stories of boy and girl life and adventure, Christmas, Thanksgiving, and Easter stories, suggestive directions and instructions for games and sports, for charades, rebuses, and other in-door and out-door amusements, recreations, and occupations, together with anecdotes of birds and animals, and descriptive sketches of land and sea wonders. So that children of every age, from the prattlers who have just graduated from the nursery to the energetic lads and lasses who are rejoicing in having reached their "teens," may go to its ample stores with the certainty of finding something adapted to their capacities and tastes.

IT is probable that thousands who have made their mark in history have drawn inspiration from the perusal in their early years of *Plutarch's Lives*.[19] Of late years, unfortunately, the popularity of this great work has sensibly declined, in a great degree, doubtless, because of the antiquated or obsolete style of the translations through which English readers must find access to it. Even the otherwise excellent translation of the Langhornes is measurably liable to this objection; and we are glad to be able to announce that this difficulty is now removed by an admirable translation of this fine classic, at once accurate, and dressed in flowing and transparent modern English, by John S. White, LL.D. Dr. White does not give the whole of Plutarch's work, but that which he does give comprises its best and most important portions; and he has rendered these more inviting and intelligible to youth not only by his simple and elegant version, but also by the addition of four excellent maps and a large body of engravings, the latter illustrative of historic scenes and places mentioned in the text, and of the dress, manners, arts, occupations, implements, etc., of the ancients. The volume is luxuriously printed, and will undoubtedly gladden the heart of any intelligent boy or girl into whose hands it may find its way during the holidays.

THE large circle of folk, old and young, with whom records of travel and adventure are a favorite staple of reading, will extend a hearty welcome to four volumes, by as many writers, which introduce them with great particularity to widely separated and dissimilar portions of the globe, and combine with a spirited recital of amusing or exciting personal incidents of travel, graphic and authentic descriptions of the countries visited.

Last year our readers enjoyed the pleasure of accompanying *Three Vassar Girls Abroad* in a vacation ramble through France and Spain; and now the author of that sparkling volume takes us with the same bright "girl graduates" on a holiday excursion through England,[20] and gives us their crisp and fresh impressions of English home and social life and manners, and their graphic descriptions of some celebrated or picturesque or historic English towns, cities, edifices, homes, and haunts. Blended with all this are piquant exhibitions of their own personal traits, of the incidents and happenings that befell them, and of the friendships and companionships they formed. Their pencillings by the way are from the stand-points of genuine Americans, loyally attached to their own country, but not so blinded by their attachments or their prejudices as to be unable to see whatsoever is beautiful or praiseworthy in the mother-land. The "Three Vassar Girls" hold their own against all comers of their own and the other sex with such spirit, combined with such womanly grace and delicacy, that the reader will feel a pride in them as representatives of the women of America. A slight foreshadowing of romance casts its glamour over the narrative, and gives it an interesting flavor. The volume is handsomely illustrated.

Mr. Edward Greey, favorably known for his painstaking researches and accurate scholarship in Japanese matters, has prepared an unusually interesting volume upon an island adjacent to Japan that was almost unknown until it was introduced to the public attention, some two or three years ago, by Miss Isabella L. Bird in her delightful volume entitled *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*. In that work Miss Bird described her travels in Yezo, and her visit to its aborigines and the shrines of their idols; and in the volume before us Mr. Greey gives a fuller and more detailed account of the same island and people, in a description of *The Bear Worshippers of Yezo and the Island of Karafuto*,[21] which is assumed to be the fruit of a visit by some young Americans and their Japanese friend and school-mate Oto Nambo. Although the author has assumed the guise of these lads, in order to render his narrative more attractive to youthful readers, it really embodies the results of his own personal observations in a visit to Yezo and Karafuto, in the course of which he spent nearly a year in cruising in the adjacent waters, travelled with a boat's crew from Soya to the principal city of Yezo (Hakodaté), and was the guest of the gentle but fierce-visaged savages, whose country he was thus enabled to penetrate, and whose habits, manners, institutions, and religious beliefs he describes. These savages, the Ainos, are genuine aborigines, who have

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[19] *The Boys' and Girls' Plutarch.* Being parts of the "Lives" of Plutarch. Edited, with an Introduction, by JOHN S. WHITE, LL.D., Head Master of Berkeley School. With Forty-five Illustrations. 4to, pp. 468. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[20] *Three Vassar Girls in England.* A Holiday Excursion of Three College Girls Through the Mother Country. By LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 238. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

[21] *The Bear Worshippers of Yezo and the Island of Karafuto (Saghalin); or, The Adventures of the Jewett Family and their Friend Oto Nambo.* By EDWARD GREEY. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 304. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

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retained their primitive social and physical characteristics with a tenacity that is almost without a parallel. The study of this singular people is invested with great interest to the ethnologist, and it is also rich in particulars that are full of attraction to the curious generally. Mr. Greey's narrative has all the air of an original exploration in a newly discovered country, and such indeed was the case to a very considerable extent. The result is a work of genuine interest. The volume is copiously illustrated from curious and graphic designs by Japanese artists.

Our Boys in China[22] is an illustrated volume modelled on the plan of Mr. Knox's *Boy Travellers*. Following the methods of that popular series, it introduces the reader to a familiar view, first of the island and people of Ceylon, and afterward to China and its people, through the medium of two young Americans who are supposed to have been wrecked in the China Sea, and to have finally turned up in Ceylon and China. Their adventures in the Flowery Land are described with great spirit, and the record of their observations upon the peoples and countries they visited embodies, with much that is imaginary and extravagant, much that is real and authentic.

The Knockabout Club in the Tropics[23] is another volume on the same general plan as the one just noticed, but is addressed to somewhat more mature readers. A party of under-graduates determine, as a part of their system of education, to make the tour of New Mexico, Mexico, and Central America with their eyes open, to see all they can, make notes of all they think worth remembering or which promises to be of use in after-life, and as they journey have different members of the club stop at different places for a few hours, or for a day if it be desirable, in order that the whole ground may be covered and as many objects of interest may be seen as is possible. Every evening, or alternate evening, they meet to compare notes, each tells what he had seen and noted, and out of their combined observations and experiences one of their number is constituted their scribe or historiographer, selects what he deems most interesting, and reduces it to writing, for the purpose of interesting other young men and boys in this mode of self-education. In pursuance of this plan a large fund of precise information, curious or valuable or entertaining, is collected, many amusing and some perilous adventures are encountered and described, and an excellent general idea is reached of the various countries traversed.

Although *The Wonders of Plant Life*[24] was not primarily designed for youthful readers, its popular and attractive treatment of the mysteries of plant life—its beginnings, its lower and higher forms, its physiology, and its wonders, beauties, and curiosities as revealed by the microscope—renders it peculiarly suitable for young folk who have a taste for this engaging department of natural history. Its freedom from technicalities and the clearness of its descriptions and explanations place it within the reach of the comprehension of any intelligent boy or girl who will expend a reasonable amount of attention and application upon it.

Besides the above volumes, addressed to the understanding of comparatively mature young people, are several that are adapted to the taste of quite young boys and girls by their happy combination of amusement and instruction, which we must be content to announce by their titles only, as follows: *Zigzag Journey in Northern Lands*,[25] by Hezekiah Butterworth; *Phil and His Friends*,[26] by J. T. Trowbridge; *Alice Thro' the Looking-Glass, and Other Fairy Tales*,[27] by Kate Freiligrath-Kroeker; *Snug Harbor; or, The Champlain Mechanics*,[28] by "Oliver Optic"; *Little Folks*,[29] an Illustrated Magazine for the Young; *Raising the Pearl*,[30] by James Otis; *Poems for Children*,[31] by Celia Thaxter; *Kittyleen*,[32] by Sophie May; and *The Alphabet Children*.[33]

WHETHER consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Julian Hawthorne has evidently been under the influence of the spell of his father's unfinished tale, *Doctor Grimshawe's Secret*, while he was engaged in the preparation of his last novel, *Fortune's Fool*.[34] Although new actors are introduced in it—we speak now more especially of its earlier portions, where the character of the future hero and heroine of the story are in process of development—and although many new and felicitous scenes, situations, incidents, and surroundings are devised, yet the general resemblance that exists between the actors in each, and between their psychical and material environments, is so striking as to suggest that in

[22] *Our Boys in China*. The Thrilling Story of Two Young Americans. By HARRY W. FRENCH. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 424. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[23] *The Knockabout Club in the Tropics*. The Adventures of a Party of Young Men in New Mexico, Mexico, and Central America. By C. A. STEPHENS. 4to, pp. 240. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

[24] *The Wonders of Plant Life Under the Microscope*. By SOPHIE BLEDSOE HERRICK. 16mo, pp. 248. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[25] *Zigzag Journey in Northern Lands*. The Rhine to the Arctic. A Summer Trip through Holland, Germany, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. By HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. Sq. 8vo, pp. 320. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

[26] *Phil and His Friends*. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE. 16mo, pp. 235. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[27] *Alice Thro' the Looking-Glass, and Other Fairy Tales for Children*. By KATE FREILIGRATH-KROEKER. 12mo, pp. 202. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[28] *Snug Harbor; or, The Champlain Mechanics*. "The Boat-Builder's Series." By Oliver Optic. 16mo, pp. 324. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[29] *Little Folks*. A Magazine for the Young. 4to, pp. 380. New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

[30] *Raising the Pearl*. By JAMES OTIS. 16mo, pp. 390. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[31] *Poems for Children*. By CELIA THAXTER. With Illustrations by Miss A. G. Plympton. 8vo, pp. 153. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[32] *Kittyleen*. "Flaxie Frizzle Series." By SOPHIE MAY. 18mo, pp. 207. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[33] *The Alphabet Children*. By C. H. and W. G. Folio, pp. 30. New York: White, Stokes, and Allen.

[34] *Fortune's Fool*. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. 12mo, pp. 470. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

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the later novel they have been worked over afresh on newly projected lines. Even where these lines are most widely divergent, and where dissimilar scenes and vicissitudes are imported into the narrative, the atmosphere remains the same, and we can easily fancy the existence of a motive in the mind of the son to carry the creations of the father into new relations, with the purpose of revealing how their nature and actions would be affected by them. Whether our conjecture be true or the reverse, they imply no discredit to Mr. Julian Hawthorne, least of all anything that can be construed as in the nature of servile imitation. His story is a strong one. It abounds in thrilling and dramatic situations, though these are not seldom tinctured with extravagance, in subtle delineations of strongly marked and powerfully contrasted characters both good and evil, and in weird presentments of the influence of their individuality upon the character and actions of one another, and of all who come within its range. Barring its too frequent interruption by prolonged and fine-spun psychological speculations, its narrative is one of engrossing interest.

In his latest work, *A Castle in Spain*,[35] the late James De Mille has worked up into a humorous novel the scrapes, mishaps, and attendant episodes of love and adventure of some travellers in Spain during one of the many Carlist risings that have diversified its modern history. Some of these travellers had met before and had interchanged more or less serious love passages, others were entire strangers, but all were brought into relations of companionship, first by happening to meet on Spanish soil, and afterward, successively, by falling into the hands of a detachment of real Carlists, and of a band of brigands who personated the Carlist leader and his adherents. The real and mock dangers to which the travellers are exposed from the real and mock characters into whose hands they fall, and the new love entanglements and involvements that result from the peculiar relations toward each other into which some of them are thrown, and which finally result in an amusing change of hearts and hands all around, are described in a narrative which is by turns half earnest, half burlesque. Some very clever pictures are given of Spanish brigand life; there are fine occasional touches of humor and pathos, love and devotion; and there are some spirited descriptions of dangers encountered and perplexities and privations endured. Throughout the story the comical, the farcical, and the ridiculous tread closely upon the heels of the serious, the real, and the tragic—so closely that it is often difficult to define where the one begins and the other ends. The tale is copiously illustrated by Abbey, whose numerous felicitous designs are its most attractive feature, and will richly repay a close study.

In Mr. Roe's new novel, *His Sombre Rivals*,[36] there is a perceptible diminution of the religious aroma that so greatly predominated in its predecessors, though a trace of it is still present, just as it might be in obedience to the demands or exigencies of art in the writings of any professedly secular novelist. Whether the subordination of the religious motive to the place of an accessory is the result of a deliberate purpose, in obedience to a recognized necessity, or of an unconscious and instinctive movement in the direction of greater artistic freedom, we shall not presume to say. In either case Mr. Roe and the public are to be congratulated. *His Sombre Rivals* may not meet as ready or cordial a welcome in Sunday-school or parish libraries as its forerunners, but it is a long stride in advance of them in artistic requisites, and is sensibly their superior in taste and finish, in the spirit and delicacy of its delineations of character, and in the sustained interest of its story. Its feeblest part is its *dénouement*.

The remaining novels of the month are the following: *Under the Red Flag*,[37] a tale by Miss Braddon, in her customary vigorous and intense vein, in which she traces the silver thread of a tender love story amid the coarse and bloody incidents of the reign of terror that was inaugurated by the Communards of Paris after the departure of the German army of occupation in 1871. *Hand and Ring*,[38] by Anna Katharine Green, a powerful detective story, constructed with marvellous ingenuity and minuteness of detail. *Arius, the Libyan*,[39] a historical novel by an unknown author, based upon real and imaginary incidents in the life of the author of the Arian heresy in the fourth century, and portraying the life and character of the primitive Christians with great force and vividness of imagination, if not always with a strict adherence to historical fact. The production is not so much a novel as a story designed as the vehicle for the propagation of the author's views favoring the theological principles of Arius, and supporting the theory of the existence of communism at that early day. *Belinda*,[40] by Rhoda Broughton, an instance of an otherwise delightful story marred by the author's attempt to carry her heroine as near as possible to the brink of shameful sin without absolutely permitting her to fall into the abyss.

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[35] *A Castle in Spain*. A Novel. By James De Mille. Illustrated by E. A. Abbey. "Library of Select Novels." 8vo, pp. 183. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[36] *His Sombre Rivals*. By Edward P. Roe. 12mo., pp. 487. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.

[37] *Under the Red Flag*. A Novel. By M. E. Braddon. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 30. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[38] *Hand and Ring*. By Anna Katharine Green. 12mo, pp. 608. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[39] *Arius, the Libyan*. An Idyl of the Primitive Church. 12mo, pp. 398. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

[40] *Belinda*. A Novel. By Rhoda Broughton. 16mo, pp. 460. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 19th of November.—The Civil Rights Act was declared unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court October 15.

Elections were held in ten States, November 6, with the following results: New York, Democratic ticket, excepting Maynard for Secretary of State, elected by plurality of from 12,000 to 19,000, Legislature Republican; Massachusetts, Butler defeated by plurality of 10,000; Pennsylvania, Republican majority of 17,000 to 20,000; Virginia, Democratic majority, 30,000, and Democratic Legislature; Connecticut, Republican majority, 5700; Mississippi, both branches of Legislature Democratic; New Jersey, Democratic plurality on Governor, 6759; Maryland, Democratic majority, 10,000 to 12,000; Nebraska, Republican, by 10,000 to 15,000 majority; Minnesota, Republican majority, 14,000 to 17,000.

The Newburgh Centennial was celebrated October 18 with imposing ceremonies. The speakers of the occasion were Hon. T. F. Bayard and Hon. William M. Evarts.

General Sheridan succeeded General Sherman in command of the army of the United States on November 1.

The total receipts from the United States postal service during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1883, were $45,508,692; the expenditures were $42,816,700; surplus, $2,691,992.

The new time standard for the United States went into effect at noon on Sunday, November 18.

Lord Lansdowne was inaugurated Governor-General of Canada October 23.

Two attempts were made on the night of October 30 to blow up the London Underground Railroad. Thirty persons were injured by the explosions.

The four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther was celebrated in Europe and America November 10.

The Prime Minister of Spain has declared the intention of the government to abolish punishment by stocks and fetters on slaves in Cuba.

The reformation of the Spanish army was introduced, October 23, by the promulgation of a decree providing that general officers shall hold staff appointments in the future for only three years.

A new Portuguese cabinet was announced, October 23, with Senhor De Fontes Pereira de Mello as Premier and Minister of War.

A treaty of peace between Chili and Peru was signed at Ancon October 20.

Order has been completely restored in Port-au-Prince after a loss of 1500 lives, and damage to property of $4,000,000.

One hundred and fifty Egyptian soldiers were surprised and massacred by the hill tribes between Suakin and Cassala, in Nubia.

DISASTERS.

October 13.—Forty persons killed during a panic in a synagogue at Ziwonka, in Russia.

October 17.—Estimated loss of lives by recent earthquakes in Asia Minor, two hundred.

October 18.—Twenty men killed by a colliery explosion near Barnsley, England.

October 21.—Six men killed by a colliery explosion near Stoke-upon-Trent.

October 22.—Three persons killed and twenty-two injured by the fall of a train through a bridge near Fort Edward, New York.

October 23.—Explosion of powder near Kingston, Pennsylvania. Seven persons killed.

October 28.—Five men blown to pieces by an explosion of dynamite at Confluence, Pennsylvania.

October 30.—Schooner *Unknown*, from Halifax for Prince Edward's Island, sunk, and all hands lost.

October 31.—Steamer *Holyhead* and ship *Alhambra* sunk by collision in St. George's Channel, and fifteen of the crews drowned.

November 5.—Tornado at Springfield, Missouri. Five persons killed and many wounded.—News of the loss, September 22, in the Arctic Ocean, of the whaling bark *Louise* and six men.—Ten persons killed by an explosion of benzine at a factory in Roubaix, France.

November 7.—Sixty-three miners killed by an explosion in the Moorfield Colliery at Actrington, England.

November 8.—Four men killed and twenty injured by the fall of the roof of the State Capitol at Madison, Wisconsin.—News of the loss of the British steamer *Iris* off the Spanish coast, with thirty-five of her crew.

November 12.—More than twenty lives lost in a gale on Chesapeake Bay.

November 18.—British steamer *Condor* and eighteen men lost off Holland coast.

OBITUARY.

October 18.—In Toledo, Ohio, General J. B. Steedman, aged sixty-five years.

October 21.—In London, Captain Mayne Reid, aged sixty-five years.

November 7.—In Morristown, New Jersey, Theodore F. Randolph, Ex-Governor and Ex-United States Senator, aged forty-seven years.

November 11.—In Buffalo, New York, Commander Charles H. Cushman, U.S.N., aged fifty-two years.

November 12.—In Manchester, New Hampshire, Ex-Governor Natt Head, aged fifty-five years.

November 13.—In New York, Dr. J. Marion Sims, in his seventy-first year.

November 15.—In New York, Rear-Admiral Trenchard, U.S.N., aged sixty-five years.

November 18.—In Constantinople, Safvet Pasha, ex-Grand Vizier.

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Editor's Drawer.

THE imagination is strongly affected by our artificial division of time. We have come to look upon it as something solid and tangible. The end of one year and the beginning of another is to us like the closing of one exhibition and the opening of another. We seem to ourselves to step over a definite line, out of one existence into another. Each year has a character and a sort of individuality in the mind. December is the last page in our ledger; with January we open a new set of books. The arbitrary division of the year into months imposes on us in the same way. Each month is not only a definite space in our lives, but it has a character. In giving it a name and a certain space of duration we have made it an entity, and we can not escape from the thralldom of this arbitrary succession. This is convenient in many ways, but it has its disadvantages. The chopping up of time into rigid periods is an invasion of individual freedom, and makes no allowance for differences in temperament and feeling.

Let us illustrate. This sharp division does not mark with equal justice the flight of time. The world is practically divided into two classes—debtor and creditor. This classification is no more accurate than that of saints and sinners, but it holds true that some men are naturally debtors, and others naturally creditors. In the district school even, where the stock in trade is slate-pencils, fish-hooks, and chewing-gum, there are certain to be two or three boys who are capitalists, always making a corner in their trousers' pockets, while the rest of the boys are borrowers. Now the creditors like this system of months and years. They watch the manner of these artificial periods with interest, in order to send in their bills and extort their profits. They have nearly mined the Glad New Year—taken all the poetry out of it. They have filled it with mercantile and sordid suggestions. They often poison the most tender associations. The writer, who at family prayers, daily and for years, heard his grandfather say, "The bells of mortality are sounding in our ears," grew up with the impression that he was saying "the *bills* of mortality are sounding in our ears." And it turned out that they are. The debtor hates this artificial and vexatious arrangement of time. He would like it to flow on unbroken like a river, peacefully, without dams, and without the constant apprehension of checks to his serenity. He is not dishonest. It is this being called to account by an artificial system that worries him. He is perfectly sincere, according to his nature, when he says, "I will pay in time." This flagrant injustice is still more marked in the reckoning of the age of people. It assumes that all people grow old at the same pace. Notoriously this is untrue. Women feel the injustice of this calendar, especially single women. No wonder, therefore, that they refuse to tell how many years they have been in the world, for our habit is to reckon age by years. For this reason a woman who knows that she is only twenty-five does not like to confess that she has had forty birthdays, not because she is ashamed of her real age, but because of the falseness of reckoning age by the artificial periods we have adopted. Some people are old at twenty, others are young at sixty. Some people live three years in one, and so come to old age before twoscore. Others live and grow slowly, and it is a mere misrepresentation to say of them that they are fifty years old, as we must say in our artificial method. It is absurd to reduce life to a mathematical statement.

We were saying that the twelve months have come to have an individual character, as distinct in some minds, perhaps, as that of the twelve apostles. They are abstractions, like the hours, and, in a way, like numbers, like figures, like the letters of the alphabet. But the tendency is to think of things in the concrete, and the inquiry has arisen, how do different people think of the months, the hours, and so on? What sort of shape do these things assume in the mind? How do we *see* them? One person always sees the numerals arranged in a straight line, extending indefinitely, or sees them up to 100 or 1000, and a greater number repeat themselves in that form. One person declares that he thinks of the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10; that is, he sees them, never in a line, but always irregularly placed, according to a certain value that he can not explain. And people see the letters of the alphabet, and months and days, with the same differences. How do you see the months—the twelve months of the year together? Do they lie flat on a plain, extending in a direct line from you, or are they in a circle, or in an ellipse? are they square, or oblong, or round? and are they all of the same size? To the writer the months have an individual character, but with no great difference in size, and he sees them in a circle, but the circle does not lie flat. The peculiarity is that he seems to be travelling this circle, and that he is part of the year ascending, part of the year walking on a level, and part of the year descending. In the circle, July and August occupy low if not swampy ground; from about the middle of September to the first of January the ground slopes up, and the writer seems to be climbing an ascent. From the first of January on till into March there is a sort of table-land; but in March it begins to drop away rapidly into April and May, when another rather level and serene walking ground is reached, that does not fall away much till the latter half of June.

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He always sees the months in exactly this way. Inquiring how different people see these abstractions is a pleasant social amusement for the holidays.

IN relation to seeing, but wholly irrelevant to the mental sight referred to, a correspondent in China drops into the Drawer, in this spot, the following comical

NOTICE.

AH HOW, who has One Eye, and is a pock-pitted Man, has this day been DISCHARGED from my firm. In future all accounts will be collected by Mr. AH SHEE, who has two eyes and photograph in my shop. COCK-EYE, Tailor.

YOKOHAMA, *February* 15, 1882.

THE Drawer has always been as much puzzled to discover the grounds upon which the degree of D.D. is conferred in some cases as was the worthy lady in a neighboring city who, upon being asked if Dr. McDonald preached at the Presbyterian church, replied that he did, but added that she didn't know that he had got to be a doctor, for, said she, "they haven't any organ at that church, and the singing is congregational."

APROPOS of the present discussion of the "hereafter," we have received the following bit of eschatology:

"The Professor of Systematic Divinity at —— Seminary, being indisposed, was not to be with his classes. A notice to that effect was given to the men after morning 'chapel.' Whether the professor who gave the notice belonged to the 'Newer School,' or merely to the orthodox school of the Sydney Smith type, is not known. His words were these: 'The professor, being ill, requests me to say that the Seniors can keep on through *purgatory*, and the Middle Class continue the *descent into hell*, until further notice from the professor.'"

STRANGE requests are sometimes made of officials. In the discharge of his duties as Mayor of Brooklyn, Mr. Low, like others in high places, has been subjected to all kinds of applications, but perhaps the following has sufficient novelty about it to justify its production in print:

Not long since the telephone in the office rang vigorously, as if some hungry applicant was determined upon an immediate hearing, and resolved that nothing should interfere with his pressing wants. It was promptly responded to, when the following dialogue took place:

APPLICANT. "Hello! hello! Three hundred!"

MAYOR'S OFFICE. "Hello!"

APPLICANT. "Where's my steak? Send me a beefsteak at once!"

MAYOR'S OFFICE. "Send you a what?"

APPLICANT. "No, not a *what*—a *beefsteak*. I've waited for it till quite out of patience."

MAYOR'S OFFICE. "Mr. Low will be sorry to learn of your disappointment, but, as Mayor, can not favor your request; there are no stakes in his office for any one, and all applications must be directly made to the head of the proper department."

There was a discordant hum as of many voices at the other end of the wire, a faint echo as of confused laughter, and then came an almost inaudible whisper, "It's all a *mistake;* good-by."

THE literalness of children has to plead for their want of reverence in such cases as a boy named Tom, six years old, who noticed one winter morning after sunrise the moon in the western sky. Having never before seen both orbs at the same time, he was deeply impressed, and ran to his mother with,

"Oh, mamma, I've got an awful joke on Our Heavenly Father!"

"Why, Tom, what do you mean?" said the mother, in a rebuking tone, greatly amazed and shocked.

"He forgot to pull his moon in," cried Tom, his voice quaking with glee.

WHAT a gloomy world this would be but for the sympathetic consolations of undertakers and sextons!

One of the old-time dwellers of W—— devoted a generous share of his wealth to the construction of a costly tomb, where his ashes might repose in security after the spark of life had gone out. One day he was contemplating the completed work, and while so engaged the old sexton came along wiping his solemn features, as usual, with his familiar bandana. Said the owner of the tomb: "This is a costly house for my poor bones to occupy when I shall have done with life. I have a great deal of money lying idle in this tomb."

Softly depositing his bandana in his hat, and casting a look of unutterable sympathy at the speaker, the old sexton replied, "Yes, sir, so you have; and may you soon begin to realize on it!"

CHRISTMAS, 1864, when the Southern army was lying in winter-quarters at Dalton, was enlivened by an incident that two young officers have recounted and laughed over on every anniversary since. The weather was bitterly cold, the moral thermometer as low as the scientific one, the government larder lowest of all. A few fortunate fellows here and there had got boxes from home of "goodies" that had never tasted so good, but the great rank as well as file had only a Barmecidal feast, the memory of their comfortable homes, absent relatives, and especially of the Christmas dinners of the past, only serving to aggravate the situation.

Lieutenant W——, a greedy if gallant soul, had spent the entire morning passing in review the turkeys and puddings and mince-pies and delicacies generally which he felt sure were at

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that moment in various stages of preparation in the family kitchen, or remembered to have seen on the paternal mahogany. "I don't mind fighting," quoth he to his most intimate friend, "but, hang it! I hate starving." Now his friend, Lieutenant B——, was of the favored few who had received hampers the day before. He had at that moment snugly tucked away out of sight a turkey, a fruit cake, and a bottle of Pape Clément. He was among soldiers, therefore, what Vanderbilt would be in an almshouse—possessed of fabulous wealth, for which countless mouths watered. He had prepared a little surprise for his friend, whose enjoyment he meant to heighten by saying nothing of what was in store for him until the supreme moment should arrive. When it grew dark he made up his fire, lit a pine torch, spread his cherished turkey and the attendant trimmings (jelly and bread) out on top of the mess chest, put the wine down on the hearth, and stepped out to get his friend. He was not gone five minutes, and was accompanied when he got back by Lieutenant W——, whose eye glistened with emotion when it fell upon the coveted viands.

"Look at that, my boy, and at that!" exclaimed Lieutenant B——, pointing from the chest to the fire-place. "And I've got a fruit cake on that shelf up yonder," he added, waving his hand toward a dark corner that got only an occasional flicker from the torch.

Radiant with satisfaction, the two friends turned up a bucket apiece for seats, and an eloquent silence followed, until ample justice had been done the delicious bird, and it had been washed down (with many self-congratulations, cheap pity for "the other boys," and affected attempts to look through a tin cup at the color, "bead," etc.) with the still more delicious wine. This done, Lieutenant B—— rose solemnly, walked over to the shelf, and felt for his cake—in vain. It was gone! The terrible fact paralyzed him for a moment, and then an inspiration came to him. "It's that rascal Pete," he shouted; "he's the only one that knew I had it. I know what he has done: he has carried it off to that dinner all the darkies in camp are having to-night, and, by Jove! I am going to catch him in the act. I'll teach him to steal the only fruit cake I have smelled for four years! Come along, W——." The friends started off briskly over the snow, and in a little while reached the hut which they knew to be the scene of festivity. Peeping between the logs, they caught through the chinks a very good view of the interior. The company was a very swell and select one, composed of the body-servants of the various officers, who took the rank of their masters for the time being. They were grouped about the hut on the camp chairs, logs of wood, and barrels that were intended to accommodate the more distinguished guests, or on the floor. A blazing fire of pine knots lit the room so well that if it had not been for the grandeur of the thing it would not have been necessary to light the tallow candles stuck in bottles that graced the upper part of the room, where a table had been improvised—a table to whose ample store of provisions all the country for six counties around had unconsciously contributed, and in the centre of which towered conspicuously Lieutenant B——'s fruit cake. While two of the men gave the finishing touches to the arrangements, polite conversation reigned around the fire. It was, "Gineral, when does we move on Atlanta?" And, "I don' know, Colonel; it'twouldn't be zackly proper fur me to say, in my persition." Or, "Major, what is your 'pinion ob Sherman?" And in reply, "Well, if he'd er took up dat elewation dat emanates from de back er dat wood," and so on, at great length, with indescribable pomposity. One very solemn old fellow, a hanger-on of the Medical Director, and addressed consequently as "Doctor," disapproved evidently of the military tone of the conversation, and tried to air certain phrases he had picked up, and get up a corner in chemistry.

"De hygen and de oxingen gits mixed, and de atmosp'eric pressure ob de air is bound ter give trouble. Dat's what I say, and I knows," said he. The young officers grinned delightedly outside. "Come ter supper!" was called out. There was a general move, and the guests were seated according to rank, the General at the head, the Doctor at the foot, of the table. Pete, who was a preacher by profession, said grace. The young officers whispered to each other for five minutes, separated, came back a little later, whispered again. "Here it is. There isn't enough powder to hurt much, but there is enough to scare 'powerful bad.' Just climb the chimney and drop it down. The bag is wet; you'll get off all right, and we'll see the fun."

Lieutenant B—— obeyed orders, and just as the General was drinking some of the hospital wine, and the Colonel was lighting upon the 'possum, and the Major was working the drumstick of a turkey, and the Doctor's left cheek had been made to accommodate an entire biscuit—bang! bang! and the side of the mud chimney was blown out, the coals and "chunks" of wood scattered over the room, and the candles overturned in the general rush out-of-doors. Next day Lieutenant W—— overheard the Doctor, whose great aim in life was infallibility, saying to the Major: "What did I tell you? I knowed sumpun wuz gwine happen. Dat wuz de atmosp'eric pressure uv de air, dat wuz."

"It wuz, hainh? Den I wish dat fool pressure had waited till I done got my supper, dat's all."

Old Uncle Mose was an enthusiastic fisherman who lived on the banks of the Mississippi in ante-bellum days, and kept his family and friends liberally supplied, as a rule, with everything from a shrimp to the enormous cat-fish

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which is the *pièce de résistance* of the cabins, though it is thought very coarse by palates accustomed to the more delicate pompano, sheep's-head, and red-fish.

On Christmas-eve, in never mind what year, Uncle Mose went hopefully down to a certain bayou that promised great things to the man who could wait and wield a rod with skill and patience, sat patiently under a cottonwood-tree for some hours, and at last had his faith rewarded by finding an enormous cat-fish on his line, that came within an ace of catching instead of being caught. With great difficulty the old man hauled it in, and finding himself unequal to the task of carrying it home, ran a stout stick through its gills, and anchored it securely in the muddy bank of a certain secluded miniature bay of the bayou. He then trudged home, three miles distant, the proudest man in the county, and meeting a number of other darkies *en route*, related his exploit at length, and invited their co-operation.

At every step he gained a recruit, and it was agreed that they should have "a big blow-out and barbecue" in Jones's Wood next day. "'Case why," said Mose, who was nothing if not religious, "dere is a time fur eberyting, an' dis is de time fur pickin' de banjo an' floppin' round loose. What does de Book say? David he dance befo' de Lord."

All the colored sisters were duly warned of the approaching festivity, and, indeed, had been "purvidin'" (*i. e.*, "appropriating" and cooking) for weeks in anticipation of something of the kind.

Next day Uncle Mose, followed by a goodly company of men and women, went down to the bayou to secure the substantial fruits of victory. But, alas and alack! (especially the latter) what may not twelve hours add to or subtract from the sum of human experience? Another darky on the afternoon of the previous day had strayed that way, caught only one miserable little fish, and looking about him discontentedly, had spied what æsthetes would call the "white splendor" of Uncle Mose's captive. Substitution was not robbery in his code, and he promptly effected an exchange; so that when Uncle Mose and his suite arrived on the scene, there was nothing to be seen but a wretched minnowling transfixed on a bed of black liquid mud.

Great was the horror of the company, and its indignation found vent in loud threats and complaints.

"What does dis mean, Bro' Mose?" demanded a brother preacher, sternly.

Poor Mose could only stare aghast for a long while, and then, jerking up one suspender, and giving his eyes an impressive roll around the circle of anxious faces, he said, "Well, dis here am de time, an' dis de place, but t'ings done shrunk somehow mightily."

Rather a long text, this, but Christmas for a great many people besides Uncle Mose and his friends is a time in which large investments of enthusiasm and preparation yield very small returns of mirth and jollity. Apart from its religious significance, after we have got out of the teens it becomes more and more a period of ills and bills, of sad memories which no amount of turkey will choke back, and feelings which are by no means in unison with the wild, insistent hilarity of the Christmas periodical and its snowing, blowing, holly-and-evergreen, flaming-pudding, and domestic-joy illustrations—seeing which, and remembering what Christmas was at six, as compared with what it is at thirty-six, forty-six, or sixty, many a lonely man or woman can but think, "Dis here am de time, an' dis de place, but t'ings done shrunk somehow mightily."

AFTER General Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley had been pressing hard upon the Confederates for nearly a whole season, General Rosser was sent from the Army of Eastern Virginia to General Early's assistance. Rosser's men had been doing brilliant service, and were so greatly elated by it that they had adopted a laurel leaf as a badge, and permitted themselves to be called the Laurel Brigade. They came to the discouraged soldiers on the Shenandoah, therefore, with much swagger, and promised to clear the valley of Yankees in no time; but in the very first engagement Sheridan drove back these boasters, and chased them at full speed for twelve miles. Jubal Early's only comment on it, when he met the crest-fallen commander a day or two later, was to drawl out this remark:

"I say, Rosser, your brigade had better take the grape-leaf for a badge: the laurel is not a running vine."

A PHYSICIAN of Hamilton, Canada, was called to see a man who was far advanced in consumption. In the course of the doctor's visit, the wife of the sufferer, while standing by the patient, asked, in mournful tones, "How long do you suppose he'll last, doctor?"

The physician, wishing to console her and to spare the feelings of the sick man, said, "Although he is, of course, very ill, we often see such cases linger much longer than might be expected, judging from appearances; and you must be as hopeful as possible."

"Well, doctor," she replied, "I hope he won't last long, for he's a great burden."

TO put to sleep many ladies who have lain awake nights puzzling over it—judging by the letters received—the Drawer reluctantly says that the Poe acrostic in the June number is read by taking the first letter in the first line, the second letter in the second line, the third letter in third line, and so on.

THERE is a lonesome burying-ground in the town of Manchester, Connecticut, which appears to have been neglected, perhaps forgotten and lost sight of. One night last autumn,

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late and stormy, a farm-house on a road leading past the forlorn ground was aroused by a stranger, who assailed the front door with his fists, and demanded to see some of the inmates. His importunity finally brought the farmer down in his night dress, who opened the door, fearing some dreadful news at this unseasonable hour.

"You live here?" said the stranger, leaning against the door-post in the good-humored stage of intoxication.

"Yes."

"Well, do you know if anybody has lost a grave-yard? For I've found one down the road here."

CAN any reader of the Drawer give the present address of the distinguished lady for whom the following letter was received recently by a well-known American publishing house:

GERMAN TRANSATLANTIC EXCHANGE.
(Central-Bureau für den Weltverkehr.)
BRASCH & ROTHENSTEIN.

78, FRIEDRICHSTRASSE, BERLIN *W.*,
August 24, 1888.

DEAR MADAM,—Having seen your book called *Germany* advertised in the papers, and knowing that our Reading Room here might be a good place for making the book known to many travellers of all nations, we take the liberty of asking you to forward us a Copy. We hope you will not consider us presumptuous in this request, but our Reading Room and Office here is a great resort for all foreigners, and we are sure your book would have a very good chance of being seen by the hundreds who daily visit our establishment.

We remain, Dear Sir, yours very truly,
BRASCH & ROTHENSTEIN, Brokers.

Madame DE STAEL,
Care of —— —— ——,
Publishers, New York.

THE TEXAS BELL-PUNCH.

THE bell-punch for registering drinks was adopted by the Texas Legislature, but all attempts to enforce it failed, so that system of collecting a revenue on the sale of alcoholic fluids was abandoned; but while it lasted it created a great deal of amusement. Whenever a drink was sold, the bar-keeper was expected to turn a crank, which rang a bell and registered the drink. At the end of the month the collector examined the register, which was very much like the ordinary gas-meter. The bar-keepers, however, as a general thing, cheated the law by failing to turn the crank when a drink was taken; hence it frequently happened that a saloon where thousands of drinks were sold daily only registered in a month perhaps a few hundred drinks, thereby defrauding the State of the revenue. There was, however, one bar-keeper in Austin who not only conscientiously registered every drink, but he actually turned the crank when no drinks were taken. This singular conduct attracted the attention of a newspaper man, and he interviewed the proprietor of the establishment.

"What in the world makes you turn that bell-punch so much, when no other saloon man in the city pays any attention to it?"

"I'll tell you if you will promise not to divulge the secret," replied the saloon man.

"I'll never say a word about it."

"Honest Indian?"

"Honest Indian."

"Well, you understand that you have to pay a tax on every drink registered on the dial of the bell-punch. Now the machinery of my bell-punch is out of order: *it registers backward.* The State of Texas can not go behind the face of the record; that was decided in the contest about the electoral vote of Lonisiana. According to my bell-punch, the State of Texas owes me $75,800 already, and the debt is growing at the rate of $5000 a day. I will soon have a valid claim of half a million against the State of Texas. As long as the State can not go behind the record, and that bell-punch registers backward, I don't feel like shaking hands with Jay Gould."

A LAWYER DISCOMFITED BY A LADY WITNESS.

BROWBEATING lawyers sometimes find their match in female witnesses. We recall an instance in which a member of the Charleston (South Carolina) Bar, Colonel H——, was quietly but effectually "squelched" by a lady whose evidence was very damaging to his client. He realized this, and being also nettled by the imperturbability of her manner, he resolved to embarrass her if he possibly could. So he said:

"Madam, I observe that in giving your testimony you make frequent use of the word irony. May I ask if you understand its true meaning?"

"I think I do, sir," she replied. "Let me illustrate. If I were to call you a gentleman, I should unquestionably be indulging in irony."

The colonel winced visibly under this sharp thrust, the audience applauded, the jurymen laughed, and even the judge on the bench smiled, while the colonel's professional associates, who had often been bulldozed by him, keenly enjoyed his discomfiture. To add to his chagrin, the colonel lost his case. C. K. B.

A LOT of whiskey-soakers went away on a fishing excursion for two or three days, and agreed to take no liquor along. Assembling at evening in the old cabin which was to shelter them for the night, the negro boy built a fire, whereupon a black-snake crawled out of one corner of the fire-place, in front of which the tired fishermen were sitting in pleased expectation of supper and warmth. The first fellow who saw the reptile moved his feet slowly aside, glanced at his undisturbed companions, and said nothing, though his face grew very serious. The snake crawled under the next chair, and its occupant lifted his heels upon the rung, keeping one solemn eye on the serpent and another on the company, but making no audible sign of his fright. So

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the snake had gone quite round the circle, without a word having been spoken, when the boy came in with an armful of wood. Seeing the creature, he dropped his load and killed it. At this proof of its corporeal reality there was a universal cry of relief, and the unanimous exclamation, "I *thought* that looked like a snake!"

ONE BACHELOR OF MANY.

THERE's one thing to the ladies I plainly wish to say:
I'm a man of no pretenses; I'm fifty, if a day;
I'm neither gay nor amiable, I'm fussy, and I'm plain;
But, girls, you needn't plot for me—all plotting is in vain.

I never see the brightest eyes, and all their witchery
Is wasted ammunition, if its aim is hurting me;
I never see the reddest lips, I'm proof against all smiles;
I rather think I'm not the man for any woman's wiles.

I can sew on my own buttons, my stockings I can mend,
And women's hands around my room are not what I intend;
I want no knitted, netted things, no travelling bags, no wraps,
No slippers and no comforters, no painted plaques, no caps.

I buy the things that I require; so, ladies, hear me say,
All such attentions spent on me are simply thrown away;
So shake your curls and give your gifts, bewilder all you can,
But just remember, if you please, that *I* am not the man.

I've heard there's twenty-one old maids consider me their "fate,"
And clever widows five or six that wish with me to mate;
There's pretty school-girls who insist I "must have had some loss,"
And say I'm "so romantic," when I'm only tired or cross.

But, ladies, all attentions from this date I hope will cease;
The only favor that I ask is to be left in peace;
For I consider one thing sure as anything can be—
I will not marry any girl, and none shall marry me.

That's just exactly what he said about a year ago.
Now, if you could but see his rooms, they are a perfect show
Of netted things and knitted things and painted plaques and screens,
Of photographs of famous men and Beauty's living queens;
While on the hearth-stone sits his wife—she's sweet and good, I know.
And if you tell him of the words he said a year ago,
He answers you, without a blush, "Oh, that's the usual way;
No one believes a single word old bachelors may say;
When the right angel comes along, they marry any day."

M. B.

IMMEDIATELY after the surrender of Lee's army and the collapse of the Confederacy, Generals Jubal Early and Magruder went to Canada. They were sitting on the piazza of a hotel in the city where they were stopping, and looking rather rough, when a very spruce and dandified young officer, with his corps badge conspicuously worn, took occasion to strut up and down before the two veterans. Whether intending it or not, his actions at length became very annoying to those gentlemen, and Early called out to his comrade, in his drawling fashion:

"I say, Magruder, how times have changed! We read in the Scriptures that in the old days they used to hang the thieves on crosses, but now they hang the crosses on the thieves."

The dandy disappeared.

THIS, from North Carolina (once called the "Tar Heel State"), may be relied on as authentic. The educational advantages enjoyed by the boys and girls of North Carolina during the earlier decades of the present century were of a very limited kind. There were, however, at that day, a few institutions of learning whose reputation extended beyond the limits of the State, and whose standards of education were among the best. Notable among them was one located at the seat of justice in the County of B——, which still maintains its reputation. A certain planter, residing in a contiguous county, whose eldest son had attained to the age when at the present day young men are fully prepared to enter colleges, whose education was sadly deficient. What he had was acquired by occasional and intermitted attendance at the "log school-house" in his vicinity, at such times as an old-fashioned school-master "taught and birched" the boys and girls.

The father of the lad in question, possessed of ample means, determined that his son John should be placed at the aforesaid school in the village of A——; and accordingly, accompanied by his son, carried out his intention, leaving him with ample means and prepaid tuition under charge of the worthy principal. On taking leave of his son he was informed that monthly reports would be sent him by mail of his son's progress in study, etc., etc. At the expiration of the first month the report was accordingly sent, and a note, as follows, accompanied the report: "When you placed your son John under my charge, you forgot to direct what branches you desired him to be put in." This note of reminder rather confused the worthy old gentleman, whose own education barely enabled him to read and write (the latter by no means an easy task for him). Consulting his wife, and after with her reading and re-reading the report and note, he replied thereto as follows:

SUR,—We got *yure* letter and see you want to *knowe* what branches *we* want John put *inter* we *dount* care what *thay ar* so you *keape him outen* Tar River!

S.

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THE BIBLE READING.—From Drawing by E. A. Abbey.

[See "Judith Shakespeare," Page 363.]

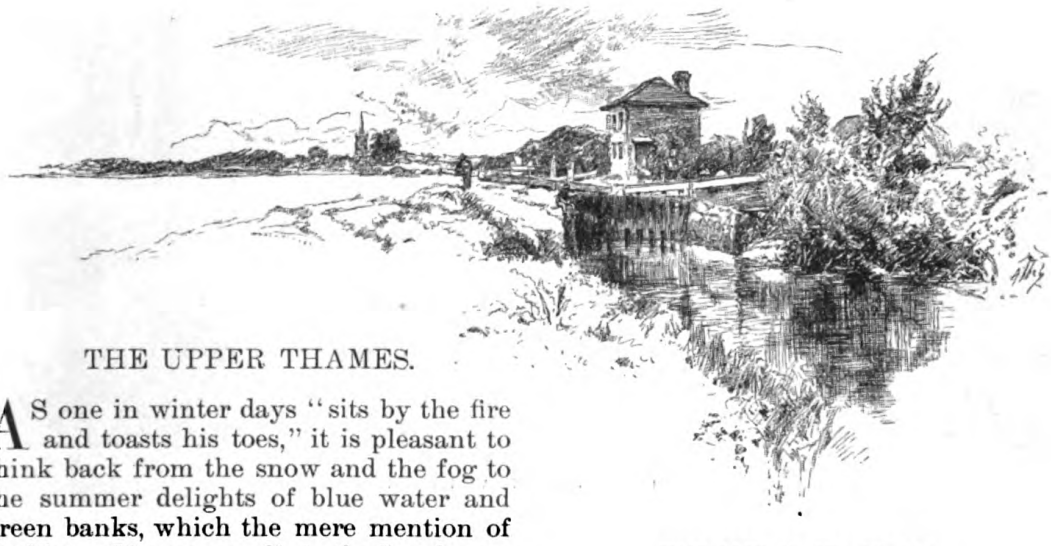
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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCV.—FEBRUARY, 1884.—Vol. LXVIII.



FIRST LOCK ON THE THAMES.

THE UPPER THAMES.

AS one in winter days "sits by the fire and toasts his toes," it is pleasant to think back from the snow and the fog to the summer delights of blue water and green banks, which the mere mention of the Upper Thames recalls to the Londoner.

Great rivers, like some of our greatest men, have often humble origins. When they have achieved distinction and importance, the fame of having given them birth is contested by villages, towns, and counties. Gloucestershire and Wiltshire have both done battle for the honor of giving rise to the Thames. The question has never excited anything like parallel interest to that of the source of the Nile, or the natal city of Homer; but it has had its controversialists. A truce, however, was long since arranged between the two counties, and indeed it may be perhaps justly called a settled peace. The Thames, without doubt, has its birth in Gloucestershire, but it is not until it reaches Wiltshire that it is navigable. Gloucestershire, therefore, presides over its infancy, Wiltshire "sets it upon its legs and makes a man of it"; and flowing through London, it commands the dignified title of "Father Thames." Under that designation what chaplets have crowned its brow, what Parnassian flowerets have strewn its course, what worshippers have paid the tribute of poem, painting, and sculptured gem upon the water-god's classic temples! Chaucer, Gower, Denham, Shakspeare, Drayton, Pope, Thomson, have sung the silvery and spreading Thames; Hollar, Hogarth, Cavaletto, Turner, Roberts, Haden, Tissot, Walker, Hook, and Leslie have painted and etched it. To-day its banks and back-waters, its locks and weirs, its trees and bridges, its boats and ships, are as full of inspiration for poet and painter as in the olden time; for even the utilitarian spirit of the age does not rob the Thames of its picturesqueness. Doré found hay-boats on the Thames not less artistic in form and color, going down-stream with the tide, than if they had been the gayly trapped barges of Elizabeth and her courtiers.

Since Mr. Peacock in his old-fashioned poem, "The Genius of the Thames," sat at Thames Head and idealized the stream, the spring in Trewsbury meadows, on the confines of Gloucestershire, has lost somewhat of the rural aspect it then had. The

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CAMPING OUT NEAR IFFLEY.

local farmer has kept up the bank with a few bricks, and his horses come down to drink at the little pool. Yet the spot has characteristic surroundings. The country here is a continuation of the Cotswold Hills—well known to agriculturists all the world over. It is believed that it was from this district that the Spaniards originally procured their breed of fine-wooled sheep. Creeping along, a trickling stream, the Thames is joined by other rivulets. In Wiltshire it is embraced by another spring similar in character to the original source in Trewsbury mead; and thence it flows on by copse and meadow, by village and town, turning mills and supporting tiny boats, until we strike it at Lechlade, where it begins to be navigable. A pretty old English town, Lechlade has a fine church, and is not devoid of the comfortable inn which is so important an institution as you pull or float down-stream "on pleasure bent." You may take a row-boat here, as we did, and work your way any distance, stopping at river-side inns, or taking your well-earned repose at hotels in the towns. From Lechlade the river, bending to the right, gives us a view of Buscot, in Berkshire, with its square-turreted church tower; and then we come to our first lock experience, and find it pleasant to sit on the rising tide between narrow walls, with the scent of gilliflowers and the hum of bees gathering about us from the lock-keeper's garden.

It is a calm, lazy business on the Thames—opening and shutting the locks. The work is often done by the keeper's wife and children, and they greet you with cheerful faces. By-and-by we pass Langley Weir, near Stanton Harcourt, a place "venerable from its antiquity, classical as the scene of Pope's poetic studies, and dignified from its noble possessors," to quote an old historian. On a pane of stained glass in one of the upper chambers of the antiquated house, Pope himself wrote the following lines: "In the year 1718 Alexander Pope finished here the Fifth Book of Homer." The glass was afterward taken out and removed as a relic to Nuneham Courteny. Near Stanton are three monumental stones known as "The Devil's Quoits," reared to commemorate an engagement fought near Bampton in 614, between the Britons and Saxons. Cumnor Hurst rears its picturesque head by-and-by on the Berkshire banks of the river, fitting scene for the

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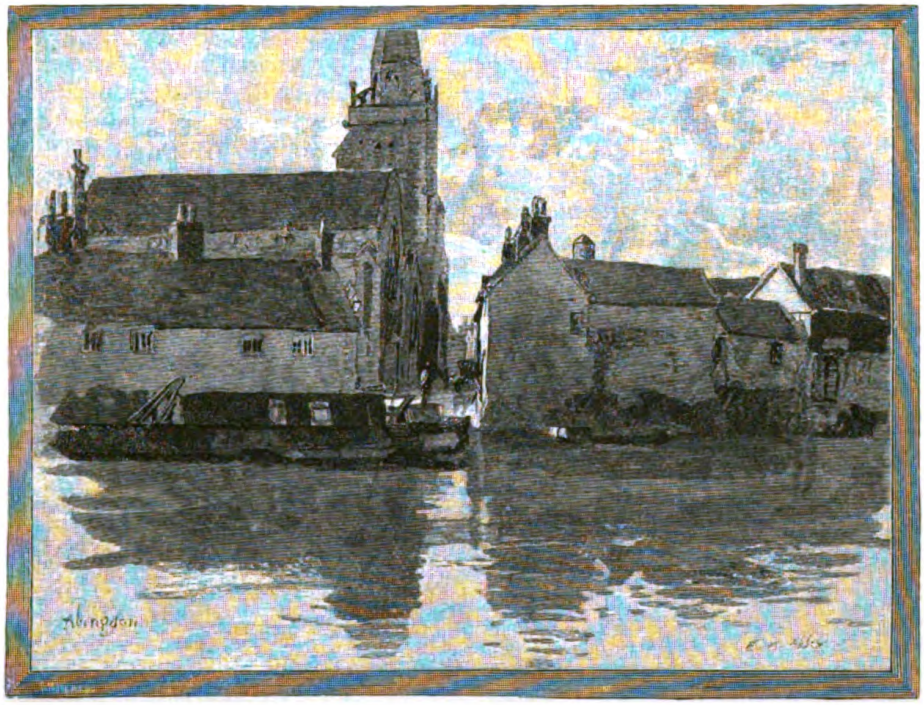
troubles of Amy Robsart, whose romantic life Sir Walter Scott has blended with the local history of Cumnor.

"Never heard of the lady, as I knows on," said a fisherman who was trolling for pike close by; "you'd better inquire of yon chap on the bank there; he knows."

We inquired of the chap on the bank. He was "setting some night lines," he said. Oh yes, he had heard tell of Kenilworth, but it was not anywhere hereabouts; he believed it was somewhere in Scotland; but it was quite true that Amy Robsart, Countess of Leicester, was a prisoner at Cumnor Place—leastwise he had always understood so. Old King Harry the Eighth had had a good deal to do with this neighborhood, he had always been told, but that was before his day, and he had quite enough to do to get a living without bothering his head about such things.

So he turned to his night lines for fish, and we pulled away. His head was a rough one, and he scratched it as he talked to us. He wore an old velvet shooting coat, a pair of jack-boots, and a colored neckerchief, and as we drew away he stood up to watch us with a stolid gaze and a farewell nod, as much as to say, "If pulling a boat down-stream were honest labor, you loafers would be doing something else."

As a rule, the fishermen and boatmen on the Upper Thames are civil and intelligent men. If they are not well up in the current history of the time, nor deeply conversant with the ancient history of the country in which they live, they know all about the river, its course, its depth, its currents, its weirs, its fish, its bathing-



ABINGDON.

places, and the natural history of its banks. They are a sort of combination of fisherman and "keeper," with a touch of the farmer and joiner—handy men, who can shoot and fish, mend a boat, construct the most elaborate tackle, row, punt, sail; and they are curiously weather-wise. They are not witty or humorous, except in a clumsy sort of fashion; they are characteristic of the Upper Thames, which is a softly flowing stream, with now and then a quiet lock or a noisy weir, whose rushing waters soon subside in the bosom of the flood, and whose mimic thunders are soon lost in the drowsy hum of sheep bells, lowing cattle, and dreamy villages.

A breeze has sprung up while we are

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discussing the human and natural characteristics of the river. Our captain (there are only three of us in the boat) orders the leg-of-mutton sail to be spread for the caresses of the gentle wind. He is as polite as the commander of *Pinafore*, and twice as eloquent. His art is landscape; our lieutenant goes in chiefly for figures; I am their humble scribe, and they call me purser. Upon me devolves the financial regulations of our trip. I also steer the boat. Behold us as we glide past the ancient remains of the abbey and convent of Godstons, where, says the historian, "the tenderest associations, allied to melancholy, naturally arise in reflecting on the fair but frail Rosamond, when, in the pride of youth, beauty, and innocence, she was wont to grace these precincts with her presence, and the gallant and enamored Henry, with all the ardency of early affection, first whispered to the beauteous maid his tale of love." Our captain says this historian was an eloquent and discreet author. The lieutenant says he was a bore, and the enamored Harry a humbug. I support the figure artist, and we find the subject a fruitful topic, the general conclusion being that it is not safe for man or woman to put their trust in princes.

And so we slip along between wind and water, to haul in our sail and spend the night at Oxford. It was the Long Vacation. Silence reigned in college halls. Scarcely an academic cap or gown was visible. Don and proctor, Freshman and coach, alike had sought "fresh woods and pastures green." In Oxford you feel as if you were under the mystic pressure of accumulated centuries, whose strange influence of antiquity is all about you.

In this subduing atmosphere we finish a frugal supper at a pleasant inn, and go to bed in the whitest of sheets to sleep the undisturbed slumber of rowing-men.

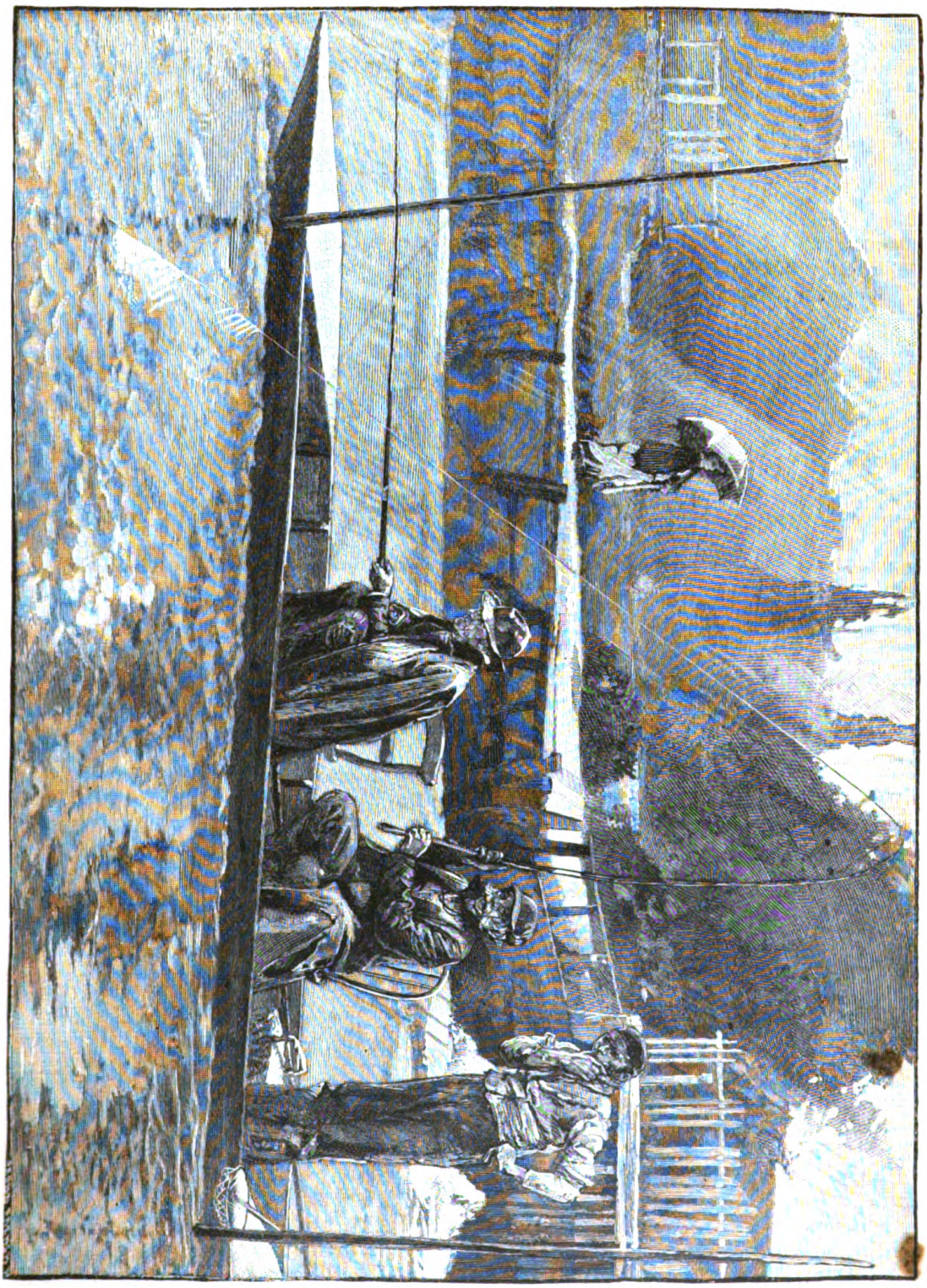
Up betimes the next morning, we are greeted by glorious autumn sunshine. A thrush is singing a loud song of joy upon an ancient elm as we push off, having the advantage of a rapid stream. The river has swollen under the influence of a night's rain. We catch picturesque glimpses of the dreamy spires and classic towers of "the seat of learning and studious ease" as we creep away from Oxford, the captain pulling a pair of strong stroke sculls, the lieutenant performing energetically in the bow, the purser steering with an art worthy a racing cockswain.

We take a rest at Iffley Lock. While I put the craft through, my friends take their sketch-books up to Iffley church, a beautiful example of the ornate style of architecture which prevailed toward the end of the Norman period. A camping-out party have fixed their quarters close by the lock. Their white tents and the curling smoke from their camp fires have a pretty but somewhat inharmonious ap-



TWO AT TOW.

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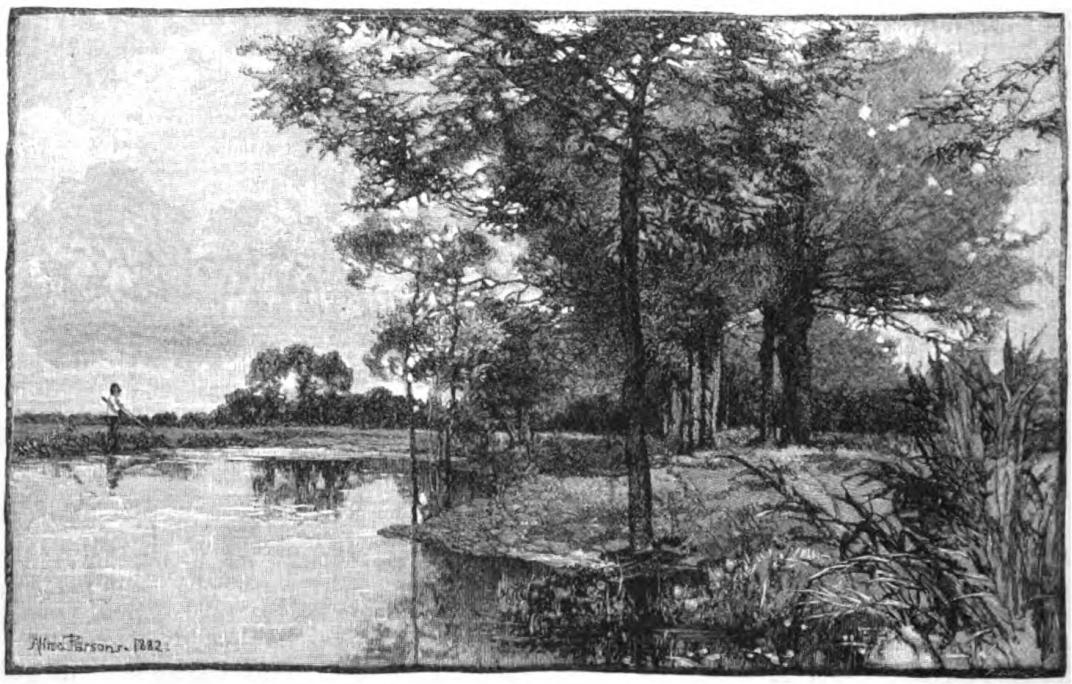


A RAINY DAY ON THE THAMES.

pearance. They look like the canvas garrison of an invading army. During the summer and autumn season encampments are common all along the Thames, and "house-boats" are another form of pleasant isolation. You hire a sort of floating Noah's ark, and live in it.

It was suggested that we should engage

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A BIT OF SHORE.

the services of a man and horse to tow us to Abingdon. The two helps stood humbly offering their services, the man smiling blandly and touching his hat, the horse backing toward the boat as the man flung us a tow-line. The crew thereupon disposed themselves in attitudes of comfort, and the Thames began to sing and ripple at our bow as it had not done heretofore. Away we went, by reeds and sedges, passing house-boats and row-boats, tiny yachts and flat-bottomed punts. I cried, "Ease her! stop her!" in remembrance of the penny steamers, when we arrived at Nuneham, one of the most delightful spots on the river. The park and gardens are superb. They help to keep up the illusion which makes the Upper Thames seem like a river intersecting one continuous pleasure-ground. On one side of the river, woods of oak; on the other, verdant meadows; the oaks stretching their umbrageous branches into the flood, the meadows coming down into the very water in carpet-like terraces of green velvet. Here and there the red-brick village can be seen through the trees. Nuneham Courteney has a gallery of many notable paintings. Its library is famous. It contains a collection of letters of George the Third, from his school-boy days to the sad days of his failing and broken mind. General Harcourt was one of his intimate friends, and Nuneham Courteney is the seat of the Harcourt family. In the dining-room there is a portrait by Gainsborough of Georgiana Poyntz, Countess Spencer, the mother of "the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire." In curious contrast with the loveliness which made the duchess celebrated, there is at Nuneham a letter in which her mother speaks of her as "a lanky girl, with no pretensions to good looks, but who hopes to have something of a figure."

"The old story of the ugly duckling," remarks the lieutenant.

Not a witty nor a very wise observation; but the Thames is not conducive to humor, nor even to conversation. It inspires a gentle drowsiness, and a desire for "shandy gaff." The latter is compounded of lemonade or ginger-beer and bitter ale; and at one of the river-side inns an artist has given the hostelry a new sign illustrative of the legend of St. George and the Dragon, where St. George, having slain the monster, is refreshing himself with a deep draught of shandy gaff.

"Abingdon! 'ere y'are, gents!" said our mounted "tower" and guide; and he rec-

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A LAWN BY THE RIVER.

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ommends the "Crown and Thistle" as he unships his line and we bring up at an antiquated slip.

We took the rustic's advice, and after duly interviewing the local dispenser of "jolly good ale and old," found plenty of subjects for study. Abingdon is quite an important town, at the junction of the Ock with the Thames, and originally grew up around a great abbey of the seventh century. The river-side houses here are eminently picturesque. They harmonize delightfully with the surrounding country. The touch of trade even is artistic, for it gives us barges and old warehouses that make deep reflections in the river, and cast shadows upon the glimpses of narrow lanes and streets.

An hour or two soon passes in presence of these river-side pictures of red house and moss-grown cottage, ancient church, and mediæval suggestions of ancient priest and monk; but afternoon is stealing into twilight hours, and we push on for Clifton Hampden, this time our cynical lieutenant taking the ropes, and giving me his sculls in the bow. We know that down-stream there is for the end of our journey pleasant quarters at the "Barley Mow."

It was Sunday evening when we took up our quarters for the night at this quaint little tavern, with its thatched roof and clean sanded floor. The villagers had been to church. Some of them were walking homeward, prayer-books in their hands; others were assembled on the benches outside the inn, engaged in local gossip and cracking rustic jokes. The scene had a pastoral look, with which the old gabled cottage and the broad gentle river were in poetic harmony. The weather on the morrow, and its suitability for fishing, and a recent boat-race, appeared to be the chief topics of conversation; but as we strolled through the village some of the good folk were discussing the sermon in a friendly kind of way. It is a village outside the world, linked only with distant cities by the silent river—a village where, in comparison with life in London, a day might seem a month.

In the morning, after a bath in the river, and a Thames breakfast of ham and eggs, the purser duly disbursed the modest sum charged for refreshment, and off again at last, we halt, after a long pull, at Bensington; and thence, leaving our boat in charge of the village generally, seek across the fields the adjacent little town of Ewelme. It is situated in a leafy hollow of wood and meadow—a veritable Auburn in a sleepy valley. Chaucer's son by his marriage became owner of Ewelme, and the old English poet must have often walked where our irreverent footsteps made tracks upon the ancient paths. The place takes its name from "the outgush of water" (Norman, *eau*) near the church—an example of the perpendicular period. It stands on a hill, is approached through a brick gateway, and by the cloisters of a row of timbered and brick almshouses. There are some fine tombs and brasses in the church. Among the former is that of the Duchess of Suffolk, whose husband was beheaded by a piratical captain on Dover Beach in the reign of Henry the Sixth.

By-and-by, passing the town of Wallingford, we glide into one of the most beautiful reaches of the river, which spreads out into the proportions of a miniature lake. There is little or no current. It is as if the waters gathered together here and rested, to make of themselves a mirror for the surrounding scenery. The captain passed the word to "back water," and then to ship our oars. We sat still to take in the scene. Beech and elm and poplar, golden and bronzed with autumn tints, emerald meadows and sedgy banks, were reflected with patches of blue and white sky in nature's mirror. No one of us spoke. It seemed as if the scene had words for us—words that whispered in the trees an accompaniment to the songs of birds and to the deeper harmonies of distant villages. The influence of Nature in her gentle moods, amidst soft pastoral pictures of the slowly decaying year, is not conducive to conversation. Taking up our oars again in silence, we hugged the shady shore, that we might not disturb the "liquid glories" of the panoramic reflections of the further banks. A succession of pictures seems to go floating by until we pull up again to gaze on the woods that herald the adjacent villages of Streatley and Goring, one on one side of the river, one on the other. The former is sheltered by a range of grassy hills, and the latter has a church that is remarkable for its Anglo-Norman architecture. As the shadows began to lengthen upon the velvet glints of meadow, we decided to push on to Pangbourne, and settling down to "a long pull, and a strong

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PUNTERS.

pull, and a pull all together," we began to find the river craft increase in number, all of them, with rare exceptions, sailing along in the interest of recreation and pleasure. Now and then our course would be made musical with the choruses of water parties of ladies and gentlemen. Once or twice a lute or a guitar was heard

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IN THE HEAT OF THE DAY.

marking the time for solo-singers. A long racing-gig swept by us. In our turn we headed a lazy house-barge, and a rowing-boat propelled by bonny-looking girls, who were singing an old English glee to the measured plash of their oars. We saw many girls rowing, and one young lady passed us close to Pangbourne in a canoe.

The little town of Pangbourne disappointed us somewhat. The inn was crowded. We were very tired. But the next morning we strolled along the path below the Swan, and indorsed with our good opinion the reputation of the weir and the banks for their artistic points. A fisherman gave us a glowing account of the angling attractions of the locality, and we fondly thought we might lunch upon a recent "take," but again we were disappointed. Fish is a rare dish on the Thames. This anomalous condition of things arises from the fact that much of the fresh-water fish is coarse. A "baked jack" or a "grilled perch" is not "bad eating," and once there were trout in abundance at Pangbourne. They were bred in a local stream that finds its way into the larger river, the trout with it; but this was "many a year ago."

It was afternoon before we left Pangbourne. I took the tow-line, the captain the rudder, and the lieutenant made some rough sketches, or touched up his pencil reminiscences of previous notes. Towing a boat looks hard work in a picture and in reality, but it is not. The band which carries the pressure of your weight is broad, and to walk against the tug of the boat, leaning your weight on the band round your chest, is all that is necessary. Later in the day we saw a lady towing her family along, a bright-eyed little fellow steering. The steam-launch is the snob of the Thames, a fierce, puffing, arrogant craft, which disturbs the fishing, sends a "wash" along the shore, and has been the cause of many serious and even fatal accidents. At Maple-durham Lock I took a rest, and in due time navigated my *confrères* past Caversham (to resume my original place in the stern), where the Kennet joins its waters to the river which winds in pleasant circuitousness to Sonning. Church and bridge and lock and adjacent weir are all picturesque. They seem made for artistic study and poetic suggestion. Up a noisy back-water we pushed our way to the "French Horn," and indulged in shandy gaff and tobacco. Cigars seem utter-

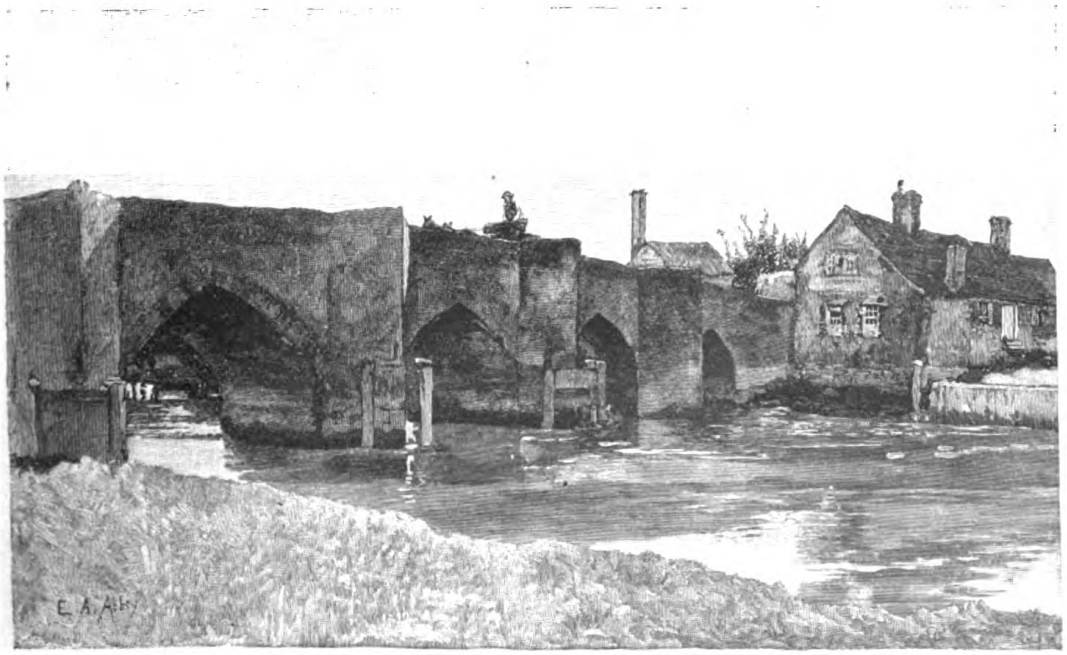
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ly out of place in these pretty primitive retreats. We smoked "church-wardens," the pipes of our forefathers. The news of the time was represented by London papers several days old, though the "French Horn" is only seventy-one miles from London. It is a peculiarity of the Upper Thames, and indeed one of its greatest charms, that it is practically hundreds of miles from the metropolis. The excitement of the most sensational news in town evaporates on its flight through the somnolent calm of Oxfordshire meadows and Berkshire woods and dells. Sonning is reputed to have once been a place of note. It has a certain old-world look which conveys an idea of antiquity.

A few miles below Sonning the Thames absorbs a branch of the Loddon—another branch of which flows through Windsor Forest—immortalized by Pope in his poem of "Lodona." The ivy-clad tower of Shiplake church is soon left in our rear, and we draw up to the landing-place at Wargrave as the sun begins to sink in the west. It is here that two well-known modern painters resuscitated the old sign of St. George and the Dragon. The old-fashioned house, with sanded floor and pewter cups, has probably not changed its fashions and habits for half a century, or even a hundred years. In the principal parlor there is the kind of old mahogany spider-legged sideboard which Boughton and other artists cherish in their new homes. On the walls are preserved fish of noble weight which have been taken from the river by fortunate anglers. We prepared to sip "the boatman's nectar" in the little arbor outside the inn, and to watch an artist, who was moored in a punt almost in mid-stream, busily catching the changing lights that were gradually melting into "the gloaming."

A stalwart boatman, well accredited by the landlady, offered to pull us to our destination, and take our boat back to its owner up-stream during the week. We struck a bargain, and went to Henley in a pleasant, lazy, leisurely fashion. From Wargrave to Henley, and from Cookham to Maidenhead, are the two most beautiful stretches of the Upper Thames.

At a bend of the river about half a mile on this side of Marsh Lock there is a bit of back-water and a great bank of rushes, where surely Mr. Millais got his inspiration for "Chill October." Our boatman knows the way round the island that occupies the very centre of the river, and we shoot along by the lawn of a fine old residence, and beneath branches of oak and beech and straggling willow, and through great beds of water-lilies that are closing their wax-like cells for the night,



THE "NEW" BRIDGE.

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and finally we come out at the head of what looks like a calm inland lake, bordered on one side with woodland heights, and on the other by miles of verdant meadows. We pause to take note of a grand cluster of beeches that are repeated in the silent river below, repeated with the last rays of the setting sun gilding their autumn-tinted branches, while the leafy heights of the grounds of Park Place make a long line of gold and green and red as far as the eye can see. Above us a clear sky, with great sun-bronzed clouds sailing away eastward, and a long line of crows making for some distant rookery. Suddenly, close inshore, a shoal of tiny fish are leaping in and out of the water, like, on a small scale, flying-fish at sea. They might be suspected of a joyful demonstration in thus challenging the golden beams of the sun, but they are, in their little way, engaged in a tragedy rather than a comedy. It is a Thames pike hunting his evening meal that excites these tiny inhabitants of the river to this somewhat unusual demonstration.

We came to Henley in the twilight, pushing our way to the landing-place with other homeward-bound voyagers. At the bridge were a crowd of outriggers and ordinary boats for hire, and others in care of the local builders, where the regatta crews have their principal quarters, for Henley is the scene of the best boat-racing of the year. Certain American crews are proud of the prizes they have carried away from recent meetings here amidst the cheers of large and fashionable throngs, though the London Rowing Club still continue to be the champions of the river. Under the dark arches of the bridge we found that the swallows which had skimmed the surface of the river at Sonning had now been succeeded by bats, while the swans no longer sailed up to us, but were going to their resting-places down-stream.

We unshipped our oars opposite the strip of lawn at "The Lion," which is ablaze with crimson geraniums, red picotees, and yellow calceolarias, and entered the very inn at which Shenstone wrote the now familiar lines:

> "Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
> Where'er his stages may have been,
> May sigh to think he still has found
> The warmest welcome at an inn."

It is a perfect type of the English country inn of the old coaching days. An hour afterward we stood upon the bridge, and watched the stars twinkling down in the waters that gurgled musically about the pointed stone buttresses of the dark archways.

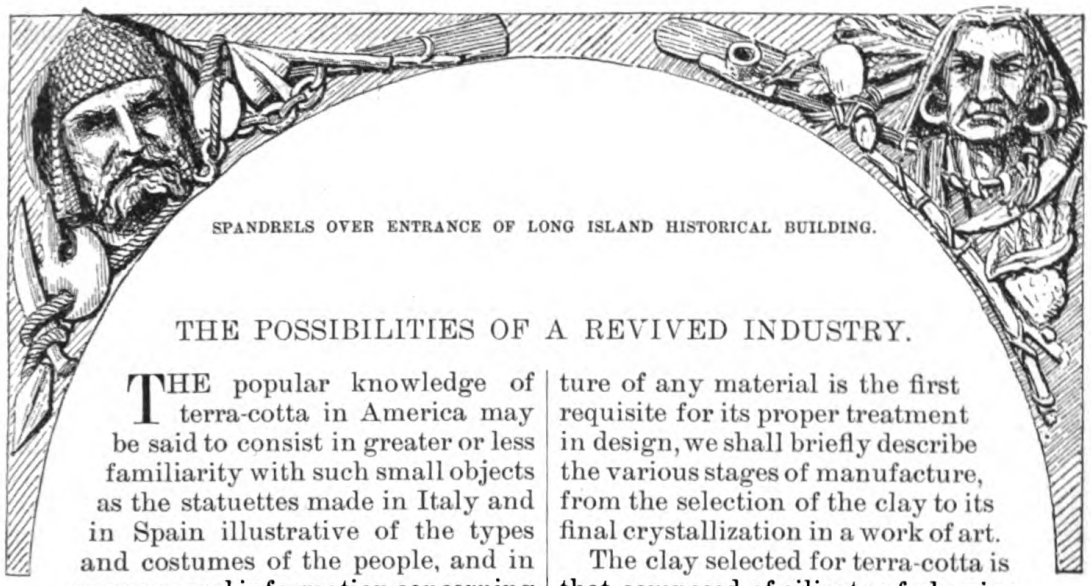
An early morning bath, tempered by "rum and milk," the traditional "refresher" in this locality; a breakfast of soles from London and fresh eggs from a Henley farm; a long pleasant ramble among the woodland scenes of Park Place; a saunter by Marsh Lock and its noisy weirs—and within two hours of taking our seats in a railway train that carried us through a little world of rural sweetness we had separated to drive home in our several Hansom cabs—"the gondolas of the London streets," as Lord Beaconsfield fancifully calls them. As the river we have left is going out to the sea, so also are these busy rivulets of London life going on to their appointed ocean, or as Denham, who has sung of both streets and river, hath it:

> "There with like haste to several ways they run,
> Some to undo and some to be undone;
> While luxury and wealth, and war and peace,
> Are each th' other's ruin and increase;
> As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
> Thence reconveys, there to be lost again."



OLD MAN'S BRIDGE.

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SPANDRELS OVER ENTRANCE OF LONG ISLAND HISTORICAL BUILDING.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF A REVIVED INDUSTRY.

THE popular knowledge of terra-cotta in America may be said to consist in greater or less familiarity with such small objects as the statuettes made in Italy and in Spain illustrative of the types and costumes of the people, and in some general information concerning the relics of various ages in the museums and churches of Europe; but the capabilities of terra-cotta as a material for practical and artistic uses are little appreciated.

It is our purpose to show not so much what has been done in terra-cotta as what still remains to be done, and how we can learn from the best examples to avail ourselves of the advantages the material offers, especially in certain classes of art work. The manufacture of terra-cotta has been carried on in some form from the earliest civilization of which we have any record; in fact, much of our knowledge of ancient history has been derived from terra-cotta tablets, whose impervious surfaces have retained the original inscriptions for thousands of years, under conditions that have caused stone to crumble away and have corroded metal until all trace of its having been fashioned by human hands has disappeared.

Terra-cotta would literally include everything made of "cooked earth," from brick to china and porcelain; but what is now understood by the term is something neither so rough and coarse as brick nor so fine as porcelain. It is not an imitation of stone nor a substitute for it, but a material possessing distinct advantages and capabilities subject to the limitations imposed by the consistency and the processes of manufacture, which processes have now become so exact as to enable us to define clearly the advantages and disadvantages of terra-cotta as compared with other materials in any particular undertaking. As an understanding of the nature of any material is the first requisite for its proper treatment in design, we shall briefly describe the various stages of manufacture, from the selection of the clay to its final crystallization in a work of art.

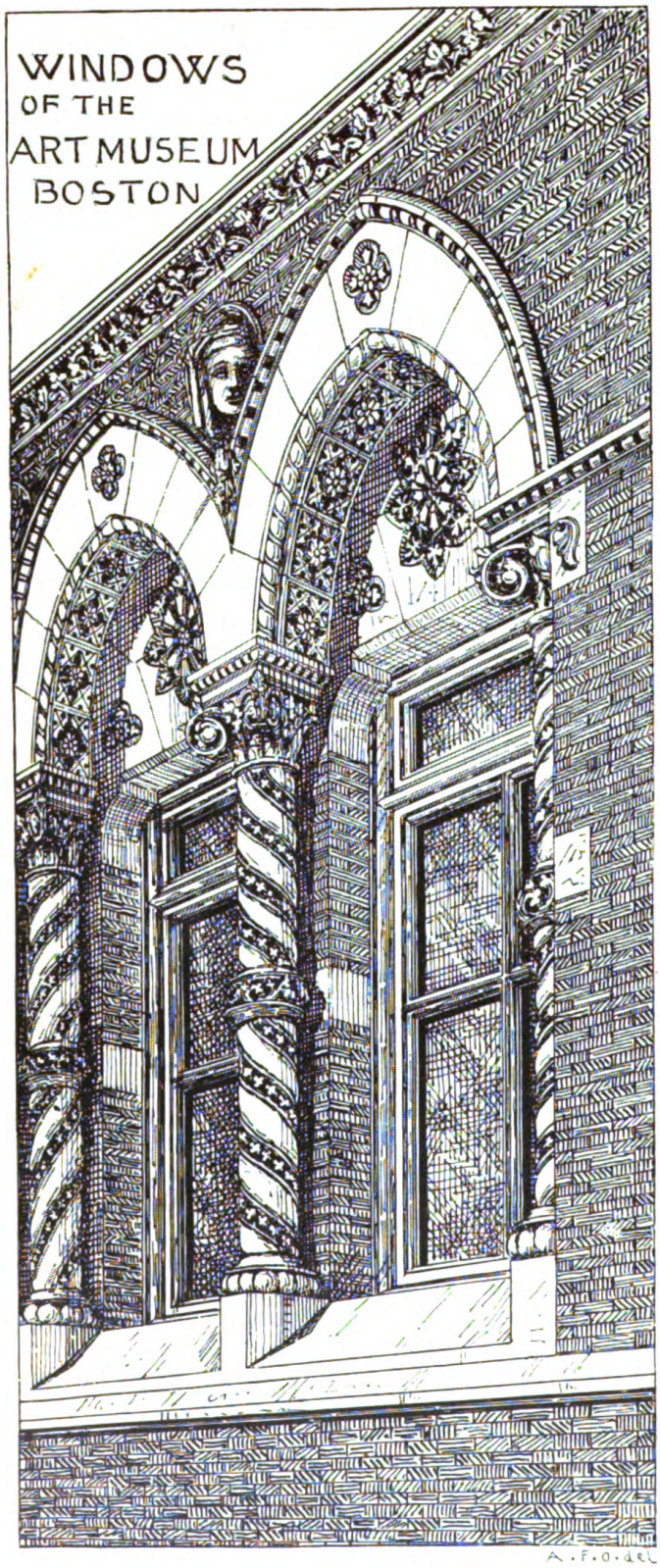
The clay selected for terra-cotta is that composed of silicate of alumina and a small percentage of iron, oxides of iron, as in bricks, producing a red color when fired. The clay is stacked in sheds until it is dry; it is then ground to fine powder, and mixed with powdered old terra-cotta or with ground flint, granite sand, or other vitrifiable substances. The mixture is then ground with a certain small proportion of water, to obtain a perfectly homogeneous, ductile modelling clay free from the smallest air cavities. The proportion of water determines the shrinkage that must occur in burning, and this shrinkage can be relied upon as one-twelfth.

All objects, whether mere cubes or statues, must be hollow, and as nearly as possible of the same thickness throughout, as a solid object invariably becomes distorted in burning, owing to the interior being more slowly baked than the exposed portions. The darker the color required, the harder the firing must be, often reaching a white heat, or more than 1100° F.

It has not always been possible to attain perfect uniformity of color in a number of pieces of terra-cotta, even when the pieces have been made of the same mixture and burned at the same time; but this fact is rarely a serious objection. On the contrary, in many instances some variation in tone in a monotonous reduplication of form is agreeably effective.

Among the first experiments in terra-cotta manufacture in the United States were some portions of the Cooper Institute building in New York city and of the State-house in Springfield, Illinois, but

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from a lack of knowledge of the true processes on the part of the manufacturers, and a lack of appreciation of the proper functions of terra-cotta on the part of the architects, the work possesses none of the advantages that can be claimed for good terra-cotta designed and employed with an appreciation of its capabilities.

These failures for many years deterred any further efforts to introduce the material, until it became largely employed in England, where almost all the terra-cotta used in building the Art Museum in Boston was manufactured. This building suggests in its bass-reliefs and carved details what can be accomplished in terra-cotta for a fraction of the cost of the same things executed in stone or marble.

More than this it does not suggest, because the architects have chosen to treat the material almost wholly as a substitute for stone or marble, and have consequently allowed many effects only attainable in terra-cotta to escape them. As a mere matter of economy, terra-cotta has undoubtedly the advantage of reduplicating any form for which a mould can be made, but its chief claim to artistic consideration is that any delicacy an artist could express in ordinary modelling clay is crystallized in the burning at least as durably as if copied in marble or bronze, and more perfectly than is possible through the copyist. We may in this material enjoy the original handling of the artist. Even in pieces reduplicated in a mould each piece may be modelled and undercut by hand after it is drawn from the mould, and any portions in too high relief to be successfully moulded may be added, so that while mere manual labor is economized to the utmost, the work may possess a freedom and character that would be impossible if copied in stone by a mere carver.

The capabilities of terra-cotta were more

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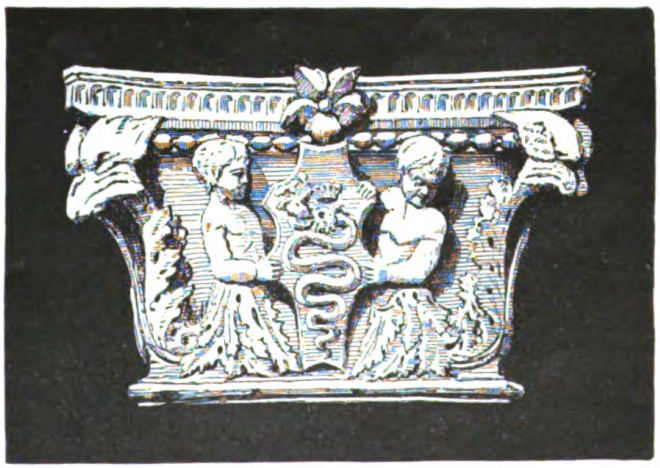


CAPITAL WITH ANGEL.—CORTILE, CERTOSA DI PAVIA.

fully appreciated in Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries than they have been before or since. The bass-reliefs by Luca della Robbia and the details of many North Italian churches afford beautiful examples, where the texture of the material has a peculiar value. The illustrations we give of two details from the cortile of the Certosa di Pavia inevitably lose much of their charm in a mere black and white line drawing, but perhaps enough of the originals is preserved to show that their authors fully appreciated the scope of their material, and have handled it as terra-cotta, and not as if they would have preferred marble.

All effects that result from bold chiselling are replaced by soft roundness, which, without the sacrifice of strength and breadth, gives to the originals a mellowness of light and shade unattainable in marble, which is largely due to the color and texture of the material, intelligently wrought to realize a preconception based upon these qualities. The only colors employed in terra-cotta at this period were those that resulted from firing the different clays, and were consequently limited to a gradation of buffs and reds; but inasmuch as the achievement of deeper tones by harder firing was perfectly understood, we are inclined to think that the mixing of extraneous color with the material was not considered legitimate.

Perhaps it should be said that the na-



CAPITAL OF PILASTER.—CORTILE, CERTOSA DI PAVIA.

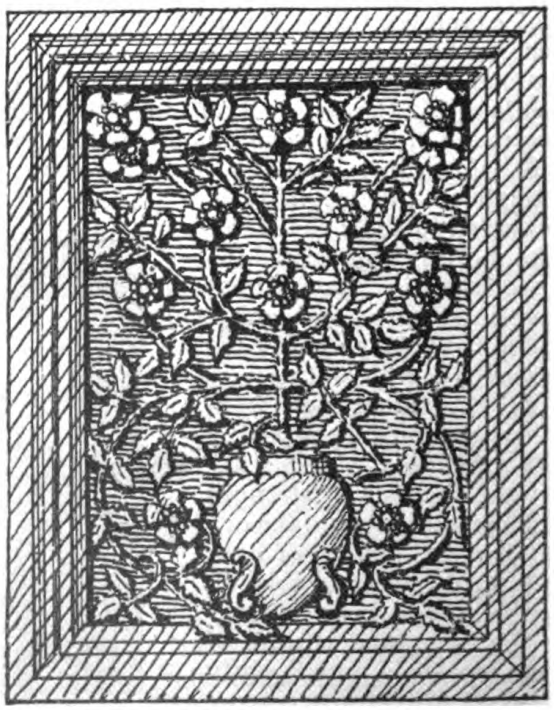
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ALTO-RILIEVO.—PERTH AMBOY TERRA-COTTA CO.

ture of terra-cotta is opposed to the highest forms of Greek art, and this may be admitted; but there is a distinct charm in the freedom of Gothic art more suited to our ever-changing and growing requirements, and in terra-cotta we can find a scope for this freedom with the capability of supplying the increasing demand for decoration in the most durable material.

The necessity of manufacturing terra-cotta in comparatively small pieces is likely to have a marked influence upon our architecture as the material becomes more familiar to architects. Bold overhanging cornices must disappear; in short, the lithic forms must give place to a more bass-relief treatment of the whole structure, in which color and rich detail will compensate for the absence of broad masses and strong effects of light and shadow. We look upon these changes as more or less inevitable, because the controlling principle of most modern architecture is the mighty dollar. The question is seldom what design in all respects is best suited to a certain purpose, but rather for how small a sum a structure can be built to answer the purpose, and the comparative cost of terra-cotta and stone details makes it certain that terra-cotta will become more and more a factor in our street architecture. The recently erected building for the Long Island Historical Society in Brooklyn is the first instance in the United States where terra-cotta has been employed both as a building material and for all decorative details; and though the stone treatment is not entirely abandoned, the effect is so satisfactory that this building has already prompted the employment of terra-cotta in many contemplated structures. Among the desirable changes that terra-cotta is likely to bring about is the necessity of thoroughly designing a building in every detail before the work is begun, as a considerable time is required for the various processes of manufacturing, and the work can not be altered or cut when finished; every piece is made to fit exactly, and no discrepancies can be made up. None of the limitations, however, that we have mentioned will be found hampering when the endless combinations of terra-cotta and moulded brick are considered; and though we may agree with Mr. Seddon, in his recent criticism of what is called the Queen Anne style of architecture, that small mouldings, small panes of glass, and blue porcelain do not constitute a style of



DECORATIVE RELIEF PANEL.—PERTH AMBOY TERRA-COTTA CO.

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architecture, we can not fairly judge of the possibilities of terra-cotta and moulded bricks until we have ceased to consider them as cheap substitutes for stone, and have made further experiments in developing their peculiarities.

In the accompanying illustrations it will be seen how intimately the work of the artist and that of the architect are associated, as they have always been during periods of the best art. We may even hope to see, as formerly, the original hand of the artist on our buildings, as on our pictures and statuettes. In fact, it seems to us that in terra-cotta lies an incentive to individual effort and character, and in that the demand for a wider and higher standard of accomplishment. A production of any kind in which form or color, or both, are the vehicles of a sensation or an idea, must lose more or less of its original character in being executed from instructions by a mere workman, however exactly he may follow them.

The habit of considering the artist's own work as merely the model after which the statue is to be executed mechanically is enough in itself to explain why we fall so far short of the antique standard of excellence. The sculptor has become a mere modeller, the architect has ceased to be a broadly skillful artist, and the incompetency has sunk through all the trades, until we are content to accept machine-work not only in such things as the machines can best do for us, but in many that depend upon individual thought and manipulation for their utility and beauty.

We would not be understood to deny the great advantages the world enjoys in its manifold machines; but the power, as Emerson puts it, "of awakening other souls to a given activity" is the quality of a work of art that must be given by the artist himself, and can not be reproduced by another hand. The less originality, genius, and skill the artist has, the more impossible it must be for him to act through another mind, for his power of imparting knowledge of this kind must be in direct proportion to the amount he is possessed of—or rather by.

For heroic treatment on a large scale, marble and bronze are never likely to be superseded, but for small objects of virtu, whose uses do not require the employment of metal, terra-cotta is much better suited, as affording the artist the many facilities in handling already mentioned, to which advantages may be added the various textures and colors that can be combined in one object. The textures are usually matters of manipulation, as in all modelling, though by the employment of different mixtures of the materials many varieties of surface could be attained. The range of color is somewhat limited, being confined to a gradation of reds, buffs, grays, and browns. Thus far blues and greens have proved unreliable, and no certainty has been achieved in producing them. Experiments are constantly making, however, and the difficulty will probably disappear as soon as the demand for a larger range of color promises a lucrative reward to the manufacturer who will supply it. Artists can not be expected to have their own kilns more than their own bronze foundries, and the carrying a clay model from place to place is a perilous undertaking; but there are two ways out of this difficulty—either to model the work at the factory, or to make a model in the usual clay in the studio, and take a mould as if only a plaster cast were required. This mould can then be sent to the factory and the work set up in terra-cotta clay, when the artist may alter and finish to any extent before the work is fired. One thing must be borne in mind, that the model will shrink by one-twelfth of every dimension, so that if any particular size is desired, this fact must be exactly considered. We believe that as an amateur industry terra-cotta modelling would be much more instructive, as it is in its results much less expensive, than porcelain-painting. A true appreciation of form as a means of expression is at the bottom of all fine art. Form is another word for values, and though every one is not endowed with a fine sense of color, drawing and painting are accomplishments easily acquired by those who can shape solid prototypes of thoughts and things.

ONE DAY.

We peer into the darkness and find naught
  But darkness, great, impenetrable, still;
  Immensity past any finding out, until
Each one alone into its midst be brought,
Perhaps to know the fullness of it all
  In one short moment. Many times a year
We at our work pause awe-struck, when a call
  From out the Unseen bids some worker near
Obey and come. This darkness will be spanned
One day by light—we too shall understand.

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CHAPTER IV.

A PAGEANT.

ON the morning after the arrival of Judith's father he was out and abroad with his bailiff at an early hour, so that she had no chance of speaking to him; and when he returned to New Place he went into the summer-house in the orchard, where it was the general habit and custom to leave him undisturbed. And yet she only wished to ask permission to take the mastiff with her as far as Shottery; and so, when she had performed her share of the domestic duties, and got herself ready, she went out and through the back court and into the garden, thinking that he would not mind so brief an interruption.

It was a fresh and pleasant morning, for there had been some rain in the night, and now there was a slight breeze blowing from the south, and the air was sweet with the scent of the lilac bushes. The sun lay warm on the pink and white blossoms of the apple-trees and on the creamy masses of the cherry; martins were skimming and shooting this way and that, with now and again a rapid flight to the eaves of the barn; the bees hummed from flower to flower, and everywhere there was a chirping, and twittering, and clear singing of birds. The world seemed full of light and color, of youth, and sweet things, and gladness: on such a morning she had no fear of a refusal, nor was she much afraid to go near the summer-house that the family were accustomed to hold sacred from intrusion.

But when she passed into the orchard, and came in sight of it, there was a sudden flash of anger in her eyes. She might have guessed — she might have known. There, blocking up the doorway of the latticed and green-painted tenement, was the figure of goodman Matthew; and the little bandy-legged pippin-faced gardener was coolly resting on his spade while he addressed his master within. Was there ever (she asked herself) such hardihood, such audacity and impertinence? And then she rapidly bethought her that now was a rare opportunity for putting in practice a scheme of revenge that she had carefully planned. It is true that she might have gone forward and laid her finger on Matthew's arm (he was rather deaf), and so have motioned him away. But she was too proud to do that. She would dispossess and rout him in another fashion. So she turned and went quickly again into the house.

Now at this time Dr. Hall was making a round of professional visits at some distance away in the country; and on such occasions Susanna Hall and her little daughter generally came to lodge at New Place, where Judith was found to be an eager and assiduous, if somewhat impatient and unreasoning, nurse, playmate, and music-mistress. In fact, the young mother had to remonstrate with her sister, and to point out that, although baby Elizabeth was a wonder of intelligence and cleverness—indeed, such a wonder as had never hitherto been beheld in the world—still, a child of two years and three months or so could not be expected to learn everything all at once; and that it was just as reasonable to ask her to play on the lute as to imagine that she could sit on the back of Don the mastiff without being held. However, Judith was fond of the child, and that incomparable and astute small person had a great liking for her aunt (in consequence of benefits received), and a trust in her which the wisdom of maturer years might have modified; and so, whenever she chose, Judith found no difficulty in obtaining possession of this precious charge, even the young mother showing no anxiety when she saw the two go away together.

So it was on this particular morning that Judith went and got hold of little Bess Hall, and quickly smartened up her costume, and carried her out into the garden. Then she went to the barn, outside of which was the dog's kennel; she unclasped the chain and set free the huge, slow-stepping, dun-colored beast, that seemed to know as well as any one what was going forward; she affixed to his collar two pieces of silk ribbon that did very well for reins; and then she sat little Bess Hall on Don Roderigo's back, and gave her the reins to hold, and so they set out for the summer-house.

On that May morning the wide and gracious realm of England—which to some minds, and especially at that particular

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season of the year, seems the most beautiful country of any in the world—this rich and variegated England lay basking in the sunlight, with all its lush meadows and woods and hedges in the full and fresh luxuriance of the spring; and the small quiet hamlets were busy in a drowsy and easy-going kind of fashion; and far away around the white coasts the blue sea was idly murmuring in; but it may be doubted whether in all the length and breadth of that fair land there was any fairer sight than this that the wit of a young woman had devised. She herself was pleasant enough to look on (and she was always particularly attentive about her attire when her father was at home), and now she was half laughing as she thought of her forthcoming revenge; she had dressed her little niece in her prettiest costume of pink and white, and pink was the color of the silken reins; while the great slow-footed Don bore his part in the pageant with a noble majesty, sometimes looking up at Judith as if to ask whether he were going in the right direction. And so the procession passed on between the white-laden cherry-trees and the redder masses of the apple-blossom; and the miniature Ariadne, sitting sideways on the back of the great beast, betrayed no fear whatsoever; while her aunt Judith held her, walking by her, and scolding her for that she would not sing.

"Tant sing, Aunt Judith," said she.

"You can sing well enough, you little goose, if you try," said her aunt, with the unreasoning impatience of an unmarried young woman. "What is the use of your going hunting without a hunting song? Come along, now:

'The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
And it is well-nigh day;'—

try it, Bess!"

"Hunt is up, hunt is up," said the small rider; but she was occupied with the reins, and clearly did not want to be bothered.

"No, no, that is not singing, little goose. Why, sing it like this, now:

'The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
And it is well-nigh day;
And Harry our king is gone hunting
To bring his deer to bay!'"

However, the music lesson came to an abrupt end. They had by this time almost reached the summer-house. Saturnine Matthew gardener, who still stood there, blocking up the doorway, had not heard them approach, but his master within had. The next instant goodman Matthew suddenly found himself discarded, dismissed, and treated, indeed, as if he were simply non-existent in the world; for Judith's father, having paused for a moment to regard from the doorway the pretty pageant that had been arranged for him (and his face lit up, as it were, with pleasure at the sight), was the next minute down beside his little granddaughter, with one knee on the ground, so that he was just on a level with her outstretched hands.

"What, Bess?" he said, as he caught her by both hands and feet. "You imp, you inch, you elfin queen, you!—would you go a-hunting, then?"

"Send away Don—me want to ride the high horse," said the small Bess, who had her own ideas as to what was most comfortable, and also secure.

"And so you shall, you sprite, you Ariel, you moonlight wonder!" he exclaimed, as he perched her on his shoulder and rose to his feet again. "The high horse, truly; indeed, you shall ride the high horse! Come, now, we will go see how the King's mulberry thrives; that is the only tree we have that is younger than yourself, you ancient, you beldame, you witch of Endor, you!"

"Father," said Judith, seeing that he was going away perfectly regardless of anybody or anything except his granddaughter, "may I take the Don with me for an hour or so?"

"Whither away, wench—whither?" he asked, turning for a moment.

"To Shottery, father."

"Well, well," said he, and he turned again and went off.

"Come, Bess, you world's jewel, you, you shall ride with me to London some day, and tell the King how his mulberry thrives; that shall you, you fairy, you princess, you velvet-footed maidiekin! To London, Bess—to London!"

Judith did not stay to regard them further; but she could not help casting a look before she left at goodman Matthew, who stood there discomfited, dispossessed, unheeded, annihilated, as it were. And then, calling the dog after her, she went in by the back court and through the house again (for Chapel Lane was in a sad condition after the rain of the night, and was not a pleasant pathway even in the best of times). And she was laughing to herself at Matthew's discom-

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fiture, and she was singing to herself as she went out by the front door,

There's never a maid in all the town,
But well she knows that malt's come down.

And in the street it was "Good-morrow to you, Master Jelleyman; the rain will do good, will it not?" and, again, "Good-morrow, Neighbor Pike; do you know that my father is come home?" and again, "Get you within the doorway, little Parsons, else the wagon-wheels will be over thee." And then, when she was in the freedom of the fields, she would talk blithely to Don Roderigo, or snatch a buttercup here or there from among the long, lush, warm grass, or return to her careless singing:

For malt's come down, and malt's come down—
Oh, well she knows that malt's come down!

CHAPTER V.

IN A WOODED LANE.

Now it would be extremely difficult to say with what measure of faith or skepticism, of expectation or mere curiosity, she was now proceeding through these meadows to the spot indicated to her by the wizard. Probably she could not have told herself, for what was really uppermost in her mind was a kind of malicious desire to frighten her timid Puritan friend with the wildness of such an adventure. And then she was pretty safe. Ostensibly she was going to Shottery to pay a visit to her grandmother; to look at the pansies, the wall-flowers, the forget-me-nots in the little garden, and see how the currants and raspberries were getting on. She could hardly expect a ghost to rise from the ground in broad daylight. And if any mere strangers happened to be coming along the lane leading in from the Bidford road, Don Roderigo was a sufficient guardian. On the other hand, if there was anything real and of verity in this witchcraft—which had sought her, and not she it—was it not possible that the wizard might on one point have been mistaken? If her future husband were indeed to appear, would it not be much more likely to be Parson Blaise or Tom Quiney, or young Jelleyman, or one or other of them that she knew in everyday life? But yet she said to herself—and there was no doubt about her absolute conviction and certainty on this point—that, even if she were to meet one of those coming in from Evesham, not all the magic and mystery and wizardry in the world would drive her to marry him but of her own free goodwill and choice.

When she had passed through the meadows and got near to the scattered cottages and barns and orchards of the little hamlet, instead of going forward to these, she bore away to the left, and eventually found herself in a wide and wooded lane. She was less light of heart now; she wished the place were not so still and lonely. It was a pretty lane, this; the ruddy-gray road that wound between luxuriant hedges and tall elms was barred across by alternate sunlight and shadow, and every now and again she had glimpses of the rich and fertile country lying around, with distant hills showing an outline serrated by trees along the pale, summer-like sky. But there was not a human being visible anywhere, nor a sound to be heard but the soft repeated note of the cuckoo. She wished that there were some farm people near at hand, or a shepherd lad, or anybody. She spoke to Roderigo, and her voice sounded strange—it sounded as if she were afraid that some one was listening. Nay, she began, quite unreasonably, to be angry with the wizard. What business had he to interfere with her affairs, and to drive her on to such foolish enterprises? What right had he to challenge her to show that she was not afraid? She was not afraid, she assured herself. She had as good a title to walk along this lane as any one in Warwickshire. Only she thought that as soon as she had got as far as the cross at the meeting of the roads (this was all that had been demanded of her) she would go back to Stratford by the public highway rather than return by this solitary lane, for on the public highway there would be farm servants and laden wains and carriers, and such-like comfortable and companionable objects.

The next minute—she had almost reached the cross—her heart bounded with an unreasoning tremor of fear: she had suddenly become aware that a stranger was entering the lane from the wide highway beyond. She had only one glimpse of him, for instantly and resolutely she bent her eyes on Don Roderigo, and was determined to keep them there until this person should have passed; and yet that one lightning-like glimpse had told her some-

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what. The stranger was young, and of a distinguished bearing and presence; and it certainly was a singular and unusual thing that a gentleman (as he seemed to be, although his travelling cloak concealed most of his attire) should be going afoot and unattended. But her only concern was to let him pass. Ghost or man as he might be, she kept her eyes on Roderigo. And then, to her increased alarm, she found that the stranger was approaching her.

"I beseech your pardon, lady," said he, in a most respectful voice, "but know you one in this town of the name of Master Shakespeare?"

She certainly was startled, and even inwardly aghast; but she had a brave will. She was determined that nothing would drive her either to scream or to run away. And indeed when she looked up and said, rather breathlessly, "There be several of the name, sir," she was quickly assured that this was no ghost at all, but a substantial and living and breathing young man, tall and dark, of a pleasant expression of face, though in truth there was nothing in those singularly black eyes of his but the most ordinary and matter-of-fact inquiry.

"One Master William Shakespeare," said he, in answer to her, "that is widely known."

"It is my father, sir, you speak of," said she, hastily, and, in fact, somewhat ashamed of her fright.

At this news he removed his hat and made her a gracious obeisance, yet simply, and with not too elaborate a courtesy.

"Since I am so fortunate," said he, "may I beg you to direct me how I shall find the house when I get to the town? I have a letter for him, as you may see."

He took out a letter, and held it so that, if she liked, she might read the superscription—"*To my loving good friend Master William Shakespeare: Deliver these.*" But Judith merely glanced at the writing.

"'Tis from Master Ben Jonson—that you know of, doubtless, madam—commending me to your father. But perhaps," he added, directing toward her a curious timid look of inquiry, "it were as well that I did not deliver it?"

"How so, sir?" she asked.

"I am one that is in misfortune," said he, simply; "nay, in peril."

"Truly I am sorry for that, sir," said she, regarding him with frank eyes of sympathy, for indeed there was a kind of sadness in his air, that otherwise was distinguished enough, and even noble. And then she added: "But surely that is the greater reason you should seek my father."

"If I dared—if I knew," he said, apparently to himself. And then he addressed her: "If I make so bold, sweet lady, as to ask you if your father be of the ancient faith—or well disposed toward that, even if he do not openly profess it—I pray you set it down to my need and hard circumstances."

She did not seem to understand.

"I would ask if he be not at heart with the Catholic gentlemen that are looking for better times—for indeed I have heard it stated of him."

"Oh no, sir—surely not," said Judith, in some alarm, for she knew quite enough about the penal laws against priests and recusants, and would not have her father associated in any way with these, especially as she was talking with a stranger.

"Nay, then, it were better I did not deliver the letter," said the young man, with just a touch of hopelessness in his tone. "Under the protection of your father I might have had somewhat more of liberty, perchance; but I am content to remain as I am until I can get proofs that will convince them in authority of my innocence; or mayhap I may get away from the country altogether, and to my friends in Flanders. If they would but set my good friend Walter Raleigh free from the Tower, that also were well, for he and I might make a home for ourselves in another land. I crave your pardon for detaining you, madam, and so bid you farewell."

He raised his hat and made her a most respectful obeisance, and was about to withdraw.

"Stay, sir," said she, scarcely knowing what she said, but with trouble and anxiety in her gentle eyes.

Indeed, she was somewhat bewildered. So sudden had been the shock of surprise that she had forgotten, or very nearly forgotten, all about ghosts and wizards, about possible lovers or husbands, and only knew that here, in actual fact, was a stranger—and a modest young stranger, too—that was in great trouble, and yet was afraid to seek shelter and aid from her father. That he had no reason to

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be thus afraid she was certain enough; and yet she dared not assume—she had no reason for believing—that her father was secretly inclined to favor those that were still hoping for the re-establishment of the Catholic faith. The fact was that her father scarcely ever spoke of such matters. He would listen, if he happened to be in the house, to any theological discussion that might be going on, and he would regard this or that minister or preacher calmly, as if trying to understand the man and his opinions; but he would take no part in the talk; and when the discussion became disputatious, as sometimes happened, and the combatants grew warm and took to making hot assertions, he would rise and go out idly into the garden, and look at the young apple-trees or talk to Don Roderigo. Indeed, at this precise moment, Judith was quite incapable of deciding for herself which party her father would most likely be in sympathy with—the Puritans, who were sore at heart because of the failure of the Hampton Court Conference, or the Catholics, who were no less bitter on account of the severity of the penal laws—and a kind of vague wish arose in her heart that she could ask Prudence Shawe (who paid more attention to such matters, and was, in fact, wrapped up in them) before sending this young man away with his letter of commendation unopened.

"Your brother-in-law, madam, Dr. Hall," said he, seeing that she did not wish him to leave on the instant, "is well esteemed by the Catholic gentry, as I hear."

Judith did not answer that; she had been rapidly considering what she could do for one in distress.

"By your leave, sir, I would not have you go away without making further inquiry," said she. "I will myself get to know how my father is inclined, for indeed he never speaks of such matters to us; and sure I am that, whatever be his opinion, no harm could come to you through seeking his friendship. That I am sure of. If you are in distress, that is enough; he will not ask you whence you come; nor has he censure for any one; and that is a marvel in one that is so good a man himself, that he hath never a word of blame for any one, neither for the highwayman that was taken red-handed, as it were, last Sunday near to Oxford—'Why,' says my father, 'if he take not life, and be a civil gentleman, I grudge him not a purse or two'—nor for a lesser criminal, my cousin Willie Hart, that but yesterday let the Portuguese singing-bird escape from its cage. 'Well, well,' says my father, 'so much the better, if only it can find food for itself.' Indeed, you need fear naught but kindness and gentleness; and sure I am that he would be but ill pleased to know that one coming from his friend Benjamin Jonson had been in the neighborhood and gone away without having speech of him."

"But this is no matter of courtesy, sweet lady," said he. "It is of a more dangerous cast; and I must be wary. If, now, you were inclined to do as you say—to make some discreet inquiry as to your good father's sentiments—"

"Not from himself," said she, quickly, and with some color mounting to her cheeks—"for he would but laugh at my speaking of such things—but from my gossip and neighbor I think I could gain sufficient assurance that would set your fears at rest."

"And how should I come to know?" he said, with some hesitation—for this looked much like asking for another meeting.

But Judith was frank enough. If she meant to confer a kindness, she did not stay to be too scrupulous about the manner of doing it.

"If it were convenient that you could be here this evening," said she, after a moment's thought, "Willie Hart and myself often walk over to Shottery after supper. Then could I let you know."

"But how am I to thank you for such a favor?" said he.

"Nay, it is but little," she answered, "to do for one that comes from my father's friend."

"Rare Ben, as they call him," said he, more brightly. "And now I bethink me, kind lady, that it ill becomes me to have spoken of nothing but my own poor affairs on my first having the honor of meeting with you. Perchance you would like to hear something of Master Jonson, and how he does? May I accompany you on your homeward way for a space, if you are returning to the town? The road here is quiet enough for one that is in hiding, as well as for pleasant walking; and you are well escorted, too," he added, looking at the grave and indifferent Don. "With such a master as your father, and such a sweet mistress, I should

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not wonder if he became as famous as Sir John Harrington's Bungey that the Prince asked about. You have not heard of him?—the marvellous dog that Sir John would intrust with messages all the way to the court at Greenwich; and he would bring back the answer without more ado. I wonder not that Prince Henry should have asked for an account of all his feats and doings."

Now insensibly she had turned and begun to walk toward Shottery (for she would not ask this unhappy young man to court the light of the open highway), and as he respectfully accompanied her his talk became more and more cheerful, so that one would scarcely have remembered that he was in hiding, and in peril of his life mayhap. And he quickly found that she was most interested in Jonson as being her father's friend and intimate.

"Indeed, I should not much marvel to hear of his being soon in this very town of Stratford," said he, "for he has been talking of late—nay, he has been talking this many a day of it, but who knows when the adventure will take place?—of travelling all the way to Scotland on foot, and writing an account of his discoveries on the road. And then he has a mind to get to the lake of Lomond, to make it the scene of a fisher and pastoral play, he says; and his friend Drummond will go with him; and they speak of getting still further to the north, and being the guests of the new Scotch lord, Mackenzie of Kintail, that was made a peer last winter. Nay, friend Ben, though at times he gibes at the Scots, at other times he will boast of his Scotch blood—for his grandfather, as I have heard, came from Annandale—and you will often hear him say that whereas the late Queen was a niggard and close-fisted, this Scotch King is lavish and a generous patron. If he go to Scotland, as is his purpose, surely he will come by way of Stratford."

"It were ill done of him else," said Judith. But truly this young gentleman was so bent on entertaining her with tales of his acquaintance in London, and with descriptions of the court shows and pageants, that she had not to trouble herself much to join in the conversation.

"A lavish patron the King has been to him truly," he continued, stooping to pat the Don's head, as if he would make friends with him too, "what with the masks, and revels, and so forth. Their last tiltings at Prince Henry's barriers exceeded everything that had gone before, as I think—and I marvel not that Ben was found at his best, seeing how the King had been instructing him. Nay, but it was a happy conceit to have our young Lord of the Isles addressed by the Lady of the Lake, and have King Arthur hand him his armor out of the clouds—"

"But where was it, good sir?" said she (to show that she was interested). And now he seemed so cheerful and friendly that she ventured to steal a look at him. In truth, there was nothing very doleful or tragic in his appearance. He was a handsomely made young man, of about eight-and-twenty or so, with fine features, a somewhat pale and sallow complexion (that distinguished him markedly from the rustic red and white and sun-brown she was familiar with), and eyes of a singular blackness and fire that were exceedingly respectful; but that could, as any one might see, easily break into mirth. He was well habited too, for now he had partly thrown his travelling cloak aside, and his slashed doublet and hose and shoes were smart and clearly of a town fashion. He wore no sword; in his belt there was only a small dagger, of Venetian silver-work on the handle, and with a sheath of stamped crimson velvet.

"Dear lady, you must have heard of them," he continued, lightly—"I mean of the great doings in the banqueting-house at Whitehall, when Prince Henry challenged so many noble lords. 'Twas a brave sight, I assure you; the King and Queen were there, and the ambassadors from Spain and Venice, and a great and splendid assemblage. And then, when Ben's speeches came to be spoken, there was Cyril Davy, that is said to have the best woman's voice in London, as the Lady of the Lake, and he came forward and said,

'Lest any yet should doubt, or might mistake
What Nymph I am, behold the ample Lake
Of which I'm styled; and near it Merlin's tomb';

and then King Arthur appeared, and our young Lord of the Isles had a magic shield handed to him. Oh, 'twas a noble sight, I warrant you! And I heard that the Duke of Lennox and the Earls of Arundel and Southampton and all of them were but of one mind, that friend Ben had never done better."

Indeed, the young man, as they loitered

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along the pretty wooded lane in the hush of the warm still noon (there was scarce enough wind to make a rustle in the great branching elms), and as he talked of all manner of things for the entertainment of this charming companion whom a happy chance had thrown in his way, seemed to be well acquainted with the court and its doings, and all the busy life of London. If she gathered rightly, he had himself been present when the King and the nobles went in the December of the previous year to Deptford to witness the launching of the great ship of the East India Company —the *Trade's Encrease*, it was called—for he described the magnificent banquet in the chief cabin, and how the King gave to Sir Thomas Smith, the Governor, a fine chain of gold, with his portrait set in a jewel, and how angry his Majesty became when they found that the ship could not be launched on account of the state of the tide. But when he again brought in the name of Jonson, and said how highly the King thought of his writings, and what his Majesty had said of this or the other device or masque that had been commanded of him, Judith grew at length to be not so pleased; and she said, with some asperity, "But the King holds my father in honor also, for he wrote him a letter with his own hand."

"I heard not of that," said he, but of course without appearing to doubt her word.

"Nay, but I saw it," said she—"I saw the letter; and I did not think it well that my father should give it to Julius Shawe, for there are some others that would have valued it as much as he—yes, and been more proud of it, too."

"His own daughter, perchance?" he said, gently.

Judith did not speak. It was a sore subject with her; indeed, she had cried in secret, and bitterly, when she learned that the letter had been casually given away, for her father seemed to put no great store by it. However, that had nothing to do with this unhappy young gentleman that was in hiding. And soon she had dismissed it from her mind, and was engaged in fixing the exact time at which, as she hoped, she would be able to bring him that assurance, or that caution, in the evening.

"I think it must be the province of women to be kind to the unfortunate," said he, as they came in sight of the cottages; and he seemed to linger and hesitate in his walk, as if he were afraid of going further.

"It is but a small kindness," said she; "and I hope it will bring you and my father together. He has but just returned from London, and you will not have much news to give him from his friend; but you will be none the less welcome, for all are welcome to him, but especially those whom he can aid."

"If I were to judge of the father by the daughter, I should indeed expect a friendly treatment," said he, with much courtesy.

"Nay, but it is so simple a matter," said she.

"Then fare you well, Mistress Judith," said he, "if I may make so bold as to guess at a name that I have heard named in London."

"Oh, no, sir?" said she, glancing up with some inquiry.

"But indeed, indeed," said he, gallantly. "And who can wonder? 'Twas friend Ben that I heard speak of you; I marvel not that he carried your praises so far. But now, sweet lady, that I see you would go—and I wish not to venture nearer the village there—may I beseech of you at parting a further grace and favor? It is that you would not reveal to any one, no matter what trust you may put in them, that you have seen me or spoken with me. You know not my name, it is true, though I would willingly confide it to you —indeed, it is Leofric Hope, madam; but if it were merely known that you had met with a stranger, curious eyes might be on the alert."

"Fear not, sir," said she, looking at him in her frank way—and there was a kind of friendliness, too, and sympathy in her regard. "Your secret is surely safe in my keeping. I can promise you that none shall know through me that you are in the neighborhood. Farewell, good sir. I hope your fortunes will mend speedily."

"God keep you, sweet Mistress Judith," said he, raising his hat and bowing low, and not even asking to be allowed to take her hand. "If my ill fortune should carry it so that I see you not again, at least I will treasure in my memory a vision of kindness and beauty that I trust will remain forever there. Farewell, gentle lady; I am your debtor."

And so they parted; and he stood looking after her and the great dog as they

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passed through the meadows; and she was making all the haste she might, for although, when Judith's father was at home, the dinner hour was at twelve instead of at eleven, still it would take her all the time to be punctual, and she was scrupulous not to offend. He stood looking after her as long as she was in sight, and then he turned away, saying to himself:

"Why, our Ben did not tell us a tithe of the truth!—for why?—because it was with his tongue, and not with his pen, that he described her. By heaven, she is a marvel!—and I dare be sworn, now, that half the clowns in Stratford imagine themselves in love with her."

CHAPTER VI.

WITHIN-DOORS.

When in the afternoon Judith sought out her gentle gossip, and with much cautious tact and discretion began to unfold her perplexities to her, Prudence was not only glad enough to hear nothing further of the wizard—who seemed to have been driven out of Judith's mind altogether by the actual occurrences of the morning—but also she became possessed with a secret wonder and joy; for she thought that at last her dearest and closest friend was awaking to a sense of the importance of spiritual things, and that henceforth there would be a bond of confidence between them far more true and abiding than any that had been before. But soon she discovered that politics had a good deal to do with these hesitating inquiries; and at length the bewildered Prudence found the conversation narrowing and narrowing itself to this definite question: Whether, supposing there were a young man charged with complicity in a Catholic plot, or perhaps having been compromised in some former affair of the kind, and supposing him to appeal to her father, would he, Judith's father, probably be inclined to shelter him and conceal him, and give him what aid was possible until he might get away from the country?

"But what do you mean, Judith?" said Prudence, in dismay. "Have you seen any one? What is't you mean? Have you seen one of the desperate men that were concerned with Catesby?"

Indeed, it was not likely that either of these two Warwickshire maidens had already forgotten the terrible tidings that rang through the land but a few years before, when the Gunpowder Treason was discovered; nor how the conspirators fled into this very county; nor yet how in the following January, on a bitterly cold and snowy day, there was brought into the town the news of the executions in St. Paul's church-yard and at Westminster. And, in truth, when Prudence Shawe mentioned Catesby's name, Judith's cheek turned pale. It was but for an instant. She banished the ungenerous thought the moment that it occurred to her. No, she was sure that the unhappy young man who had appealed to her compassion could not have been concerned in any such bloody enterprise. His speech was too gentle for that. Had he not declared that he only wanted time to prove his innocence? It is true he had said something about his friends in Flanders, and often enough had she heard the Puritan divines denouncing Flanders as the very hot-bed of the machinations of the Jesuits; but that this young man might have friends amongst the Jesuits did not appear to her as being in itself a criminal thing, any more than the possibility of his being a Catholic was sufficient of itself to deprive him of her frank and generous sympathy.

"I may not answer you yea nor nay, sweet mouse," said she; "but assure yourself that I am not in league with any desperate villain. I but put a case. We live in quiet times now, do we not, good Prue? and I take it that those who like not the country are free to leave it. But tell me, if my father were to speak openly, which of the parties would he most affect? And how stands he with the King? Nay, the King himself, of what religion is he at heart, think you?"

"These be questions!" said Prudence, staring aghast at such ignorance.

"I but use my ears," said Judith, indifferently, "and the winds are not more variable than the opinions that one listens to. Well you know it, Prue. Here is one that says the King is in conscience a papist, as his mother was; and that he gave a guarantee to the Catholic gentry ere he came to the throne; and that soon or late we shall have mass again; and then comes another with the story that the Pope is hot and angry because the King misuseth him in his speech, calling him Antichrist and the like; and that he has complained

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to the French King on the matter, and that there is even talk of excommunication. What can one believe? How is one to know! Indeed, good mouse, you would have me more anxious about such things; but why should one add to one's difficulties? I am content to be like my father, and stand aside from the quarrel."

"Your wit is too great for me, dear Judith," her friend said, rather sadly; "and I will not argue with you. But well I know there may be a calmness that is of ignorance and indifference, and that is slothful and sinful; and there may be a calmness that is of assured wisdom and knowledge of the truth, and that I trust your father has attained to. That he should keep aside from disputes, I can well understand."

"But touching the King, dear cousin," said Judith, who had her own ends in view. "How stands my father with the King and his religion? Nay, but I know, and every one knows, that in all other matters they are friends; for your brother has the King's letter—"

"That I wish you had yourself, Judith, since your heart is set upon it," said her companion, gently.

Judith did not answer that.

"But as regards religion, sweet Prue, what think you my father would most favor, were there a movement any way?—a change to the ancient faith, perchance?"

She threw out the question with a kind of studied carelessness, as if it were a mere matter of speculation; but there was a touch of warmth in Prudence's answer:

"What, then, Judith? You think he would disturb the peace of the land, and give us over again to the priests and their idol-worship? I trow not." Then something seemed to occur to her suddenly. "But if you have any doubt, Judith, I can set your mind at rest—of a surety I can."

"How, then, dear mouse?"

"I will tell you the manner of it. No longer ago than yesterday evening I was seated at the window reading—it was the volume that Dr. Hall brought me from Worcester, and that I value more and more the longer I read it—and your father came into the house asking for Julius. So I put the book on the table, with the face downward, and away I went to seek for my brother. Well, then, sweet cousin, when I came back to the room, there was your father standing at the window reading the book that I had left, and I would not disturb him; and when he had finished the page, he turned, saying, 'Good bishop! good bishop!' and putting down the book on the table just as he had found it. Dear Judith, I hope you will think it no harm, and no idle curiosity that made me take up the book as soon as my brother was come in, and examine the passage, and mark it—"

"Harm!—bless thee, sweetheart!" Judith exclaimed. And she added, eagerly: "But have you the book? Will you read it to me? Is it about the King? Do, dear cousin, read to me what it was that my father approved. Beshrew me! but I shall have to take to school lessons, after all, lest I outlive even your gentle patience."

Straightway Prudence had gone to a small cupboard of boxes in which she kept all her most valued possessions, and from thence she brought a stout little volume, which, as Judith perceived, had a tiny book-mark of satin projecting from the red-edged leaves.

"Much comfort indeed have I found in these Comfortable Notes," said she. "I wish, Judith, you, that can think of everything, would tell me how I am to show to Dr. Hall that I am more and more grateful to him for his goodness. What can I do?—words are such poor things!"

"But the passage, good Prue—what was't he read? I pray you let me hear," said Judith, eagerly: for here, indeed, might be a key to many mysteries.

"Listen, then," said her companion, opening the book. "The Bishop, you understand, Judith, is speaking of the sacrifices the Jews made to the Lord, and he goes on to say:

"'Thus had this people their peace-offerings; that is, duties of thankfulness to their God for the peace and prosperity vouchsafed unto them. And most fit it was that He should often be thanked for such favors. The like mercies and goodness remain to us at this day: are we either freed from the duty or left without means to perform it? No, no; but as they had oxen and kine, and sheep and goats, then appointed and allowed, so have we the calves of our lips and the sacrifice of thanksgiving still remaining for us, and as strictly required of us as these (in those days) were of them. Offer them up, then, with a free heart and with a feeling soul. Our peace is great; our prosperity com-

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fortable; our God most sweet and kind; and shall we not offer? The public is sweet, the private is sweet, and forget you to offer? We lay us down and take our rest, and this our God maketh us dwell in safety. Oh, where is your offering? We rise again and go to our labor, and a dog is not heard to move his tongue among us: Owe we no offering? O Lord, O Lord, make us thankful to Thee for these mercies: the whole state we live in, for the common and our several souls, for several mercies now many years enjoyed! O touch us; O turn us from our fearful dullness, and abusing of this so sweet, so long, and so happy peace! Continue thy sacred servant'—surely you know, Judith, whom he means—'the chiefest means under Thee of this our comfort, and ever still furnish him with wise helps, truly fearing Thee, and truly loving him. Let our heads go to the grave in this peace, if it may be Thy blessed pleasure, and our eyes never see the change of so happy an estate. Make us thankful and full of peace-offerings; be Thou still ours, and ever merciful. Amen! Amen!'"

"And what said he, sweet Prue—what said my father?" Judith asked, though her eyes were distant and thoughtful.

"'Good bishop! good bishop!' said he, as if he were right well pleased, and he put down the book on the table. Nay, you may be certain, Judith, that your father would have naught to do with the desperate men that would fain upset the country, and bring wars among us, and hand us over to the Pope again. I have heard of such; I have heard that many of the great families have but a lip loyalty, and have malice at their heart, and would willingly plunge the land in blood if they could put the priests in power over us again. Be sure your father is not of that mind."

"But if one were in distress, Prudence," said the other, absently, "perchance with a false charge hanging over him that could be disproved—say that one were in hiding, and only anxious to prove his innocence, or to get away from the country, is my father likely to look coldly on such a one in misfortune? No, no, surely, sweet mouse!"

"But of whom do you speak, Judith?" exclaimed her friend, regarding her with renewed alarm. "It can not be that you know of such a one? Judith, I beseech you speak plainly! You have met with some stranger that is unknown to your own people? You said you had but put a case, but now you speak as if you knew the man. I beseech you, for the love between us, speak plainly to me, Judith!"

"I may not," said the other, rising. And then she added, more lightly, "Nay, have no fear, sweet Prue; if there be any danger, it is not I that run it, and soon there will be no occasion for my withholding the secret from you, if secret there be."

"I can not understand you, Judith," said her friend, with the pale, gentle face full of a tender wistfulness and anxiety.

"Such timid eyes!" said Judith, laughing good-naturedly. "Indeed, Prudence, I have seen no ghost, and goodman Wizard has failed me utterly; nor sprite nor phantom has been near me. In sooth I have buried poor Tom's bit of rosemary to little purpose. And now I must get me home, for Master Parson comes this afternoon, and I will but wait the preaching to hear Susan sing: 'tis worth the penance. Farewell, sweet mouse; get you rid of your alarm. The sky will clear all in good time."

So they kissed each other, and she left; still in much perplexity, it is true, but nevertheless resolved to tell the young man honestly and plainly the result of her inquiries.

As it turned out, she was to hear something more about the King and politics and religion that afternoon; for when she got home to New Place, Master Blaise was already there, and he was eagerly discussing with Judith's mother and her sister the last news that had been brought from London; or rather he was expounding it, with emphatic assertions and denunciations that the women-folk received for the most part with a mute but quite apparent sympathy. He was a young man of about six-and-twenty, rather inclined to be stout, but with strongly lined features, fair complexion and hair, an intellectual forehead, and sharp and keen gray eyes. The one point that recommended him to Judith's favor—which he openly and frankly, but with perfect independence, sought—was the uncompromising manner in which he professed his opinions. These frequently angered her, and even at times roused her to passionate indignation; and yet, oddly enough, she had a kind of lurking admiration for the very honesty that scorned to curry favor with her by means

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of any suppression or evasion. It may be that there was a trace of the wisdom of the serpent in this attitude of the young parson, who was shrewd-headed as well as clear-eyed, and was as quick as any to read the fearless quality of Judith's character. At all events, he would not yield to any of her prejudices; he would not stoop to flatter her; he would not abate one jot of his protests against the vanity and pride, the heathenish show and extravagance, of women; the heinousness and peril of indifferentism in matters of doctrine; and the sinfulness of the life of them that countenanced stage plays and such like devilish iniquities. It was this last that was the real stumbling-block and contention between them. Sometimes Judith's eyes burned. Once she rose and got out of the room. "If I were a man, Master Parson," she was saying to herself, with shut teeth, "by the life of me I would whip you from Stratford town to Warwick!" And indeed there was ordinarily a kind of armed truce between these two, so that no stranger or acquaintance could very easily decide what their precise relations were, although every one knew that Judith's mother and sister held the young divine in great favor, and would fain have had him of the family.

At this moment of Judith's entrance he was much exercised, as has been said, on account of the news that was but just come from London—how that the King was driving at still further impositions because of the Commons begrudging him supplies; and naturally Master Blaise warmly approved of the Commons, that had been for granting the liberties to the Puritans which the King had refused. And not only was this the expression of a general opinion on the subject, but he maintained as an individual—and as a very emphatic individual too—that the prerogatives of the crown, the wardships and purveyances and what not, were monstrous and abominable, and a way of escape from the just restraint of Parliament, and he declared with a sudden vehemence that he would rather perish at the stake than contribute a single benevolence to the royal purse. Judith's mother, a tall, slight, silver-haired woman, with eyes that had once been of extraordinary beauty, but now were grown somewhat sad and worn, and her daughter Susanna Hall, who was darker than her sister Judith as regarded hair and eyebrows, but who had blue-gray eyes of a singular clearness and quickness and intelligence, listened and acquiesced; but perhaps they were better pleased when they found the young parson come out of that vehement mood; though still he was sharp of tongue and sarcastic, saying as an excuse for the King that now he was revenging himself on the English Puritans for the treatment he had received at the hands of the Scotch Presbyterians, who had harried him not a little. He had not a word for Judith; he addressed his discourse entirely to the other two. And she was content to sit aside, for indeed this discontent with the crown on the part of the Puritans was nothing strange or novel to her, and did not in the least help to solve her present perplexity.

And now the maids (for Judith's father would have no serving-men, nor stablemen, nor husbandmen of any grade whatever, come within-doors; the work of the house was done entirely by women-folk) entered to prepare the long oaken table for supper, seeing which Master Blaise suggested that before that meal it might be as well to devote a space to divine worship. So the maids were bidden to stay their preparations, and to remain, seating themselves dutifully on a bench brought crosswise, and the others sat at the table in their usual chairs, while the preacher opened the large Bible that had been fetched for him, and proceeded to read the second chapter of the Book of Jeremiah, expounding as he went along. This running commentary was, in fact, a sermon applied to all the evils of the day, as the various verses happened to offer texts; and the ungodliness and the vanity and the turning away from the Lord that Jeremiah lamented were attributed in no unsparing fashion to the town of Stratford and the inhabitants thereof: "Hear ye the word of the Lord, O house of Jacob, and all the families of the house of Israel: thus saith the Lord, What iniquity have your fathers found in me, that they are gone far from me, and have walked after vanity, and are become vain?" Nor did he spare himself and his own calling: "The priests said not, Where is the Lord? and they that should minister the law knew me not: the pastors also offended against me, and the prophets prophesied in Baal, and went after things that did not profit." And there were bold paraphrases and inductions, too: "What hast thou now to do in the way of Egypt, to drink the waters

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of Nilus? or what makest thou in the way of Asshur, to drink the waters of the river?" Was not that the seeking of strange objects—of baubles, and jewels, and silks, and other instruments of vanity—from abroad, from the papist land of France, to lure the eye and deceive the senses, and turn away the mind from the dwelling on holy things? "Can a maid forget her ornament, or a bride her attire? yet my people have forgotten me days without number." This was, indeed, a fruitful text, and there is no doubt that Judith was indirectly admonished to regard the extreme simplicity of her mother's and sister's attire; so that there can be no excuse whatever for her having in her mind at this very moment some vague fancy that as soon as supper was over she would go to her own chamber and take out a certain beaver hat. She did not often wear it, for it was a present that her father had once brought her from London, and it was ranked among her most precious treasures; but surely on this evening (she was saying to herself) it was fitting that she should wear it, not from any personal vanity, but to the end that this young gentleman, who seemed to know several of her father's acquaintances in London, should understand that the daughter of the owner of New Place was no mere country wench, ignorant of what was in the fashion. It is grievous that she should have been concerned with such frivolous thoughts. However, the chapter came to an end in due time.

Then good Master Blaise said that they would sing the One-hundred-and-thirty-seventh Psalm; and this was truly what Judith had been waiting for. She herself was but an indifferent singer. She could do little more than hum such snatches of old songs as occurred to her during her careless rambles, and that only for her private ear; but her sister Susanna had a most noble, pure, and clear contralto voice, that could at any time bring tears to Judith's eyes, and that, when she joined in the choral parts of the service in church, made many a young man's heart to tremble strangely. In former days she used to sing to the accompaniment of her lute; but that was given over now. Once or twice Judith had brought the discarded instrument to her, and said,

"Susan, sweet Susan, for once, for once only, sing to me '*The rose is from my garden gone.*'"

"Why, then—to make you cry, silly one?" the elder sister would answer. "What profit those idle tears, child, that are but a luxury and a sinful indulgence?"

"Susan, but once!" Judith would plead (with the tears almost already in her eyes)—"once only, '*The rose is from my garden gone.*' There is none can sing it like you."

But the elder sister was obdurate, as she considered was right; and Judith, as she walked through the meadows in the evening, would sometimes try the song for herself, thinking, or endeavoring to think, that she could hear in it the pathetic vibration of her sister's voice. Indeed, at this moment the small congregation assembled around the table would doubtless have been deeply shocked had they known with what a purely secular delight Judith was now listening to the words of the psalm. There was but one Bible in the house, so that Master Blaise read out the first two lines (lest any of the maids might have a lax memory):

"*When as we sat in Babylon,*
The rivers round about;"

and that they sang; then they proceeded in like manner:

"*And in remembrance of Sion,*
The tears for grief burst out;
We hanged our harps and instruments
The willow-trees upon;
For in that place men for their use
Had planted many a one."

It is probable, indeed, that Judith was so wrapped up in her sister's singing that it did not occur to her to ask herself whether this psalm, too, had not been chosen with some regard to the good preacher's discontent with those in power. At all events, he read out, and they sang, no further than these two verses:

"*Then they to whom we prisoners were,*
Said to us tauntingly:
Now let us hear your Hebrew songs
And pleasant melody.
Alas! (said we) who can once frame
His sorrowful heart to sing
The praises of our loving God
Thus under a strange king?

"*But yet if I Jerusalem*
Out of my heart let slide,
Then let my fingers quite forget
The warbling harp to guide;
And let my tongue within my mouth
Be tied forever fast,
If that I joy before I see
Thy full deliverance past."

Then there was a short and earnest

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prayer; and, that over, the maids set to work to get forward the supper; and young Willie Hart was called in from the garden—Judith's father being away at Wilmcote on some important business there. In due course of time, supper being finished, and a devout thanksgiving said, Judith was free; and instantly she fled away to her own chamber to don her bravery. It was not vanity (she again said to herself), it was that her father's daughter should show that she knew what was due to him and his standing in the town; and, indeed, as she now regarded herself in the little mirror—she wore a half-circle farthingale, and had on one of her smartest ruffs—and when she set on her head of short brown curls this exceedingly pretty hat (it was of gray beaver above, and underneath it was lined with black satin, and all around the rim was a row of hollow brass beads that tinkled like small bells), she was quite well satisfied with her appearance, and that she was fairly entitled to be. Then she went down and summoned her sweetheart Willie, to act as her companion and protector and ally; and together these two passed forth from the house—into the golden clear evening.

THE DOCTOR-KILLING OREGONS.

THE scenes to which I invite your attention occurred in the Dalles of the Columbia—a region remarkable for its wild and weird character. The Columbia River is there throttled or compressed into "dalles," or long, narrow, and broken troughs, bordered by rocky, misshapen ridges of volcanic rocks, called by the Spaniards *pedregal*, thrown around in the most grotesque manner. And rightly did Theodore Winthrop (in his *Canoe and Saddle*) there locate his war of the demons, whose weapons were huge rocks hurled at each other, and left up and down the Columbia for several miles, scattered about in the most fantastic manner.

If there was anything that afforded relief to the eye, it was when in the vicinity the large hills of indurated clay, made by the erosion of ages, assumed the appearance of rounded citadels, and the columnar basalt took shapes not unlike fortifications, amphitheatres, and abandoned feudal castles. All these had, as a presiding sentinel over the landscape, the sublime peak Mount Hood, an extinct volcano, snow-capped, about thirty miles distant.

I was there in command of the military post in the spring of 1853 (before there was an immigrant farm east of the Cascade Mountains), when several of the chiefs of the small tribes of Indians in that vicinity, Waskows, Wishrams, and Des Chutes, called upon me, with an interpreter, to invoke my aid to suppress a most extraordinary custom which prevailed among them of killing their doctors, or medicine-men, if they did not cure their patients. During the previous winter three doctors in that neighborhood had been killed for that reason, and it was done by the relatives of the deceased.

The case was a serious and startling one, appealing powerfully to my humanity. That those venerable and respected practitioners of the healing art should be held to such a fearful responsibility was revolting to civilized ears. It was a custom of all the tribes (the very best) in Oregon and Northern California. For although I was told that in that advanced and semi-civilized tribe, the Nez Percés (the Choctaws and Cherokees of the Pacific), only two murders had occurred in twelve years, yet those were of doctors.

It did not diminish my interest in the subject when it appeared that these benighted heathen, or rather some of their chiefs, had begun to discern the evil, the atrocity of the custom, and had come to me for advice. They brought with them as interpreter William Chimook, an Indian of the Waskows, who had as a lad been taken east by J. C. Fremont in 1843, and was at his expense educated at a school, I think, in Missouri. I told them to return at a designated day, about a week later, bringing as auditors all those they wished to be present, and I would give them in a formal council a regular talk on the subject.

I will premise that a Catholic priest, Father Mesplié, residing at a mission among the Indians about a mile from Fort Dalles, had been engaged for some time in endeavoring to stay and eradicate this barbarous custom. He had made it a theme of his exhortations, and had in his daily conversation and intercourse with the Indians remonstrated against it.

It must not be supposed that this practice grew out of any want of deference or respect for the medicine-men, but rather from an exaggerated idea of their powers.

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The chiefs, prophets, and medicine-men were generally chosen from the same families, and were often interchangeable. The *call* for a youth to become a doctor was surrounded by the most severe tests and ordeals. The position is often inherited, but that is not enough. The young candidate, about ten years of age, is sent out to sleep by himself on the ground or in a lodge, there to await communications or visitations from their good spirit, or "Tamanoise." This spirit (or Manitou, as it is called by our Eastern races) appears in the shape of a bear, eagle, coyote, buffalo, or some wild bird or animal. If the child, when he returns in the morning, has heard nothing, he is sent back again, and (if bent on making him a candidate) they will continue to send him day after day, and night after night, to sleep alone in this way; and he is often made to fast the whole time, until he is worried into believing or asserting that he has had some wonderful visitor, in his sleep, in the shape of the spirit of some animal. He will tell to some medicine dignitary what he has heard and seen, who will instruct him that when he is in want of anything he must call on that spirit (his good genius) to assist him in all his undertakings. This seals his character as being destined to the profession, but until grown up he does not act as a doctor. Long fasting, and stoicism under it, are regarded as an essential part of the process. With the Waskows, if the boy when sent out to sleep by himself should, on his return, ask for food, he is looked upon as utterly unfit for any such high trust. On reaching manhood the novitiate is initiated into his sacred profession in a medicine dance, which is partly of a religious character, associated with their idolatrous worship. The idols are the "Tamanoise," or the genii of certain animals. Their movements and expressions are imitated in the dance. During the ceremony of initiation some of the chief doctors chant suitable songs or incantations, and make certain passes not unlike those made by mesmerists to put the candidate to sleep. When awakened from this sleep, he is pronounced fit for practice in his lofty and potent profession.

They are prophets as well as physicians, and their very glances are often regarded as killing. When a certain old doctor came into a room I have seen the young Indians turn away their heads, afraid to encounter his baleful and necromantic glances. The medicine-men would often in times of pestilence magnify their office and boast of their power to give life or death. No wonder that they were dreaded, and that their superstitious victims would watch their footsteps!

To return to my narration, and to the council with the Indian chiefs. They came with many followers, bringing again William Chimook as interpreter, and the council, one of their own seeking, was conducted, as is the wont of the red race, with gravity and deliberation. I dwelt upon the virtues of the medical profession. I told them that our surgeons and physicians properly received from the whites the utmost consideration and gratitude. It was the fate of all to die, and that to expect that always the doctor could cure would be to make him omnipotent, to give him the powers of the Deity. He could allay the pains and comfort and assuage the ailments of the unfortunate patient, if not able in all cases to restore him to health. I then dwelt upon the sin and crime of private revenge and retaliation. If a murder was committed, the punishment should be administered, not by the kindred of the murdered man, but in the name of the law, under the authority of the whole tribe, after careful sifting and weighing of the evidence of guilt, and of evil and malicious intent. To permit the punishment of the accused to be administered without investigation by a brother or son or father of the person killed only leads to indiscriminate slaughter and the development of evil passions. If they wished to check this unfortunate custom of killing doctors, they must first make known this new law, and afterward arrest the next offender, and after careful trial and assured evidence and conviction of his guilt, he should be sentenced to be hung. To punish the criminal by shooting him with a rifle would not be sufficient. To prevent, mark, and stigmatize the crime we did not shoot the murderer, but, putting a rope around his neck, we had the criminal suspended from a tree or scaffold until he was dead. All this was said to them slowly, in plain words, and in brief sentences, giving the interpreter a fair chance to convey my meaning.

The sequel was as follows. About three months afterward, in midsummer, the small-pox made its appearance in one of the tribes, viz., the Wishrams. Among

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this tribe was a celebrated medicine-man of great pretensions. He devoted himself to the sick. But he did not cure the small-pox. Though all the Indians on one side of the river had been vaccinated (and thus escaped), that band unfortunately had not been vaccinated, and thus the pestilence raged among them and destroyed a large portion of the tribe. As the doctor had been always boastful of his wonderful powers as a physician, the indignant tribe resolved on his death.

There were no trees on that side of the Columbia. Tying his hands and feet, they put a rope around his neck, and attaching the other end to the pommel of a saddle, they started the horse, and hung him in this shocking manner.

That is as much as they learned by all the preaching of the priest and myself! If he was only hung it would be law, it would be all right, it would be the white man's justice! If a rope was put around his neck and his life thus taken, then it would make the killing justifiable! We had inculcated a way of restraining and preventing their long-cherished habit of killing an unsuccessful doctor, and this was the *dénouement!* The next time they wanted to kill another doctor, instead of a rifle, they used a rope, and then it became an orthodox and judicial proceeding. Our preachment was intended in compassion to save the poor doctors; alas! it only led to a new and more cruel method of killing them.

The old doctor who was hung for his bad luck, and his brave, unflinching devotion to his duties (for there was no charge of neglect), may be accounted a martyr to his profession. His descendants may still adore his memory. And if they deal in heraldry would doubtless put the rope on his escutcheon, and glory in his fate. In glancing over the books on heraldry, and noting how the various animals appear on the coats of arms, one is forcibly reminded of the fashion of the Indian, as above described, of having from early youth a chosen animal as his guardian spirit, and if he enjoyed the luxury of a coat of arms, doubtless his beloved wolf, or bear, or buffalo, would be duly depicted thereon.

An admiring descendant of this old doctor of the Wishrams would be like the son of an Irish patriot hung in the rebellion of '98, who, among his jovial companions, having patiently listened to a recital of the devices on their various coats of arms, with a careful description of the lions salient, lions passant, and others dormant, panthers couchant and griffins rampant, was asked in turn for *his* coat of arms, and at once replied: "A stick standant, another crossant, a rope pendent, and a man hanged on it!"

OF THE PAST.

WHITE flowers lie upon her breast;
Her throbbing pulses are at rest;
A circlet glimmers on her head;
She is a queen, and she is dead.

Around her all is very still;
Unchanged, behind a changeless hill,
The western sun forever dips,
And dying splendors kiss her lips.

Her passive hand a sceptre holds;
Her raiment falls in stately folds;
Her lashes slumber on her cheek:
The world would listen did she speak.

She will be still for evermore:
Though crownèd king or emperor
Made bare his treasury for her,
The quiet lips will never stir.

She will be still; but all around,
Voices, which speak without a sound,
Bid tender chords awake and thrill,
Telling of her, though she is still—

Telling how days had wingèd feet,
How childish nights had slumber sweet,
And little many-colored dreams
Shone through the dark in fitful gleams.

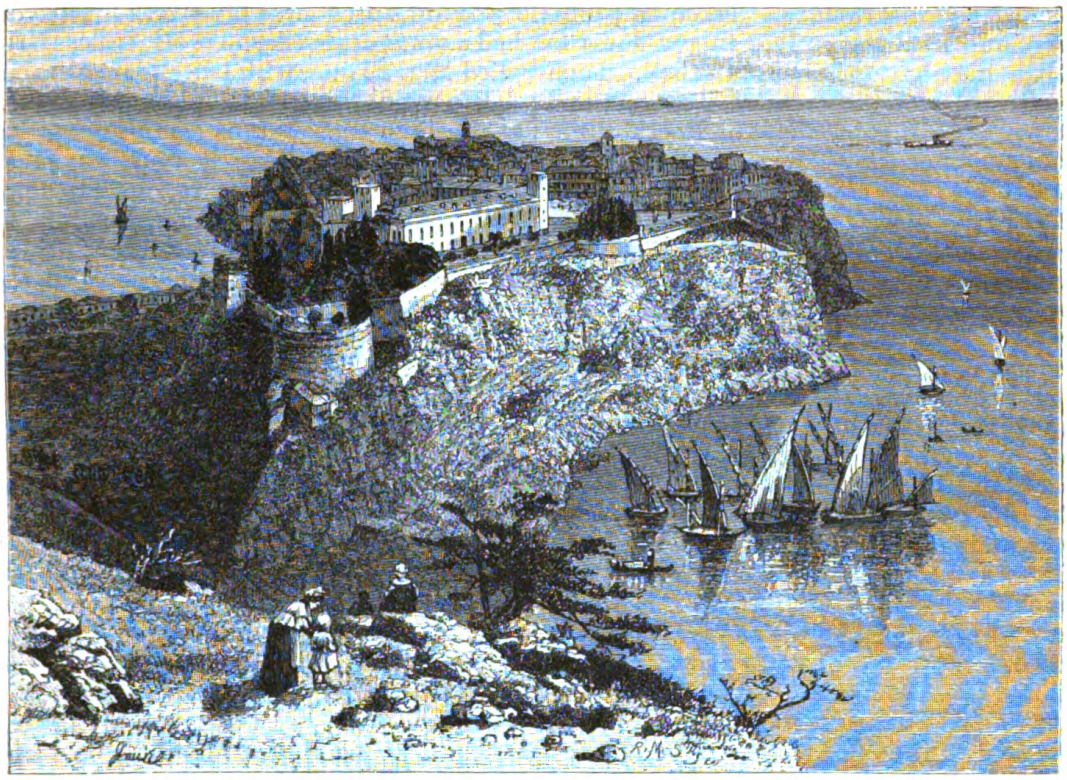
Then kindly Nature round us curled,
The skies bent down to clasp the world,
And every star, a beacon-light,
Was steadfast on its stately height.

Content, we fronted wonders new,
Rainbow and thunder, fire and dew,
And deemed the very highway sod
Untrodden till we came and trod.

And golden were the days of youth,
When all was beauty, joy, and truth,
When sordid wealth was nothing worth,
For Love in splendor walked the earth.

O sweet untroubled vision, stay!
Cease, thou importunate To-day,
Cease eager toil, and clamor shrill!
We are with her—and she is still.

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MONACO.

AT MENTONE.—II.

"Thy skies are blue, thy crags as wild,
Thine olive ripe, as when Minerva smiled."—BYRON.

"SO having rung that bell once too often, they were all carried off," concluded Inness, as we came up.

"Who?" I asked.

"Look around you, and divine."

We were on Capo San Martino. This, being interpreted, is only Cape Martin; but as we had agreed to use the "dear old names," we could not leave out that of the poor cape only because it happened to have six syllables. We looked around. Before us were ruins—walls built of that unintelligible broken stone mixed at random with mortar, which confounds time, and may be, as a construction, five or five hundred years old.

"They — whoever they were — lived here?" I said.

"Yes."

"And it was from here that they were carried off?"

"It was."

"Were they those interesting Greek Lascaris?" said Mrs. Trescott.

"No."

"The Troglodytes?" suggested Mrs. Clary.

"No."

"The poor old ancient gods and goddesses of the coast?" said Margaret.

"No."

"But who carried them off?" I said. "That is the point. It makes all the difference in the world."

"I know it does," replied Inness; "especially in the case of an elopement. In this case it happened to be Miss Trescott's friends (always with two r's) the Sarrasins. The story is but a Mediterranean version of the boy and the wolf. These ruins are the remains of an ancient convent, built in—in the remote Past. The good nuns, after taking possession (perhaps they were inland nuns, and did not know what they were coming to when they came to a shore), began to be in great fear of the sea and Sarrasin sails. They therefore besought the men of Mentone and Roccabruna to fly to their aid if at any time they heard the bell of the

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chapel ringing rapidly. The men promised, and held themselves in readiness to fly. One night they heard the bell. Then westward ran the men of Mentone, and down the hill came those of Roccabruna, and together they flew out on Capo San Martino to this convent—only to find no Sarrasins at all, but only the nuns in a row upon their knees entreating pardon: they had rung the bell as a test. Not long afterward the bell rang again, but no one went. This time it really was the Sarrasins, and the nuns were all carried off."

"Very dramatic. The slight discrepancy that this happened to be a monastery for monks makes no difference: who cares for details!" said Verney, who, under the pretense of sketching the ruins, was making his eighth portrait of Janet. He said of these little pencil portraits that he "threw them in." Janet was therefore thrown into the Red Rocks, the "old town," the Bone Caverns, the Pont St. Louis, Dr. Bennet's garden, the cemetery, Capo San Martino, and before we finished into Roccabruna, Castellare, Monaco, Dolce Acqua, Sant' Agnese, and the old Roman Trophy at Turbia.

Leaving the ruins, we went down to the point, where the cape juts out sharply into the sea, forming the western boundary of the Mentone bay. Opposite, on the eastern point, lay blanche Bordighera, fair and silvery as ever in the sunshine. We found the Professor on the point examining the rocks.

"This is a formation similar to that which we may see in process of construction at the present moment off the coast of Florida," he explained.

"Not *coquina*?" cried Miss Graves, instantly going down and selecting a large fragment.

"It is conglomerate," replied the Professor, disappearing around the cliff corner, walking on little knobs of rock, and almost into the Mediterranean in his eagerness.

"That word conglomerate is one of the most useful terms I know," said Inness. "It covers everything: like Renaissance."

"The rock is also called pudding-stone," said Verney.

"Away with pudding-stone! we will have none of it. We are nothing if not dignified, are we, Miss Elaine?" said Inness, turning to that young lady, who was bestowing upon him the boon of her society for the happy afternoon.

"I am sure I have always thought you had a *great* deal of dignity, Mr. Inness," replied Miss Elaine, with her sweetest smile.

We sat down on the rocks and looked at the blue sea. "It is commonplace to be continually calling it blue," I said; "but it is inevitable, for no one can look at it without thinking of its color."

"It has *seen* so much," said Mrs. Clary, in her earnest way; "it has carried the fleets of all antiquity. The Egyptians, the Greeks, the Phœnicians, the Carthaginians, and the Romans passed to and fro across it; the Apostles sailed over it; yet it looks as fresh and young and untraversed as though created yesterday."

"It certainly is the fairest water in the world," said Janet. "It must be the reflection of heaven."

"It is the proportion of salt," said the Professor, who had come back around the rock corner on the knobs. "A larger amount of salt is held in solution in the Mediterranean than in the Atlantic. It is a very deep body of water too, along this coast: at Nice it was found to be three thousand feet deep only a few yards from the shore."

"These Mediterranean sailors are such cowards," said Inness. "At the first sign of a storm they all come scudding in. If the Phœnicians were like them, another boyhood illusion is gone! However, since they demolished William Tell, I have not much cared."

"The Mediterranean sailors of the past were probably, like those of the present, obliged to come scudding in," said Verney, "because the winds were so uncertain and variable. They use lateen-sails for the same reason, because they can be let down by the run; all the coasting xebecs and feluccas use them."

"Xebecs and feluccas—delicious words!" said Janet.

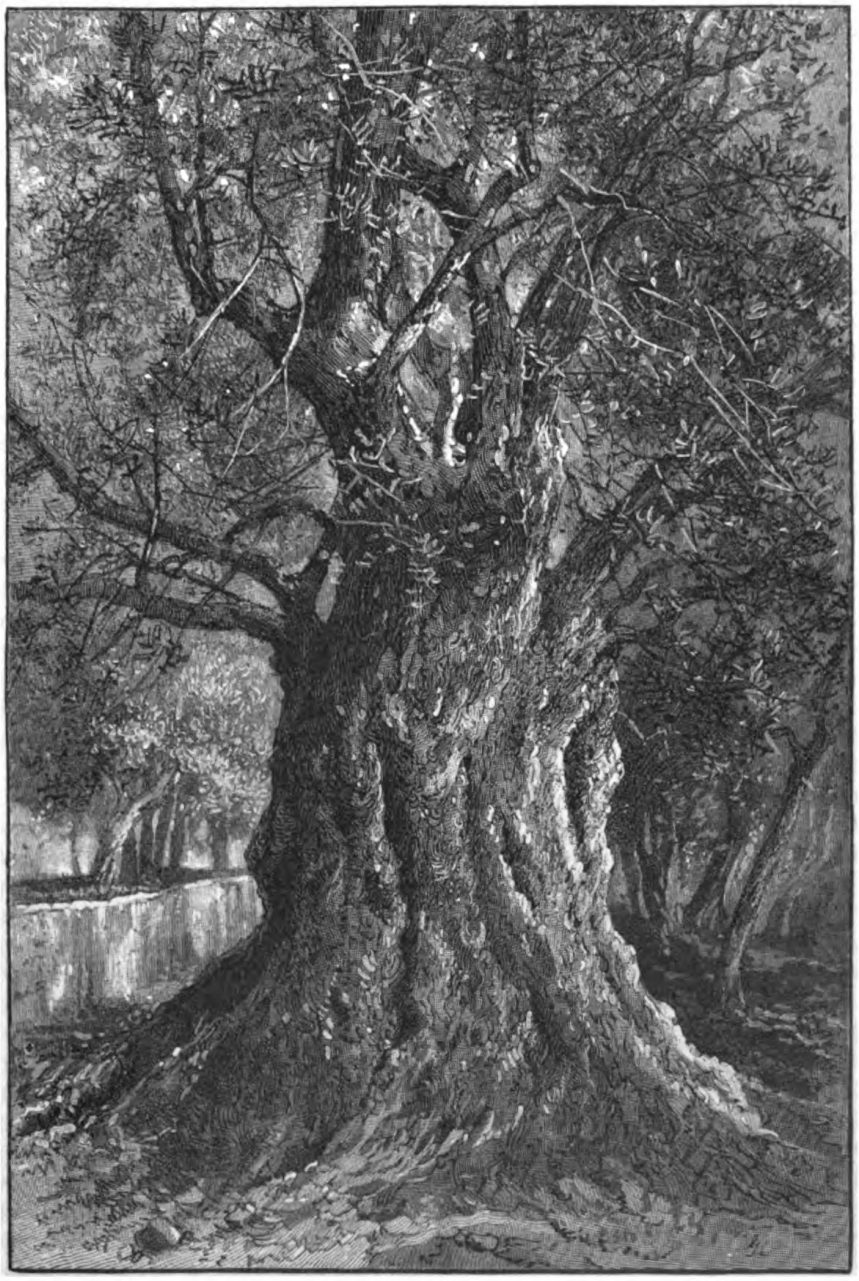
"I still maintain that they are cowards," resumed Inness. "The other day, when there was that capful of wind, you know, twenty of these delicious xebecs came hurrying into our little port, running into each other in their haste, and crowding together in the little pool like frightened chickens under a hen's wings. And they were not all delicious xebecs, either; there were some good-sized sea-going vessels among them, brig-rigged in front with the seven or eight small square sails they string up one above the other, and a towel out to windward."

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"The winds of Mentone are wizards," said Margaret; "they never come from the point they seem to come from. If they blow full in your face from the east, make up your mind that they come directly from the west. They are enchanted."

"They are turned aside by the slopes of the mountains," said Baker, practically.

"But the Mediterranean has not lived up to its reputation, after all," said Janet. "I expected to see fleets of nautilus, and I have not seen one. And not a porpoise!"



THE KING OF THE OLIVES.

"For porpoises," said Miss Graves, who had knotted a handkerchief around her conglomerate, and was carrying it tied to a scarf like a shawl strap—"for porpoises you must go to Florida."

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We left the cape and went inland through the woods, looking for the old Roman tomb. We found it at last, appropriately placed in a gray old olive grove, some of whose trees, no doubt, saw its foundations laid. The fragment of old roadway near it was introduced by Inness as "the Julia Augusta, lifting up its head again." It had laid it down last at the Red Rocks. The tomb originally was as large as a small chapel; one of the side walls was gone, but the front remained almost perfect. This front was in three arches; traces of fresco decoration were still visible under the curves. Below were lines of stone in black and white alternately, and the same mosaic was repeated above, where there was also a cornice stretching from the sides to a central empty space, once filled by the square marble slab bearing the inscription. We found Lloyd here, sketching; but as we came up he closed his sketch-book, joined Margaret, and the two strolled off through the old wood, which had, as Inness remarked, "as many moving associations" as we chose to recall, "from the feet of the Roman legions to those of the armies of Napoleon."

"I wish we knew what the inscription was," said Janet, who was sitting on the grass in front of the old tomb. "I should like to know who it was who was laid here so long, long ago."

"Some old Roman," said Baker.

"He might not have been old," said Verney, who was now sketching in his turn. "There is another Roman tomb, or fragment of one, above us on the side of the mountain, and the inscription on that one gives the name of a youth who died, 'aged eighteen years and ten months,' two thousand years ago, 'much sorrowed for by his father and his mother.'"

"Love then was the same as now, and will be the same after we are gone, I suppose," said Janet, thoughtfully, leaning her pretty head back against an old olive-tree.

"A reason why we should take it while we can," observed Inness.

The Professor and Miss Graves now appeared in sight, for we had come across from the cape in accidental little groups, and these two had found themselves one of them. As the Professor had his sack of specimens and Miss Graves her conglomerate, we thought they looked well together; but the Professor evidently did not think so, for he immediately joined Janet.

"I do not know that there is any surer sign of advancing age in a man than a growing preference for the society of very young girls—mere youth *per se*, as the Professor himself would say," said Mrs. Clary to me in an under-tone.

Meanwhile the Professor, unconscious of this judgment, was telling Janet that she was standing upon the site of the old Roman station "Lumone," mentioned in Antony's Itinerary, and that the tomb was that of a patrician family.

Mrs. Trescott was impressed by this. She said it was "a pæan moment" for us all, if we would but realize it; and she plucked a fern in remembrance.

One bright day not long after this we went to Mentone's sister city, Roccabruna, a little town looking as if it were hooked on to the side of the mountain. As we passed through the "old town" on our donkeys we met a wedding party, walking homeward from the church, in the middle of the street. The robust bride, calm and majestic, moved at the head of the procession with her father, her white muslin gown sweeping the pavement behind her. Probably it would have been considered undignified to lift it. The father, a small, wizened old man, looked timorous, and the bridegroom, next behind with the bride's mother, still more so, even the quantity of brave red satin cravat he wore failing to give him a martial air. Next came the relatives and friends, two and two, all the gowns of the women sweeping out with dignity. In truth this seemed to be the feature of the occasion, since at all other times their gowns were either short or carefully held above the dust. There was no music, no talking, hardly a smile. A christening party we had met the day before was much more joyous, for then the smiling father and mother threw from the carriage at intervals handfuls of sugar-plums and small copper coins, which were scrambled for by a crowd of children, while the gorgeously dressed baby was held up proudly at the window.

We were going first to Gorbio. The Gorbio Valley is charming. Of all the valleys, the narrow Val-de-Menton is the loveliest for an afternoon walk; but for longer excursions, and compared with the

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valleys of Carrei and Borrigo, that of Gorbio is the most beautiful, principally because there is more water in the stream, which comes sweeping and tumbling over its bed of flat rock like the streams of the White Mountains, whereas the so-called "torrents" of Carrei and Borrigo are generally but wide, arid torrents of stone. We passed olive and lemon groves, mills, vineyards, and millions upon millions of violets. Then the path, which constantly ascended, grew wilder, but not so wild as Inness. I could not imagine what possessed him. He sang, told stories, vaulted over Baker, and laughed until the valley rang again; but as his voice was good and his stories amusing, we enjoyed his merriment. Miss Elaine looked on, I thought, with an air of pity; but then Miss Elaine pitied everybody. She would have pitied Jenny Lind at the height of her fame, and no doubt when she was in Florence she pitied the Venus de' Medici.



STREET IN ROCCABRUNA.

We found Gorbio a little village of six hundred inhabitants, perched on the point of a rock, with the ground sloping away on all sides; the remains of its old wall and fortified gates were still to be seen. We entered and explored its two streets—narrow passageways between the old stone houses, whose one idea seemed to be to crowd as closely together and occupy as little of the ground space as possible. Above the clustered roofs towered the ruined walls of what was once the castle, the tower only remaining distinct. This tower bore armorial bearings, which I was trying to decipher, when Verney came up with Janet. "Nothing but those same arms of the Lascaris," he said.

"Why do you say 'nothing but'?" said Janet. "To be royal, and Greek, and have three castles—for this is the third we have seen—is not nothing, but something, and a great deal of something. How I wish *I* had lived in those days!"

As the Professor was not with us, we knew nothing of the story of Gorbio, and walked about rather uncomfortable and ill-informed in consequence. But it turned out that Gorbio, like the knife-grinder, had no story. "Story? Lord bless you! I have none to tell, sir." Inness, however, had reserved one fact, which he finally delivered to us under the great elm in the centre of the little plaza, where we had assembled to rest. "This peaceful village," he began, "whose idyllic children now form a gazing circle around us, was the scene of a sanguinary combat between the French and Spanish-Austrian armies in 1746."

"Oh, modern! modern!" said Verney from behind (where he was throwing Janet into Gorbio).

"Your pardon," said Inness, with majesty; "not modern at all. In 1746, as I beg to remind you, even the foundation stones of our great republic were not laid, yet the man who ventures to say that it is not, as a construction, absolutely venerable, from exceeding merit, will be a rash one. In America, Time is not old or slow;

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he has given up his hour-glass, and travels by express. Each month of ours equals one of your years, each year a century. Therefore have we all a singularly mature air—as exemplified in myself. But to return. Upon this spot, then, my friends, there was once—carnage! The only positive and historical carnage in the neighborhood of Mentone. Therefore all warlike spirits should come to Gorbio, and breathe the inspiring air."

We did not stay long enough in the inspiring air to become belligerent, however, but, on the contrary, went peacefully past a quiet old shrine, and took the path to Roccabruna—one of the most beautiful paths in the neighborhood of Mentone. By-and-by we came to a tall cross on the top of a high ridge. We had seen it outlined against the sky while still in the streets of Gorbio. These mountain-side crosses were not uncommon. They are not locally commemorative, as we first supposed, but seem to be placed here and there, where there is a beautiful view, to remind the gazer of the hand that created it all. Some distance farther we found a still wider prospect; and then we came down into Roccabruna, and spread out our lunch on the battlements of the old castle. From this point our eyes rested on the coast-line stretching east and west, the frowning Dog's Head at Monaco, and the white winding course of the Cornice Road. The castle was on the side of the mountain, eight hundred feet above the sea. Although forming part of the village, it was completely isolated by its position on a high pinnacle of rock, which rose far above the roofs on all sides.

"How these poor timid little towns clung close to and under their lords' walls!" said Baker, with the fine contempt of a young American. "They are all alike: the castle towering above; next the church and the priest; and the people—nowhere!"

"The people were happy enough, living in this air," said Mrs. Clary. "How does it strike you? To me it seems delicious; but many persons find it too exciting."

"It certainly gives me an appetite," I said, taking another sandwich.

Miss Elaine found it "too warm." Miss Graves found it "too cold." Mrs. Trescott, having been made herself again by a glass of the "good little white wine" of Gorbio, said that it was "almost too idealizing." Lloyd remarked that it was not "too anything unless too delightful," and that, for his part, he wished that, with the present surroundings, he might "breathe it forever!" This was gallant. Janet looked at him: he was the only one who had not bowed at her shrine, and it made her pensive. Meanwhile Inness's gayety continued; he made a voyage of discovery through the narrow streets below, coming back with the legend that he had met the prettiest girl he had seen since his "pretty girl of Arles," whose eyes, "enshrined beside those of Miss Trescott" (with a grand bow), had remained ever since in his "heart's inmost treasury." This, like Baker's L' Annunziata speech, was both un-American and unnecessary in the presence of a second young lady, and I looked at Inness, surprised. But Miss Elaine only smiled on.

The Professor now appeared, having come out from Mentone on a donkey. We immediately became historical. It appeared that the castle upon whose old battlements we were idly loitering was one of the "homes" of the Lascaris, Counts of Ventimiglia, who in 1358 transferred it with its domains to the Grimaldis, Princes of Monaco.

"These Lascaris and Grimaldis seem to have played at seesaw for the possession of this coast," said Baker. "Now one is up, and now the other, but never any one else."

But Janet was impressed. "*Again* the Lascaris!" she murmured.

"What is your idea of them?" said Verney.

"I hardly know; but of course they were knights in armor; and of course, being Greeks, they had classic profiles. They were impulsive, and they were generous; but if any one seriously displeased them, they immediately ordered him cast into that terrible *oubliette* we saw below."

"That," said the Professor, mildly, "is only the well." Then, as if to strengthen her with something authentic, he added, "The village was sacked by the Duke of Guise toward the end of the sixteenth century, when this castle was reduced to the ruined condition in which we find it now."

"Happily it is not altogether ruined," said Mrs. Trescott, putting up her eyeglass; "one of the—the apartments seems to be roofed, and to possess doors."

"That," said the Professor, "is a don-

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key-stable, erected — or rather adapted—later."

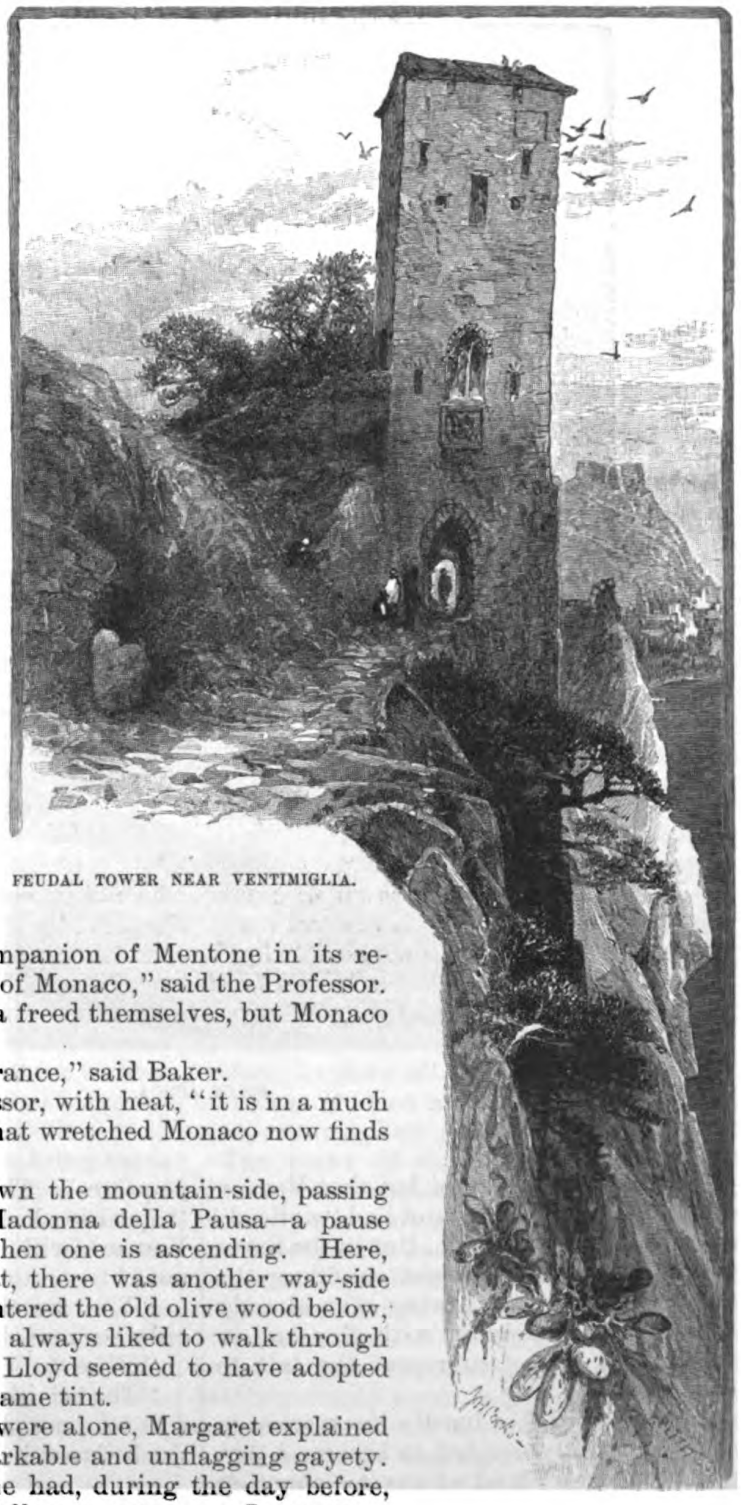
"Do the donkeys come up all these stairs?" I said, amused.

"I believe they do," replied the Professor. "Indeed, I have seen them coming up after the day's work is over."

"I am sorry, Janet, but I shall never be able to think of this home of your Lascaris after this without seeing a procession of donkeys coming upstairs on their way to their high apartments," I said, laughing.

"The *procession* might have been the same in the days of the Lascaris," suggested Baker.

Roccabruna — brown rock—is an appropriate name for the village, which is so brown and so mixed with and built into the cliff to which it clings that it is difficult to tell where man's work ends and that of nature begins.



FEUDAL TOWER NEAR VENTIMIGLIA.

"The town was the companion of Mentone in its rebellion against the Princes of Monaco," said the Professor. "Mentone and Roccabruna freed themselves, but Monaco remained enslaved."

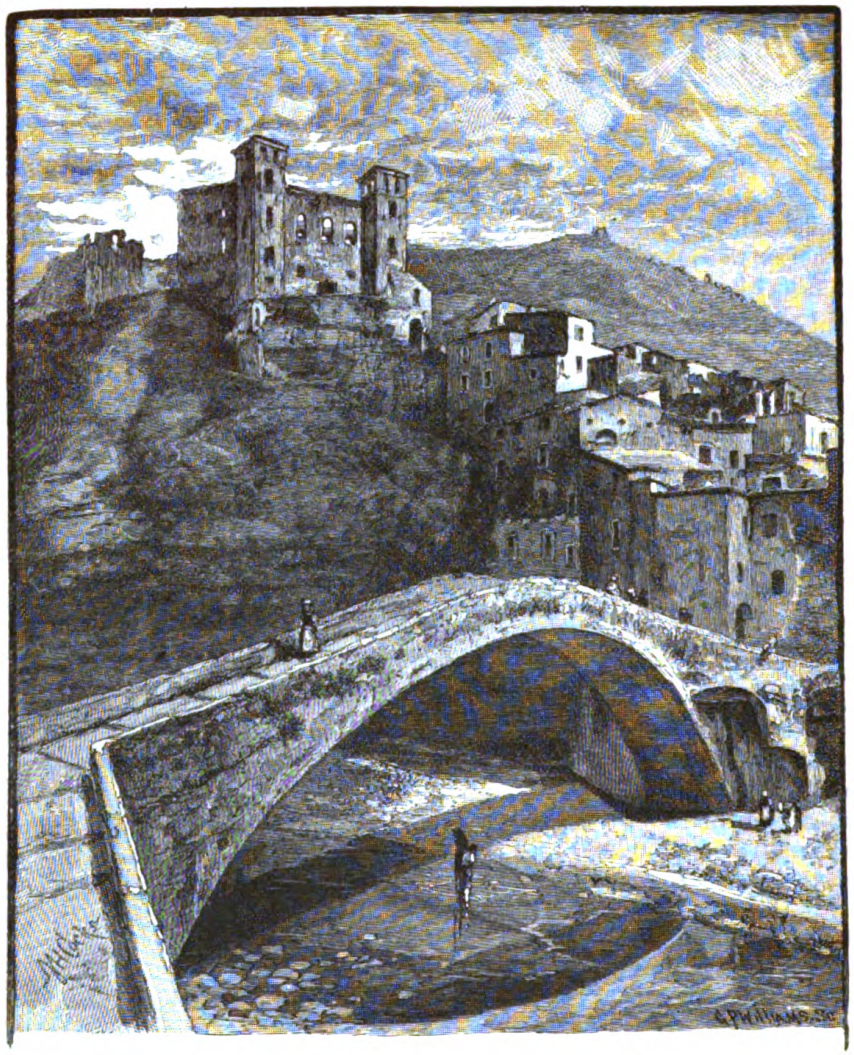
"They are all now in France," said Baker.

"Sir!" replied the Professor, with heat, "it is in a much worse place than France that wretched Monaco now finds herself!"

We went homeward down the mountain-side, passing the little chapel of the Madonna della Pausa—a pause being indeed necessary when one is ascending. Here, where the view was finest, there was another way-side cross. Farther on, as we entered the old olive wood below, Margaret dismounted; she always liked to walk through the silver-gray shade; and Lloyd seemed to have adopted an equal fondness for the same tint.

That evening, when we were alone, Margaret explained the secret of Inness's remarkable and unflagging gayety. It seemed that Miss Elaine had, during the day before, confided to Verney—as a fellow-countryman, I suppose—her self-reproach concerning "that poor young American gentleman, Mr. Inness." What *should* she do? Would he advise her? She must go to some one, and she did not feel like troubling her dear mamma. It was true that Mr. Inness had been with her a good deal, had helped her wind her worsteds in the evening, but *she* never meant anything—never dreamed of anything. And now, she could not but feel—there was something in his manner that forced her to see— In short, had not Mr. Verney noticed it?

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DOLCE ACQUA.

Now I have no doubt but that Verney told her he had "seen" and had "noticed" everything she desired. But in the mean while he could not resist confiding the story to Baker, who, having been already a victim, was overcome with glee, and in his turn hastened to repeat the tale to Inness.

Inness raged, but hardly knew what to do. He finally decided to become a perfect Catharine-wheel of gayety, shooting off laughter and jokes in all directions to convince the world that he remained heart-whole.

"But it will be of no avail," I said to Margaret, laughing, as I recalled the look of soft pity on Miss Elaine's face all day; "she will think it but the gayety of desperation." Then, more soberly, I added: "Mr. Lloyd told you this, I suppose? You are with him a great deal, are you not?"

"You see that I am, aunt. But it is only because she has not come yet."

"Who?"

"The brighter and younger woman who will take my place." But I did not think she believed it.

On another day we went to Castellare, a little stone village much like Gorbio, perched on its ridge, and rejoicing in an especial resemblance to one of Cæsar's fortified camps. The castle here was not so much a castle as a château; its principal apartment was adorned with frescoes rep-

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resenting the history of Adam and Eve. We should not have seen these frescoes if it had not been for Miss Graves: I am afraid we should have (there is no other word) shirked them. But Miss Graves had heard of the presence of ancient works of art, and was bent upon finding them. In vain Lloyd conducted her in and out of half a dozen old houses, suggesting that each one was "probably" all that was left of the "château." Miss Graves remained inflexibly unconvinced, and in the end gained her point. We all saw Adam and Eve.

"Why did they want frescoes away out here in this primitive little village to which no road led, hardly even a donkey path?" I said.

"That is the very reason," replied Margaret. "They had no society, nothing to do; so they looked at their frescoes exhaustively."

"What do those eagles at the corners represent?" said Janet.

"They are the device of the Lascaris," replied the Professor.

"Do you mean to tell me that *this* was one of their homes also?" she exclaimed. "Let a chair be brought, and all of you leave me. I wish to remain here alone, and imagine that I am one of them."

"Couldn't you imagine two?" said Inness. And he gained his point.

On our way home we found another block in the main street, and paused. We were near what we called the umbrella place—an archway opening down toward the old port; here against the stone wall an umbrella-maker had established his open-air shop, and his scarlet and blue lined parasols and white umbrellas, hung up at the entrance, made a picturesque spot of color we had all admired. This afternoon we were late; it was nearly twilight, and, in this narrow, high-walled street, almost night. As we waited we heard chanting, and through the dusky archway came a procession. First a tall white crucifix borne between two swinging lamps; then the surpliced choir-boys, chanting; then the incense and the priests; then a coffin, draped, and carried in the old way on the shoulders of the bearers, who were men robed in long hooded black gowns reaching to the feet, their faces covered, with only two holes for the eyes. These were members of the Society of Black Penitents, who, with the White Penitents, attend funerals by turn, and care for the sick and poor, from charitable motives alone, and without reward. Behind the Penitents walked the relatives and friends, each with a little lighted taper. As the procession came through the dark archway, crossed the street, and wound up the hill into the "old town," its effect, with the glancing lights and chanting voices, was weirdly picturesque. It was on its way to the cemetery above.

"Did you ever read this, Mr. Lloyd?" I heard Margaret say behind me, as we went onward toward home:

> "'One day, in desolate wind-swept space,
> In twilight-land, in no-man's-land,
> Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,
> And bade each other stand.
> "And who art thou?" cried one, agape,
> Shuddering in the gloaming light.
> "I do not know," said the second Shape:
> "I only died last night."'"

I turned. Lloyd was looking at her curiously, or rather with wonder.

"Come, Margaret," I said, falling behind so as to join them, "the English are not mystical, as some of us are. They are content with what they can definitely know, and they leave the rest."

During the next week, after a long discussion, we decided to go up the valley of the Nervia. The discussion was not inharmonious: we liked discussions.

"This is by no means one of the ordinary Mentone excursions," said Mrs. Clary, as our three carriages ascended the Cornice Road toward the east, on a beautiful morning after one of the rare showers. "Many explore all of the other valleys, and visit Monaco and Monte Carlo; but comparatively few go up the Nervia."

The scene of the installment of our twelve selves in these three carriages, by-the-way, was amusing. Between the inward determination of Inness, Verney, Baker, and the Professor to be in the carriage which held Janet, and the equally firm determination of Miss Elaine to be in the carriage which held *them*, it seemed as if we should never be placed. But no one said what he or she wished: far from it. Everybody was very polite, wonderfully polite: everybody offered his or her place to everybody else. Lloyd, after waiting a few moments, calmly helped Margaret into one of the carriages, handed in her shawl, and then took a seat himself opposite. But the rest of us surged helplessly to and fro among the wheels, not quite knowing what to do, until the

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arrival of the hotel omnibus hurried us, when we took our places hastily, without any arrangement at all, and drove off as follows: in the first carriage, Mrs. Trescott, Janet, Miss Elaine, and myself; in the second, Miss Graves, Inness, Verney, and Baker; in the third, Mrs. Clary, Margaret, Lloyd, and the Professor. This assortment was so comical that I laughed inwardly all the way up the first hill. Miss Elaine looked as if she was on the point of shedding tears; and the Professor, who did not enjoy the conversation of either Margaret or Mrs. Clary, was equally discomfited. As for the faces of the three young men shut in with Miss Graves, they were a study. However, it did not last long. The young men soon preferred "to walk up-hill." Then we stopped at Mortola to see the Hanbury garden, and took good care not to arrange ourselves in the same manner a second time. Still, as four persons can not, at least in the present state of natural science, occupy at the same moment the space only large enough for one, there was all day more or less manœuvring. From Mortola to Ventimiglia I was in the carriage with Janet, Inness, and Verney.

"What ruin is that on the top of the hill?" said Janet. "It looks like a castle."

"It is a castle—Castel d' Appio," said Verney: "a position taken by the Genoese in 1221 from the Lascaris, who—"

"Stop the carriage!—I must go up," said Janet.

"I assure you, Miss Trescott, that, Lascaris or no Lascaris, you will find yourself mummied in mud after this rain," said Inness. "*I* went up there in a dry time, and even then had to wade."

Now if there is anything which Janet especially cherishes, it is her pretty boots; so Castel d' Appio remained unvisited upon its height, in lonely majesty against the sky. The next object of interest was a square tower, standing on the side-hill not far above the road; it was not large on the ground, rather was it narrow, but it rose in the air to an imposing height. I could not imagine what its use had been: it stood too far from the sea for a lookout, and, from its shape, could hardly have been a residence; in its isolation, not a fortress. Inness said it looked like a steeple with the church blown away; and then, inspired by his own comparison, he began to chant an ancient ditty about

"'The next thing they saw was a barn on a hill:
One said 'twas a barn;
The other said "Na-ay";
And t'other 'twas a church with its steeple blown away:
Look—a—there!'"

This extremely venerable ballad delighted Miss Graves in the carriage behind so that she waved her black parasol in applause. She asked if Inness could not sing "Springfield Mountain."

"There is nothing left now," I said, laughing, "but the 'Battle of the Nile.'"

Verney, who had sketched the tower early in the winter, explained that the old road to Ventimiglia passed directly through the lower story, which was built in the shape of an arch. All the carriages were now together, as we gazed at the relic.

"The road goes through?" said Miss Graves. "Probably, then, it was a toll-gate."

This was so probable, although unromantic, that thereafter the venerable structure was called by that name, or, as Inness suggested, "not to be too disrespectful, the mediæval T. G."

Ventimiglia, seven miles from Mentone, was "one of the most ancient towns in Liguria," the Professor remarked. Mrs. Trescott, Mrs. Clary, and I looked much wiser after this information, but carefully abstained from saying anything to each other of the cloudy nature of our ideas respecting the geographical word. However, we noticed, unaided, that its fortifications were extensive, for we rolled over a draw-bridge to enter it, passing high stone walls, bastions, and port-holes, while on the summit of the hill above us frowned a large Italian fort. The Roya, a broad river which divides the town into two parts, is crossed by a long bridge; and we were over this bridge and some distance beyond before we discovered that we had left the old quarter on the other side, its closely clustering roofs and spires having risen so directly over our heads on the steep side-hill that we had not observed them. Should we go back? The carriages drew up to consider. We had still "a long drive before us"; these "old Riviera villages" were "all alike"; the hill seemed "very steep"; and "we can come here, you know, at any time"—were some of the opinions given. The Professor, who really wished to stop, gallantly yielded. Miss Graves, alone in the opposition, was obliged to yield also; but she was

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deeply disappointed. "'The cathedral, formerly dedicated to Jupiter, possesses a white marble pulpit incrusted with mosaics, and an octagon font, very ancient,'" she read, mournfully, aloud, from her manuscript note-book. "'The Church of St. Michael, also, guards Roman antiquities of surpassing interest.'" This word "guards" had a fine effect.

But, "we can come here at any time, you know," carried the day; and we drove on. I may as well mention that, as usual in such cases, we never did "come here at any time," save on the one occasion of our departure for Florence—an occasion which no railway traveller going to Italy by this route is likely soon to forget, the Ventimiglia custom-house being modelled patriotically upon the circles of Dante's "Inferno."

When we were at a safe distance—"I suppose you know, Miss Trescott, that Ventimiglia was the principal home of your Lascaris?" said Verney. "First of all, they were Counts of Ventimiglia: that Italian port stands on the site of their old castle. I have been looking into their genealogy a little on your account; and I find that the first count of whom we have authentic record was a son of the King of Italy, A.D. 950. His son married the Princess Eudoxie, daughter of Theodore Lascaris, Emperor of Greece, and assumed the arms and name of his wife's family. Their descendants, besides being Counts of Ventimiglia, became Seigniors of Mentone, Castellare, Gorbio, Peille, Tende, and Briga, Roccabruna, and what is now L' Annunziata. They also had a château at Nice."

"Let us go back!" said Janet.

"To Nice?" I asked, smiling.

But Verney appeased her with an offering—nothing less than a sketch he had made. "The Lascaris," he said, as if introducing them. And there they were, indeed, a group of knights on horseback, dressed in velvet doublets and lace ruffles, with long white plumes, followed by a train of pages and squires with armor and led-horses. All had Greek profiles: in truth, they were but various views of the Apollo Belvedere. This splendid party was crossing the draw-bridge of a castle, and, from a latticed casement above, two beautiful and equally Greek ladies, attired in ermine, with long veils and golden crowns, waved their scarfs in token of adieu.

"Charming!" said Janet, much pleased. (And in truth it was, if fanciful, a very pretty sketch.) "But who are those ladies above?"

"I suppose they had wives and sisters, did they not?" said Verney.

"I suppose they did—of *some* sort," said Janet, disparagingly.

But Verney now produced a second sketch; "another study of the same subject," he called it. This was a picture of the same number of men, clad in clumsy armor, with rough, coarse faces, attacking a pass and compelling two miserable frightened peasants with loaded mules to yield up what they had, while, from a rude tower above, like our mediæval T. G., two or three swarthy women with children were watching the scene. The wrappings of the two sketches being now removed, we saw that one was labelled, "The Lascaris—her Idea of them"; and the other, "The Lascaris—as they were."

We all laughed. But I think Janet was not quite pleased. After the next change Verney found himself, by some mysterious chance, left to occupy the seat beside Miss Elaine, while Baker had his former place.

The Nervia, a clear rapid little snow-formed river, ran briskly down over its pebbles toward the sea. Our road followed the western bank, and before long brought us to Campo Rosso, a little village with a picturesque belfry, a church whose façade was decorated with old frescoes, two marble sirens spouting water, and numberless "bits" in the way of vistas through narrow arched passages and crooked streets, which are the delight of artists. But Campo Rosso was not our destination, and entering the carriage again, we went onward through an olive wood whose broad terraces extended above, below, and on all sides as far as eye could reach. When we had stopped wondering over its endlessness, and had grown accustomed to the gray light, suddenly we came out under the open sky again, with Dolce Acqua before us, its castle above, its church tower below, and, far beyond, our first view of snow-capped peaks rising high and silvery against the deep blue sky. Inness and Baker threw up their hats and saluted the snow with an American hurrah. "What with those white peaks and this Italian sky, I feel like the Merry Swiss Boy and the Marble Faun rolled into one," said Baker.

We drove up to the Locanda Desiderio,

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or "Desired Inn," as Inness translated it. It was now noon, and in the brick-floored apartment below a number of peasants were eating sour bread and drinking wine. But the host, a handsome young Italian, hastened to show us an upper chamber, where, with the warm sunshine flooding through the open windows across the bare floor, we spread our luncheon on a table covered with coarse but snowy homespun, and decked with remarkable plates in brilliant hues and still more brilliant designs. The luncheon was accompanied by several bottles of "the good little white wine" of the neighborhood—an accompaniment we had learned to appreciate.

Upon the chimney-piece of a room adjoining ours, whose door stood open, there was an old brass lamp. In shape it was not unlike a high candlestick crowned with an oval reservoir for oil, which had three little curving tubes for wicks, and an upright handle above ending in a ring; it was about a foot and a half high, and from it hung three brass chains holding a brass lamp-scissors and little brass extinguishers. Mrs. Clary, Mrs. Trescott, Miss Graves, Miss Elaine, and myself all admired this lamp as we strolled about the rooms after luncheon before starting for the castle. It happened that Janet was not there; she had gone, by an unusual chance, with Lloyd, to look at some cinque-cento frescoes in an old church somewhere, and was, I have no doubt, deeply interested in them. When she returned she too spied the old lamp, and admired it. "I wish I had it for my own room at home," she exclaimed. "I feel sure it is Aladdin's."

"Come, come, Janet," called Mrs. Trescott from below. "The castle waits."

"It has waited some time already," said Inness—"a matter of six or seven centuries, I believe."

"And looks as though it would wait six or seven more," I said, as we stood on the arched bridge admiring the massive walls above.

"It has withstood numerous attacks," said the Professor. "Genoese armies came up this valley more than once to take it, and went back unsuccessful."

"To me it is more especially distinguished by *not* having been a home of the Lascaris," said Baker.

"To whom, then, did it belong?" said Janet, contemptuously.

We all, in a chorus, answered grandly, "To the Dorias!" (We were so glad to have reached a name we knew.)

The castle crowned the summit of a crag, ruined but imposing; in shape a parallelogram, it had in front square towers, five stories in height, pierced with round-arched windows. It was the finest as well as largest ruin we lately landed Americans had seen, and we went hither and thither with much animation, telling each other all we knew, and much that we did not know, about ruined towers, square towers, draw-bridges, moats, donjon keeps, and the like; while Miss Elaine, who had placed herself beside Verney on the knoll where he was sketching, looked on in a kindly patronizing way, as much as to say: "Enjoy yourselves, primitive children of the New World. We of England are familiar with ruins."

Margaret and Lloyd found a seat in one of the ruined windows of the south tower; I stood beside them for a few moments looking at the view. On the north the narrow valley curved and went onward, while over its dark near green rose the glittering snowy peaks so far away. In the south, the blue of the Mediterranean stretched across the mouth of the valley, whose sides were bold and high; the little river gleamed out in spots of silver here and there, and the white belfry of Campo Rosso rose picturesquely against the dark olive forest. Directly under us were the roofs of the village, and the old stone bridge of one high arch. "Do you notice that many of these roofs are flat, with benches, and pots of flowers?" said Lloyd. "You do not see that in Mentone. It is thoroughly Italian."

Janet, Mrs. Trescott, Inness, Baker, and the Professor were up on the highest point of the crag, where the Professor was giving a succinct account of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. His words floated down to us, but to which of those celebrated and eternally quarrelling factions these Dorias belong I regret to say I can not now remember. But it was evident that he was talking eloquently, and Inness, who was quite distanced, by way of diversion threw pebbles at the north tower.

We came down from the castle after a while, and strolled through the village streets—all of us save Margaret and Loyd, who remained sitting in their window. Mrs. Trescott, seeing a vaulted entrance, stopped to examine it, and the broad doors

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being partly open, she peeped within. As there was more vaulting and no one to forbid, she stepped into the old hall, and we all followed her. We were looking at the massive, finely proportioned stairway, when a little girl appeared above gazing down curiously. She was a pretty child of seven or eight, and held some little thumbed school-books under her arm.

"Is this a school?" asked Verney, in Italian.

She nodded shyly, and ran away, but soon returned accompanied by a Sister, or nun, who, with a mixture of politeness and timidity, asked if we wished to see their schools. Of course we wished to see everything, and going up the broad stairway, we were ushered into an unexpected and remarkable apartment.

"We came to see an infant school, and we find a row of noblemen," said Baker. "They must be all the Dorias upon their native heath!"

The "heath" was the wall, upon which, in black frames, were ranged forty-two portraits in a long procession going around three sides of the great room, which must have been fifty feet in length. At the head of the apartment was a picture seven feet square, representing a full-blooming lady in a long-bodied white satin dress, with an extraordinary structure of plumes and pearls on her head, accompanied by a stately little heir in a pink satin court suit, and several younger children. One grim, dark old man in red, farther down the hall, was "Roberto: Seigneur Dolce Acqua. Anno 1270." A dame in yellow brocade, with hoop, ruff, and jewels, and a little curly dog under her arm, was "Brigida: Domina Dolce Acqua. 1290."

"So they carried dogs in that way then as well as now," observed Janet.

The Mother Superior now came in. She informed us that this was the château of the Dorias, built after their castle was destroyed, and occupied by descendants of the family until a comparatively recent period. Its plain exterior, extending across one end of the little square, we had not especially distinguished from the other buildings which joined it, forming the usual continuous wall of the Riviera towns. The château was now a convent and school. There were benches across one side of the large apartment where the village children were already assembled under the black-framed portraits, but there was not much studying that day, I think, save a study of strangers.

"Here is the real treasure," said Verney.

It was a chimney-piece of stone, extending across one end of the room, richly carved with various devices in relief, figures, and ornaments, and a row of heads on shields across the front, now the profile of an old bearded man looking out, and now that of a youth in armor. It was fifteen feet high, and a remarkably fine piece of work.

"Quite thrown away here," said Miss Graves.

"Oh, I don't know; the portraits can see it," replied Janet.

The Mother Superior conducted us all over the château, reserving only the corridor where were her own and the Sisters' apartments. The dignified stone stairway with its broad stone steps extended unchanged to the top of the house.

"In the matter of stairways," I said, "I must acknowledge that our New World ideas are deficient. We have spacious rooms, broad windows, high ceilings, but such a stairway as this is beyond us."

The empty sunny rooms above were gayly painted in fresco. At one end of the house a door opened into a little latticed balcony, into which we stepped, finding ourselves in an adjoining church, high up on the wall at one side of the altar. Here the Sisters came to pray, and as we departed, one of them glided in and knelt down in the dusky corner.

"Perhaps she is going to pray for us," said Inness.

"I am sure we need it," replied Janet, seriously.

In the garret was a Sedan-chair, once elaborately gilded.

"I suppose they went down to Ventimiglia in that," said Baker—"those fine old dames below."

From one of the rooms on the second floor opened a little cell or closet, part of whose flooring had been removed, showing a hollow space beneath following the massive exterior wall.

"Here," said the Mother Superior, "the papers of the family were concealed at the approach of the first Napoleon, and not taken out for a number of years. The flooring has never been replaced."

The Mother Superior spoke only Italian, which Verney translated, much to the envy of the younger men. The Professor was not with us, for as soon as he learned that

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the place was "papist" he departed, although Inness suggested that the street was papist also, and likewise the very air must be redolent of Rome. But the Professor was an example of "cœlum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt," and quite determined to be as Protestant in Italy as he was in Connecticut. He would not desert his colors because under a foreign sky, as so many Americans desert them.

The Mother now conducted us to a little square parlor, with south windows opening upon a balcony full of pots of flowers; the walls and ceiling of this little room were glowing with color—paintings in fresco more suited to the Dorias, I fancy, than to the "Sisters of the Snow," for this was the poetical name of the little black-robed band. In this worldly little room we found wine waiting for us, and grapes which were almost raisins: we had never seen them in transition before. The wine was excellent, and Mrs. Trescott partook with much graciousness. After partaking, she employed Verney in translating to the Mother a number of her own characteristic sentences. But Verney must have altered them somewhat *en route*, for I hardly think the Mother would have remained so calmly placid if she had comprehended that "this whole scene—the grapes, the wine, and the frescoes"—reminded Mrs. Trescott of "Cleopatra, and of Sardanapalus and his golden flagons." Presently two of the Sisters entered with coffee which they had prepared for us; after serving it, they retired to a corner, where they stood gently regarding us. Then another entered, and then another, unobtrusively taking their places beside the others. It was interesting to notice the simplicity of their mild gaze; although brown and middle-aged, their expression was like that of little children. When they learned that some of us were from America they were much impressed, and looked at each other silently.

"I suppose it does not seem to them but a little while since Columbus discovered us," said Baker.

At last it was time for us to go: we bade the little group farewell, and left some coins "for their poor."

"Though we may not meet on earth, we shall see you all again in heaven," said the Mother, and all the Sisters bowed assent. They accompanied us down to the outer door, and waved their hands in adieu as we crossed the little square. When, at the other side, we turned to look back, we saw their black skirts retiring up the stairway to their little school.

"Farewell, Sisters of the Snow," said Janet. "May we all so live as to keep that rendezvous you have given us!"

The carriages were now ordered, and Margaret and Lloyd summoned from the castle tower. We were standing at the door of the Desired Inn, collecting our baskets and wraps, when the Professor appeared with a long narrow parcel in his hand. This he stowed away carefully in one of the carriages, changing its position several times, as if anxious it should be carried safely. While he was thus engaged in his absorbed, near-sighted way, Inness came down the stone stairs from the upper chamber, and going across to Janet, who was leaning on the parapet looking at the river, he was on the point of presenting something to her, when his little speech was stopped by the appearance of Baker coming around the corner from the front of the house, with a parcel exactly like his own.

"Two!" cried Inness, bursting into a peal of laughter; and then we saw, as he tore off the paper, that he had the old brass lamp which Janet had admired. Meanwhile Baker had another, the Desired Inn having been evidently equal to the occasion, and to driving a good bargain. Our laughter aroused the Professor, who turned and gazed at our group from the step of the carriage. But having no idea of losing the credit of his unusual gallantry simply because some one else had had the same thought, he now extracted his own parcel and silently extended it.

"A third!" cried Inness. And then we all gave way again.

"I am so much obliged to you," said Janet, sweetly, when there was a pause, "but I am sorry you took the trouble. Because—because Mr. Verney has already kindly given me one, which is packed in one of the baskets."

At this we laughed again, more irresistibly than before—all, I mean, save Miss Elaine, who merely said, in the most unamused voice, "How *very* amusing!" As we had all admired the ancient lamp (although no one thought of offering it to *us*), the superfluous gifts easily found places among us, and were not the less thankfully received because obtained in that roundabout way.

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We now left the "Sweet Waters" behind us, and went down the valley toward the sea.

"There is another town as picturesque as Dolce Acqua some miles farther up the valley," said Verney. "I have a sketch of it. It is called Pigna."

"Oh, let us go there!" said Janet.

"We can not, my daughter, spend the entire remainder of our earthly existence among the Maritime Alps," said Mrs. Trescott.

Inness had the place beside Janet all the way home.

On the Cornice, a few miles from Mentone, we came upon a boy and girl sitting by the road-side; they had a flageolet and a sort of bagpipe, and wore the costume of Italian peasants, their foot-coverings being the complicated bands and strings which are, in American eyes (the strings transmuted into ribbons), indelibly associated with bandits. "They are pifferari," said Verney; and we stopped the carriages and asked them to play for us. The boy played on his flageolet, and the girl sang. As she stood beside us in the dust, her brown hands clasped before her, her great dark eyes never once stopped gazing at Janet, who, clad that day in a soft cream-white walking costume, with gloves, round hat, and plume of the same tint, looked not unlike a lily on its stem. The Italian girl was of nearly the same age in years, and of fully the same age in womanhood, and it seemed as if she could not remove her fascinated gaze from the fair white stranger. Inness and Verney both tried to attract her attention; but the boy gathered up the coins they dropped, and the girl gazed on. As the Professor was tired, and did not care for music, we drove onward; but, as far as we could see, the Italian girl still stood in the centre of the road, gazing after the carriages.

"What do you suppose is in her mind?" I said. "Envy?"

"Hardly," said Verney. "To her, probably, Miss Trescott is like a being from another world—a saint or Madonna."

"Ah, Mr. Verney, what exaggerated comparisons!" said Miss Elaine, in soft reproach. "Besides, it is irreligious, and you *promised* me you would not be irreligious."

Verney looked somewhat aghast at this revelation, of course overheard by Mrs. Clary and myself. It was rather hard upon him to have his misdeeds brought up in this way—the little sentimental speeches he had made to Miss Elaine in the remote past—*i. e.*, before Janet arrived. But he was obliged to bear it.

"I suppose," said Inness, one morning, "that you are not all going away from Mentone without even *seeing* Mon—Monaco?"

"It can be *seen* from Turbia," answered the Professor, grimly. "And that view is near enough."

Inness made a grimace, and the subject was dropped. But it ended in our seeing Turbia from Monaco, and not Monaco from Turbia.

"There is no use in fighting against it," said Mrs. Clary, shrugging her shoulders. "You will have to go once. Every one does. There is a fate that drives you."

"And the joke is," said Baker, in high glee, "that the Professor is going too. It seems that the view from Turbia was not near enough for him, after all."

"I am not surprised," said Mrs. Clary. "I thought he would go: they all do. I have seen English deans, Swiss pastors, and American Presbyterian ministers looking on in the gambling-rooms, under the principle, I suppose, of knowing something of the evil they oppose. They do not go but once; but that once they are very apt to allow themselves."

The views along the Cornice west of Mentone are very beautiful. As we came in sight of Monaco, lying below in the blue sea, we caught its alleged resemblance to a vessel at anchor.

"Monaco, or Portus Herculis Monœci, was well known to the ancients," said the Professor. "Its name appears in Virgil, Tacitus, Pliny, Strabo, and other classical writers. Before the invention of gunpowder its situation made it impregnable. It was one of the places of refuge in the long struggle between the Guelphs and Ghibellines" (we were rather discouraged by the appearance of these names so early in the day), "and it is mentioned by an Italian historian as having become in the fourteenth century a 'home for criminals' and a 'gathering-place for pirates'—terms equally applicable at the present day." The Professor's voice was very sonorous.

Inness, the Professor, Janet, and myself were in a carriage together. As Mrs. Clary and Miss Graves did not accompany us that day, we had two carriages and a phae-

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ton, the latter occupied by Lloyd and Verney.

"As to Monaco history," remarked Inness, carelessly, when the Professor ceased, "I happen to remember a few items. The Grimaldis came next to Hercules, and have had possession here since A.D. 980. Marshal Boucicault, who was extremely devout, and never missed hearing two masses a day, besieged the place and took it before Columbus and the other Boucicault discovered America. In the reign of Louis the Fourteenth a Prince of Monaco was sent as ambassador to Rome, and entered that city with horses shod in silver, the shoes held by one nail only, so that they might drop the sooner. Another Prince of Monaco went against the Turks with his galleys, and brought back to this shore the inestimable gift of the prickly-pear, for which we all bless his memory whenever we brush against its cheerful thorns. *Three* Princes of Monaco were murdered in their own palace, which of course was much more home-like than being murdered elsewhere. The Duke of York died there also: not murdered, I believe, although there is a ghost in the story. The principality is now three miles long, and the present Prince retains authority under the jurisdiction of France. To preserve this authority he maintains a strictly disciplined standing army (they never sit down) of ten able-bodied men."

These sentences were rolled out by Inness with such rapidity that I was quite bewildered; as for the Professor, he was hopelessly stranded half-way down the list, and never came any farther.

Passing Monte Carlo, we drove over to the palace.

"Certainly there is no town on the Riviera so beautifully situated as Monaco," I said, as the road swept around the little port and ascended the opposite slope. "The high rock on which it stands, jutting out boldly into the sea, gives it all the isolation of an island, and yet protects by its peninsula this clear deep little harbor within."

The old town of Monaco proper is on the top of this rocky presqu'ile, three hundred feet above the sea, and west of Monte Carlo, the suburb of Condamine, and the chapel of St. Devote. Leaving the carriages, we entered the portal of the palace, conducted by a tenth of the standing army.

"My first living and roofed palace," said Janet, as we ascended the broad flight of marble steps leading to the "Court of Honor," which was glowing with recently renewed frescoes. A solemn man in black received us, and conducted us with much dignity through thirteen broad, long rooms, with ceilings thirty feet high —a procession of stately apartments which left upon our minds a blurred general impression of gilded vases, crimson curtains, slippery floors, ormolu clocks, wreaths of painted roses, fat Cupids, and uninhabitableness. The only trace of home life in all the shining vista was a little picture of the present Prince, taken when he was a baby, a life-like, chubby little fellow, smiling unconcernedly out on all this cold splendor. It was amusing to see how we women gathered around this little face, with a sort of involuntary comfort.

In the Salle Grimaldi there was a vast chimney-piece of one block of marble covered with carved devices.

In the room where the Duke of York died there was a broad bed on a platform, curtained and canopied with heavy damask, and surrounded by a gilded railing. We stood looking at this structure in silence.

"It is very impressive," murmured Mrs. Trescott at last. Then, with a long reminiscent sigh, as if she had been present and chief mourner on the occasion, she added: "There is nothing more inscrutable than the feet of the flying hours: they are winged!—winged!"

"On the whole," said Janet, as we went down the marble steps toward the army— "on the whole, taking it as a *palace*, I am disappointed."

"What did you expect?" said Verney.

"Oh, all the age of chivalry," she answered, smiling.

"The so-called age of chivalry—" began the Professor; but he never finished; because, by some unexpected adjustment of places, he found himself in the phaeton with Baker, and that adventurous youth drove him over to Monte Carlo at such a speed that he could only close his eyes and hold on.

The Casino of Monte Carlo is now the most important part of the principality of Monaco; instead of being subordinate to the palace, the latter has become but an appendage to the modern splendor across the bay. Monte Carlo occupies a site as beautiful as any in the world. In front the blue sea laves its lovely garden;

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on the east the soft coast-line of Italy stretches away in the distance; on the west is the bold curving rock of Monaco, with its castle and port, and the great cliff of the Dog's Head. Behind rises the near mountain high above; and on its top, outlined against the sky, stands the old tower of Turbia in its lonely ruined majesty, looking toward Rome.

"That tower is nineteen hundred feet above the sea," said the Professor. "It was built by the Romans, on the boundary between Liguria and Gaul, to commemorate a victory gained by Augustus Cæsar over the Ligurians. It was called Tropæum Augusti, from which it has degenerated into Turbia. Fragments of the inscription it once bore have been found on stones built into the houses of the present village. The inscription itself is, fortunately, fully preserved in Pliny, as follows: 'To Cæsar, son of the divine Cæsar Augustus, Emperor for the fourteenth time, in the seventeenth year of his reign, the Senate and the Roman people have decreed this monument, in token that under his orders and auspices all the Alpine races have been subdued by Roman arms. Names of the vanquished:'—and here follow the names of forty-five Alpine races."

At first we thought that the Professor was going to repeat them all; but although no doubt he knew them, he abstained.

"The village behind the tower—we can not see it from here—seems to be principally built of fragments of the old Roman stone-work," said Lloyd. "I have been up there several times."

"Then we do not see the Trophy as it was?" I said.

"No; it is but a ruin, although it looks imposing from here. It was used as a fortress during the Middle Ages, and partially destroyed by the French at the beginning of the last century."

"It must have been majestic indeed, since, after all its dismemberment, it still remains so majestic now," said Margaret.

We were standing on the steps of the Casino during this conversation; I think we all rather made ourselves stand there, and talk about Turbia and the Middle Ages, because the evil and temptation we had come to see were so near us, and we knew that they were. We all had a sentence ready which we delivered impartially and carelessly; but none the less we knew that we were going in, and that nothing would induce us to remain without.

From a spacious, richly decorated entrance hall, the gambling-rooms opened by noiseless swinging doors. Entering,



PIFFERARI.

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MONACO—THE PALACE AND PORT.

we saw the tables surrounded by a close circle of seated players, with a second circle standing behind, playing over their shoulders, and sometimes even a third behind these. Although so many persons were present, it was very still, the only sounds being the chink, chink, of the gold and silver coins, and the dull mechanical voices of the officials announcing the winning numbers. There were tables for both roulette and trente et quarante, the playing beginning each day at eleven in the morning and continuing without intermission until eleven at night. Everywhere was lavished the luxury of flowers, paintings, marbles, and the costliest decoration of all kinds; beyond, in a superb hall, the finest orchestra on the Continent was playing the divine music of Beethoven; outside, one of the loveliest gardens in the world offered itself to those who wished to stroll awhile. And all of this was given freely, without restriction and without price, upon a site and under a sky as beautiful as earth can produce. But one sober look at the faces of the steady players around those tables betrayed, under all this luxury and beauty, the real horror of the place; for men and women, young and old alike, had the gambler's strange fever in the expression of the eye, all the more intense because, in almost

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every case, so governed, so stonily repressed, so deadly cold! After a half hour of observation, we left the rooms, and I was glad to breathe the outside air once more. The place had so struck to my heart, with its intensity, its richness, its stillness, and its terror, that I had not been able even to smile at the Professor's demeanor: he had signified his disapprobation (while looking at everything quite closely, however) by buttoning his coat up to the chin and keeping his hat on. I almost expected to see him open his umbrella.

"To me, they seemed all mad," I said, with a shudder, looking up at the calm mountains with a sense of relief.

"It is a species of madness," said Verney. Miss Elaine was with him; she had taken his arm while in the gambling-room; she said she felt "so timid." Margaret and Lloyd meanwhile had only looked on for a moment or two, and had then disappeared; we learned afterward that they had gone to the concert-room, where music beautiful enough for paradise was filling the perfumed air.

"For those who care nothing for gambling, that music is one of the baits," said Lloyd. "When you really love music, it is very hard to keep away from it; and here, where there is no other music to compete with it, it is offered to you in its divinest perfection, at an agreeable distance from Nice and Mentone, along one of the most beautiful driveways in the world, with a Parisian hotel at its best to give you, besides, what other refreshment you need. Hundreds of persons come here sincerely 'only to hear the music.' But few go away without 'one look' at the gambling tables; and it is upon that 'one look' that the proprietors of the Casino, knowing human nature, quietly and securely rely."

The Professor, having seen it all, had no words to express his feeling, but walked across to call the carriages with the air of a man who shook off perdition from every finger. And yet I felt sure, from what I knew of him, that he had appreciated the attractions of the place less than any one of us—had not, in fact, been reached by them at all. Those who do not feel the allurements of a temptation are not tempted. Not a grain in the Professor's composition responded to the invitation of the siren Chance; they were not allurements to him; they were but the fantastic phantasmagoria of a dream. The lovely garden he appreciated only botanically; the view he could not see; abstemious by nature, he cared nothing for the choice rarities of the hotel; while the music, the heavenly music, was to him no more than the housewife's clatter of tin pans. Yet I might have explained this to him all the way home, he would never have comprehended it, but would have gone on thinking that it was simply, on his part, superior virtue and self-control.

But I had no opportunity to explain,



ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE, MONACO.

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since I was not in the carriage with him, but with Janet, Inness, and Baker. Margaret and Lloyd drove homeward together in the phaeton; and as they did not reach the hotel until dusk—long after our own arrival—I asked Margaret where they had been.

"We stopped at the cemetery to watch the sunset beside my statue, aunt."

"Why do you care so much for that marble figure?"

"I do not think she is quite marble," answered Margaret, smiling. "When I look at her, after a while she becomes, in a certain sense, responsive. To me she is like a dear friend."

Another week passed, and another. And now the blossoms of the fruit trees—a cloud of pink and snowy white—were gone, and the winter loiterers on the sunny shore began to talk of home; or, if they were travellers who had but stopped awhile on the way to Italy, they knew now that the winds of the Apennines no longer chilled the beautiful streets of Florence, and that all the lilies were out.

"Why could it not go on and on forever? Why must there always come that last good-by?" quoted Mrs. Clary.



THE SALLE GRIMALDI, IN THE PALACE, MONACO.

"Because life is so sad," said Margaret.

"But I like to look forward," said Janet.

"We shall meet again," said Lloyd.

"The world," I remarked, sagely, "is composed of three classes of persons—those who live in the present, those who live in the past, and those who live in the future. The first class is the wisest."

Our last excursion was to Sant' Agnese. This little mountain village was the highest point we attained on our donkeys, being two thousand two hundred feet above the sea. Its one rugged little street, cut in the side of the cliff, had an ancient weather-beaten little church at one end and a lonely chapel at the other, with the village green in the centre—a "green" which was but a smooth rock amphitheatre, with a parapet protecting it from the precipice below. From this "green" there was a grand view of the mountains, with the sharp point of the Aiguille towering above them all. It was a village fête day, and we met the little procession at the church door. First came the priests and choir-boys, chanting; then the village girls, dressed in white, and bearing upon a little platform an image of Saint Agnes; then youths with streamers of colored ribbons on their arms; and, last, all the villagers, two and two, dressed in their best, and carrying bunches of flowers. Through the winding rocky street they marched, singing as they went. When they arrived at the lonely chapel, Saint Agnes was borne in, and prayers were offered, in which the village people joined, kneeling on the ground outside, since there was not place for them within. Then forth came Saint Agnes again, a hymn was started, in which all took part, the little church bell pealed, and an old man touched off small heaps of gunpowder placed at equal distances along the parapet, their nearest approach, I suppose, to cannon. When the saint had reached her shrine again in safety, her journeyings over until the next year, the procession dissolved, and feasting began, the simple feasting of Italy, in which we joined so far as to partake of a lunch in the little inn, which had a green bush as a sign over the narrow door—the "wine of the country" proving very good, however, in spite of the old proverb. Then, refreshed, we climbed up the

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FÊTE, VILLAGE OF SANT' AGNESE.

steep path leading to the peak where was perched the ruin of the old castle which is so conspicuous from Mentone, high in the air. This castle, the so-called "Saracen stronghold" of Sant' Agnese, pronounced, as Baker said, "either Frenchy to rhyme with lace, or Italianly to rhyme with lazy," seemed to me higher up in the sky than I had ever expected to be in the flesh.

"As our interesting friend" (she meant the Professor) "is not here," said Mrs. Trescott, sinking in a breathless condition upon a Saracen block, "there is no one to tell us its history."

"There is no history," said Verney, "or, rather, no one knows it; and to me that is its chief attraction. There are, of course, legends in stacks, but nothing authentic. The Saracens undoubtedly occupied it for a time, and kept the whole coast below cowering under their cruel sway. But it is hardly probable that they built it; they did not build so far inland; they preferred the shore."

Our specified object, of course, in climbing that breathless path was "the view."

Now there are various ways of seeing views. I have known "views" which required long gazing at points where there was nothing earthly to be seen: in such cases there was probably something heavenly. Other "views" reveal themselves only to two persons at a time; if a third appears, immediately there is nothing to be seen. As to our own manner of looking at the Sant' Agnese view, I will mention that Mrs. Trescott looked at it from a snug corner, on a soft shawl, with her eyes closed. Mrs. Clary looked at it retrospectively, as it were; she began phrases like these: "When I was here three years ago—" pause, sigh, full stop; "Once I was here at sunset—" ditto. Janet, on a remote rock, looked at it, I think, amid a little tragedy from Inness, interrupted and made more tragic by the incursions of Baker, who would not be frowned away. Verney looked at it from a high niche in

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which he had incautiously seated himself for a moment, and now remained imprisoned, because Miss Elaine had placed herself across the entrance so that he could not emerge without asking her to rise; from this niche, like the tenor of *Trovatore* in his tower, he occasionally sent across a Miserere to Janet in the distance, like this: "Do you ob—serve, Miss Trescott, the col—ors of the lem—ons below?" And Janet would gesture an assent. Lloyd and Margaret had found a place on a little projecting plateau, where, with the warm sunshine flooding over them, they sat contentedly talking. Meanwhile, having neither sleep, retrospect, tragedy, Miserere, nor conversation with which to entertain myself, I really looked at the view, and probably was the only person who did. I had time enough for it. We remained there nearly two hours.

At last our donkey-driver came up to tell us that dancing was going on below, and that there was not much time if we wished to see it, since the long homeward journey still lay before us. So we elders began to call: "Janet!" "Janet!" "Margaret!" "Mr. Verney!" And presently from the rock, the niche, and the plateau they came slowly in, Janet flushed, and Inness very pale, Baker like a thundercloud, Miss Elaine smiling and conscious, Verney annoyed, Lloyd just as usual, and Margaret with a younger look in her face than I had seen there for months. In the little rock amphitheatre below we found the villagers merrily dancing; and some strangers like ourselves, who had come out from Mentone later, were amusing themselves by dancing also. Janet joined the circle with Baker, and Inness, after leaning on the parapet awhile, with his back to the dancers, gazing into space, disappeared. I think he went homeward by another path across the mountains. Miss Elaine admired "so much" Miss Trescott's courage in dancing before "so many strangers." She (Miss Elaine) was far "too shy to attempt it." But I did not notice that she was violently urged to the attempt. In the mean time Lloyd was looking at an English girl belonging to the other party, who was dancing near us. She was tall and shapely, with the beautiful English rose-pink complexion, and abundant light hair which had the glint of bronze where the sun shone across it. After a while, as the others came near, he



VIEW FROM SANT' AGNESE.

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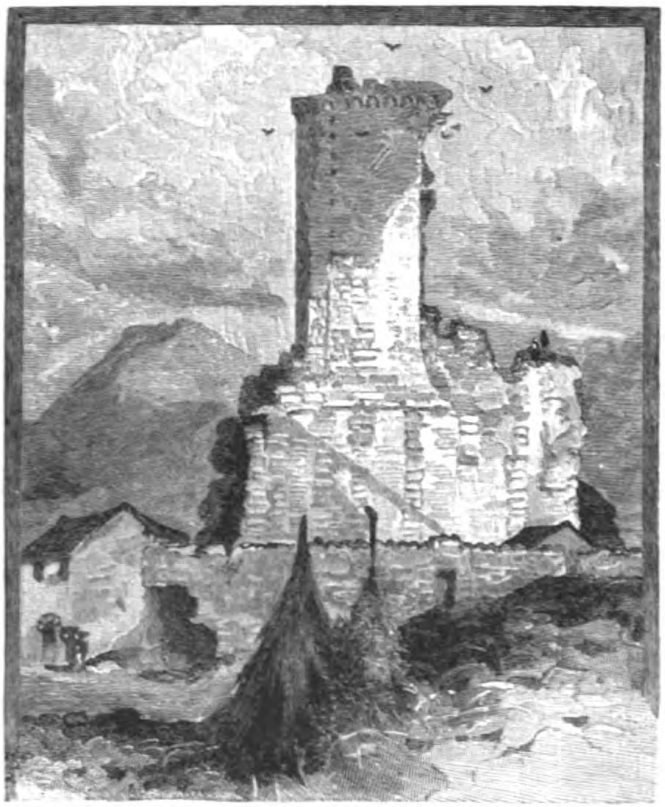


THE RIDE TO SANT' AGNESE.

recognized in one of them an acquaintance, who turned out to be the brother of the young lady who had been dancing.

When, as we returned, we reached the main street of Mentone, Margaret and I, who were behind, stopped a moment and

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VESTIGES OF ROMAN MONUMENTS.

looked back. The far peak of Sant' Agnese was flushed with rose-light, although where we were it was already night.

"It does not seem as if we could have been there," I said. "It looks so far away."

"Yes, we have been there," said Margaret; "we *have* been there. But already it *is* far, far away."

Mrs. Trescott found a letter awaiting her which made her decide to go forward to Florence on the following day. A great deal can happen in a short time when there is the pressure of a near departure. That evening Janet, who was dressed in white, had a great bunch of the sweet wild narcissus at her belt. I do not know anything certainly, of course, but I *did* meet Inness in the hall, about eleven o'clock, with a radiant, happy face, and some of that same narcissus in his button-hole. He went with the Trescotts to Florence the next day. And Baker, with disgust, went to Nice. Soon afterward Verney said that he felt that he required "a closer acquaintance with early art," and departed without saying exactly whither. "Etruscan art, I believe, is considered extremely 'early,'" remarked Mrs. Clary.

The Professor was to join the Trescotts later; at present he was much engaged with some cinerary urns. Miss Elaine, who was to remain a month longer with her mother, remarked to me, on one of the last mornings, that "really, for his age," he was a "very well preserved man."

Margaret and I remained for two weeks after Mrs. Trescott's departure. We saw Mr. Lloyd now and then; but he was more frequently off with the English party.

One afternoon I went with Margaret to watch the sunset from her favorite post beside the statue. She sought the place almost every evening now, and occasionally I went with her. We had never found any one there at that hour; but this evening we heard voices, and came upon Lloyd and the English girl of Sant' Agnese, strolling to and fro.

"I have brought Miss Read to see the view here, Miss Severin," he said; and then introductions followed, and we stood there together watching the beautiful tints of sky and sea. The English girl talked in her English voice with its little rising and falling inflections, so different from our monotonous American key. Margaret answered pleasantly, and, indeed, talked more than usual; I was glad to see her interested.

After a while Lloyd happened to stroll forward where he could see the face of the statue. Then, suddenly, "Wonderful!" he exclaimed. "Strange that I never thought of it before! Do come here, please, and see for yourselves. There is the most extraordinary resemblance between this statue and Miss Read."

Then, as we all went forward, "Wonderful!" he repeated.

Margaret said not a word. The English girl only laughed. "Surely you *see* it?" he said.

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"There may be a little something about the mouth—" I began.

But he interrupted me. "Why, it is perfect! The statue is her portrait in marble. Miss Read, will you not let me place you in the same position, just for an instant?" And, leading her to a little mound, he placed her in the required pose; she had thrown off her hat to oblige him, and now clasped her hands and turned her eyes over the sea toward the eastern horizon. What was the result?

The only resemblance, as I had said, was about the mouth; for the beautifully cut lips of the statue turned downward at the corners, and the curve of Miss Read's sweet baby-like mouth was the same. But that was all. Above was the woman's face in marble, beautiful, sad, full of the knowledge and the grief of life; below was the face of a young girl, lovely, fresh, and bright, and knowing no more of sorrow than a blush-rose upon its stem.

"Exact!" said Lloyd.

Miss Read laughed, rose, and resumed her straw hat; presently they went away.

"There was not the slightest resemblance," I said, almost with indignation.

"People see resemblances differently," answered Margaret. Then, after a pause, she added, "She is, at least, much more like the statue than I am."

"Not in the spirit, dear," I said, much touched; for I saw that as she spoke the rare tears had filled her eyes. But they did not fall; Margaret had a great deal of self-control; perhaps too much.

Then there was a silence. "Shall we go now, aunt?" she said, after a time. And we never spoke of the subject again.

"Look, look, Margaret! the palms of Bordighera!" I said, as our train rushed past. It was our last of Mentone.



THE STATUE IN THE CEMETERY.

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A CANADIAN VILLAGE.

A WINTER IN CANADA.

A CROWD of homespun peasants stood about me at the end of the little public hall, their sunburned faces twisting and working at drawing their pipes and emphasizing their good-humored talk. Others still came in through the door, bringing a turnip, a pair of woollen socks, or a salted eel, although the table was already piled high with such odds and ends from the farm, the house, or the sea. A clerk and a treasurer presided there, conferring and noting with the important air of public officers. The auctioneer on the platform took an astonished fowl by the legs, and holding it up to the gaze of all, opened the religious ceremony of All-saints' Day.

"A cock for the souls in purgatory; he's fat, gentlemen, and as good as ever you tasted in your mortal lives. How much am I offered? Six sous—six sous—six. And remember, lads, he's ready for the spurs. Just look at that eye! For the souls in purgatory. A fine fat cock. How much? Twelve sous, Mr. Dubé? Yes, sir. Eighteen—eighteen—eighteen. Come, now, you fowl people, what's the matter this year? You don't seem half alive. A shilling, Mr. Gagnon—one shilling—one—one. Thirty sous, Mr. Dubé—thirty sous once, t-h-i-r-t-y sous twice, thirty sous three times. Sold to Mr. Dubé for thirty sous." And the treasurer of souls entered the item in his memorandum.

"I'm holding back for the geese," said a man at my elbow; and, as if in reply, the geese and turkeys set up a cackling that drowned every other sound. "Don't you want to buy something, sir?"

"Well, I don't know," said I. "You see, I have nobody down there to receive it; and if it went to one of your people, a Protestant turnip might disagree with a Catholic."

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The sale of fowls presently ended, and the boys went off with their purchases to have a cock-fight in the barn-yard. Then a turnip was put up for sale, and raised to the price of three thirty-sou pieces.

"But that's very dear for a turnip—the price of a whole bushel."

"Yes, sir; but we don't mind the expense for a soul."

The tinsmith here struggled by me to hand in a bright tin pail.

"What's that for, Tanis?"

"Oh, it's for the souls"—only he said, "pour les *âmes*." He had assumed an air of compassionate ridicule that he thought in harmony with my feeling for this ceremony. But as I did not respond outwardly to this treatment of their convictions, he at once resumed his faithfulness.

"But," I said, seriously, "aren't you afraid the solder will melt in purgatory?"

"But, sir," he explained, earnestly, "we don't send these things to our parents—it's the money. That is, we sell whatever any one can spare from his household, and the money we give to the priest to pay for masses, at twenty-five cents apiece, to be said for the souls in purgatory. That is the way we help them out, for it's a poor place to live in."

After mass the sale was completed. And the mysterious world of souls must have rejoiced exceedingly at the high prices of geese and socks and onions.

Meanwhile a very different scene was passing in the cemetery. There on the graves were figures kneeling in silent prayer, while the cold wind moaned through the bare trees.

My winter in Canada opened with this singular scene at the Rivière Ouelle, a parish on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, about seventy-five miles east of Quebec. The village would scarcely exist without the bridge, the convent, and the church on the banks of the little winding river, for the houses are scattered along the roads leading off across the plain. And although the plain is almost treeless and bare, yet the place presents a certain picturesque effect, derived from its quaint and simple civilization. The receding lines of gables and chimneys down the roads, each with its stream of white smoke, the long low barns with great windmills striding through the air, the schooners and lumber lighters laid up on the bank, the haycocks far off on the edge of the salt-meadows along the two bays, the long fences of dark wicker-work running out over the mud-flats to catch eels, the point of rocks



A MOOSE-HUNTERS' CAMP.

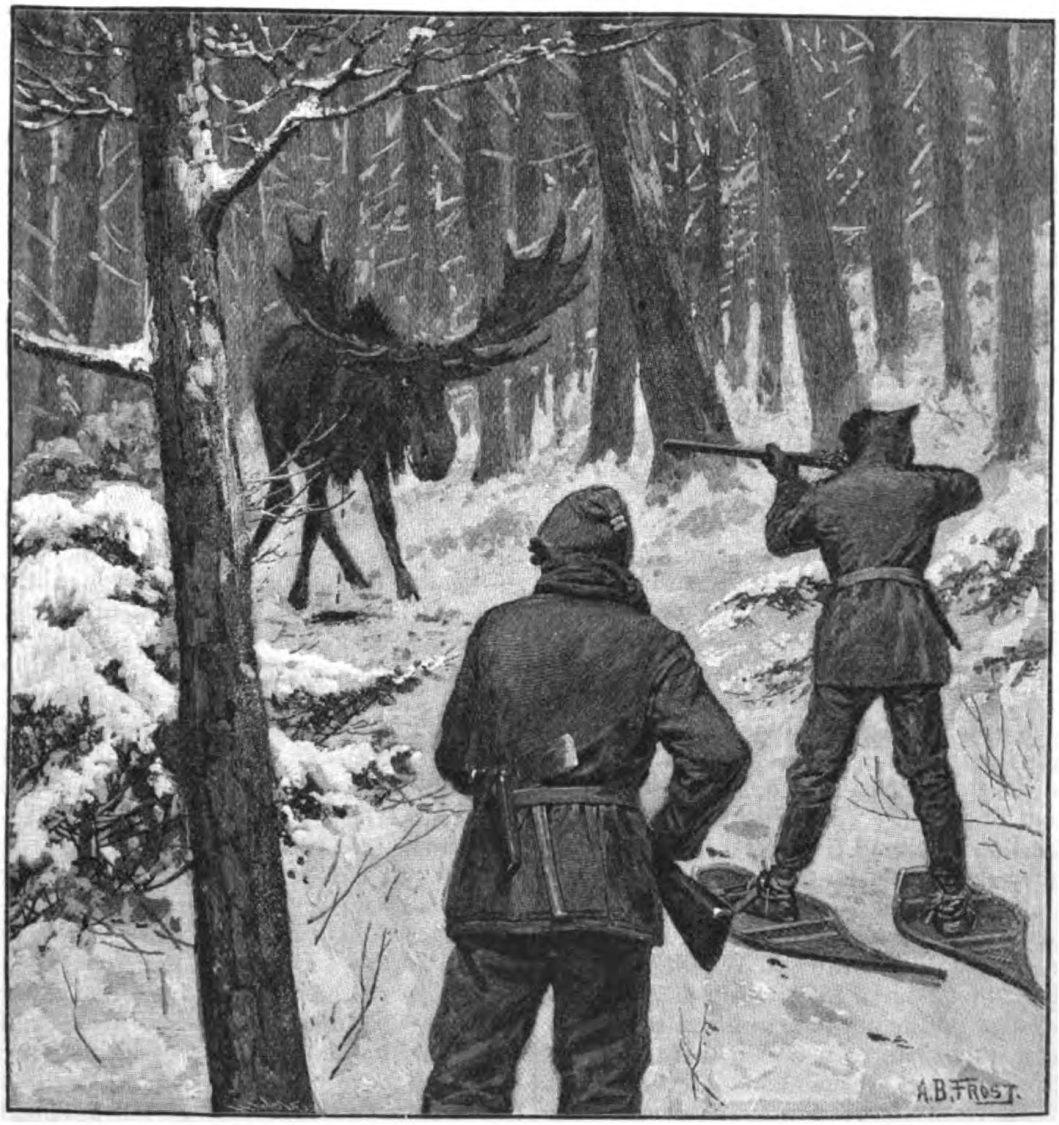
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and forest separating the bays, and far out in the St. Lawrence, a pound or yard made of stakes to capture white porpoises—all these details serve to interest and please the eye. But the more distant features are much more striking. Southward, about the edge of the plain, bold hills partly hide the neighboring parishes of Ste. Anne, St. Pacome, St. Philippe, and others. Northward, across twenty-one miles of the swift and turbulent currents of the St. Lawrence, the Laurentides rise to the clouds, and shelter in their deep gorges and on their high cultivated slopes St. Paul's Bay, Les Éboulements, Murray Bay, and other parishes of the north shore. This great arm of the sea, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, presents its most impressive aspect at this season. In fancy I run over again the lower Gulf, and see the exceptional phases of life along its hundreds of miles of shores. The waters are among the most dangerous and angry in the world. The belated vessels caught in October and November gales are driven about in the treacherous currents or in the blinding snow till they ground on some reef or bar far out from land. The crew escape perhaps in boats, to reach a land where an arctic winter must be passed, perhaps, in starving and freezing on some barren island. Later in the winter hunters creep over the fields of ice along shore to shoot seals, until the wind or tide changes, and threatens to carry their treacherous float out to sea. A seal-hunter, thus carried away from Ilette, drifted helplessly past the parish steeples ringing the *angelus*, till he was found frozen to death while kneeling and staring up at this pitiless arctic sky.

This polar sea has a hideous smile in winter—a chilling gleam on its black tortuous face. If you looked along the deserted Labrador coast you would see the few fishermen retired to their inland huts in the gorges of the rivers, where they find a little wood—the only luxury of the country. The mail-carriers are making one of their bi-winter trips on snow-shoes, going from twelve to fifteen miles per day along the beaches and across the gulches, and cursing the idiots who send for newspapers or books in the winter. Farther inland the Indians are wandering over the wilderness of snow, tagged at their heels by death and starvation; and wherever the forest offers good trees the lumbermen are at work cutting timber. In the depths of the woods the moose-hunters build their camps and bring their noble game to bay. Coming farther up the Gulf we reach the inhabited regions along each shore of the river, the parishes of this quaint old French colony of Quebec. But even here this arm of the northern sea is dreaded, whether it lies still with a sinister gleam under the clear sunshine, or hides its resistless anger under the veil of a lightsome gale of snow. Those living on the islands might well make their wills, as in old times, before crossing to the main. They embark in long wooden canoes having a very wide keel shod with iron, which serves as a runner for sliding the boat over the ice. And, strange to say, the elements seem to respect these fearless boatmen, rapidly paddling over the water, or hauling their craft over the open fields of ice. But in looking across this immense flood, the waters of half a continent, I am glad to be ashore among a people living close together for shelter and warmth under an arctic winter.

The parish put on early the mourning of fall. The fields were already empty and white, the grain having but just escaped the fate of a previous crop, which had been buried under twelve inches of snow before it was even cut. The fishermen had taken up their nets and weirs along the beach to save them from the ice drifting with the tide. The cattle had been gathered into the stables, to remain for seven, perhaps eight, long months. The garden of the Abbé C——, inclosed with a high board fence, had even an unusual sentiment of seclusion about its sheltered walks; the leaves had been whirled into nooks and hollows; the statues of the Virgin and St. Joseph had left their bowers for the shelter of the house; the rustic seats were stowed in the loft of the summer-house, and the apple-trees were scaffolded with great stakes to keep their branches from breaking under the snow-drifts that will overtop them. The poor accepted the only bounty of nature in this winter snow, and banked it up about their cabins. The people collected everything into the barn and the house, put up double sashes and doors—in short, they went into their burrows to hibernate. The sentiment of the season is well told in a daily custom; for November is the "month of the dead," when this Catholic people respond to the mourn-

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THE MOOSE AT BAY.

ing of nature. Every evening at eight o'clock the church bell tolls as for a funeral, while in every home the family kneels and blends a *de profundis* with the moaning night wind.

The winter brought out many quaint features of life. The people seemed to change into animals in their caps and coats of fur; the beggars all at once became more aggressive by their sharper needs, and more noticeable in their queer, cumbersome wraps; and travellers now settled down almost out of sight in the sleigh robes. The boys brought out their primitive sleds, and with their old skates showed how little practice they have on ice in this snowy latitude. Some of the girls came to the store or to evening prayers at the church on snow-shoes when the fences were covered, and many wearing buckskin moccasins walked about with the noiseless tread of Indians. As I walked the bridge in the biting air, and watched these silent motions and peculiar features of Canadian winter life, the earth seemed to be muffled, and life to go on in an underhanded, secret way. And to the eye nature was in a masquerade. For winter beyond the northern mountains often hides behind a mirror reflecting the sun-

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ny, balmy south. At sunset the heavens, glowing with gold and crimson clouds, picture the tropics; even the mountain-tops flush with the memory of summer thus revived. But the air has no poetic languor and mystery. When the vision fades, grim winter looks down from a leaden sky, and the world becomes dumb in the gray pallor of death. Then the old manor, hovering low under its great roof, and lighting up its crimson curtains, invites me to take shelter from the chill of an arctic night, and I gladly retreat from the outer world to give myself up to the warmth and cheer of social life.

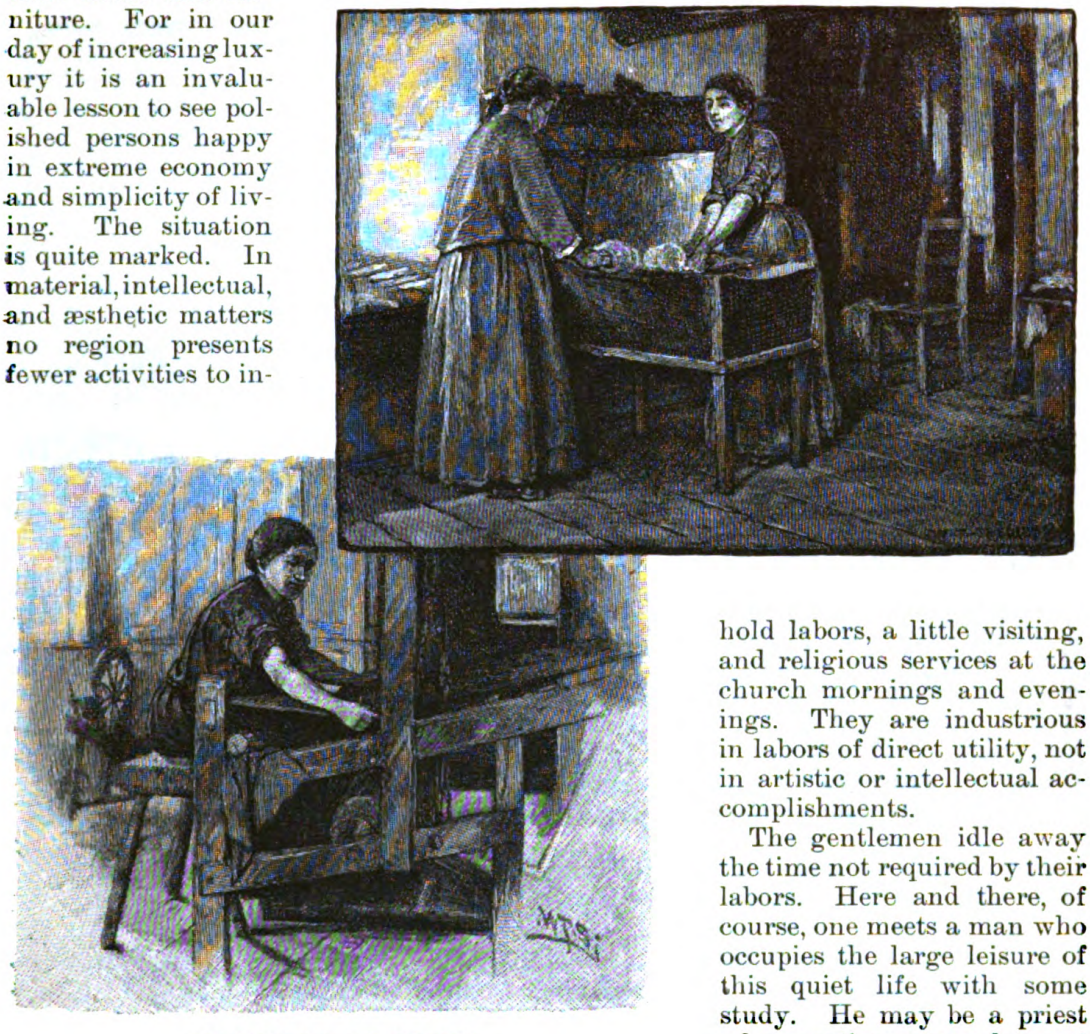
The domestic life of this French-Canadian Catholic people charms me with its simplicity, contentment, and courtesy. It is a mellow civilization on this crude continent, the strongest contrast to the life of our enterprising, practical, unfinished republic. This difference between us is due very much to the aims and methods of our respective growths. The Pilgrim was a man who fled from Europe, left behind him all the old baggage of that civilization, and landed in America as an unincumbered worker to establish a self-supporting, free, eager nation: he founded a *new* England. The French colonist left Europe to extend the dominions of Rome and France, and landed here, loaded with the Catholic Church, to establish a colony modelled on the most complex and polished civilization of the Old World, and destined to be for a long while pitifully dependent on the mother country: he founded a *new* France in which there was nothing new. And such has been the weight of his Catholic burden that he has never stirred from his tracks, although within sight and sound of our loud and vigorous march. He has kept to his ancient traditions with such surprising fidelity that to-day Old France stands on the shores of the St. Lawrence, and New France on the banks of the Seine. Our civilization sprang from a new birth, and it has not outgrown the vigor, eagerness, and crudeness of youth. Canadian life began with the immigration of a completed society, and it has preserved the mellowness of its ancient existence. After the conquest in 1760 French-Canadian society was inevitably very much disorganized. But patriotic zeal and the conservative influence of the Catholic Church have kept the French-Canadians a united and separate people to this day. The only marked change that has occurred in the composition of society is the loss of the nobility and the legal suppression of the seigniors. In this parish to-day I still find virtually the classes and characters of two hundred years ago—seigniors, priests, gentlemen, peasants—and also a civilization that, in spirit at least, might take its place in a picture of the seventeenth century. For the Catholic institutions of learning avow the principle of preserving exactly the spirit and the form that governed their foundation: the world may move if it like, but they move not. The Canadian girls are all educated at convents, where the course of instruction is marked by many religious services, the routine of old-fashioned narrow instruction, the observance of etiquette, the neglect of health, and the teaching of orderly habits and good moral conduct. On coming home the young women are noticeable for their modest and extremely lady-like manners.

The gentlemen have been educated in virtually the same spirit, but they enjoy a little wider range of topics. Their college course leads chiefly through the ultra-classical and literary fields, all the time guided exclusively by the influence of the Church. They generally remain strangers to the modern discoveries in the arts, sciences, and even industries. As their minds are somewhat benumbed by a routine course of study, appealing almost entirely to the faculty of memory, they very seldom have any love of reading when turned loose in practical life. And all their habits, customs, feelings, are moulded more or less on the pattern of the unpractical, conservative, polished gentleman of old times.

Such a high and unpractical education of the gentry, and entire neglect of the peasantry, tend, of course, to sharp class distinctions, and bring about a state of society quite impossible in our democratic nation. We can not, however, fail to enjoy as well as note some of these peculiarities. For example, in every one of these parishes, without wealth and its privileges, I meet with some of the most refined pleasures. The priest, notaries, lawyers, doctors, and a merchant or two, together with the ladies of their families, form a circle that has been polished by this classical education and generations of good-breeding. Perhaps the most interesting element in this study of Canadian life is this feature—the superiori-

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ty of the people over their house and furniture. For in our day of increasing luxury it is an invaluable lesson to see polished persons happy in extreme economy and simplicity of living. The situation is quite marked. In material, intellectual, and æsthetic matters no region presents fewer activities to interest an educated mind. There are no studies to improve industries or agriculture, no public works to discuss, no reforms to agitate. The handful of newspapers coming into the parish are utterly worthless to an intelligent mind, for they are filled with trashy serial stories and politico-personal matters of incredible insignificance; even the few books in the best houses are the safe old classics, or goody-goody weaklings of newer birth. There are no lectures, no radical talkers in private circles. The only instructor of this people is the priest, and you might as well dig their fields for diamonds as search their minds for gleaming ideas. Reading is not a necessity, nor even a custom, in most of these educated families. The ladies are occupied mostly with light housework, a little visiting, and religious services at the church mornings and evenings. They are industrious in labors of direct utility, not in artistic or intellectual accomplishments.



BREAD-MAKING AND WEAVING.

The gentlemen idle away the time not required by their labors. Here and there, of course, one meets a man who occupies the large leisure of this quiet life with some study. He may be a priest whose native energy has not been smothered, or an unusual professional man. Yet, in spite of the narrowness of this existence, life here is full of a certain charm that you can very seldom find, and in only small circles, in our republic. Life here is a calm success, the possession rather than the chase of happiness. I am not philosopher enough to trace this success to either the Catholic subjection of the people or to the system of a limited monarchy; but as an observer of men and manners I see that this national happiness comes chiefly from a near and homely source quite accessible to all peoples—the practice of politeness. Courtesy is the common rule of conduct here, no matter how intimate or how indifferent the relations may be between servants, friends, strangers, relatives. Your feelings are as safe as your life. French-Canadian coun-

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THE OLD MANOR-HOUSE.

try society, then, differs from ours in presenting greater extremes—a peasantry that is ignorant, unenterprising, contented, devout, and a small class of gentry that is educated, polished, conservative. And all classes unite to render a humdrum existence agreeable by the arts of polite intercourse.

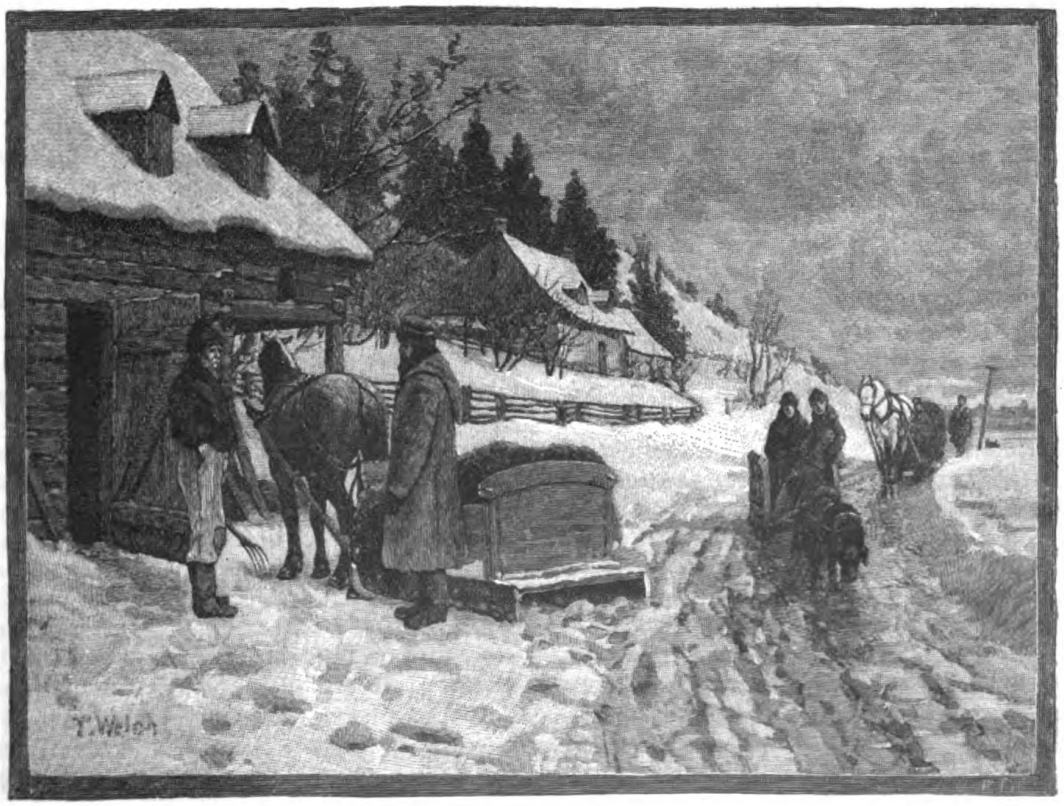
But I hasten to show the reader the homes of these two classes, and give a glimpse of the winter life of a Canadian parish. The old manor-house may be chosen as the representative of the homes of the gentry. The exterior is perfectly plain—low stone walls, a high steep roof pierced with many dormer-windows. It crouches down comfortably among the snow-drifts, yet keeps an open eye on the passengers. My rapping on the bright brass door-knocker brings at once the master of the house to welcome me with a manner that mingles delightfully the courtesy of France with a little of the freedom and heartiness of America. He soon unloads me of furs in the hall, while his good-humor and wit find many pleasant little bits of talk that come through the snow shaken off my cap and coat. On entering the sitting-room the formal salutations are renewed, although I have already met the entire family once or twice to-day. But no constraint is felt in the ease and grace of habitual courtesy. Then I sit down among them, and under the charm of pleasant intercourse I almost forget to notice that the interior is as plain as the outside of the old house. There are no objects of adornment in either good or bad taste. But there is a quiet richness in the bare, unpainted walls that have changed with age to a soft misty brown hue, in the old mahogany furniture, the low ceiling, crossed by great beams casting shadows. And the whole scene is made pleasant with low lights and a peaceful spirit.

The mother and her daughters sit about the table, and knit or sew. They all are black-eyed brunettes, distinguished from the average French-Canadian peasant

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women by being more slender and graceful. The mother would be remarked chiefly for her shrewd intelligence in practical matters. One of the daughters, also engrossed by practical interests, is a young lady of a striking French type, a tall symmetrical person, with red cheeks and black hair, and a carriage that is stylish. Another is a dainty French miss, with a graceful figure, pale, delicate features, and large black eyes that respond to the faintest sparkle of humor. There is a girl that brightens the air with her pretty lightsome face and merry laughter, and yet subdues her child-like moods with decorum. I have had a still nearer glimpse of the character of Canadian girls by seeing the rooms of two young ladies of education. The apartments were neat, and orderly even to stiffness. They showed neither pretension nor taste in the arrangement of the plain furniture and poor draperies. But the rooms of these maidens gave me a strong impression of modesty, simplicity, and devotion. Subdued lights fell on the photographs of only their nearest relatives, on a crucifix and vial of holy water above the bed, on a prayer-bench at the foot, and on two or three framed tableaux of Biblical subjects, little porcelain figures of St. Joseph and Mary, among pebbles and moss. The girls were none the less attractive in these subdued surroundings. It all gave me a delightful impression to see the lightness and beauty of youth sheltered by reserve and simplicity. The sons of this family are college students, young gentlemen imbued with the feelings of a superior class. They generally despise manual labor. Even the poorest of them must be waited on and maintained in a style due to his rank; but, considering the constraints connected with such a position, they seem quite sensible and unaffected fellows. The head of the family is a notary, one of the chief dignitaries of this well-regulated community, organized under the laws and customs of France. He is a round-headed, muscular man, of a conservative, comfortable character. The only event that disturbs the ease and quiet of his social existence is an election.

The general life of the family may be surmised from what precedes. The ladies are generally busy with household mat-



ON THE ROAD.

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ters, and a little visiting; religious ceremonies at church and at home occupy much of the time.

The gentlemen very commonly spend the evening smoking, drinking very moderately, and chatting, at one another's houses. Now and then a walk on snow-shoes, a sleigh-ride, or a hunting trip to the woods takes the young people out. But weddings, baptisms, and dinners are by no means sufficiently frequent in the small circle to afford regular entertainment. The people are thrown upon their individual resources. And although the lack of reading and the conservative tendency of intellectual life exclude new or important subjects, social life here presents many strong attractions. The people are all ready talkers in a manner that is sympathetic and somewhat dramatic. They make it a habit to be entertaining and sociable, and they inherit the cheerful and contented disposition of the French. I am surprised to see how agreeable a commonplace existence is made simply by the arts of polite intercourse, without much dependence on literature, fine arts, sciences, and set amusements.

Of course there are in the country exceptional individuals whose reading carries them beyond this narrow field. I have found two such men in this parish, the late Hon. Luc Letellier de St. Just, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of the province of Quebec, and the Abbé H. R. Casgrain. M. Letellier's removal from office in 1879 was an event of great political interest in the Dominion, involving as it did many questions of constitutional rights. His commanding presence was an assurance of the severest rectitude and most untiring energy; and he commanded my admiration by the liberality of his mind and the versatility of his information, as well as by the dignity, simplicity, and courtesy of a typical Canadian gentleman. The Abbé Casgrain is a radical priest and writer of unusual force. His stalwart figure, with strong features and eager black eyes, seems to have taken the wrong suit of clothes. But his impetuous nature has been only subdued, not subjected, by his austere religious education, and travel and varied reading have enlarged his mental horizon. He can take into fellowship even a heathen like me, and give him inside glimpses of the defects as well as the beauties of this French-Canadian Catholic life. His fruitful explanations have given me a sympathy and understanding I could not otherwise have enjoyed in studying an antiquated, ultra-Catholic civilization so foreign to the spirit of our national life.

The habitants, or peasants, are widely separated from the gentry; there seems to be no democratic, average level of society. But all classes are on the best of terms, sharing as they do the national contentment and gayety. Their social life in winter presents the most characteristic features, but this unambitious people find time for their simple enjoyments at any season. The home of the habitant has been described already as the plainest and cheapest shelter demanded by comfort. But his social life presents more interesting features. In this class also one is struck by the fullness of social happiness and the meagreness of external interests; for example, Mr. D——, the most intelligent and progressive farmer of the parish, and one of the foremost men of the county, reads no paper, and gets no information on even his specialty of agriculture. He learns less than an average farm laborer among us.

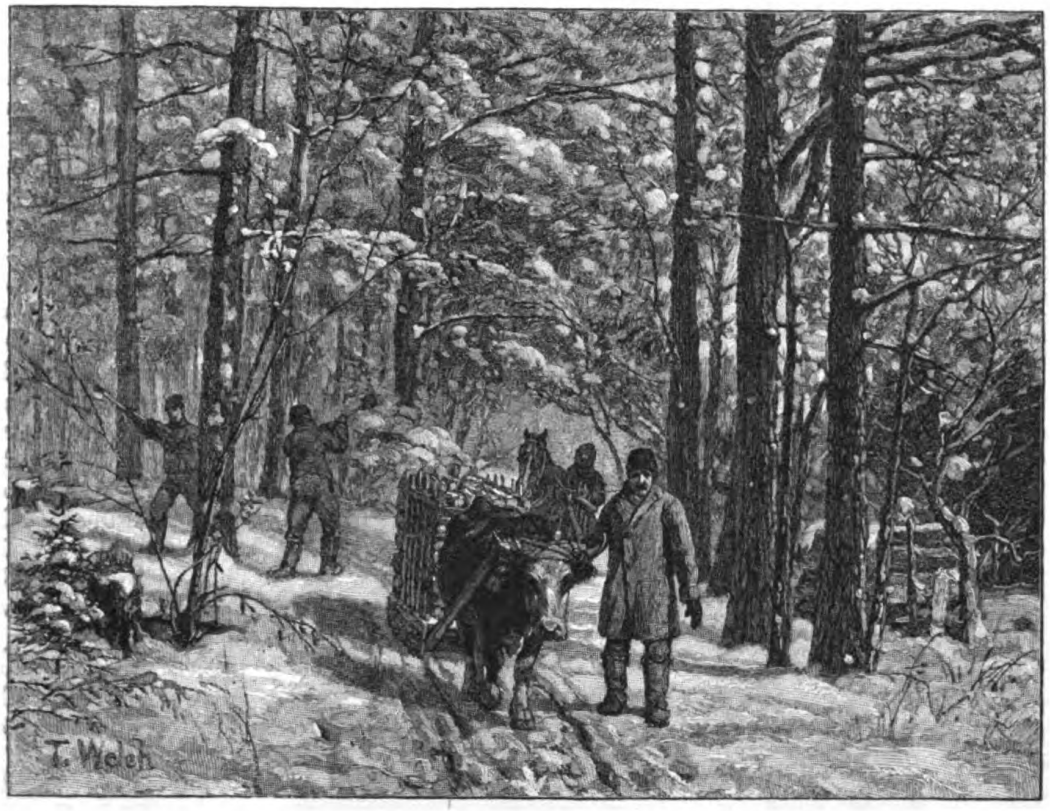
"But," I said to him, "how do you keep yourself posted on the improvements?"

"Why, we don't; we don't improve; that's all. We get along well enough as our fathers did."

"I should think your long winters would be a very enjoyable season for study. What do you all do with so much time?"

"Oh, we loaf and enjoy our pipes. But we also have to work. We get up at half past five, light the lanterns, and go to the barn to feed the stock. After breakfast, at half past seven, the two principal labors of winter are begun, viz., hauling wood to keep the house warm, and threshing grain to eat. Those who go far for wood start at four or five o'clock. We used to see forty or fifty sleds in a line going up the mountain at St. Pacome to our wood lots. When the wind blows we set the windmill going, and thresh grain in the barn. After smoking the after-dinner pipe we saw wood or thresh or fan grain till the chores come again at half past four. After supper the men always go to visit a favorite neighbor—for the parish is somewhat divided into sets—until nine o'clock. The final visit to the barn, to bed and feed the stock, finish-

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CUTTING AND HAULING WOOD.

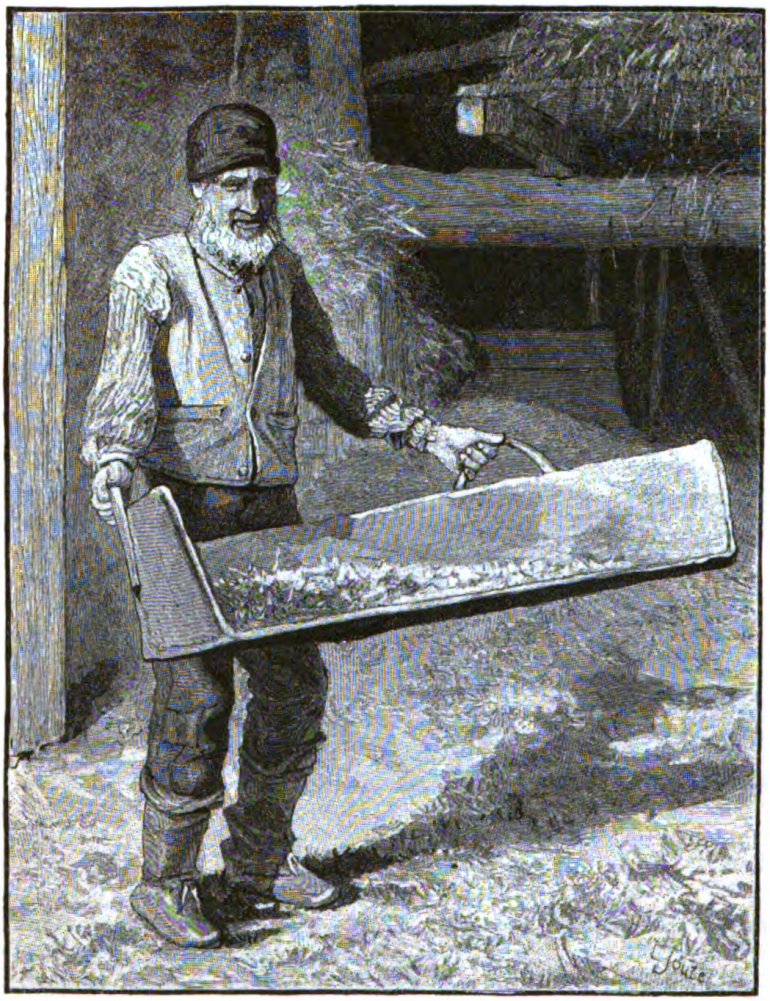
es the day. And we don't make much out of reading."

"What do the women do all winter?"

"Oh, their work is never done. They, of course, keep about the same hours as the men. After making the fires and putting the breakfast and pea-soup to cook, they take the lantern and go to milk. After the breakfast, the washing of the children for school, and the sweeping are done, they sit down to spin, weave, or knit all day. Sometimes the dog may be harnessed to the little sled, and my wife rides over to a neighbor to make an evening call. But, as a rule, the women go out very seldom, excepting to the church. Of course there are days of general scrubbing—with spruce boughs for the pleasant odor they give—of washing, every three or four weeks; and seasons of special labors, as butchering before Christmas, when meats for six months are dressed, and frozen, either on the shelves of an outer room, or in boxes and barrels filled with snow. On Sunday the women must rise earlier than usual to get ready for mass at half past nine o'clock. Some families who live far from the church take their dinners with them, and eat them by a friend's stove while waiting for vespers, after which they may visit a little on the way home. Then in the fall there is the general preparation for winter, when some families move into the most sheltered end of the house, and give up the other as a store-room for wood, etc. There are also the special labors of cooking for Christmas-eve and New-Year's, the carnival season, and so on."

The habitants visit among themselves in small family gatherings now and then, most frequently just before Lent; but large public gatherings, such as balls, picnics, etc., are unknown. At these reunions the table is loaded bountifully with meats and pastries, and the little house is filled with smoke and merriment. Cards and simple round games are the chief amusements; now and then songs are sung by each in turn without accompaniments—for pianos are extremely rare—or one of the Canadian story-

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FANNING GRAIN.

tellers may relate some fanciful legend. The time passes pleasantly with them. But an abundant flow of hilarity in trivial chat is the chief element of their intercourse. The joker of the parish finds a delighted auditory at the village store. One can not expect much more from a people who can not read. I learn the astounding fact that many of the men who could read when boys at school actually forget the sense of printed characters. It is an ecclesiastical nation, who never read, but who derive all their instruction from the pulpit. This anti-intellectual religious education has produced here a people that are ignorant, superstitious, and poor; but one must remember also that they are courteous, orderly, and happy. There seems to be no mental democracy for the masses in a Catholic community; they have no mental activity between gross materialism on the one hand and supernatural religious idealism on the other. And I find here many characters wholly given up to one or both of these opposite tendencies, who either never experience an intellectual emotion, but grovel in ignorance, or who occupy their thoughts and time with religious exaltation and mysticism, without developing the understanding. But they are a very happy people, notwithstanding the narrowness of their lives.

The chief social event of their lives is a wedding—almost the only set occasion of festivities. The priest then permits dancing among relatives, and allows unusual expenses to be incurred. But, to begin at the beginning, boys and girls generally see but little of one another, separated as they are in colleges and convents, and subsequently having but formal meetings, closely supervised by parents. The priest directs that courtship shall be very short and circumspect. It generally lasts but a few months; engagements are made very much after the pecuniary interests followed in France, and marriages generally occur at from eighteen to twenty-two years of age.

A widower of this place recently went to spend the evening with a neighbor, whose sister was an old maid whom no one had thought of marrying. When he left the house her brother suggested that he should marry her. They returned to the house, and went together to her bed, in one corner of the room, and woke her

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up. Holding the candle up to his face, he said:

"Mlle. G——, take a good look at me: I'm rather worse than I seem by candle-light, and I've nine small children, and not a great deal of land. Will you marry me?"

She rubbed her eyes, still half asleep, looked him over a moment, and said, "Yes."

"Then be ready next Tuesday."

In another case, the day after the banns of marriage had been published here, the intended found his betrothed crying by the window.

"What's the matter, Maria?"

"Well, Baptist, my sister Louise wants very much to marry, because she's older, and it's her turn first. And it makes me sad to see her disappointed. Now if you would only marry her! Everything is ready, you know, and it would be such a relief."

"Well, well, don't cry about that," said he with a moment's surprise. "I don't mind if I do. Go and tell her to get ready."

The Church forbids the union of blood-relations, but it sells for a moderate price permits for even first cousins to marry, so that consanguineous unions are very common in these old parishes, where families have kept increasing and settling near the old homestead till they form clans sometimes numbering several hundred of one name. Moreover, the priest permits such marriages sometimes in consideration of certain circumstances, such as the needs of



AN INTERIOR—SPINNING AND CARDING.

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a family for a step-mother or step-father, the lack of beauty reducing the chances of a woman to get another offer, or the advance of age, or the poverty of a woman. All these circumstances have been abused to such a serious detriment of the population that Rome has seen fit to recommend a more rigorous enforcement of the law. The Catholic Church takes especial pains to promote marriage, and makes it a mortal sin to restrict the legitimate increase of population. This powerful influence has had a marked effect on the growth of the nation, which has increased from 60,000 in 1760 to over a million and a half. The limit of marriages seems to be only the lack of unmarried men. I rarely meet with bachelors, and they are given scarcely a moment's peace, unless they enter the priesthood. Unmarried women of the better class are condemned to a life of unusual *ennui*. In this small nation neither industry, trade, letters, arts, nor professions offer a career, education and charity are monopolized by religious orders, labor is not regarded with favor by ladies or gentlemen, and public movements are not large enough even for safety-valves. Hence very many girls enter the religious orders to escape bondage to idleness. Marriage is practically regarded as the aim of life, to be realized as a duty, and somewhat independently of sentiment. The courtship is short, the marriage contract is long and financial; then they are ready for wedlock. The bride and groom drive to church early in the morning with the parents and invited guests.

After the ceremony the string of calèches or of carioles winds along the parish roads, stopping at the houses of relatives and at other places, when the friends come out and invite them in for drinking their health. The day passes in these visits and a dinner and supper at the home of the bride and of the groom. The religious and austere tone of life here is shown sometimes by a wedding party in taking its way to the church again at sundown, where they pray, or even do penance in the *chemin de la croix*. At St. Augustin, near Quebec, some young couples, zealous in mortification of the flesh, got the permission of the priest to live together as celibates, and they finally made vows of chastity for life. In this, however, they followed not the national example, but those of Champlain and some other of the devout Catholics from whom this colony derived its spirit. The national gayety re-appears just as marked as ever at the marriage dance, beginning at six or seven o'clock, after supper. The event is the most convivial of the whole lifetime, yet an average marriage among the habitants costs in all but $20. Sometimes at supper an ancient custom is still practiced among the gentry.

The groom, who is expected to look after the material well-being of the bride, is on the alert to shield her from tricks, for he can not always count on her decorum in these circumstances. Some one drops a fork and sinks from his seat to pick it up. The groom, however, sees that he returns to his chair at once. While this is going on, another man has slipped under the table, and is crawling on all fours toward the bride.

When the guests all rise after supper the bride remains seated. "Why," they ask, "does madame remain alone at the table? Is she in ill humor already?"

"No," she replies; "but some one has stolen my slipper, and I can not walk barefooted."

They carry her in her chair to the head of the room, where she is placed in state to await farther proceedings. A loud knocking and disputing are heard at the door, and presently a ragged peddler forces an entrance into the company, calling out, "Any old boots and shoes?" The company welcome this opportune arrival, and conduct him to the bride. Here, kneeling before her, he hauls out of his great bag all sorts of old boots and shoes, and tries them on the bride's dainty foot, amid the laughter and banter of the assemblage, at the expense of the neglectful groom. At last the bride's slipper turns up, to be bought by the groom at a good round price; and the money is spent in treating the company. Sometimes even the bride is stolen, but the lover's instinct has never yet failed to find his mate.

I had not been invited to a wedding; but this social and hospitable people provide regularly for such cases by receiving a stranger as a *survenant*, or after-comer. As we drove up to the little house of M. Lévèque a crowd of bare-headed men and boys came thronging out of the door into the moonlight. The host at once welcomed us cordially, sent the horse to the stable, took us into the house, and gave me a seat on his right hand at the head of the room. For a wedding party the scene was

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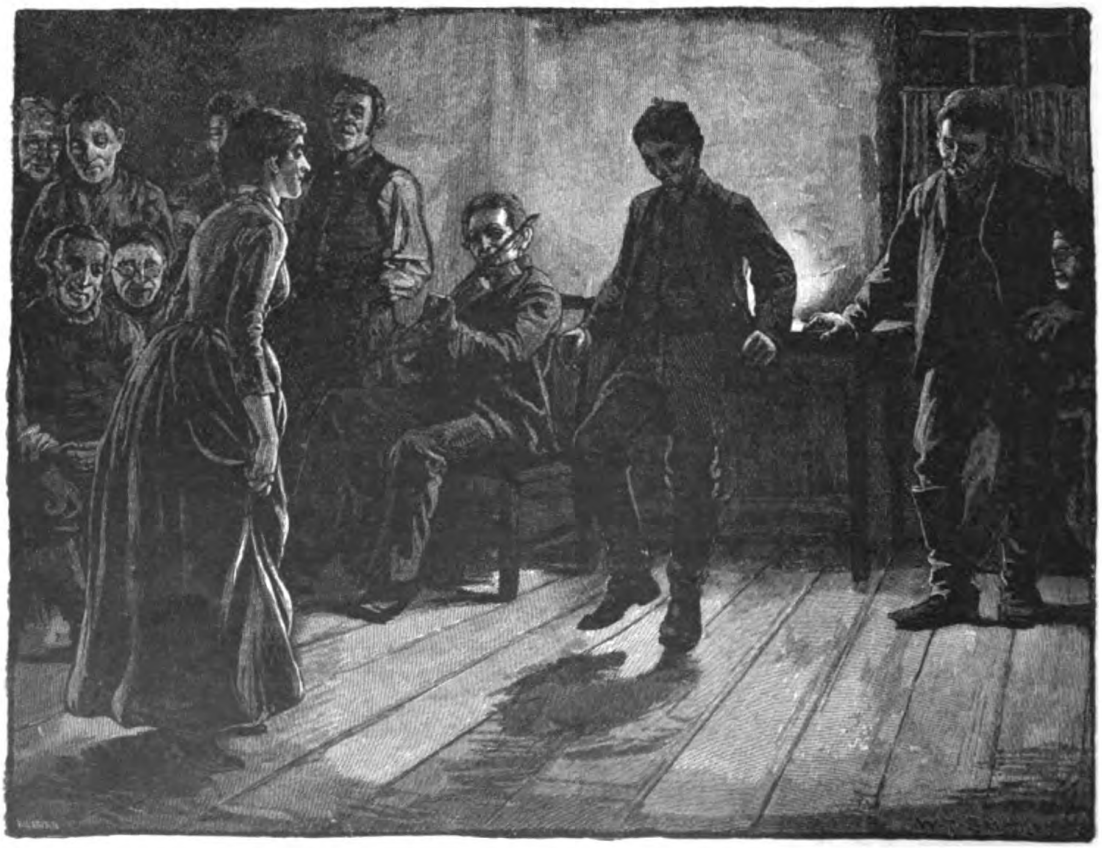
THE JOKER OF THE PARISH.

quite typical of this economical and simple life. The unpainted room was packed with people, the men standing in a crowd smoking and chatting at the farther end, and the women sitting on one another's knees, or on benches along the walls. Two small lamps lighted but faintly this throng of homespun peasants, dressed generally in black or dark gray; and the great shadows covering the ceiling between the beams, and the dimness of the whole scene, made it a sombre picture for the brightest moment in the lives of two young couples. For a long while I saw no brides or grooms; but finally they came out of the blackness of the adjoining room, and danced a cotillion in the small space inclosed by the crowd. The brides were distinguished from the other girls, dressed in dark linsey-woolsey, by only a little white lace about the neck. As the Church forbids round dances, they practice chiefly cotillions, quadrilles, reels, and jigs. Commonly no partners are chosen; they dance with whoever happens to stand opposite, and the movements are full of the vigor and awkwardness of peasants. The most interesting dances of the evening were the jigs by one of the brides and a burly uncombed farmer sixty-eight years old. He devoted himself seriously to the task in hand, thumping the floor, with en-

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livening regularity, with feet shod in moccasins. Once or twice he found time to smile on his young partner, but at once lowered his eyes again to the floor, while his twitching fingers beside his muscular thighs attested the nervous earnestness of his capering for her favor. The young lady, meanwhile, holding her trim fine figure erect, took her mincing steps with delicate poise and restrained agility; she watched his steps with downcast eyes, now and then rejecting him with a haughty turn of the head as she pirouetted and chasseyed at the changes of the tune; her slight quick steps sent ripples of shadowy folds down her skirts, and her youthful comeliness and coquettish ways were well set off by the sombre room, the rough crowd standing about her and her burly gray-haired partner.

But the Canadian fiddler is the most striking feature of the dance. The one at this entertainment was a tall, powerful fellow in a red flannel shirt glowing beneath his black shaggy head. He is a national, historic character, having acquired his artistic skill, his manner, his *répertoire*, from a long line of fiddlers. As a matter of fact, he is a stamping machine with a fiddle attachment. He generally holds the violin against his stomach, while he sits on the very edge of his chair, leans far back to keep his balance, and devotes his strength to stamping with both feet, which he raises clear of the floor from two to six inches. And all the while he keeps up an interesting pantomime; now he throws his head back and regards the ceiling, or droops his ear toward his distant instrument with a hopeless fondness. His fervor often contorts him into agonizing positions, when he turns his head toward a far-off ideal with a wonderfully yearning stretch of the neck. And all these affecting gestures reflect the movements of the artist's by no means invisible *sole*, for the musical phrases, having no connection therewith, are frequently drowned by those deafening crescendoes of leather. The fiddler's heels thus become the real centre of the entire performance. In one of the jigs a couple



THE BALL.

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who were engaged determined to monopolize the dance for some time. But soon another girl came on to the floor, and, bowing off the first, took her place. At the next change of figure another man dismissed the first in the same manner, and thus cleared the floor of the devoted pair. But these returned in the same manner at the next change, and so the contest went on for over an hour. The company were now quite excited over the endurance of the first dancers, the mischief of the meddlers, and, more than all, over the efforts of the poor fiddler. He stamped and stamped till the perspiration flowed, and the fiddle gave but feeble signs of life, while one contortion succeeded another with tragic force. But at last muscle and nerve began to flag, he lost all sense of artistic contrast, and settled down to a monotonous hard pounding of the floor. Then the by-standers came to the rescue with eager encouragement. "Give it to 'em, Louis! Come, now, more nerve. That's it; just look at 'em—the lovers are at it again! Send 'em along, now." And his frantic feet leaped again as high as ever. At midnight the old women began to yawn rather pitifully; a crusty old fellow lying on the floor behind the stove had fewer jokes to send up at the girls as they passed. One of the grooms in his shirt sleeves settled in a chair tipped back in the doorway of the dark room, and played a Jew's-harp to the weakening performance of the fiddler. Even the smoke and the laughter diminished in the farther shadowy end of the room. The carioles were soon brought to the door, and the company went off like bundles of robes down the road.

As we drove away through the moonbeams, chatting in short sentences matching the crisp winter air, the night seemed remarkably clear after the dinginess of this peasants' feast. I looked from the hill-top across the dark currents and the glistening floes of the St. Lawrence, and beyond saw distinctly the fields and woods, even some lines of fences, at Les Éboulements, twenty-five miles away, on the Northern Mountains.

Christmas and New-Year's are the culmination, though not the end, of Canadian winter life. Even the beggars are then most active and joyous in this charitable community. The housewives are busy for some days cooking meats and pastry and decorating their houses, and secluded Canada joins the rest of the world for once in this season of rejoicing. On Christmas-eve, however, the houses are so dark and still that you wonder if the festival has been forgotten. In the convents the children are dreaming of Bethlehem and the worship of the shepherds. They hear a chorus of angels chanting as they come near and nearer; celestial light fills the world; when, suddenly opening their eyes, they find the nuns lighting the lamps, and the choir in the dormitory, chanting a Christmas carol to awaken them for the midnight mass. All over the parish, throughout Canada, and indeed in every Catholic country, the people are issuing now from their palaces or their cabins into the night, and wending their way to the temples. The bells peal out at midnight, the arched windows glow, and soon the entire parish is seen kneeling under the great dome.

In one of the lateral chapels a niche or grotto is made of spruce boughs, decorated with flowers, and brilliantly lighted with candles. The infant Jesus, dressed in a white robe, is here displayed in a manger filled with straw. The little Jesus of Tadousac is dressed in a rich silk costume of a courtier of Louis XIV., given to the chapel by a noble of that day. Here at Rivière Ouelle a devout old servant of the parsonage used to make a dramatic scene of the event. She placed beside the manger statuettes of Mary and Joseph, dressed as a priest and a nun, much smaller than their child, and a toy ass and bull.

The Infant remains on exhibition about two months, until after the fête of the Purification, and the people often say prayers before it. In the towns, at the fête of the Innocents, on the 28th December, the church is filled with little children led by their mothers or nurses. After the *salut* the priest takes the manger in his arms and shows it to the children passing by. The church resounds with their voices, some crying to kiss the image, others laughing with delight. After high mass, and the low mass that follows it immediately, each family returns to its home, where all sit down to a hearty Christmas supper, or at the very least to a lunch of doughnuts and liquor. In years gone by the hearty and convivial meal was more common than in these times of temperance-reform. The holidays bring into the parishes here, as

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elsewhere, the young people from colleges and convents, but the social atmosphere does not light up much above the general monotony of this country life until New-Year's Day.

The new year begins with a patriarchal scene. Some households are on foot all night, those of grandparents preparing to receive, and those of younger couples going to visit. For there is some rivalry among the children to prove their greater respect by arriving first. In rare cases some may come as the clock strikes twelve, but generally they arrive at five or six in the morning. The Canadian year thus begins by starlight. The entire family enters at once into the room of the old couple, even though they be still abed; and there they all kneel while the old man extends his hands above their heads and gives them his blessing. Successive arrivals of the other children and grandchildren fill the house as a hive. General hand-shaking and good wishes follow, and after breakfast everybody drives to mass.

"In my childhood," said the Abbé Casgrain to me, "this ceremony always affected my mother to tears. We used to be collected by her in the parlor early in the morning, and then marched into my father's bedroom. Here we knelt before the bed while she asked him for his blessing, which he gave, after a short exhortation, to remind us of our shortcomings and duties. But we children were far more interested in the gifts lying on the bed behind him."

My own experiences during the day were quite pleasant. At an early hour I heard some of the neighbors, and also the children of the poor, knocking at the door of the inn. Some of them came in with boisterous hilarity, others with eager and interested politeness, to wish M. Chamberlain a happy New-Year. When I came down-stairs the family were marshalled in the dining-room to receive me, according to the custom in every household. Formal greetings were exchanged thus:

"Good-morning, Mr. F. How do you do this year?"

"Good-morning, Mr. C. Thank you, I'm very well thus far; and how are you, this year?"

"Very well, I thank you. Let me wish you a prosperous and happy year, and paradise at the end of your days."

"Thank you, Mr. C., for so comprehensive a wish. May the same fortune attend you!"

When the health of the New-Year had been drunk, we sat down to breakfast, and Adelard read two formal compositions, from himself and Artemise, his sister, expressing their gratitude, and their good wishes for their kind-hearted parents. When the tears had been wiped all around we began breakfast, and the year opened with a cold, clear morning, whose brightness was reflected in the spirits of everybody. During the morning, and indeed the whole day, relatives called on one another, and ate doughnuts and drank a glass of liquor. The houses were decorated with bouquets, crowns, crosses, and hearts made of marguerites, grasses, and mosses, all dyed in the most gorgeous colors. The most noteworthy feature of the day is the good-will toward men that is then cultivated.

When I arrived at the church, everybody was shaking hands and wishing a happy New-Year. Even those who had been unfriendly went about seeking one another, and meeting with at least frank and cordial faces, to begin the year with fair intentions. Those with whom I had even exchanged a few words gave to me also a hospitable greeting. I have never seen elsewhere so public and general a demonstration of forgiveness and good-will. The entire parish ran about with open hand and face and abundant good-humor. Then we went in to mass, and to see the priest receive his people in the church. His sermon was a short, pleasant, and patriarchal instruction. He dwelt upon the causes for thankfulness during the past year, for regrets at lost opportunities, and for hope and resignation. Then, after making his yearly report of the population, number of baptisms, marriages, and deaths on the church register, he took to himself the good wishes which all his parishioners undoubtedly tendered him in their minds. As the children had gathered about their father for his blessing, so his people had that day come to the church for his blessing as the father of the parish. And he then expressed his good wishes, in particulars, for each class and age of his people, according to their respective needs. It was not an empty form, for he, as well as most of his simple-minded listeners, was visibly affected.

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"OLD 'Liph'let's a-goin' fast," said Uncle Cyrus Toothaker, in a tone which revealed his pleasure at telling a bit of interesting news, although he endeavored to impart to it that solemnity which the nature of the news seemed to demand.

He had lounged into the blacksmith's shop with an imperturbable face and manner, as one who has no desire for social intercourse, but the initiated knew at a glance that he had something to tell.

Uncle Cy's announcement was received with general surprise.

"You don't say so, now! I heard last week that he was no better and no worse, and that seemed kind of encouragin'," said Jacob Pettigrew, the blacksmith, who was renowned for a cheerful view of things.

Deacon Grimes, the store-keeper, had just dropped in, trade being dull with him and lively at the blacksmith's, as it often was on rainy forenoons. "It's a terrible solemn occasion," said he, rubbing his hands with the air of being especially fitted to converse on the subject in hand. "I hope we all feel it to be a warnin'."

"Pertakerlerly dropsy for fifteen year," said old Peter Trueworthy, who had resided at the poor-house for upward of thirty years, but with no loss whatever of caste, and was regarded as an oracle.

"And all the more that it can't be expected to be an edifyin' end," said Deacon Grimes, rubbing his hands still more briskly.

"Mebbe old 'Liph'let 'ain't been no worse than some others that's more underhanded," said Jack Simcoe, the shoemaker, who was leaning against the wall with an air that suggested receptivity to gossip. Jack was very irregular in his attendance at church, and had been seen to get over the fence into a field to avoid the minister, who was bent upon inquiring into his spiritual condition, consequently he was regarded as little better than a heathen. "I've kept him in shoe-leather for ten years now, and he ain't dyin' in debt to me. I hain't nothin' on my conscience consarnin' him neither, for they was good, honest shoes; no scrimpin' nor shirkin' about 'em."

The especial force of these remarks arose from the fact that Deacon Grimes, in his character of store-keeper, was suspected of maintaining a length in his measures which was in inverse ratio to that of his prayers.

"Righteousness is filthy rags at the best," said the deacon, shaking his head sadly.

"Well, I guess 'Liph'let hain't many o' them rags to leave behind him," said Jacob Pettigrew, with a facetiousness which, perhaps owing to the deacon's presence, was immediately frowned down by the others.

"What I'm a-thinkin' on," said Uncle Cy, crossing his legs and clasping his hands around them meditatively—"what I'm a-thinkin' on is what 'll become of the Topham medder lot now."

The stranger who was having his horse shod—a large man, with a pleasant face and a well-dressed and prosperous air—looked up with an interested expression.

The group in the blacksmith's shop fairly radiated interest in *him*. His place of residence, his motives in coming to Farmington, the length of his sojourn, and his occupation in life, were problems that were agitating every mind. But he had hitherto shown a most provoking reticence and indifference. He was not especially dignified, but there was something in his manner which was extremely discouraging to the spirit of inquiry.

An expression of satisfaction stole over Uncle Cy's face at the stranger's look of interest. He cast a glance of modest triumph around the circle, as who should say: "He can't resist *me*. I'll soon thaw him out."

"Mebbe, now, you've heard, your way, about the Topham medder lot?" he said to the stranger.

"I live a good ways off," said the stranger, with a slight smile.

"Must be a good ways if you never heard of that! Been in the newspapers, the Topham medder lot has!" said Uncle Cy, in the aggrieved tone of one who hears things that he holds in highest esteem lightly spoken of.

"Anything remarkable in the way of looks?" asked the stranger.

"'Tain't that. It's as pooty a piece of land as there is anywheres round, but 'tain't that. Of course 'tain't the fust land that's been fit over, neither, even right here in this very town. There's the lot where the Town-hall sets; what was nigh enough for one was too far off for t'other;

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and Freeborn Bailey he was tearin' mad because they was willin' to give more for 'Zekiel Adams's land than they was for his. And same way about the meet'n'-house—there 'most always is a quarrel about a meet'n'-house; seems to be nateral for folks to quarrel over gospil privileges. The minister he took sides—which ain't never a safe thing for a minister to do, if I do say it that ain't a perfesser—and he accused Deacon Gerry of bein' henpecked; and Seth Applebee he said the minister wa'n't speritooal; but, la! them was only what you might call triflin' diffikilties compared with the quarrel about the Topham medder lot. Talk about your quicksands and your volcanoes, now! why, that innercent and peacerble-lookin' lot o' land, fairly smilin' at you of a summer's day, has done more mischief than ary one of 'em. What? Well, mebbe it ain't swallered up no cities; but it's swallered up fam'ly affection and piety. The old squire and 'Liph'let was both perfessers once—and, come to think on't, it's swallered up a whole church and a minister, for the church was all split up, and the minister put down from preachin', along in the fust of it; it's swallered up a pile of good, honest, hard-earned money—and mebbe some that wa'n't quite so honest—two or three love affairs, and a weddin' day that was sot. It's built fences ten feet high betwixt two pairs of neighbors' back yards, and torn down a moniment in the buryin'-ground. Don't you remember Hosea Pingree and Laban Pritchard? They quarrelled about the medder lot, one of 'em bein' for 'Liph'let and t'other for the squire; and when Hosea died, and his folks sot up a moniment over him, with 'Mark the upright man' on it, Laban he went in the night and hove it down. He wouldn't let it stand nohow, and folks got so mad with him, finally, that he had to leave town. All the medder lot's doin's, you see! And it's broke two or three women's hearts. I don' know about Mary Ann, though; she seems to have consid'able grit to what folks used to think she had. There *is* them that says it's because she thinks she's a-goin' to git the medder lot at last, and fetch Jason to the p'int. Wonderful cretur to hold on a woman is when she's sot her heart on a man, pertikerlerly if he ain't half good enough for her! And them's the kind they're dretful apt to set their hearts on. Seems as if the smarter and the more of a woman one of 'em is, the wuss mistake she makes when it comes to courtin' and marryin'. Jest think of the likely young fellers that wanted to keep company with Mary Ann when she was eighteen—for she was a handsome girl, Mary Ann was, with her cheeks as red as roses, and her black hair jest as slick as satin; high-steppin', and fond of company, and gay as a lark. The squire was considered well off then, and thought more of than any man round; and so 'twas nateral the young men should come from far and near a-courtin' Mary Ann. And it did beat everything to see her turn the cold shoulder on 'em all for the sake of Jason Hutchins, a narrer, contracted, pigeon-breasted feller that alwers looked like a dried herrin', and hain't any more in'ards to him than a herrin'! Stingy? The Hutchinses was all stingy, and Jason's mother was a Pritchard, and the Pritchards was closer than the bark of a tree, so Jason took it double and twisted. They do say that when he was a little boy he wouldn't play with his marbles for fear he should wear 'em out, and when his father was a-goin' to buy him a sled he cried and said he wouldn't have it for fear somebody would want to borrer it.

"His father sent him to the academy, and then to college, but he didn't stay there but a year. He made up his mind that a college edication cost too much. He tried doctorin' a spell, but he never seemed to do much at it. He was afraid to give folks medicine, because he might not get his pay.

"He used to go sparkin' round among the girls, kind of promiscus at fust, but after a while he begun to go to the squire's Sunday evenin's. And then he used to walk to meetin' along of Mary Ann, and set sideways in the pew, and cast sheep's eyes at her where she sat up in the singin' seats. He had a beautiful voice. He could drownd out the whole choir; but he wouldn't sing in the seats because he didn't want to wear out his voice without gettin' paid for it. He didn't say so, you know; he was always dretful close-mouthed anyway; but everybody knew that was the reason.

"Byme-by he sort of gave up goin' to see the other girls—he never took 'em anywhere because it cost something—and settled down to courtin' Mary Ann stiddy and punctooal.

"That was about the time that there was talk of a railroad comin' to Farmin'ton

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and runnin' close agin the medder lot, an' the squire was goin' to law with his brother 'Liph'let about their father's will, an' to see who should have the medder lot. There hadn't been no great valoo to it, but the squire and 'Liph'let was both sot on it, one mebbe because the other was; but when the railroad come, they all said Farmin'ton was goin' to be a terrible thrivin' town—some on 'em said a city—an' the medder lot would be right in the heart of it. An' then the squire and 'Liph'let was both of 'em *detarmined* to hev it. You see, the old man had kind of left things at loose ends; there wa'n't no specifications about dividin' the property—the old man wa'n't never the specifyin' kind—an' so when one and t'other set their hearts on the same thing, there wa'n't nothin' to do but to fight over it, for nary a Topham was ever the givin'-up kind. They left it out to referees, and the referees couldn't agree, an' then they went to law about it, and, as I was a-sayin', about the time that it looked as if the squire was a-goin' to beat, Jason Hutchins he settled down stiddy an' punctooal to courtin' Mary Ann. I don't say as there's no connection between them two idees. In point of fac' I'm one o' them that thinks that as fur forth as he's able, Jason Hutchins alwers has set by Mary Ann. It comes nateral to him to love himself best, an' he has reasonable doubts whether lovin' anybody else pays. He wouldn't allow himself to think of Mary Ann except with the medder lot throwed in, for he was shrewd enough to 'a found out even then that the squire had begun to go down-hill, an' all the rest of his property wouldn't more'n pay his debts if there was a fair an' square settlin'.

"That was nigh upon fourteen year ago, and Jason Hutchins he's been a-courtin' Mary Ann Topham more or less stiddy ever since without ever comin' to the p'int.

"Now, you may say what you will, that kind of courtin' must be terrible wearin' to a woman. She must 'a been expectin' an' expectin' all the time that he'd up an' ask her to name the day. I suppose she was a-makin' up reasons an' excuses for him all the time, a-thinkin' mebbe he was bashful an' didn't darst to ask, or mebbe, because he used to be kind of consumpted, he didn't think he'd orter get married, or mebbe because his father had objections—you see, he an' the old man lived alone then. I know't she used to get mad because folks called him mean, an' she told my darter Ann 'Lizy that folks didn't understan' him, that he had 'ginerous impulses.' Ginerous impulses! —so's the calkerlatin' merchine that that feller was showin' off ter the fair. But a woman that's in love with a man she alwers sees a sight in him that other folks can't see. Sometimes mebbe it's there, but this time it wa'n't. Leastways that's my opinion, and most other folks's. When it come out that the medder lot didn't belong to neither the squire nor 'Liph'let, but to Ezry Topham, over to Plainfield, by reason of his foreclosin' a mortgage that he'd held on it for years an' years—when that news come out, an' it begun to be known that all the squire had wouldn't more'n pay his debts, Jason Hutchins he kind of slacked up his courtin' of Mary Ann, an' took to goin' consid'able often to see Persis Tibbetts. Persis she was kind of gettin' along in years, an' wa'n't never much to look at, an' was odd an' flighty an' subjic to spells. She must have been surprised to have a beau. Folks said she put a feather on her bunnit, an' went to meet'n' —a thing that she never was knowed to do before. Old Tibbetts was a miser, an' the story was that he had no end of money hid away in holes in the ground, an' old stockin's an' sich; but Persis she was peppery, and Jason was thin-skinned, an' he didn't keep company with her but a little while; Mary Ann she'd flare up if anybody called it keepin' company; she said they were near neighbors, an' Jason pitied her 'cause she was lonesome. He'd never gin up courtin' Mary Ann, only kind of slacked up a little, an' now he took to goin' to see two or three of the other girls, jest as he used to when he was younger, jest to show that there wa'n't nothin' pertickler between him an' Mary Ann.

"Now you'd think a girl like Mary Ann would 'a had enough of sich a feller by that time, wouldn't you? She jest kind of wilted down when he was goin' to see Persis Tibbetts, an' some folks thought she was a-goin' to die of a broken heart. It was about that time that 'Siah Holmes, over to Plainfield, wanted her to hev him; he was a terrible likely man, 'Siah was, a store-keeper an' a sleck-man an' a deacon, but Mary Ann wouldn't hev anything to say to him, though her father was dead, an' hadn't left her enough to buy her victuals an' clo'es. Some said that Jason advised her to hev him, but I don't know

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the rights o' that. Anyhow, everybody else in town was advisin' her to hev 'Siah, even to the minister an' his wife. They had an extry sewin' circle to deal with her. I guess they talked to her pooty consid'able plain about Jason, an' at last she got mad, an' showed that she had some of the Topham grit. It must be middlin' rilin' to a woman to hev folks tell her that she's set her heart on a man, an' is sott'n on marryin' him, when he hain't no sich idee. Mary Ann was mad, an' no mistake, an' she got the winter school over t' the East Deestrict, an' she licked the big boys like a major, an' they all thought a sight of her.

"She did perk up amazin' that winter: mebbe it done her good to git her temper up a little: I have knowed it to hev that effec' on folks that was deprested in sperit before now. Anyhow, she got some flesh on to her bones, an' the color back into her cheeks, an' she looked 'most as if she was eighteen agin. There was one or two of her old beaux that wa'n't married that would 'a been glad to 'a made up to her agin, but there was sich a kind of a way to her that they didn't darst to come anigh.

"It was about this time, too, Mary Ann begun to show a hankerin' arter the medder lot. She never had been the kind of a girl that thinks much about business or money martters, anyhow; but now she begun talkin' an' thinkin' an' plannin' how she could git the medder lot. Most folks thought it was because she see that was what Jason was arter, an' he'd marry her if she had it. It don't seem as if it could 'a been that, though I will say that, so fur forth as my observation goes, the foolishest cretur on airth is a woman in love.

"But there did seem to be somethin' bewitchin' about that medder lot; the squire's wife she used to hev highsterics about it, an' them wore her all out so't she died; an' there's no doubt but 'twas the cause of Mis' 'Liph'let's goin' into a decline: seems as if the old Herry was in that land. An' mebbe the fever was ketchin', an' Mary Ann begun to hanker arter it for the sake of bein' rich, an' then, agin, mebbe 'twas along o' Jason. I guess it's one o' them things that won't never be known till the Day of Jedgment.

"Of course there wa'n't no more chance of her gittin' it than there was of the sky's fallin'; but she run of an idee that she was a-goin' to prove that Ezry Topham's mortgage was a fraud, an' her father had the best right to it. Well, her tryin' to prove that did bring out the fac' that the land didn't belong to Ezry Topham, but 'twas because he'd assigned the mortgage to a man by the name of Sanborn, that had moved to Californy.

"They wrote, an' found out that the man was dead, an' hadn't left no heirs, an' then the town up an' claimed the medder lot. It was so hard up for money to finish the new road that it put the land up to auction, an' Mary Ann she sold the homestid—all she had—an' bid for the medder lot. But, land sakes! 'twas no use her nor anybody else biddin' agin old 'Liph'let. He was bound to hev it, an' he got it, though he give 'most everything he was wuth for it. An' 'twa'n't six months arterward that the railroad folks decided not to come nigh Farmin'ton! Old 'Liph'let he was sick an' poor an' all alone in the world, an' Mary Ann she buried the hatchet an' went an' took care of him. She's kep' school between times, an' she's held the old man's head above water, an' give him the comforts o' life these five year. Now I s'pose he'll leave her the medder lot, bein' it's all he's got to leave, an' she's all he's got to leave it to, an' seems as if there was a Proverdence in it, for now the railroad's a-comin' sure.

"Cur'us to see whether Jason 'll come to the p'int now, won't it? 'He's been goin' to see Mary Ann off an' on the hull time, so't he can jest mention matrimony, kind of easy an' nateral, if he wants to.

"An' Mary Ann? Well, womenfolks is the weaker vessel, if I do quote Scripter, that ain't a perfesser. So you see there ain't all been told about that medder lot that may be yet."

And Uncle Cy looked triumphantly yet modestly at the stranger, as if fully satisfied that he had proved the meadow lot's claim to distinction, but had no intention of discomfiting his enemies by boasting of it.

The stranger had shown some interest; he had even put a leading question now and then; and, his horse being shod, he had still lingered, evidently to hear the conclusion of Uncle Cy's narrative.

And Uncle Cy, in the proud consciousness of having established more familiar relations with him than anybody else had been able to do, made bold to ask him a question:

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"Calkilate to stop round here a spell?"

"Probably. It depends upon circumstances," said the stranger.

And without any further remark he paid his bill and departed.

An expression of disappointment rested upon the faces of those he left behind; upon Uncle Cy's face it amounted to dismay. He was not prepared for such scanty return for his efforts at entertainment.

But he suddenly caught sight of a card which the stranger had dropped from his pocket-book as he paid his bill, and stooped eagerly to pick it up.

The group collected around him as he adjusted his spectacles to read the card.

"Otis Sanborn, Y——, Arizona."

Eight months after Eliphalet Topham's death, his niece, Mary Ann, stood in the doorway of the house that had been his, looking out upon the meadow lot. It was a fair June day, but its peace was invaded by a noise and bustle arousing echoes which had lain asleep in Farmington since the beginning of the world. The waving grass of the meadow lot was being ruthlessly trampled by the feet of the workmen who swarmed the town. The railroad had "come"! There was a glow on Mary Ann's cheek and a light in her eye. She looked as if some of her years had fallen off her. The figure of a man coming along the road attracted her eye. He too stood still and gazed at the meadow lot. Then, catching sight of her, he came toward her with quick steps. She gazed at him curiously and intently, as if she saw him for the first time. She said, "Good-afternoon, Jason," as to an old acquaintance.

He was an old-looking man for one who had but just reached middle age, in spite of an alert and active air and a generally youthful carriage. His light gray eyes contrasted unpleasantly with his dark and sallow skin; but when he spoke they lighted up, and his smile was not altogether ungenial. His eyes and hers wandered together to the meadow lot.

"The years bring changes," he said, and as he uttered this commonplace sentiment there was a tremor in his voice which filled Mary Ann with wonder. He turned abruptly toward her. "You and I are all alone now, Mary Ann: why shouldn't we be together?"

A wave of color surged over her face; a long, fluttering sigh came from her lips. She felt as if the ground were slipping away from beneath her feet, but it was only the years rolling away from before her like a mist. She had hoped and longed and waited for these words in those years; she had doubted and despaired of them. Now they fell as upon deafened ears. She felt as if it were not she who had heard them.

"Oh, no, no, no, Jason!" she said.

He took her hand, and would have drawn her toward him.

"But, Mary Ann, you used to—"

"Yes, yes, but not now."

"You understood me, Mary Ann, as nobody else ever did, and the old feeling will come back. We are older, of course, and things have been against us; we have had no space for sentiment."

"It could never come back, Jason," she cried. "It is dead! You might as well try to wake those who are sleeping there" —pointing to the burying-ground, whose stones gleamed in the sunshine. "You might better try to wake them, for they *were* once; that never was. It was a delusion, a cheat. I know now, because I have found the perfect love that casts out fear. I am going to be married, Jason, to—to Otis Sanborn."

Scorn flashed over his face.

"So he has bought you with the meadow lot," he said.

She moved, as if to turn away angrily from the taunt, but turned toward him instead, with a low, happy laugh.

"I am very much in love with—with the meadow lot," she said.

He left her without another word. She watched him as he went. He had taken off his hat, showing a well-shaped head and fine brow. There was a kind of pride in her eyes.

"After all, it was not quite a cheat. I was not utterly deceived in him," she murmured. "He is not what they say, any more than what I thought. He did ask me to marry him, knowing that I was penniless!"

He turned, moved by a sudden impulse, and came back to her.

"Whatever you may think of me, believe that I always loved you!" he said, almost fiercely.

"I shall believe it till my dying day!" said Mary Ann.

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JACOB RUYSDAEL.

CHARLES BLANC begins his sketch of Ruysdael by declaring: "Ruysdael was possessed by that vague melancholy which Dürer portrayed for the first time in the immortal print to which he gave the name, 'La Melancolia.' This sentiment, which art had never before tried to express, of which only a few choice spirits had been conscious, was that which tormented our famous landscapist all through his life. At a time when so many painters, as, for example, Berghem, saw only the picturesque side of the landscape, and its happy accidents, light and expanse of color, Ruysdael, a prey to a secret but gnawing inquietude, pursued even into the heart of nature his quest after the inaccessible ideal, the unknown. Among the monotonous dunes of the Kemmer country, in the wide plains of Holland, as well as at the foot of the Norwegian mountains, he tried to grasp the soul with which the Pantheists endow nature. The proof that the ever-present torment of the great painter was an aspiring from things visible toward the infinite (which he represented by the indefinite lines of the horizons of his pictures) is, that he abandoned a profession in which he had made a brilliant beginning, in order to find in painting an outlet for the expression of his secret thoughts, an overflow for his melancholy broodings."

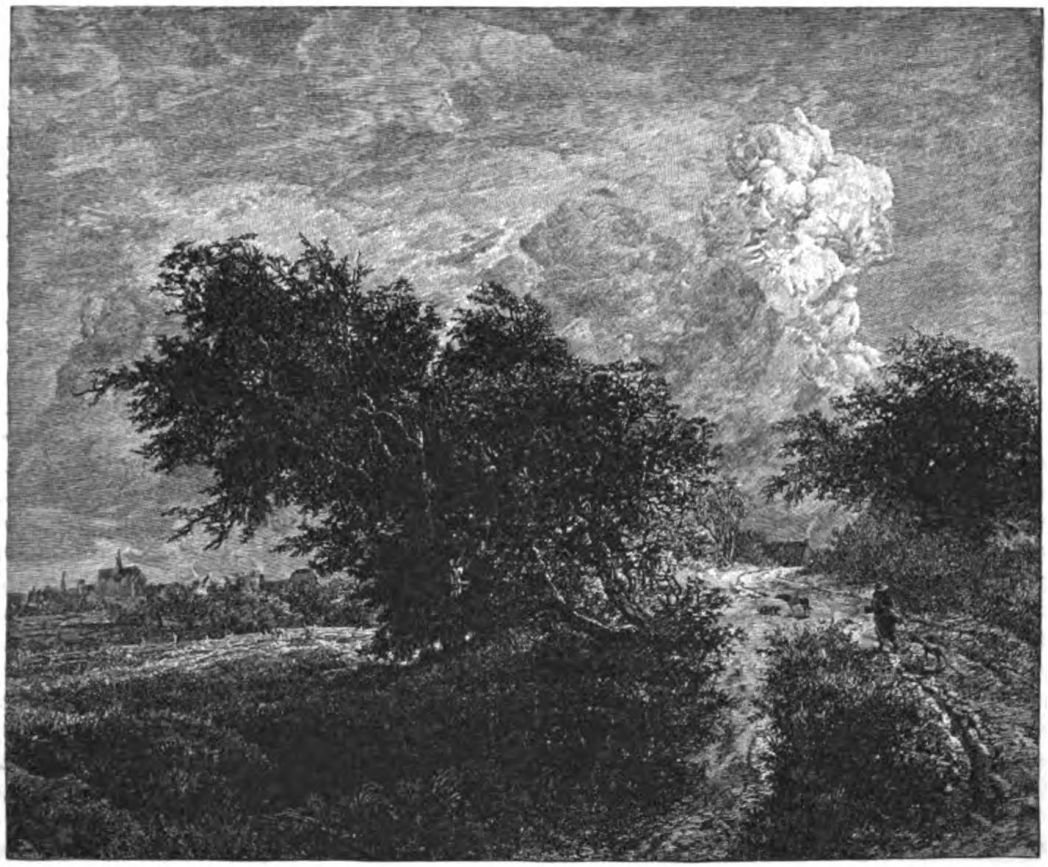
This allusion to Ruysdael's change of his profession has reference to Houbraken's statement that Ruysdael was educated to be a physician. His father, a maker of the elaborate ebony frames which were the delight of the old Hollanders, settled in Haarlem, and as his business necessarily brought him into contact with many artists, it is possible that the boy, even when quite young, was influenced by their society. Jacob was one of the younger children, and his father having acquired a competence by his trade, was able to give him a good education. After he left school he studied medicine, and, if Houbraken can be credited, was a doctor with a growing practice when his overpowering love for art forced him to become a painter. He had learned how to draw and paint, when a lad, from his older brother Solomon, and had always been in the habit of meeting in his father's shop the famous artists of that day.

To learn who was most likely to have been Ruysdael's master, one should study the works of Van Everdingen, whose pictures and Ruysdael's can easily be mistaken for each other, having a striking resemblance in hardness of touch and aerial coloring. If not his teacher, Everdingen was his guide, though the pupil far excelled the master in the depth of sentiment expressed in his pictures.

As in the case of all the Dutch artists, the details of his life are lacking; there are only a few meagre facts; there is not even an authentic portrait of our "melancholy Jacques." We can form no theory as to the man from his pictured semblance. We know that he was born at Haarlem about 1625; that from the records he was, when twenty-three years old, admitted into the Haarlem guild of artists, thereby showing he could not have for very long practiced his profession as doctor, if ever; that he was always poor, and died in 1681, when in his prime, some biographers declare in the Haarlem poor-house, but that seems hardly credible. He was one of the witnesses at Hobbema's wedding in Amsterdam, lived there the better part of his artist life, and it seems more probable died there, for although poor it can hardly be true that he was unable to gain a living by his pencil, and was forced to seek refuge in an alms-house. He was an intimate friend of Berghem, and according to Descamps the artists "never left the environs of Amsterdam." It is well known, however, that Berghem went to Rome. It is not probable that Ruysdael accompanied him, though there is an apocryphal story to that effect. The artists are declared to have been one day sketching on the Campagna, when a cardinal, riding by, stopped to examine their drawings. He admired them very much, expressed a wish to become a purchaser, and bade the artists when they needed aid to apply to him.

A few days afterward the artists had a different and less agreeable interruption; they were set upon by banditti, who not only despoiled them of their sketches, but all their belongings, and they were compelled, on their return to the city, to call upon the cardinal for protection, and the aid he afforded was different from that which he had proffered and they hoped for. This story may be true, perhaps, of Berghem, but Ruysdael was probably not his fellow-sufferer, for there are in his

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LANDSCAPE.—FROM PAINTING BY RUYSDAEL.

pictures no traces of his having been in Italy, whereas in Berghem's works the influence of his Italian experience is clearly discernible. There is a print, said to be after a picture of Ruysdael, the title of which is, "View in the Neighborhood of Rome"; but the titles of engravings are not always to be credited. A careful examination of the print will not give any reason for believing it is an Italian landscape. The sky is the northern sky covered with rain clouds; there are no ruins such as can be found near Rome; the figures in the boat are not such as would be found in Italy; the green of the landscape is evidently Ruysdael's sombre green such as he paints overshadowed by a leaden gray sky, whose gleams of light are caused by the sun's rays shining through the veil of haze which ever lingers over the plains washed by the Zuyder Zee. Blanc does not agree with Descamps that Ruysdael was never far from Amsterdam, but says that as every one knows Holland's capital is in the centre of the most monotonous country in the world, and there is nothing in its environs to suggest mountains, or lakes "whose borders bristle with stately firs," or foaming cascades, one must either credit Ruysdael with rare genius to evolve such pictures from his imagination, or believe, what is more likely, that "he, like Everdingen, visited Norway and Westphalia." There he must have learned to paint and love austere yet tempestuous nature—vegetation always sombre, such as well suited the sadness of his temperament; there he became "the painter unique in his style."

By nature a poet, a lover of solitude, a dreamer, yet all his biographers agree that Ruysdael's best friend was his very opposite, Nicholas Berghem. Ten years his senior, of a gay, lively temperament, loving to paint festive scenes, Berghem may perhaps, from his seniority and experience, have aided Ruysdael, though he evidently could not understand him nor

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appreciate his pictures. He has never introduced figures into Ruysdael's landscapes without seriously impairing their value—at least to modern judgment; but as Berghem was a popular artist, and made money, and Ruysdael lived and died poor and unappreciated, it may be that Berghem's additions were the means of enabling his friend to sell his pictures. In his marine views Ruysdael fared better, for Vandevelde was much happier in his additions to Ruysdael's water-falls and marine pictures.

In either department, as landscapist or marine painter, Ruysdael stands pre-eminent; his name signifies "foaming water," and Descamps declares "his name would seem to predestine him to paint cascades." Whether the name had anything to do with his success is immaterial, but certainly his presentations of foaming water are unrivalled. "He stands alone in this department, few painters having been as well able to depict the transparency and the glitter of falling water," writes Houbraken; and another enthusiast declares: "These praises give only an inadequate idea of the dramatic effect of Ruysdael's cascades. No traveller familiar with the startling beauties of a mountainous country but will find all the charms reproduced in the pictures of the great painter. One feels the cold wet dust fly in the face, hears the dull thud of the falling torrent on the rocks below: such is the power of genius that, after having seen in all the magnificence of reality the spectacle the artist has reproduced on a canvas of a few inches, one almost finds nature less grand and overpowering than the work of Ruysdael."

For his marine views the artist had not far to seek for a model. Two leagues from Amsterdam is the Zuyder Zee, and beyond on all sides Holland is bathed by the ocean; and though the Dutch school counts several painters who made their reputation as painters of sea views, yet Ruysdael's marines are easily distinguished from and surpass all the others by bearing the unmistakable stamp of his sombre genius. He does not give us the placid, transparent sea of Van Goyen, the great soapy waves and dramatic tempest of Backhuysen, nor the charming finish of Vandevelde. Ruysdael's waves are dreary and deep; his tempests, more menacing than terrible, fill us with a sense of restrained power, of forcibly controlled fury, and excite a feeling of indescribable dread; his storms are full of a "sublime pathos, in which are united the cry for human sympathy and the cry of his desolate heart."

The Louvre has a marine view of Ruysdael's called "The Storm." Several vessels on the river are caught by the squall, and there is no shelter offered but a wooden jetty trembling under the shock of the waves. Michelet considers this picture "the prodigy of the Louvre." Kugler, in his hand-book, writes of Ruysdael: "He is beyond dispute the greatest of the Dutch landscape painters. In the works of no other do we find that feeling for the poetry of the Northern nature and perfection of representation united in the same degree. With admirable drawing he combined a knowledge of chiar-oscuro in its most multifarious aspect, a coloring powerful and warm, and a mastery of the brush which, while never too smooth in surface, ranges from the tenderest and most minute touch to the broadest, freest, and most marrowy execution. His prevailing tone of coloring is a full, decided green. Especially does he delight in representing a wide expanse of land or water. He never represents the ocean in repose, or beneath a serene sky, but always cloudy heavens, and an agitated and sometimes raging sea. His pictures attract us by the deep pathos as well as the picturesqueness of their character. He rarely dated his pictures, but the earlier ones may be identified by the extraordinary minuteness with which all objects are represented, by decision bordering on harshness, and by less freedom of handling and delicacy of aerial perspective."

De Amicis also: "All Ruysdael's pictures inspire a vague sentiment of melancholy. The great power of this artist, who stands alone among his brother painters for delicacy of mind and a singular superiority of education, lies in his sentiment. It has been justly said that he makes use of landscape to express his own bitterness and weariness, his own dreams, and that he contemplates his country with a sort of sadness, and creates groves of trees in which to hide it. The veiled light of Holland is the image of his soul; no one feels more exquisitely its melancholy sweetness; no one represents like him with a ray of languid light the sad smile of some afflicted creature."

Ruysdael's pictures produce the same

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effect on all critics in all times—not alone on Descamps and Houbraken in earlier days, but on Töffer, Amicis, and Poynter in our time, the last asserting: "The works of Ruysdael are the embodiment of the poetry of melancholy. He is probably equalled or even surpassed in some technical points by other Dutch masters, but none have approached to the mystic melancholy which invests his pictures." But Taillasson, the cool critic, in his *Observations on the Great Masters* (Paris, 1807), has the following criticism: "Ruysdael's landscapes offer us retreats where, separated from the rest of mankind, far from fatigue, in silence and repose, we can listen with respect to the sublime voice of nature. In his works life is not often met with; he loved to paint those spots of nature favorable for dreams and philosophizing, where one could throw off the trammels of life. Nowhere in the pictures of his brother artists do we find such poetic inspiration as in his own. He affects us with a gentle melancholy, which comes, no doubt, from the influence diffused by his own nature, by the choice of the scenes he paints, and the subdued tone of his coloring."

Of adverse criticism we have Le Brun, who considers Everdingen as a superior artist to Ruysdael, and Valenciennes. This latter, in his work on perspective, accuses Ruysdael of using as models small twigs and little stones, and painting from them trees and rocks. "Such artists" (he writes) "flatter themselves that by this manner they can reproduce nature, but they only distort her; the more accurately they copy the model, the falser is the picture. For as the proportions of the child are not equal to those of the man, so the conformation of a branch has an entirely different character from the structure of the entire tree; the texture of the bark, as an intelligent observer well knows, is totally different."

Blanc thinks this accusation very unjust, and that Valenciennes has not enough proof to justify such sweeping fault-finding, and though he allows that Ruysdael may have occasionally drawn a tree from a branch, as is possible in the picture No. 4 of Baitsch's catalogue of engravings, which it must be borne in mind is a print, not a painting, yet as a rule the artist is noted for the truthfulness of his trees and the accentuation of his foliage, which enables leaves to be distinguished one from the other, as well as by his firm, spirited touch.

There is a spirit in Ruysdael's pictures akin to that found in Rembrandt's works, noticeably in their treatment of light, and the one artist reminds us of the other, only Rembrandt being the stronger nature, the melancholy questioning of Ruysdael was in his case developed in the half-mocking sarcastic spirit so clearly discernible in his works. Rembrandt we know to have been of Jewish descent, and judging from the persistence with which Ruysdael painted the "Cemetery of the Jews" at Amsterdam, the pathos he threw into the pictures, the religious melancholy which pervades this mournful subject whenever he depicts it, not even the rays of sunlight he paints playing over the graves being able to counteract the dreary effect, "the sunshine of the living warming not the dead," one feels as if he must have belonged to that much-persecuted race. There are in the pictures more than the mere sentiment of the artist; they must have been inspired by the religious pathos of the believer, the tenderness of a faithful heart for the last resting-place of his kindred. There is nothing but conjecture on this point, but as the inner life is more often shown in one's works than the executor is aware of, his touching pictures of the "Cemetery" induce the belief that religion and tender ties gave a sacred interest to the spot in his eyes.

Ruysdael's pictures that are owned in England are principally in private galleries, though the National Gallery owns twelve of his landscapes. The Hermitage at St. Petersburg and the Dresden Gallery are the richest in his works, owning fourteen pictures each; but, according to Poynter, "at Vienna is the most important and perhaps the most perfect of Ruysdael's works, 'The Forest,' and it is the truest and most excellent portrait of simple nature that can be imagined."

His pictures steadily advance in price. In 1745, at the sale of Chevalier Roque, under the superintendence of the well-known connoisseur Gersaint, two landscapes brought only £120 5*s.*; twenty-five years later, at the sale of the Duc de Choiseul, the "Entrance into the Wood" brought 900 livres, and the "View of the Coast of Scheveningen" 1701 francs; and five years afterward, at the sale of the Prince de Conti, the same pictures brought 2401 livres.

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OUR COUNTRY'S CRADLE.

"Peace, which in *our country's cradle*
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep."
—SHAKESPEARE. *Richard II.*, i. 3.

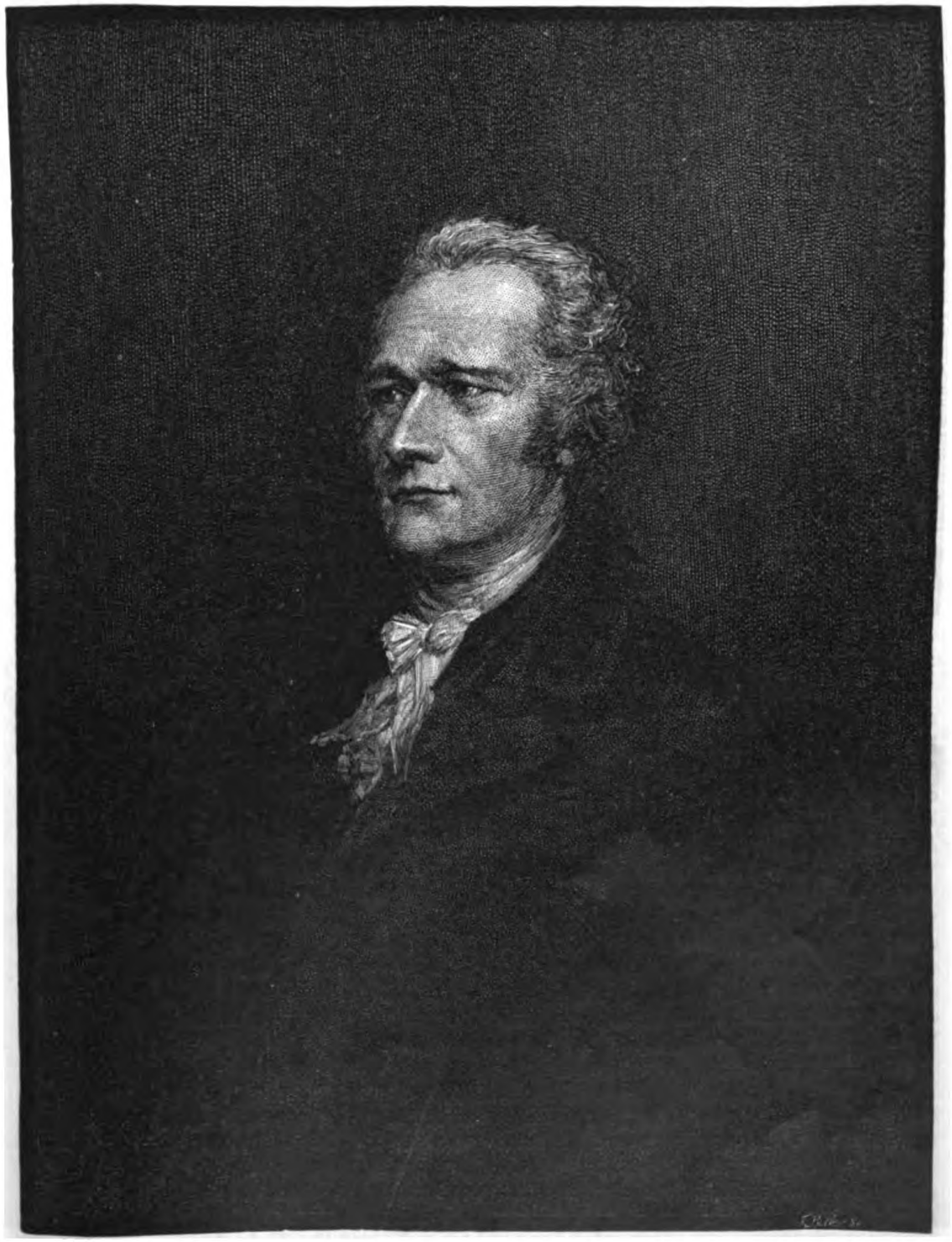
THE year 1789 saw a new nation in its cradle in the city of New York. Liberty was born, but had yet to learn how to go alone. Political precedents were still to be established, social customs to be formed anew. New York city, the first seat of national government, had warmly welcomed Washington, though the State of New York had not voted for him; and now that he was in office, men and women waited with eager interest to see what kind of political and social life would surround him. The city then contained nearly thirty-three thousand people. It had long been more cosmopolitan than any other in the colonies, but it had also been longer occupied by the British, and had been more lately under the influence of loyal traditions and royal officials. This influence the languid sway of the "confederation" had hardly dispelled. What condition of things would the newly organized republic establish?

It was a period of much social display. Class distinctions still prevailed strongly, for the French Revolution had not yet followed the American Revolution to sweep them away. Employers were still called masters; gentlemen still wore velvets, damasks, knee-breeches, silk stockings, silver buckles, ruffled shirts, voluminous cravats, scarlet cloaks. The Revolution had made many poor, but it had enriched many, and money was lavishly spent. People gave great entertainments, kept tankards of punch on the table for morning visitors of both sexes, and returned in sedan-chairs from evening parties. Dr. Manasseh Cutler went to a dinner party of forty-four gentlemen at the house of General Knox, just before his appointment as Secretary of War. All the guests were officers of the late Continental army, and every one, except Cutler himself, wore the badge of the Society of the Cincinnati. On another occasion he dined there with a French nobleman; the dinner was served "in high style, much in the French style." Mrs. Knox seemed to him to mimic "the military style," which he found "very disgusting in a female." This is his description of her head-dress: "Her hair in front is craped at least a foot high, much in the form of a churn bottom upward, and topped off with a wire skeleton in the same form, covered with black gauze, which hangs in streamers down her back. Her hair behind is in a large braid, and confined with a monstrous crooked comb."

Mrs. Knox's head-dress would have no more importance than that of any other lady of the period, but that no other lady came so near to being the active head of American society at the outset of this government. General Knox and his wife were two people of enormous size—were, indeed, said to be the largest couple in New York—and they were as expansive in their good-natured hospitality as in their persons. The European visitors, who were abundant about that time, and especially the numerous Frenchmen who flocked to see the new republic—and who then, as now, gravitated naturally to that society where they were best amused—turned readily to Mrs. Knox's entertainments from those of Mrs. Washington. One traveller even complained of the new President that his bows were more distant and stiff than any he had seen in England. Of the other members of the cabinet, neither Hamilton, Jefferson, nor Randolph was in a position to receive company in the grand style, so that during the short period when New York was the seat of government the house of the Knoxes in Broadway was emphatically the centre of social vivacity for the nation.

This was a matter of some importance when more political questions were settled at the dinner table than in public debate, and when Washington himself would invite his subordinates to discuss affairs of state "over a bottle of wine." The social life of any community is always the foundation of its political life, and this was especially true when the United States began to exist, because there was a general suspicion in Europe that the new republic would be hopelessly plebeian. When we consider that even in 1845 an English lady of rank, trying to dissuade Dickens from visiting America, said, "Why do you not go down to Brighton, and visit the third and fourth rate people there?—that would be just the same," we know that she only expressed

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ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

From the portrait by Weimar, in the Governor's Room, New York City Hall.

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MRS. THEODORE SEDGWICK.

the current British feeling, which must have existed still more strongly in 1789. What could be the social condition of that country whose highest official had never been in Europe, and did not speak French? Against this suspicion the six white horses of President Washington were a comparatively slight protest. Mere wealth can buy horses; indeed, they are among the first symptoms of wealth. To discerning observers the true mark of superiority was to be found in the grave dignity of the man. It is hard to see how he acquired that trait among the jovial fox-hunting squires in whose society he had been reared; perhaps his real training was in his long and silent expeditions in the woods. His manners and his bearing showed the marks of that forest life, and not of an artificial society; his gait, according to his enthusiastic admirer, William Sullivan, was that of a farmer or woodsman, not of a soldier; he reminded Josiah Quincy of the country gentlemen from Western Massachusetts, not accustomed to mix much in society, and not easy or graceful, though strictly polite. But the most genuine personal dignity he certainly had; his wife sustained him in it—at least until party bitterness began to prevail—and therefore the young French noblemen found his manners as unquestionably good as their own, though less pliant.

Nor were any of the members of his cabinet wanting in this respect. Jefferson had not been insensible to the charm of French society as well as French principles, and showed by his flattering words to Madame De Brehan and other fine ladies that he had cultivated the arts of a courtier; Hamilton possessed refined courtesy, with the ready adaptation that came from his French blood and his West India birth; Randolph was called "the first gentleman of Virginia," though described by Sullivan as grave and heavy in aspect; while the cheerful Knox was a man of better early education than any of these, for he had been a bookseller, and his bookstore in Boston had been, it is recorded, "a great resort for the British officers and Tory ladies who were the *ton* at that period." Tried by the standard of the time, there was nothing to be ashamed of, but, indeed, quite the contrary, in the bearing of Washington's cabinet ministers. John Adams was Vice-President, and the Chief Justice was the high-minded John Jay. Both these men had agreeable and accomplished wives. Mrs. Adams was a woman of much social experience as well as talent and character. She describes Mrs. Jay as "showy but pleasing," and both these women appear to greatest advantage in their letters to their respective husbands. As to the households of the cabinet ministers, Jefferson was a widower; Mrs. Knox has already been characterized; and the French traveller Brissot described Mrs. Hamilton as "a charming woman, who joined to the graces all the candor and simplicity of the American wife." These made the leading official families at the seat of government.

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The French Minister at that time was the Comte de Moustier, whose sister, Madame De Brehan, accompanied him to this country. Jefferson had assured her that her manners were a "model of perfection," while others found her "a little, singular, whimsical, hysterical old woman." His secretary of legation was M. Otto, part of whose keen and penetrating correspondence has lately been translated by Mr. Bancroft; he had married an American wife, one of the Livingston family. The English Consul-General, Sir John Temple, had also married an American, the daughter of Governor Bowdoin, of Massachusetts. These were the leading people "in society"—a society whose standard, after all, was not luxurious or extravagant. Oliver Wolcott wrote to his wife when he was invited to come to New York as Auditor of the Treasury: "The example of the President and his family will render parade and expense improper and disreputable." It is pleasant to add that after three months' stay at the seat of government he wrote home to his mother, "Honesty is as much in fashion as in Connecticut."



MRS. BINGHAM.

Mrs. Washington's receptions were reproached as "introductory to the pageantry of courts," but it was very modest pageantry. Nothing could have been less festive or more harmless than the hospitality of the Presidential abode. An English manufacturer who was invited there to breakfast reports a meal of admirable simplicity—tea, coffee, sliced tongue, dry toast and butter—"but no broiled fish, as is the general custom," he adds. At her evening receptions Mrs. Washington offered her guests tea and coffee with plum-cake; at nine she warned her visitors that the General kept early hours, and after this remark the guests had no choice but to do the same. At these entertainments of hers the President was but a guest—without his sword—and found it necessary also to retreat in good order at the word of command. His own receptions were for invited guests only, and took place every other week between three and four P.M. The President stood before the fire-place in full black velvet, with his hair powdered and gathered into a bag; he wore yellow gloves and silver buckles, with a steel-hilted sword in a white leather scabbard; he held in his hand a cocked hat with a feather. This is the description given by William Sullivan, in his *Familiar Letters on Public Characters.*

If it was the object of Washington to make these occasions stiffer than the drawing-rooms of any crowned potentate, he succeeded. Names were announced, gentlemen were presented, the President bowed, but never shook hands; at a quarter past three the doors were closed, and the visitors formed a circle; the President made the circuit, addressing a few words to each; then they bowed and retired. It is hard to imagine that these mild entertainments could have been severely censured as extravagant or monarchical; one can better comprehend how the censure could be applied to the street equipage of the new President, the cream-colored car-

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AT MRS. WASHINGTON'S RECEPTION.

riage painted in medallions, and the liveries of white turned up with green. Yet these were, perhaps, more readily recognized as essential to the dignity of his station. It was with the desire of promoting this dignity that the Senators of the

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new nation were anxious to give the President an official title. The plan was said to have originated with John Adams, who believed "splendor and majesty" to be important in a republic; and there was a joint committee of Congress to consider the matter. This committee reported against it, but the dissatisfied Senate still favored a title, as it well might, at a time when the Senators themselves were habitually called "Most Honorable." They proposed to call the Chief Magistrate "His Highness, the President of the United States of America, and Protector of their Liberties." The House objected; the country at large was divided. Chief Justice McKean proposed "His Serene Highness"; somebody else suggested "The President-General"; and Governor Sullivan thought that "His Patriotic Majesty" would not be inappropriate, since he represented the majesty of the people. Washington himself, it is said, favored "His High Mightiness," which was the phrase used by the Stadtholder of Holland. It was the common-sense of the nation that swept these extravagances aside; it was one of the many occasions in American history when the truth of Talleyrand's saying has been vindicated, that everybody knows more than anybody.

But when it became needful to go behind these externals, and to select a cabinet ministry for the actual work of government, the sane and quiet judgment of Washington made itself felt. At that period the cabinet consisted of but four persons, and it was the theory that it should not be made up of mere clerks and staff officers, but of the ablest and most conspicuous men in the nation. Washington being President, Adams and Jay having also been assigned to office, there naturally followed the two men who had contributed most in their different ways to the intellectual construction of the nation. Hamilton and Jefferson were brought together in the cabinet—the one as Secretary of the Treasury, the other as Secretary of State—not because they agreed, but because they differed. Tried by all immediate and temporary tests, it is impossible to deny to Hamilton the position of leading intellect during the constitutional period; and his clear and cogent ability contrasts strongly with the peculiar mental action, always fresh and penetrating, but often lawless and confused, of his great rival. Hamilton was more coherent, more truthful, more combative, more generous, and more limited. His power was as an organizer and advocate of measures, and this is a less secure passport to fame than lies in the announcement of great principles. The difference between Hamilton and Jefferson on questions of finance and State rights was only the symbol of a deeper divergence. The contrast between them was not so much in acts as in theories; not in what they did, but in what they dreamed. Both had their visions, and held to them ardently, but the spirit of the nation was fortunately stronger than either; it made Hamilton support a republic against his will, and made Jefferson acquiesce, in spite of himself, in a tolerably vigorous national government.

There is not a trace of evidence that Hamilton, even when most denounced as a "monocrat" and a "monist," ever desired to bring about a monarchy in America. He no doubt believed the British constitution to be the most perfect model of government ever devised by man; but it is also true, as Jefferson himself admitted, that Hamilton saw the spirit of the American people to be wholly republican. This is just what Hamilton says of himself; all his action was based on the opinion "that the political principle of this country would endure nothing but republican government." Fisher Ames, his ablest ally, said the same as explicitly: "Monarchy is no path of liberty—offers no hopes. It could not stand; and would, if tried, lead to more agitation and revolution than anything else." What Hamilton and Ames believed—and very reasonably, so far as the mere teachings of experience went—was that a republic was an enormous risk to run; and they drew the very questionable conclusion that this risk must be diminished by making the republic as much like a monarchy as possible. For instance, if Hamilton could have had his way, only holders of real estate would have had the right to vote for President and Senators, and these would have held office for life, or at least during good behavior; the President would have appointed all the Governors of States, and they would have had a veto on all State legislation. All this he announced in Congress, with the greatest frankness, not hesitating to call even the British House of Lords "a most noble institution." Having thus indicated his ideal government, he ac-

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cepted what he could get, and gave his great powers to carrying out a constitution about which he had serious misgivings. On the other hand, if Jefferson could have had his way, national organization would have been a shadow. "Were it left me to decide," he once wrote, "whether we should have a government without newspapers or a newspaper without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter." He accepted the constitution as a necessary evil, tempered by newspapers—then the very worst newspapers that ever flourished on American soil.

"Hamilton and I," wrote Jefferson, "were pitted against each other every day in the cabinet, like two fighting-cocks." The first passage between them was the only one in which Hamilton had clearly the advantage of his less practiced antagonist, making Jefferson, indeed, the instrument of his own defeat. The transfer of the capital to the banks of the Potomac was secured by the first of many compromises between the Northern and Southern States, after a debate in which the formidable slavery question showed itself often, as it had shown itself at the very formation of the constitution. The removal of the capital was clearly the price paid by Hamilton for Jefferson's acquiescence in his first great financial measure. This measure was the national assumption of the State debts to an amount not to exceed twenty millions. It was met by vehement opposition, partly because it bore very unequally on the States, but mainly on the ground that the claims were in the hands of speculators, and were greatly depreciated. Yet it was an essential part of that great series of financial projects on which Hamilton's fame must rest, even more than on his papers in the *Federalist*—though these secured the adoption of the constitution. Three measures, the assumption of the State debts, the funding act, and the national bank, were what changed the bankruptcy of the new nation into solvency and credit. There may be question as to the good or bad precedents established by these enactments; but there can be no doubt as to their immediate success. Jefferson opposed them; it is certain that Jefferson never could have originated them or carried them through. The financial problem—the first, and in one sense the lowest problem to be met by the new government—was solved by Hamilton.

It seems curious to find in the correspondence of the public men of that day so little that relates to the appointment or removal of particular officials. One reason is that the officials were then so few. The whole number in civil office during Washington's administration were, in his own phrase, "a mere handful," and during his two Presidential terms he removed but eight, all for cause, this list not including Mr. Pinckney, the French Minister, who was recalled by desire of the government of that nation. The question of removal was almost wholly an abstract one, but, fortunately for us, the men of that period had a great taste for the abstract principles of government; and the consequence was that this particular question was debated as fully and ardently as if the number of officials had already been reckoned by tens of thousands. Many points in the prolonged controversy seem like the civil service discussions of to-day. The main debate took place in the House of Representatives, beginning June 16, 1789, and lasting four days; and it is fortunately preserved to us in full as a part of the appendix to *Elliott's Debates*. It arose on the bill to establish the Department of Foreign Affairs, afterward called the State Department. It was moved to strike out the words—as applied to the officer thus created—"to be removable from office by the President of the United States." The importance of the subject was amply recognized, Mr. Madison going so far as to say: "The decision that is at this time made will become the permanent exposition of the constitution; and on a permanent exposition of the constitution will depend the genius and character of the whole government." He and others took the ground that in no way could full executive responsibility be placed upon the President unless he had a corresponding power over his subordinates. All the familiar arguments in favor of a strong government were brought forward, and they were met by the obvious arguments against it. "This clause of the bill," said Mr. Page, of North Carolina, "contains in it the seeds of royal prerogative. Everything which has been said in favor of energy in the Executive may go to the destruction of freedom, and establish despotism. This very energy, so much talked of, has led many patriots to the Bastile, to the block, and to the halter." Perhaps the ablest assailant of the power of removal was

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Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts—he through whom a new and permanent phrase was added to the American dialect in the word *gerrymander*. He claimed in this debate that unlimited removal from office belonged only to a king; that to a four years' President such power could only be made useful "by being the means of procuring him a re-election." If this step were taken, he said, the Presidency should be for life, or even hereditary. With some foresight of our later experience, he added: "The officers, instead of being the machinery of the government, moving in regular order prescribed by the legislature, will be the mere puppets of the President, to be employed or thrown aside as useless lumber according to his fancy." His arguments did not prevail; the clause was struck out by a vote of thirty-four to twenty, and after some further modification the bill passed by a small majority in the House, and by the casting vote of the President in the Senate. The result of that vote has not been followed by quite the evils that Page and Gerry feared, but it has undoubtedly influenced, as Madison predicted, the genius and character of the whole government. It is to be remembered that no prophetic vision had yet revealed to any one the vast future population for which Congress was legislating, and Madison plainly thought himself making a very bold guess when he estimated that it might "in some years" double in number, and reach six millions.

On the 16th of July, 1790, Congress made up its mind to remove to the banks of the Potomac, but before the site was fixed upon, the seat of government was temporarily removed (in November, 1790) to Philadelphia, then the largest town in the country, and claiming to be regarded as its metropolis. The French visitors criticised the city, found its rectangular formation tiresome, and the habits of its people sad, but Americans thought it gay and delightful. Brissot de Warville complained that the pretensions of the ladies were "too affected to be pleasing," and the Comte de Rochambeau said that the wives of merchants went to the extreme of French fashions. Mrs. John Adams, who had lived in Europe, complained of a want of etiquette, but found Philadelphia society eminently friendly and agreeable. Superior taste and a livelier wit were habitually claimed for the Philadelphia ladies. It was said by a lively maiden who went from that city to New York—Rebecca Franks, afterward Lady Johnston—that the Philadelphia ladies had "more cleverness in the turn of an eye than those of New York in their whole composition." In the latter city, she said, there was no conversation without the aid of cards; in Philadelphia the chat never flagged. There were plenty of leading ladies there. Mrs. Knox was still conspicuous, playing perpetual whist. Mrs. Bingham was at the head of the local society; and among women coming from other parts of the country, and celebrated for character or beauty, were Mrs. Theodore Sedgwick, of Massachusetts, and Mrs. Oliver Wolcott, of Litchfield, Connecticut. It was of the latter that the story is told that the British Minister said to Senator Tracy, of Connecticut: "Your countrywoman would be admired at St. James's."

"Sir," said the patriotic American, "she is admired even on Litchfield Hill."

There was in Philadelphia a theatre which was much attended, and which must have had a rather exceptional company for that period, inasmuch as Chief Justice Jay assured his wife that it was composed of "decent, moral people." In society, habits were not always quite moral, or conversation always quite decent. Gentlemen, according to John Adams, sat till eleven o'clock over their after-dinner wine, and drank healths in that elaborate way which still amazes the American visitor in England. Nay, young ladies, if we may accept Miss Rebecca Franks as authority, drank each other's health out of punch tankards in the morning. Gambling prevailed among both sexes. It was not uncommon to hear that a man or woman had lost $300 or $400 in an evening. An anonymous letter-writer, quoted in Mr. Griswold's *Republican Court*, declares that some resident families could not have supported the cost of their entertainments and their losses at loo, but that they had the adroitness to make the temporary residents pay their expenses. At balls people danced country-dances, the partners being designated beforehand by the host, and being usually unchanged during the whole evening—though "this severity was sometimes mitigated," in the language of the Marquis de Chastellux—and the supper was served about midnight. Talleyrand, in later years, looking back on the Philadelphia of that period, found its luxury a theme for sarcasm in quality as

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well as quantity: *Leur luxe est affreux*, he said. Going beyond the strict circles of fashion, we find that some social peculiarities which we regard as recent seem to have existed in full force at the very foundation of the republic. The aversion of white Americans to domestic service, the freedom given to young girls, the habit of eating hot bread—these form the constant theme of remark by the French visitors in the time of Washington. In some physiological matters American habits are now unquestionably modified for the better. Chastellux reports that at the best dinners of the period there was usually but one course besides the dessert; and Volney describes people as drinking very strong tea immediately after this meal, and closing the evening with a supper of salt meat. At other points, again, the national traits seem to have been bewilderingly transformed by the century that has since passed. The Chevalier de Beaujour describes Americans as usually having ruddy complexions, but without delicacy of feature or play of expression; whereas all these characteristics will be found by the testimony of later travellers to be now precisely reversed, the features having grown more delicate, the expression vivacious, and the complexion pale.

The standard of women's education was still low, and in society they had to rely on native talent and the conversation of clever men; yet Mercy Warren's history had been accepted as a really able work, and Phillis Wheatley's poems had passed for a phenomenon. Mrs. Morton, of Massachusetts, also, under the name of "Philenia," had published a poem called "Beacon Hill," of which Robert Treat Paine, himself a man of ability, had written in this admiring strain:

> "Beacon shall live, the theme of future lays,
> Philenia bids; obsequious time obeys.
> Beacon shall live, embalmed in verse sublime,
> The new Parnassus of a nobler clime."

The original beacon has long since fallen; the hill to which it gave its name has been much cut down; but the fame of Philenia has been yet more sadly obliterated. Yet she and such as she undoubtedly contributed to the vague suspicions of monarchical design which began to array themselves against Washington. For did not these tuneful people write birthday odes to him; and were not birthday odes clearly monarchical?

Great men are sometimes influenced by minor considerations. It is probable that Washington's desire to retire from the Presidency after one term was largely due to the public criticisms on things so innocent as these melodious flatteries and Mrs. Washington's receptions. But he was still overwhelmingly popular, and his re-election in 1792 was unanimous, John Adams being again Vice-President, and the seat of government being still Philadelphia. It was thought at first by both Jefferson and Hamilton that the ceremony of a re-inauguration should be a wholly private one at the President's house, but it was finally decided by the cabinet that it should be public and in the Senate-chamber. Washington thus entered on a second term of office, which was destined to be far stormier than his first term. There were the Indian troubles to be settled, the whiskey insurrection in Pennsylvania to be curbed, and the balance of neutrality to be kept between France and England. The first two questions, though they seemed to belong to military matters alone, were yet complicated with politics, and the last was interwoven with the public affairs of all Europe. No President, except Abraham Lincoln, has ever yet had to deal with questions so difficult; and it is to be remembered that Lincoln had behind him the aid of national traditions already formed, while Washington dealt with a newly organized government, and had to create even the traditions.

The great scheme for filling the Northwestern Territory with settlers had seriously lagged. Great Britain still held her posts there; this encouraged the Indian tribes who had never been included in the treaty of peace. It was at this time that Kentucky earned the name of the "dark and bloody ground," more than fifteen hundred of her few pioneer settlers having been killed or captured within a few years. General Mercer was sent against them with a small body of men in 1790, and was defeated; General St. Clair was ordered out the following year, with a much larger force, and was beaten disastrously, losing nearly a thousand men and many cannon. Washington tried in vain to reach the Indians by treaty, and it took "Mad Anthony Wayne" and 5000 men to bring about peace at last. Near the site of what is now Cincinnati, Wayne made his winter camp in 1793; he built forts to strengthen his forward march, and in August, 1794, fought the battle of Maumee

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Rapids against Indians and Canadians, with the aid of 1100 Kentucky volunteers. In this battle he completely and finally routed the Miami Indians, with a loss of but 100 men, and within sight of a British fort; and he forced the Indians to cease hostilities. On August 3, 1795, Wayne stood in presence of more than a thousand Indians at one of his forts, now Greenville, Ohio, and there made a treaty which put an end to the Indian wars. This, with the provisions of Jay's treaty with England, made in the previous year, flung open the Western country to the tide of settlers.

Jay's treaty with England (November 19, 1794) was the turning-point of the personal popularity of Washington. From that time a large and increasing minority opposed him with all the bitterness of the period; that is, furiously. The treaty secured the withdrawal of the British garrisons from the Northwest, and it guaranteed payment from the British treasury for all illegal captures—a payment that amounted to ten millions of dollars. So far it might have been popular, but it provided also for the payment of all debts owed by Americans to British subjects before the Revolution, and this would have been enough to make it unpalatable. But it also had to encounter the rising sympathy for France, and this led to the most vehement opposition. The indignation against it broke out in mobs. Jay was burned or hanged in effigy in several cities; Adams was in one case hanged beside him, with a purse of English guineas in his hand; and the treaty itself was burned in Philadelphia by a mob of ten thousand people, before the windows of the British Minister. Hamilton, in speaking for it at a public meeting in New York, was assailed by a volley of stones. "Gentlemen," he said, "if you use such strong arguments, I must retire." But he only retired to write a series of papers in defense of the treaty, which secured its ratification by just the needful two-thirds vote, after a fortnight of discussion.

The French Revolution, passing from its period of promise into its epoch of terror, had divided American feeling as it had not before been separated. This formidable French question had ceased to be a mere test of political sympathy; it was a matter of social feeling as well. England was the traditional enemy of the nation; France the traditional friend; yet France was causing horror to the world, while England stood for established order. Those who had tried to save the American experiment by keeping as near the English constitution as possible might well point to France as the example of the opposite method. Accordingly, the Federalists, who comprised the wealthier and more prominent class of the nation, renewed their fidelity to the English traditions. They called the Democrats *sans culottes*, and regarded them not merely as belonging to the less educated and less dignified class—which was true—but as socially polluted and degraded. When the President's wife found that her granddaughter, Nelly Custis, had been receiving a guest in her absence, she asked who it was; then noticing a stain where a head had rested against the straw-colored wall-paper, she exclaimed: "It was no Federalist: none but a filthy Democrat would mark the wall with his good-for-nothing head in that manner." Such remarks when repeated did not conduce to the amenities of life.

Yet the good lady had plenty of provocation. Much could be pardoned to a wife who had seen on printed handbills the coarse wood-cuts that represented her husband as placed upon the guillotine like the French King. Such a caricature, when injudiciously shown by Knox to Washington at a cabinet meeting, drove him into "a transport of passion," according to the not always trustworthy record of Jefferson; how, then, could his wife be indifferent to it? There was really nothing serious to quarrel about in the home affairs of the country. The charge of monarchical tendencies amounted to nothing; the clear-headed Oliver Wolcott wrote that he could not find a man of sense who seriously believed it; and yet Washington was abused as if he carried a crown in his pocket. These attacks came most furiously from the poet Freneau in his *National Gazette*, established October 31, 1791; and Jefferson, in whose office Freneau was translating clerk, declared that this newspaper had saved the constitution, which was "galloping fast into monarchy," that it had "checked the career of the Monocrats," and the like. Washington must have chafed all the more under these attacks because the editor, with persistent and painful courtesy, sent him four copies of every issue—a refinement of cruelty such as our milder times can hardly parallel.

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All these troubles were exasperated by the arrival, on April 9, 1793, of the first envoy of the new French republic, M. Genet. He was received with a display of enthusiasm that might have turned any man's head, and his apparently needed no turning. His journey from Charleston, South Carolina, to Philadelphia was like the reception of Lafayette; all the triumphant rights of man were supposed to be embodied in him, and the airs he took upon himself seem now incredible. He undertook to fit out privateers upon American soil, and to bring prizes into American ports for condemnation by French consuls; and when Washington checked this, he threatened to appeal from Washington to the people. The nation was instantly divided into two parties, and whatever extravagances the French sympathizers might commit, the Federalists doubled them in imagination. They sincerely believed that all sorts of horrors were transacted at the banquets given to Genet; that the guests in turn wore the red revolutionary cap—the *bonnet rouge;* that a roasted pig received the name of the slain King of France, and that the severed head was offered in turn to each guest, who exclaimed, theatrically, "Tyrant!" and struck it with his knife. These stories may have been chiefly false, but they produced as much effect as if they had been true. On the other hand, Genet himself behaved so foolishly and insolently that Jefferson himself had to abandon his cause. "If our citizens," he wrote, "have not already been shedding each other's blood, it is not owing to the moderation of Mr. Genet." Jefferson himself assented to Washington's proclamation of neutrality (April 22, 1793), though he rejoiced that it was not issued under that precise name. Indeed, throughout the excitement, Jefferson seems to have contributed only the needful influence to do justice to the French view of the question, and was less extravagant in that way than Hamilton on the other side.

But after all these extravagances, real or reputed, it was natural that every outbreak should be charged to the "democratic societies." Washington thought that they instigated the Whiskey Insurrection which arose in Pennsylvania in 1794 against the excise laws—an insurrection which denounced such laws as "the horror of all free states," and went so far as to threaten separation from the Union. It was Hamilton who had framed the law which caused the revolt, and Hamilton contributed the admirable suggestion by which it was quelled. His plan was to call out so large a force as instantly to overawe the insurrection and crush it without firing a shot. Washington accordingly summoned out 13,000 militia, and the work was done. Unfortunately it led to the reaction which usually follows a complete strategic success—people turn round and say that there never was any danger. The most skillful victories even in war are the bloodless ones, but it is apt to be bloodshed alone that wins laurels. It happened thus in this case. Jefferson declared the affair to have been merely a riot, and not nearly so bad as the excise law which created it; he held to the theory which he had announced during Shays's rebellion, that occasional popular violence was a good remedy for too much government.

We think of these times as purer than the present; yet the perennial moaning over the decline of the republic had already begun in the first decade of its existence. Fauchet, the French Minister who succeeded Genet, declared, truly or falsely, that Edmund Randolph, who was at first Attorney-General, but had now succeeded Jefferson as Secretary of State, had come to him and asked for a bribe to espouse the French side. "Thus," said the indignant Frenchman, "the consciences of the pretended patriots of America have already their prices. What will be the old age of this government if it is thus already decrepit?" And as to political violence, the habitual abuse of Washington went on increasing; the Democratic Republicans spoke of him habitually in their private meetings as "Montezuma"; they allowed him neither uprightness, nor pecuniary honesty, nor military ability, nor even personal courage. He himself wrote that every act of his administration was tortured, and the grossest misrepresentations made "in such exaggerated and indecent terms as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, to a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket."

His farewell address was made public in September, 1796, and he met Congress December 7, for the last time. The electoral votes, as counted by the Senate in the following February (1797), showed John Adams, of Massachusetts, to have the highest number, and he was declared President-elect; while Jefferson, who had the

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next number, was pronounced to be the Vice-President-elect, according to a constitutional provision since altered. On his last day in office Washington wrote to Knox comparing himself to "the weary traveller who sees a resting-place, and is bending his body to lean thereon. To be suffered to do this in peace," he added, "is too much to be endured by some." Accordingly, on that very day a Philadelphia newspaper dismissed him with a final tirade, worth remembering by all who think that political virulence is on the increase:

"'Lord now lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation!' This was the exclamation of a man who saw a flood of blessedness breaking in upon mankind. If ever there was a time that allowed this exclamation to be repeated, that time is the present. The man who is the source of all our country's misery is this day reduced to the rank of his fellow-citizens, and has no longer the power to multiply the woes of these United States. Now more than ever is the time to rejoice. Every heart which feels for the liberty and happiness of the people must now beat with rapture at the thought that this day the name of Washington ceases to give currency to injustice and to legalize corruption. . . . When we look back upon the eight years of Washington's administration, it strikes us with astonishment that one man could thus poison the principles of republicanism among our enlightened people, and carry his designs against the public liberty so far as to endanger its very existence. Yet such is the fact, and if this is apparent to all, this day should form a jubilee in the United States."

DAVID POINDEXTER'S DISAPPEARANCE.

AMONG the records of the English state trials are to be found many strange stories, which would, as the phrase is, make the fortune of a modern novelist. But there are also numerous cases, not less stimulating to imagination and curiosity, which never attained more than local notoriety, of which the law was able to take but comparatively small cognizance, although they became subjects of much unofficial discussion and mystification. Among these cases none, perhaps, is better worth recalling than that of David Poindexter. It will be my aim here to tell the tale as simply and briefly as possible—to repeat it, indeed, very much as it came to my ears while living, several years ago, near the scene in which its events took place. There is a temptation to amplify it, and to give it a more recent date and a different setting; but (other considerations aside) the story might lose in force and weight more than it would thereby gain in artistic balance and smoothness.

David Poindexter was a younger son of an old and respected family in Sussex, England. He was born in London in 1785. He was educated at Oxford, with a view to his entering the clerical profession, and in the year 1810 he obtained a living in the little town of Witton, near Twickenham, known historically as the home of Sir John Suckling. The Poindexters had been much impoverished by the excesses of David's father and grandfather, and David seems to have had few or no resources beyond the very modest stipend appertaining to his position. He was, at all events, poor, though possessed of capacities which bade fair to open to him some of the higher prizes of his calling; but, on the other hand, there is evidence that he chafed at his poverty, and reason to believe that he had inherited no small share of the ill-regulated temperament which had proved so detrimental to the elder generations of his family.

Personally he was a man of striking aspect, having long dark hair, heavily marked eyebrows, and blue eyes; his mouth and chin were graceful in contour, but wanting in resolution; his figure was tall, well knit, and slender. He was an eloquent preacher, and capable, when warmed by his subject, of powerfully affecting the emotions of his congregation. He was a great favorite with the women—whom, however, he uniformly treated with coldness—and by no means unpopular with the men, toward some of whom he manifested much less reserve. Nevertheless, before the close of the second year of his incumbency he was known to be paying his addresses to a young lady of the neighborhood, Miss Edith Saltine, the only child of an ex-army officer. The colonel was a widower, and in poor health, and since he was living mainly on his half-pay, and had very little to give his daughter, the affair was looked upon as a love match, the rather since Edith was a hand-

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some young woman of charming character. The Reverend David Poindexter certainly had every appearance of being deeply in love; and it is often seen that the passions of reserved men, when once aroused, are stronger than those of persons more generally demonstrative.

Colonel Saltine did not at first receive his proposed son-in-law with favor. He was a valetudinarian, and accustomed to regard his daughter as his nurse by right, and he resented the idea of her leaving him forlorn for the sake of a good-looking parson. It is very likely that his objections might have had the effect of breaking off the match, for his daughter was devotedly attached to him, and hardly questioned his right to dispose of her as he saw fit; but after a while the worthy gentleman seems to have thought better of his contrariness. Poindexter had strong persuasive powers, and no doubt made himself personally agreeable to the colonel, and, moreover, it was arranged that the latter should occupy the same house with Mr. and Mrs. Poindexter after they were married. Nevertheless, the colonel was not a man to move rapidly, and the engagement had worn along for nearly a year without the wedding day having been fixed. One winter evening in the early part of December Poindexter dined with the colonel and Edith, and as the gentlemen were sitting over their wine the lover spoke on the topic that was uppermost in his thoughts, and asked his host whether there were any good reason why the marriage should not be consummated at once.

"Christmas is at hand," the young man remarked; "why should it not be rendered doubly memorable by granting this great boon?"

"For a parson, David, you are a deuced impatient man," the colonel said.

"Parsons are human," the other exclaimed, with warmth.

"Humph! I suppose some of them are. In fact, David, if I didn't believe that there was something more in you than texts and litanies and the Athanasian creed, I'll be hanged if I'd ever have let you look twice at Edith. That girl has got blood in her veins, David; she's not to be thrown away on any lantern-jawed, white-livered doctor of souls, I can tell you."

David held his head down, and seemed not to intend a reply; but he suddenly raised his eyes, and fixed them upon the colonel's. "You know what my father was," he said, in a low, distinct voice; "I am my father's son."

"That idea has occurred to me more than once, David, and to say the truth, I've liked you none the less for it. But then, what the deuce should a fellow like you want to do in a pulpit? I respect the cloth as much as any man, I hope, but leaving theory aside, and coming down to practice, aren't there fools and knaves enough in the world to carry on that business, without a fellow of heart and spirit like you going into it?"

"Theory or no theory, there have been as great men in the pulpit as in any other position," said David, gloomily.

"I don't say to the contrary: ecclesiastical history, and all that: but what I do say is, if a man is great in the pulpit, it's a pity he isn't somewhere else, where he could use his greatness to more advantage."

"Well," remarked David, in the same sombre tone, "I am not contented: so much I can admit to the father of the woman I love. But you know as well as I do that men nowadays are called to my profession not so much by the Divine summons as by the accident of birth. Were it not for the law of primogeniture, Colonel Saltine, the Church of England would be, for the most part, a congregation without a clergyman."

"Gad! I'm much of your opinion," returned the colonel, with a grin; "but there are two doors, you know, for a second son to enter the world by. If he doesn't fancy a cassock, he can put on his Majesty's uniform."

"Neither the discipline nor the activity of a soldier's life would suit me," David answered. "So far as I know my own nature, what it craves is freedom, and the enjoyment of its capacities. Only under such conditions could I show what I am capable of. In other words," he added, with a short laugh, "ten thousand a year is the profession I should choose."

"Ah," murmured the colonel, heaving a sigh, "I doubt that's a profession we'd all of us like to practice as well as preach. What! no more wine? Oh, ay, Edith, of course! Well, go to her, sir, if you must; but when you come to my age you'll have found out which wears the best—woman or the bottle. I'll join you presently, and maybe we'll see what can be done about this marrying business."

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So David went to Edith, and they had a clear hour together before they heard the colonel's slippered tread hobbling through the hall. Just before he opened the door, David had said,

"I sometimes doubt whether you wholly love me, after all." And she had answered,

"If I do not, it is because I sometimes feel as if you were not your real self."

The colonel heard nothing of this odd bit of dialogue; but when he had subsided, with his usual grunt, into his arm-chair beside the fire-place, and Edith had brought him his foot-stool and his pipe, and put the velvet skull-cap on his bald pate, he drew a long whiff of tobacco smoke, and said,

"If you young folks want to set up housekeeping a month from to-day, you can do it, for all I care."

Little did any one of the three suspect what that month was destined to bring forth.

David Poindexter's father had been married twice, his second wife dying within a year of her wedding day, and two weeks after bringing David into the world. This lady, whose maiden name was Lambert, had a brother who was a gentleman farmer, and a tolerably successful one. His farm was situated in the parish of Witton, and he owned a handsome house on the outskirts of the town itself. He and David's father had been at one time great friends, insomuch that David was named after him, and Lambert, as his godfather as well as uncle, presented the child with the usual silver mug. Lambert was never known to have married, but there were rumors, dating as far back as David's earliest recollections, to the effect that he had entertained a secret and obscure passion for some foreign woman of great beauty, but of doubtful character and antecedents. Nobody could be found who had ever seen this woman, or would accept the responsibility of asserting that she actually existed; but she afforded a convenient means of accounting for many things that seemed mysterious in Mr. Lambert's conduct. At length, when David was about eight years old, his godfather left England abruptly, and without telling any one whither he was going or when he would return. As a matter of fact he never did return, nor had any certain news ever been heard of him since his departure. Neither his house nor his farm was ever sold, however, though they were rented to more than one tenant during a number of years. It was said, also, that Lambert held possession of some valuable real estate in London. Nevertheless, in process of time he was forgotten, or remembered only as a name. And the new generation of men, though they might speak of "the old Lambert House," neither knew nor cared how it happened to have that title. For aught they could tell, it might have borne it ever since Queen Elizabeth's time. Even David Poindexter had long ceased to think of his uncle as anything much more substantial than a dream.

He was all the more surprised, therefore, when, on the day following the interview just mentioned, he received a letter from the late David Lambert's lawyers. It informed him in substance that his uncle had died in Constantinople, unmarried (so far as could be ascertained), intestate, and without blood-relations surviving him. Under these circumstances, his property, amounting to one hundred and sixty thousand pounds, the bulk of which was invested in land and houses in the city of London, as well as the country-seat in Witton known as the old Lambert House, and the farm lands thereto appertaining — all this wealth, not to mention four or five thousand pounds in ready money, came into possession of the late David Lambert's nearest of kin, who, as it appeared, was none other than the Reverend David Poindexter. Would that gentleman, therefore, be kind enough, at his convenience, to advise his obedient servants as to what disposition he wished to make of his inheritance?

It was a Saturday morning, and the young clergyman was sitting at his study table; the fire was burning in the grate at his right hand, and his half-written sermon lay on the desk before him. After reading the letter, at first hurriedly and amazedly, afterward more slowly, with frequent pauses, he folded it up, and, still holding it in his hand, leaned back in his chair, and remained for the better part of an hour in a state of deep preoccupation. Many changing expressions passed across his face, and glowed in his dark blue eyes, and trembled on the curves of his lips. At last he roused himself, sat erect, and smote the table violently with his clinched hand. Yes, it was true—it was real; he, David Poindexter, an hour ago the poor imprisoned clergyman of the

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Church of England—he, as by a stroke of magic, was free, powerful, emancipated, the heir of seven thousand pounds a year! And what about to-morrow's sermon?

He rose up smiling, with a vivid color in his cheeks and a bright sparkle in his eyes. He stretched himself to his full height, threw out his arms, and smote his chest with both fists. What a load was gone from his heart! What a new ardor of life was this that danced in his veins! He walked with long strides to the window, and threw it wide open, breathing in the rush of bright icy air with deep inhalations. Freedom! emancipation! Yonder, above the dark level boughs of the cedar of Lebanon, rose the square gray tower of the church. Yesterday it was the incubus of his vain hopes; to-day it was the tomb of a dead and despised past. What had David Poindexter to do with calling sinners to repentance? Let him first find out for himself what sin was like. Then he looked to the right, where between the leafless trees Colonel Saltine's little dwelling raised its red-tiled roof above the high garden wall. And so, Edith, you doubted whether I were at all times my real self? You shall not need to make that complaint hereafter. As for to-morrow's sermon—I am not he who wrote sermons, nor shall I ever preach any. Away with it, therefore!

He strode back to the table, took up the sheets of manuscript from the desk, tore them across, and laid them on the burning coals. They smouldered for a moment, then blazed up, and the draught from the open window whisked the blackened ashes up the chimney. David stood meanwhile with his arms folded, smiling to himself, and repeating, in a low voice,

"Never again—never again—never again."

By-and-by he reseated himself at his desk, and hurriedly wrote two or three notes, one of which was directed to Miss Saltine. He gave them to his servant, with an injunction to deliver them at their addresses during the afternoon. Looking at his watch, he was surprised to find that it was already past twelve o'clock. He went upstairs, packed a small portmanteau, made some changes in his dress, and came down again with a buoyant step. There was a decanter half full of sherry on the sideboard in the dining-room; he poured out and drank two glasses in succession. This done, he put on his hat, and left the house with his portmanteau in his hand, and ten minutes later he had intercepted the London coach, and was bowling along on his way to the city.

There was a dramatic instinct in David, as in many eloquent men of impressionable temperament, which caused him every now and then to look upon all that was occurring as a sort of play, and to resolve to act his part in a telling and picturesque manner. On that Saturday afternoon he had an interview with the late Mr. Lambert's lawyers, and they were struck by his calm, lofty, and indifferent bearing. He seemed to regard worldly prosperity as a thing beneath him, yet to feel in a half-impatient way the responsibility which the control of wealth forced upon him.

"It is my purpose not to allow this legacy to interfere permanently with my devotion to my higher duties," he remarked, "but I have taken measures to enable myself to place these affairs upon a fixed and convenient footing. I presume," he added, fixing his eyes steadily upon his interlocutor, "that you have thoroughly investigated the possibility of there being any claimant nearer than myself?"

"No such claimant could exist," the lawyer replied, "unless the late Mr. Lambert had married and had issue."

"Is there, then, any reason to suppose that he contemplated the contingency that has happened?"

"If he bestowed any thought at all upon the subject, that contingency could hardly have failed to present itself to his mind," the lawyer answered.

David consented to receive the draft for a thousand pounds which was tendered him, and took his leave. He returned to his rooms at the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden. In the evening, after making some changes in his costume, he went to the theatre, and saw Kean play something of Shakspeare's. When the play was over, and he was out in the frosty air again, he felt it impossible to sleep. It was after midnight before he returned to his hotel, with flushed cheeks, and a peculiar brilliance in his eyes. He slept heavily, but awoke early in the morning with a slight feeling of feverishness. It was Sunday morning. He thought of his study in the parsonage at Witton, with its bright fire, its simplicity, its repose. He thought of the church, and of the congregation which

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he would never face again. And Edith—what had been her thoughts and dreams during the night? He got up, and went to the window. It looked out upon a narrow inclosed court. The sky was dingy, the air was full of the muffled tumult of the city. His present state, as to its merely external aspect, was certainly not so agreeable as that of the morning before. Ay, but what a vista had opened now which then was closed! David dressed himself, and went down to his breakfast. While sitting at his table in the window, looking out upon the market-place, and stirring his cup of Mocha, a gentleman came up and accosted him.

"Am I mistaken, or is your name Poindexter?"

David looked up, and recognized Harwood Courtney, a son of Lord Derwent. Courtney was a man of fashion, a member of the great clubs, and a man, as they say, with a reputation. He was a good twenty years older than David, and had been the companion of the latter's father in some of his wildest escapades. To David, at this moment, he was the representative and symbol of that great, splendid, unregenerate world with which it was his purpose to make acquaintance.

"You are not mistaken, Mr. Courtney," he said, quietly. "Have you breakfasted? It is some time since we have met."

"Why, yes, egad! If I remember right, you were setting out on another road than that which I was travelling. However, we sinners, you know, depend upon you parsons to pull us up in time to prevent any—er—any *very* serious catastrophe! Ha! ha!"

"I understand you; but, for my part, I have left the pulpit," said David, uttering the irrevocable words with a carelessness which he himself wondered at.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Courtney, with a little intonation of surprise and curiosity, which his good-breeding prevented him from formulating more explicitly. As David made no rejoinder, he presently continued, "Then—er—perhaps you might find it in your way to dine with me this evening. Only one or two friends—a very quiet Sunday party."

"Thank you," said David. "I had intended going to bed betimes to-night; but it will give me pleasure to meet a quiet party."

"Then that's settled," exclaimed Courtney; "and meanwhile, if you've finished your coffee, what do you say to a turn in the Row? I've got my trap here, and a breath of air will freshen us up."

David and Courtney spent the day together, and by evening the young ex-clergyman had made the acquaintance of many of the leading men about town. He had also allowed the fact to transpire that his pecuniary standing was of the soundest kind; but this was done so skillfully—with such a lofty air—that even Courtney, who was as cynical as any man, was by no means convinced that David's change of fortune had anything to do with his relinquishing the pulpit. "David Poindexter is no fool," he remarked, confidentially, to a friend. "He has double the stuff in him that the old fellow had. You must get up early to get the better of a man who has been a parson, and seen through himself!"

David, in fact, felt himself the superior, intellectually and by nature, of most of the men he saw. He penetrated and comprehended them, but to them he was impenetrable; a certain air of authority rested upon him; he had abandoned the service of God, but the training whereby he had fitted himself for it stood him in good stead: it had developed his insight, his subtlety, and, strange to say, his powers of dissimulation. Contrary to what is popularly supposed, his study of the affairs of the other world had enabled him to deal with this world's affairs with a half-contemptuous facility. As for the minor technicalities, the social pass-words, and so forth, to which much importance is generally ascribed, David had nothing to fear from them; first, because he was a man of noble manners, naturally as well as by cultivation; and secondly, because the fact that he had been a clergyman acted as a sort of breastplate against criticism. It would be thought that he chose to appear ignorant of that which he really knew.

As for Mr. Courtney's dinner, though it may doubtless have been a quiet one from his point of view, it differed considerably from such Sunday festivities as David had been accustomed to. A good deal of wine was drunk, and the conversation (a little cautious at first, on David's account) gradually thawed into freedom. It was late when they rose from table; and then a proposition was made to go to a certain well-known club in St. James's Street. David went with the rest, and, for the

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first time in his life, played cards for money; he lost seven hundred pounds—more money than he had handled during the last three years—but kept his head, and at three o'clock in the morning drove with Courtney to the latter's lodgings, with five hundred pounds in his pocket over and above the sum with which he had begun to play. Here was a wonderful change in his existence; but it did not seem to him half so wonderful as his reason told him it was. It seemed natural—as if, after much wandering, he had at last found his way into the place where he belonged. It is said that savages, educated from infancy amidst civilized surroundings, will, on breathing once more their native air, tear off their clothes and become savages again. Somewhat similar may have been David's case, who, inheriting in a vivid degree the manly instincts of his forefathers, had forcibly and by constraint of circumstances lived a life wholly opposed to these impulses—an artificial life, therefore. But now at length he had come into his birthright, and felt at home.

One episode of the previous evening remained in his memory: it had produced an effect upon him out of proportion with its apparent significance. A gentleman, a guest at the dinner, a small man with sandy hair and keen gray eyes, on being presented to David had looked at him with an expression of shrewd perplexity, and said:

"Have we not met before?"

"It is possible, but I confess I do not recollect it," replied David.

"The name was not Poindexter," continued the other, "but the face—pardon me—I could have taken my oath to."

"Where did this meeting take place?" asked David, smiling.

"In Paris, at ——'s," said the gray-eyed gentleman (mentioning the name of a well-known French nobleman).

"You are quite certain of that?"

"Yes. It was but a month since."

"I was never in Paris. For three years I have hardly been out of sight of London," David answered. "What was your friend's name?"

"It has slipped my memory," he replied. "An Italian name, I fancy. But he was a man—pardon me—of very striking appearance, and I conversed with him for more than an hour."

Now it is by no means an uncommon occurrence for two persons to bear a close resemblance to each other, but (aside from the fact that David was anything but an ordinary-looking man) this mistake of his new acquaintance affected him oddly. He involuntarily associated it with the internal and external transformation which had happened to him, and said to himself:

"This counterpart of mine was prophetic: he was what I am to be—what I am." And fantastic though the notion was, he could not rid himself of it.

David returned to Witton about the middle of the week. In the interval he had taken measures to make known to those concerned the revolution of his affairs, and to have the old Lambert mansion opened, and put in some sort of condition for his reception. He had gone forth on foot, an unknown, poor, and humble clergyman; he returned driving behind a pair of horses, by far the most important personage in the town; and yet this outward change was far less great than the change within. His reception could scarcely be called cordial; though not wanting in the technical respect and ceremony due to him as a gentleman of wealth and influence, he could perceive a half-concealed suspense and misgiving, due unmistakably to his attitude as a recreant clergyman. In fact, his worthy parishioners were in a terrible quandary how to reconcile their desire to stand well with their richest fellow-townsman and their dismayed recognition of that townsman's scandalous professional conduct. David smiled at this, but it made him bitter too. He had intended once more to call the congregation together, and frankly to explain to them the reasons, good or bad, which had induced him to withdraw from active labor in the church. But now he determined to preserve a proud and indifferent silence. There was only one person who had a right to call him to account, and it was not without fearfulness that he looked forward to his meeting with her. However, the sooner such fears are put at rest the better, and he called upon Edith on the evening of his arrival. Her father had been in bed for two days with a cold, and she was sitting alone in the little parlor.

She rose at his entrance, with a deep blush, and a look of mixed gladness and anxiety. Her eyes swiftly noted the change in his dress, for he had considera-

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bly modified, though not as yet wholly laid aside, the external marks of his profession. She held back from him with a certain strangeness and timidity, so that he did not kiss her cheek, but only her hand. The first words of greeting were constrained and conventional, but at last he said:

"All is changed, Edith, except our love for each other."

"I do not hold you to that," she answered, quickly.

"But you can not turn me from it," he said, with a smile.

"I do not know you yet," said she, looking away.

"When I last saw you, you said you doubted whether I were my real self. I have become my real self since then."

"Because you are not what you were, it does not follow that you are what you should be."

"Surely, Edith, that is not reasonable. I was what circumstances forced me to be, henceforth I shall be what God made me."

"Did God, then, have no hand in those circumstances?"

"Not more, at all events, than in these."

Edith shook her head. "God does not absolve us from holy vows."

"But how if I can not, with loyalty to my inner conscience, hold to those vows?" exclaimed David, with more warmth. "I have long felt that I was not fitted for this sacred calling. Before the secret tribunal of my self-knowledge, I have stood charged with the sin of hypocrisy. It has been God's will that I be delivered from that sin."

"Why did you not say that before, David?" she demanded, looking at him. "Why did you remain a hypocrite until it was for your worldly benefit to abandon your trust? Can you say, on your word of honor, that you would stand where you do now if you were still poor instead of rich?"

"Men's eyes are to some extent opened and their views are confirmed by events. They make our dreams and forebodings into realities. We question in our minds, and events give us the answers."

"Such an argument might excuse any villainy," said Edith, lifting her head indignantly.

"Villainy! Do you use that word to me?" exclaimed David.

"Not unless your own heart bids me—and I do not know your heart."

"Because you do not love me!"

"You may be right," replied Edith, striving to steady her voice; "but at least I believed I loved you."

"You are cured of that belief, it seems—as I am cured of many foolish faiths," said David, with gloomy bitterness. "Well, so be it! The love that waits upon a fastidious conscience is never the deepest love. My love is not of that complexion. Were it possible that the shadow of sin, or of crime itself, could descend upon you, it would but render you dearer to me than before."

"You may break my heart, David, if you will," cried the girl, tremulously, yet resolutely, "but I reverence love more than I love you."

David had turned away as if to leave the room, but he paused and confronted her once more.

"At any rate, we will understand each other," said he. "Do you make it your condition that I should go back to the ministry?"

Edith was still seated, but the condition of the crisis compelled her to rise. She stood before him, her dark eyes downcast, her lips trembling, nervously drawing the fingers of one hand through the clasp of the other. She was tempted to yield to him, for she could imagine no happiness in life without him; but a rare sanity and integrity of mind made her perceive that he had pushed the matter to a false alternative. It was not a question of preaching or not preaching sermons, but of sinful apostacy from an upright life. At last she raised her eyes, which shone like dark jewels in her pale countenance, and said, slowly, "We had better part."

"Then my sins be upon your head!" cried David, passionately.

The blood mounted to her cheeks at the injustice of this rejoinder, but she either could not or would not answer again. She remained erect and proud until the door had closed between them; what she did after that neither David nor any one else knew.

The apostate David seems to have determined that, if she were to bear the burden of his sins, they should be neither few nor light. His life for many weeks after this interview was a scandal and a disgrace. The old Lambert mansion was the scene of carousals and excesses such

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as recalled the exploits of the monks of Medmenham. Harwood Courtney, and a score of dissolute gentlemen like him, not to speak of other visitors, thronged the old house day and night; drinking, gaming, and yet wilder doings gave the sober little town no rest, till the Reverend David Poindexter was commonly referred to as the Wicked Parson. Meanwhile Edith Saltine bore herself with a grave, pale impassiveness, which some admired, others wondered at, and others deemed an indication that she had no heart. If she had not, so much the better for her; for her father was almost as difficult to manage as David himself. The old gentleman could neither comprehend nor forgive what seemed to him his daughter's immeasurable perversity. One day she had been all for marrying a poor, unknown preacher; and the next day, when to marry him meant to be the foremost lady in the neighborhood, she dismissed him without appeal. And the worst of it was that, much as the poor colonel's mouth watered at the feasts and festivities of the Lambert mansion, he was prevented by the fatality of his position from taking any part in them. So Edith could find no peace either at home or abroad; and if it dwelt not in her own heart, she was indeed forlorn.

What may have been the cost of all this dissipation it was difficult to say, but several observant persons were of opinion that the parson's income could not long stand it. There were rumors that he had heavy bills owing in several quarters, which he could pay only by realizing some of his investments. On the other hand, it was said that he played high and constantly, and usually had the devil's luck. But it is impossible to gauge the truth of such stories, and the Wicked Parson himself took no pains either to deny or confirm them. He was always the loudest, the gayest, and the most reckless of his company, and the leader and inspirer of all their wild proceedings; but it was noticed that, though he laughed often, he never smiled; and that his face, when in repose, bore traces of anything but happiness. For some cause or other, moreover —but whether maliciously or remorsefully was open to question—he never entirely laid aside his clerical garb; he seemed either to delight in profaning it, or to retain it as the reminder and scourge of his own wickedness.

One night there was a great gathering up at the mansion, and the noise and music were kept up till well past the small hours of the morning. Gradually the guests departed, some going toward London, some elsewhere. At last only Harwood Courtney remained, and he and David sat down in the empty dining-room, disorderly with the remains of the carousal, to play picquet. They played, with short intermissions, for nearly twenty-four hours. At last David threw down his cards, and said, quietly:

"Well, that's all. Give me until to-morrow."

"With all the pleasure in life, my boy," replied the other; "and your revenge too, if you like. Meanwhile, the best thing we can do is to take a nap."

"You may do so if you please," said David; "for my part, I must take a turn on horseback first. I can never sleep till I have breathed fresh air."

They parted accordingly, Courtney going to his room, and David to the stables, whence he presently issued, mounted on his bay mare, and rode eastward. On his way he passed Colonel Saltine's house, and drew rein for a moment beside it, looking up at Edith's window. It was between four and five o'clock of a morning in early April; the sky was clear, and all was still and peaceful. As he sat in the saddle looking up, the blind of the window was raised and the sash itself opened, and Edith, in her white night dress, with her heavy brown hair falling round her face and on her shoulders, gazed out. She regarded him with a half-bewildered expression, as if doubting of his reality. For a moment they remained thus; then he waved his hand to her with a wild gesture of farewell, and rode on, passing immediately out of sight behind the dark foliage of the cedar of Lebanon.

On reaching the London high-road the horseman paused once more, and seemed to hesitate what course to pursue; but finally he turned to the right, and rode in a southerly direction. The road wound gently, and dipped and rose to cross low hills; trees bordered the way on each side; and as the sun rose they threw long shadows westward, while the birds warbled and twittered in the fields and hedges. By-and-by a clump of woodland came into view about half a mile off, the road passing through the midst of it. As David entered it at one end, he saw, advan-

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cing toward him through the shade and sunlight, a rider mounted on a black horse. The latter seemed to be a very spirited animal, and as David drew near, it suddenly shied and reared so violently that any but a practiced horseman would have been unseated. No catastrophe occurred, however, and a moment afterward the two cavaliers were face to face. No sooner had their eyes met than, as if by a common impulse, they both drew rein, and sat staring at each other with a curiosity which merged into astonishment. At length the stranger on the black horse gave a short laugh, and said:

"I perceive that the same strange thing has struck us both, sir. If you won't consider it uncivil, I should like to know who you are. My name is Giovanni Lambert."

"Giovanni Lambert," repeated David, with a slight involuntary movement: "unless I am mistaken, I have heard mention of you. But you are not Italian?"

"Only on my mother's side. But you have the advantage of me."

"You will understand that I could not have heard of you without feeling a strong desire to meet you," said David, dismounting as he spoke. "It is, I think, the only desire left me in the world. I had marked this wood, as I came along, as an inviting place to rest in. Would it suit you to spend an hour here, where we can converse better at our ease than in saddle? or does time press you? As for me, I have little more to do with time."

"I am at your service, sir, with pleasure," returned the other, leaping lightly to the ground, and revealing by the movement a pair of small pistols attached to the belt beneath his blue riding surtout. "It was in my mind, also, to stretch my legs and take a pull at my pipe, for, early as it is, I have ridden far this morning."

At the point where they had halted a green lane branched off into the depths of the wood, and down this they passed, leading their horses. When they were out of sight of the road they made their animals fast in such a way that they could crop the grass, and themselves reclined at the foot of a broad-limbed oak, and they remained in converse there for upward of an hour.

In fact, it must have been several hours later (for the sun was high in the heavens) when one of them issued from the wood. He was mounted on a black horse, and wore a blue surtout and high boots. After looking up and down the road, and assuring himself that no one was in sight, he turned his horse's head toward London, and set off at a round canter. Coming to a cross-road, he turned to the right, and rode for an hour in that direction, crossing the Thames near Hampton Wick. In the afternoon he entered London from the south, and put up at an obscure hostelry. Having seen his horse attended to, and eaten something himself, he went to bed, and slept soundly for eighteen hours. On awaking, he ate heartily again, and spent the rest of the day in writing and arranging a quantity of documents that were packed in his saddle-bags. The next morning early he paid his reckoning, rode across London Bridge, and shaped his course toward the west.

Meanwhile the town of Witton was in vast perturbation. When Mr. Harwood Courtney woke up, late in the afternoon, and came yawning down-stairs to get his breakfast, he learned, in answer to his inquiries, that nothing had been seen of David Poindexter since he rode away thirteen hours ago. Mr. Courtney expressed anxiety at this news, and dispatched his own valet and one of David's grooms to make investigations in the neighborhood. These two personages investigated to such good purpose that before night the whole neighborhood was aware that David Poindexter had disappeared. By the next morning it became evident that something had happened to the Wicked Parson, and some people ventured to opine that the thing which had happened to him was that he had run away. And indeed it was astonishing to find to how many worthy people this evil-minded parson was in debt. Every other man you met had a bill against the Reverend David Poindexter in his pocket; and as the day wore on, and still no tidings of the missing man were received, individuals of the sheriff and bailiff species began to be distinguishable amidst the crowd. But the great sensation was yet to come. How the report started no one knew, but toward supper-time it passed from mouth to mouth that Mr. Harwood Courtney, in the course of his twenty-four hours of picquet with Poindexter, had won from the latter not his ready money alone, but the entire property and estates that had accrued to him as nearest of kin to the late David Lambert. And it was added

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that, as the debt was a gambling transaction, and therefore not technically recoverable by process of law, Mr. Courtney was naturally very anxious for his debtor to put in an appearance. Now it so happened that this report, unlike many others ostensibly more plausible, was true in every particular.

Probably there was more gossip at the supper tables of Witton that night than in any other town of ten times the size in the United Kingdom; and it was formally agreed that Poindexter had escaped to the Continent, and would either remain in hiding there, or take passage by the first opportunity to the American colonies, or the United States, as they had now been called for some years past. Nobody defended the reverend apostate, but, on the other hand, nobody pretended to be sorry for Mr. Harwood Courtney; it was generally agreed that they had both of them got what they deserved. The only question was, What was to become of the property? Some people said it ought to belong to Edith Saltine; but of course poetical justice of that kind was not to be expected.

Edith, meanwhile, had kept herself strictly secluded. She was the last person who had seen David Poindexter, but she had mentioned the fact to no one. She was also the only person who did not believe that he had escaped, but who felt convinced that he was dead, and that he had died by his own hand. That gesture of farewell and of despair which he had made to her as he vanished behind the cedar of Lebanon had for her a significance capable of only one interpretation. Were he alive, he would have returned.

On the evening of the day following the events just recorded, the solitude of her room suddenly became terrible to Edith, and she was irresistibly impelled to dress herself and go forth in the open air. She wound a veil about her head, and, avoiding the main thoroughfare, slipped out of the town unperceived, and gained the free country. After a while she found herself approaching a large tree, which spread its branches across a narrow lane that made a short-cut to the London highway. Beneath the tree was a natural seat, formed of a fragment of stone, and here David and she had often met and sat. It was a mild, still evening; she sat down on the stone, and removed her veil. The moon, then in its first quarter, was low in the west, and shone beneath the branches of the tree.

Presently she was aware—though not by any sound—that some one was approaching, and she drew back in the shadow of the tree. Down the lane came a horseman, mounted on a tall black horse. The outline of his figure and the manner in which he rode fixed Edith's gaze as if by a spell, and made the blood hum in her ears. Nearer he came, and now his face was discernible in the level moonlight. It was impossible to mistake that countenance: the horseman was David Poindexter. His costume, however, was different from any he had ever before worn; there was nothing clerical about it; nor was that black horse from the Poindexter stables. Then, too, how noiselessly he rode!—as noiselessly as a ghost. That, however, must have been because his horse's hoofs fell on the soft turf. He rode slowly, and his head was bent as if in thought; but almost before Edith could draw her breath, much less to speak, he had passed beneath the boughs of the tree, and was riding on toward the village. Now he had vanished in the vague light and shadow, and a moment later Edith began to doubt whether her senses had not played her a trick. A superstitious horror fell upon her: what she had seen was a spirit, not living flesh and blood. She knelt down by the stone, and remained for a long time with her face hidden upon her arms, and her hands clasped, sometimes praying, sometimes wondering and fearing. At last she rose to her feet, and hastened homeward through the increasing darkness. But before she had reached her house she had discovered that what she had seen was no ghost. The whole village was in a fever of excitement.

Everybody was full of the story. An hour ago who should appear riding quietly up the village street but David Poindexter himself—at least if it were not he, it was the devil. He seemed to take little notice of the astonished glances that were thrown at him, or, at any rate, not to understand them. Instead of going to the Lambert mansion, he had alighted at the inn, and asked the innkeeper whether he might have lodging there. But when the innkeeper, who had known the reverend gentleman as well as he knew his own sign-board, had addressed him by name, the other had shaken his head, seemed

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perplexed, and had affirmed that his name was not Poindexter, but Lambert; and had added, upon further inquiry, that he was the only son of David Lambert, and was come to claim that gentleman's property, to which he was by law entitled; in proof whereof he had produced various documents, among them the certificates of his mother's marriage and of his own birth. As to David Poindexter, he declared that he knew not there was such a person; and although no man in his senses could be made to believe that David Poindexter and this so-called Lambert were twain, and not one and the same individual, the latter stoutly maintained his story, and vowed that the truth would sooner or later appear and confirm him. Meanwhile, however, one of his creditors had had him arrested for a debt of eight hundred pounds; and Harwood Courtney had seen him, and said that he was ready to pledge his salvation that the man was Poindexter and nobody else. So here the matter rested for the present. But who ever heard of so strange and audacious an attempt at imposition? The man had not even made any effort to disguise himself further than to put on a different suit of clothes and get another horse; and why, in the name of all that was inconceivable, had he come back to Witton, instead of going to any other part of the earth's surface? What could he expect here, except immediate detection, imprisonment, and ruin? Was he insane? He did not seem to be so; but that interpretation of his conduct was not only the most charitable one, but no other could be imagined that would account for the facts.

Witton slept but little that night; but who shall describe its bewilderment when, early in the morning, a constable arrived in the village with the news that the dead body of the Reverend David Poindexter had been found in some woods about fifteen miles off, and that his bay mare had been picked up grazing along the roadside not far from home! Upon the heels of this intelligence came the corpse itself, lying in a country wagon, and the bay mare trotting behind. It was taken out and placed on the table in the inn parlor, where it immediately became the centre of a crowd half crazy with curiosity and amazement. The cause of death was found to be the breaking of the vertebral column just at the base of the neck. There was no other injury on the body, and, allowing for the natural changes incident to death, the face was in every particular the face of David Poindexter. The man who called himself Lambert was now brought into the room, and made to stand beside the corpse, which he regarded with a certain calm interest. The resemblance between the two was minute and astonishing; it was found to be impossible, upon that evidence alone, to decide which was David Poindexter.

The matter was brought to trial as promptly as possible. A great number of witnesses identified the prisoner as David Poindexter, but those who had seen the corpse mostly gave their evidence an opposite inclination; and four persons (one of them the gray-eyed gentleman who has been already mentioned) swore positively that the prisoner was Giovanni Lambert, the gray-eyed gentleman adding that he had once met Poindexter, and had confidently taken him to be Lambert. An attempt was then made to prove that Lambert had murdered Poindexter; but it entirely failed, there being no evidence that the two men had ever so much as met, and there being no conceivable motive for the murder. Lambert, therefore, was permitted to enter undisturbed upon his inheritance; for he had no difficulty in establishing the fact of the elder Lambert's marriage to an Italian woman twenty-three years before. The marriage had been a secret one, and soon after a violent quarrel had taken place between the wife and husband, and they had separated. The following month Giovanni was born prematurely. He had seen his father but once. The quarrel was never made up, but Lambert sent his wife, from time to time, money enough for her support. She had died about ten years ago, and had given her son the papers to establish his identity, telling him that the day would come to use them. Giovanni had been a soldier, fighting against the French in Spain and elsewhere, and had only heard of his father's death a few weeks ago. He had thereupon come to claim his own, with the singular results that we have seen.

Here was the end of the case, so far as the law was concerned; but the real end of it is worth noting. Lambert, by his own voluntary act, paid all the legal debts contracted by Poindexter, and gave Courtney, in settlement of the gambling transaction, a sum of fifty thousand pounds.

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The remainder of his fortune, which was still considerable, he devoted almost entirely to charitable purposes, doing so much genuine good, in a manner so hearty and unassuming, that he became the object of more personal affection than falls to the lot of most philanthropists. He was of a quiet, sad, and retiring disposition, and uniformly very sparing of words. After a year or so circumstances brought it about that he and Miss Saltine were associated in some benevolent enterprise; and from that time forward they often consulted together in such matters, Lambert making her the medium of many of his benefactions. Of course the gossips were ready to predict that it would end with a marriage; and indeed it was impossible to see the two together (though both of them, and especially Edith, had altered somewhat with the passage of years) without being reminded of the former love affair in which Lambert's double had been the hero. Did this also occur to Edith? It could hardly have been otherwise, and it would be interesting to speculate on her feeling in the matter; but I have only the story to tell. At all events, they never did marry, though they became very tender friends. At the end of seven years Colonel Saltine died of jaundice; he had been failing in his mind for some time previous, and had always addressed Lambert as Poindexter, and spoken of him as his son-in-law. The year following Lambert himself died, after a brief illness. He left all his property to Edith. She survived to her seventieth year, making it the business of her life to carry out his philanthropic schemes, and she always dressed in widows' weeds. After her death, the following passage was found in one of her private journals. It refers to her last interview with Lambert, on his death-bed.

"....He smiled, and said, 'You will believe, now, that I was sincere in renouncing the ministry, though I have tried to serve the Lord in other ways than from the pulpit.' I felt a shock in my heart, and could hardly say, 'What do you mean, Mr. Lambert?' He replied, 'Surely, Edith, your soul knows, if your reason does not, that I am David Poindexter!' I could not speak. I hid my face in my hands. After a while, in separate sentences, he told me the truth. When he rode forth on that dreadful morning it was with the purpose to die. But he met on the road this Giovanni Lambert, who so marvellously resembled him, and they sat down together in the wood and talked, and Giovanni told him all the story of his life.... As Giovanni was about to mount his horse, which was very restive, he saw a violet in the grass, and stooped to pick it. The horse lashed out with its heels, and struck him in the back of the neck and killed him.... Then the idea came to David to exchange clothes with the dead man, and to take his papers, and personate him. Thus he could escape from the individuality which was his curse, and find his true self, as it were, in another person. He said, too, that his greatest hope had been to win my love and make me his wife; but he found that he could not bring himself to attempt that, unless he confessed his falsehood to me, and he had feared that this confession would turn me from him forever. I wept, and told him that my heart had been his almost from the first, because I always thought of him as David, and that I would have loved him through all things. He said, 'Then God has been more merciful to me than I deserve; but, doubtless, it is also of His mercy that we have remained unmarried.' But I was in an agony, and could not yet be reconciled. At last he said, 'Will you kiss me, Edith?' and afterward he said, 'My wife!' and that was his last word. But we shall meet again!"

VALEDICTION.

BLAME not thine own inconstancy,
Thou tender woman-child;
I thank thee that thou once hast loved,
And kissed, and clasped, and smiled.

Thyself to me thou didst but lend:
Keep thee I never could;
But love and courage gav'st thou me:
Thou gav'st me naught but good.

I ne'er had known the love of life
Without thy quickening breath;
And in the loss of thee, sweetheart,
I lost the fear of death.

A happy heart awhile I bore;
A calm one now I bear:
Be pardoned, tender little hand,
And face for me too fair!

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NATURE'S SERIAL STORY.

III.

EVEN before the return of Burtis and Amy the sun had been obscured by a fast-thickening haze, and while the family was at dinner the wind began to moan and sigh around the house in a way that foretold a storm.

"I fear we shall lose our sleighing," old Mr. Clifford remarked, "for all the indications now point to a warm rain."

His prediction was correct. Great masses of vapor soon came pouring over Storm King, and the sky grew blacker every moment. The wind blew in strong, fitful gusts, and yet the air was almost sultry. By four o'clock the rain began to dash with almost the violence of a summer shower against the window-panes of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford's sitting-room, and it grew so dark that Amy could scarcely see to read the paper to the old gentleman. Suddenly she was startled by a flash, and she looked up inquiringly for an explanation.

"You did not expect to see a thunder-storm almost in midwinter?" said Mr. Clifford, with a smile. "This unusual sultriness is producing unseasonable results."

"Is not a thunder-storm at this season very rare?" she asked.

"Yes; and yet some of the sharpest lightning I have ever seen has occurred in winter."

A heavy rumble in the southwest was now heard, and the interval between the flash and the report indicated that the storm centre was still distant. "I would advise you to go up to Maggie's room," resumed Mr. Clifford, "for from her south and west windows you may witness a scene that you will not soon forget. You are not afraid, are you?"

"No, not unless there is danger."

"I have never been struck by lightning," the old man remarked, with a smile, "and I have passed through many storms. Come, I'll go with you. I never tire of watching the effects down among the mountains."

They found Mrs. Leonard placidly sewing, with Johnnie and Ned playing about the room. "You, evidently, are not afraid," said Amy.

"Oh no!" she replied. "I have more faith in the presence of little children than in the protection of lightning-rods.—Yes, you may come in," she said to Webb, who stood at the door. "I suppose you think my sense of security has a very unscientific basis?"

"There are certain phases of credulity that I would not disturb for the world," he answered; "and who knows but you are right? What's more, your faith is infectious; for, whatever reason might tell me, I should still feel safer in a wild storm with the present company around me. Don't you think it odd, Amy, how what we may term natural feeling gets the better of the logic of the head? If that approaching storm should pass directly over us, with thickly flying bolts, would you not feel safer here?"

"Yes."

Webb laughed in his low, peculiar way, and murmured, "What children an accurate scientist would call us!"

"In respect to some things I never wish to grow up," she replied.

"I believe I can echo that wish. The outlook is growing fine, isn't it?"

The whole sky, which in the morning had smiled so brightly in unclouded sunshine, was now black with clouds. These hung so low that the house seemed the centre of a narrow and almost opaque horizon. The room soon darkened with almost the gloom of night, and the faces of the inmates faded into shadowy outlines. The mountains, half wrapped in vapor, loomed vast and indefinite in the obscurity. Every moment the storm grew nearer, and its centre was marked by an ominous blackness which the momentary flashes left all the more intense. The young girl grew deeply absorbed in the scene, and to Webb the strong, pure profile of her awed face, as the increasingly vivid flashes revealed it, was far more attractive than the landscape without, which was passing with swift alternations from ghastly gloom to even more ghastly pallor. He looked at her; the rest looked at the storm, the children gathering like chickens under the mother's wing.

At last there came a flash that startled them all. The mountains leaped out of the darkness like great sheeted spectres, and though seen but a second, they made so strong an impression that they seemed

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to have left their solid bases and to be approaching in the gloom. Then came a magnificent peal that swept across the whole southern arch of the sky. The reverberations among the hills were deep, long, and grand, and the fainter echoes had not died away before there was another flash—another thunderous report, which, though less loud than the one that preceded it, maintained the symphony with scarcely diminished grandeur.

"This is our Highland music, Amy," Webb remarked, as soon as he could be heard. "It has begun early this season, but you will hear much of it before the year is out."

"It is rather too sublime for my taste," replied the young girl, shrinking closer to Mr. Clifford's side.

"You are safe, my child," said the old man, encircling her with his arm.

"Let me also re-assure you in my prosaic way," Webb continued. "There, do you not observe that though this last flash seemed scarcely less vivid, the report followed more tardily, indicating that the storm centre is already well to the south and east of us? The next explosion will take place over the mountains beyond the river. You may now watch the scene in security, for the heavenly artillery is pointed away from you."

"Thank you. I must admit that your prose is both re-assuring and inspiring. How one appreciates shelter and home on such a night as this! Hear the rain splash against the window! Every moment the air seems filled with innumerable gems as the intense light pierces them. Think of being out alone on the river, or up there among the hills, while Nature is in such an awful mood!—the snow, the slush, everything dripping, the rain rushing down like a cataract, and thunder-bolts playing over one's head. In contrast, look around this home-like room. Dear old father's serene face"—for Mr. Clifford had already taught her to call him father—"makes the Divine Fatherhood seem more real. Innocent little Ted here does indeed seem a better protection than a lightning-rod, while Johnnie, putting her doll to sleep in the corner, is almost absolute assurance of safety. Your science is all very well, Webb, but the heart demands something as well as the head. Oh, I wish all the world had such shelter as I have to-night!"

It was not often that Amy spoke so freely and impulsively. Like many with delicate organizations, she was excited by the electrical condition of the air. The pallor of awe had given place to a joyous flush, and her eyes were brilliant.

"Sister Amy," said Webb, as they went down to supper, "you must be careful of yourself, and others must be careful of you, for you have not much *vis inertiæ*. Some outside influences might touch you, as I would touch your piano, and make sad discord."

"Should I feel very guilty because I have not more of that substantial quality which can only find adequate expression in Latin?" she asked, with a humorous glance.

"Oh no! At least not in my opinion. I much prefer a woman in whom the spirit is pre-eminent over the clay. We are all made of dust, you know, and we men, I fear, often smack of the soil too strongly; therefore we are best pleased with contrasts. Moreover, our country life will brace you without blunting your nature. I should be sorry for you, though, if you were friendless, and had to face the world alone."

"That can scarcely happen now," she said, with a grateful glance.

During the early part of the evening they all became absorbed in a story, which Webb read aloud. At last Mr. Clifford rose, drew aside the curtains, and looked out. "Come here, Amy," he said. "Look where the storm thundered a few hours since!"

The sky was cloudless, the winds were hushed, the stars shining, and the mountains stood out gray and serene in the light of the rising moon.

"See, my child, the storm has passed utterly away, and everything speaks of peace and rest. In my long life I have had experiences which at the time seemed as dark and threatening as the storm that awed you in the early evening, but they passed also, and a quiet like that which reigns without followed. Put the lesson away in your heart, my dear; but may it be long before you have occasion for its use! Good-night."

The next morning Amy asked Mrs. Clifford to initiate her more fully into the mysteries of her flowers, promising under her directions to assume their care in part. The old lady welcomed her assistance cordially, and said, "You could not take your lesson on a more auspicious occasion, for Webb has promised to aid me in

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giving my pets a bath to-day, and he can explain many things better than I can."

Webb certainly did not appear averse to the arrangement, and all three were soon busy in the flower-room. "You see," resumed Mrs. Clifford, "I use the old-fashioned yellow pots. I long ago gave up all the glazed, ornamental affairs with which novices are tempted, learning from experience that they are a delusion and a snare. Webb has since made it clear to me that the roots need a circulation of air and a free exhalation of moisture as truly as the leaves, and that since glazed pots do not permit this, they should never be employed. After all, there is nothing neater than these common yellow porous pots. I always select the yellowest ones, for they are the most porous. Those that are red are hard-baked, and are almost as bad as the glazed abominations, which once cost me some of my choice favorites."

"I agree with you. The glazed pots are too artificial to be associated with flowers. They suggest veneer, and I don't like veneer," Amy replied. Then she asked Webb: "Are you ready for a fire of questions? Any one with your ability should be able to talk and work at the same time."

"Yes; and I did not require that little diplomatic pat on the back."

"I'll be as direct and severe as an inquisitor, then. Why do you syringe and wash the foliage of the plants? Why will not simple watering of the earth in the pots answer?"

"We wash the foliage in order that the plants may breathe and digest their food."

"How lucid!" said Amy, with laughing irony. "Then," she added, "please take nothing for granted except my ignorance in these matters. I don't know anything about plants except in the most general way."

"Give me time, and I think I can make some things clear. A plant breathes as truly as you do, only unlike yourself it has indefinite thousands of mouths. There is one leaf on which there are over one hundred and fifty thousand. They are called *stomata*, or breathing pores, and are on both sides of the leaf in most plants, but usually are in far greater abundance on the lower side. The plant draws its food from the air and soil—from the latter in liquid form—and this substance must be concentrated and assimilated. These little pores introduce the vital atmosphere through the air-passages of the plant, which correspond in a certain sense to the throat and lungs of an animal. You would be sadly off if you couldn't breathe; these plants would fare no better. Therefore we must do artificially what the rain does out-of-doors—wash away the accumulated dust, so that respiration may be unimpeded. Moreover, these little pores, which are shaped like the semi-elliptical springs of a carriage, are self-acting valves. A plant exhales a great deal of moisture in invisible vapor. A sunflower has been known to give off three pounds of water in twenty-four hours. This does no harm, unless the moisture escapes faster than it rises from the roots, in which case the plant wilts, and may even die. In such emergencies these little stomata, or mouths, shut up partly or completely, and so do much to check the exhalation. When moisture is given to the roots, these mouths open again, and if our eyes were fine enough we should see the vapor passing out."

"I never appreciated the fact before that plants are so thoroughly alive."

"Indeed they are alive, and therefore they need the intelligent care required by all living creatures which we have removed from their natural conditions. Nature takes care of all her children when they are where she placed them. In a case like this, wherein we are preserving plants that need summer warmth through a winter's cold, we must learn to supply her place, and as far as possible adopt her methods. It is just because multitudes do not understand her ways that so many house plants are in a half-dying condition."

"Now, Amy, I will teach you how to water the pots," Mrs. Clifford began. "The water, you see, has been standing in the flower-room all night, so as to raise its temperature. That drawn directly from the well would be much too cold, and even as it is I shall add some warm water to take the chill off. The roots are very sensitive to a sudden chill from too cold water. No, don't pour it into the pots from that pitcher. The rain does not fall so, and, as Webb says, we must imitate nature. This watering-pot with a fine rose will enable you to sprinkle them slowly, and the soil can absorb the moisture naturally and equally. Most plants need water much as we take our food, regularly, often,

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and not too much at a time. Let this surface soil in the pots be your guide. It should never be perfectly dry, and still less should it be sodden with moisture; nor should moisture ever stand in the saucers under the pots, unless the plants are semi-aquatic, like this calla-lily. You will gradually learn to treat each plant or family of plants according to its nature. The amount of water which that calla requires would kill this heath, and the quantity needed by the heath would be the death of that cactus over there."

"Oh dear!" cried Amy, "if I were left alone in the care of your flower-room, I should out-Herod Herod in the slaughter of the innocents."

"You will not be left alone, and you will be surprised to find how quickly the pretty mystery of life and growth will begin to reveal itself to you."

As the days passed, Amy became more and more absorbed in the genial family life of the Cliffords. She especially attached herself to the old people, and Mr. and Mrs. Clifford were fast learning that their kindness to the orphan was destined to receive an exceeding rich reward. Her young eyes supplemented theirs, which were fast growing dim; and even platitudes read in her sweet girlish voice seemed to acquire point and interest. She soon learned to glean from the papers and periodicals that which each cared for, and to skip the rest. She discovered in the library a well-written book on travel in the tropics, and soon had them absorbed in its pages, the descriptions being much enhanced in interest by contrast with the winter landscape without. Mrs. Clifford had several volumes on the culture of flowers, and under her guidance and that of Webb she began to prepare for the practical out-of-door work of spring with great zest. In the mean time she was assiduous in the care of the house plants, and read all she could find in regard to the species and varieties represented in the little flower-room. It became a source of genuine amusement to start with a familiar house plant and trace out all its botanical relatives, with their exceedingly varied character and yet essential consanguinity; and she drew others, even Alf and little Johnnie, into this unhackneyed pursuit of knowledge.

"These plant families," she said one day, "are as curiously diverse as a human family. Group them together and you can see plainly that they belong to each other, and yet they differ so widely."

"As widely as Webb and I," put in Burtis.

"Thanks for so apt an illustration."

"Burt is what you would call a rampant grower, running more to wood and foliage than anything else," Leonard remarked.

"I didn't say that," said Amy. "Moreover, I learn from my reading that many of the strong-growing plants become in maturity the most productive of flowers or fruit."

"How young I must seem to you!" Burt remarked.

"Well, don't be discouraged. It's a fault that will mend every day," she replied, with a smile that was so arch and genial that he mentally assured himself that he never would be disheartened in his growing purpose to make Amy more than a sister.

One winter noon Leonard returned from his superintendence of the wood-cutting in the mountains. At the dinner table he remarked: "I have heard to-day that the Lumley family are in great destitution, as usual. It is useless to help them, and yet one can not sit down to a dinner like this in comfort while even the Lumleys are hungry."

"Hunger is their one good trait," said Webb. "Under its incentive they contribute the smallest amount possible to the world's work."

"I shouldn't mind," resumed Leonard, "if Lumley and his wife were pinched sharply. Indeed, it would give me solid satisfaction had I the power to make those people work steadily for a year, although they would regard it as the worst species of cruelty. They have a child, however, I am told, and for its sake I must go and see after them. Come with me, Amy, and I promise that you will be quite contented when you return home."

It was rather late in the afternoon before the busy Leonard appeared at the door in his strong one-horse sleigh with its movable seat, and Amy found that he had provided an ample store of vegetables, flour, etc. She started upon the expedition with genuine zest, to which every mile of progress added.

The clouded sky permitted only a cold gray light, in which everything stood out with wonderful distinctness. Even the

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dried weeds with their shrivelled seed-vessels were sharply defined against the snow. The beech leaves which still clung to the trees were bleached and white, but the foliage on the lower branches of the oaks was almost black against the hill-side. Not a breath of air rustled them. At times Leonard would stop his horse, and when the jingle of the sleigh-bells ceased the silence was profound. Every vestige of life had disappeared in the still woods, or was hidden by the snow.

"How lonely and dreary it all looks!" said Amy, with a sigh.

"That is why I like to look at a scene like this," Leonard replied. "When I get home I see it all again—all its cold desolation—and it makes Maggie's room, with her and the children around me, seem like heaven."

But oh, the contrast to Maggie's room that Amy looked upon after a ride over a wood-road so rough that even the deep snow could not relieve its rugged inequalities! A dim glow of fire-light shone through the frosted window-panes of a miserable dwelling, as they emerged in the twilight from the narrow track in the growing timber. In response to a rap on the door, a gruff, thick voice said, "Come in."

Leonard, with a heavy basket on his arm, entered, followed closely by Amy, who, in her surprise, looked with undisguised wonder at the scene before her. Never had she even imagined such a home. Indeed, it seemed like profanation of the word to call the bare, uncleanly room by that sweetest of English words. It contained not a home-like feature. Her eyes were not resting on decent poverty, but upon uncouth, repulsive want; and this awful impoverishment was not seen in the few articles of cheap, dilapidated furniture so clearly as in the dull, sodden faces of the man and woman who kennelled there. No trace of manhood or womanhood was visible—and no animal is so repulsive as a man or woman imbruted.

The man rose unsteadily to his feet and said: "Evening, Mr. Clifford. Will yer take a cheer?"

The woman had not the grace or the power to acknowledge their presence, but after staring stolidly for a moment or two at her visitors through her dishevelled hair, turned and cowered over the hearth again, her elfish locks falling forward and hiding her face.

The wretched smoky fire they maintained was the final triumph and revelation of their utter shiftlessness. With square miles of woodland all about them, they had prepared no billets of suitable size. The man had merely cut down two small trees, lopped off their branches, and dragged them into the room. Their butt ends were placed together on the hearth, whence the logs stretched like the legs of a compass to the two farther corners of the room. Amy, in the uncertain light, had nearly stumbled over one of them. As the logs burned away they were shoved together on the hearth from time to time, the woman mechanically throwing on dry sticks from a pile near her when the green wood ceased to blaze. Both the man and woman were partially intoxicated, and the latter was so stupefied as to be indifferent to the presence of strangers. While Leonard was seeking to obtain from the man some intelligible account of their condition, and bringing in his gifts, Amy gazed around, with her fair young face full of horror and disgust. Then her attention was arrested by a feeble cry from a cradle in a dusky corner beyond the woman, and to the girl's heart it was indeed a cry of distress, all the more pathetic because of the child's helplessness, and unconsciousness of the wretched life to which it seemed inevitably destined.

She stepped to the cradle's side, and saw a pallid little creature, puny and feeble from neglect. Its mother paid no attention to its wailing, and when Amy asked if she might take it up, the woman's mumbled reply was unintelligible.

After hesitating a moment Amy lifted the child, and found it scarcely more than a little skeleton. Sitting down on the only chair in the room, which the man had vacated—the woman crouched on an inverted box—Amy said, "Leonard, please bring me the milk we brought."

A cup was brought, and the child drank with avidity. Leonard stood in the background and sadly shook his head as he watched the scene, the fire-light flickering on Amy's pure profile and tear-dimmed eye as she watched the starved babe taking from her hand the food that the brutish mother on the opposite side of the hearth was incapable of giving it.

He never forgot that picture—the girl's face beautiful with a divine compassion, the mother's large sensual features half hidden by her snaky locks as she leaned

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stupidly over the fire, the dusky flickering shadows that filled the room, in which the mountaineer's head loomed like that of a shaggy beast. Even his rude nature was impressed, and he exclaimed,

"Gad! the likes of that was never seen in these parts afore!"

"Oh, sir," cried Amy, turning to him, "can you not see that your little child is hungry?"

"Well——the woman, she's drunk, and s'pose I be too, somewhat."

"Come, Lumley, be more civil," said Leonard. "The young lady isn't used to such talk."

"Oh, it all seems so dreadful!" exclaimed Amy, her tears falling faster.

The man drew a step or two nearer, and looked at her wondering, then, stretching out his great grimy hand, he said: "I s'pose you think I hain't no feelings, miss; but I have. I'll take keer on the young 'un, and I won't tech another drop to-night. Thar's my hand on it."

To Leonard's surprise, Amy took the hand, as she said, "I believe you will keep your word."

"That's right, Lumley," added Leonard, heartily. "Now you are acting like a man. I've brought you a fair lot of things, but they are in trade. In exchange for them I want the jug of liquor you brought up from the village to-day."

The man hesitated, and looked at his wife.

"Come, Lumley, you've begun well. Put temptation out of the way. For your wife and baby's sake, as well as your own, give me the jug. You mean well, but you know your failing."

"Well, Mr. Clifford," said the man, going to a cupboard, "I guess it 'll be safer. But you don't want the darned stuff," and he opened the door and dashed the vessel against an adjacent bowlder.

"That's better still. Now brace up, get your axe and cut some wood in a civilized way. We're going to have a cold night. You can't keep up a fire with this shiftless contrivance," indicating one of the logs lying along the floor with his foot. "As soon as you get things straightened up here a little we'll give you work. The young lady has found out that you have the making of a man in you yet. If she'll take your word for your conduct to-night, she also will for the future."

"Yes," added Amy, "if you will try to do better, we will all try to help you. I shall come and see the baby again. Oh, Leonard," she added, as she placed the child in its cradle, "can't we leave one of the blankets from the sleigh? See, the baby scarcely has any covering."

"But you may be cold."

"No; I am dressed warmly. Oh! see! see! the little darling is smiling up at me! Leonard, please do. I'd rather be cold."

"Bless your good heart, miss!" said the man, more touched than ever. "Never had any sich wisitors afore."

When Amy had tucked the child in warmly he followed her and Leonard to the sleigh, and said, "Good-by, miss; I'm a-going to work like a man, and there's my hand on it agin."

Going to work was Lumley's loftiest idea of reformation, and many others would find it a very good beginning. As they drove away they heard the ring of his axe, and it had a hopeful sound.

For a time Leonard was closely occupied with the intricacies of the road, and when at last he turned and looked at Amy, she was crying.

"There, don't take it so to heart," he said, soothingly.

"Oh, Leonard, I never saw anything like it before. That poor little baby's smile went right to my heart. And to think of its awful mother!"

They paused on an eminence and looked back on the dim outline of the hovel. Then Leonard drew her close to him as he said, "Don't cry any more. You have acted like a true little woman—just as Maggie would have done—and good may come of it, although they'll always be Lumleys. As Webb says, it would require several generations to bring them up. Haven't I given you a good lesson in contentment?"

"Yes; but I did not need one. I'm glad I went, however, but feel that I can not rest until there is a real change for the better."

"Well, who knows? You may bring it about."

The supper table was waiting for them when they returned. The gleam of the crystal and silver, the ruddy glow from the open stove, the more genial light of every eye that turned to welcome them, formed a delightful counter-picture to the one they had just looked upon, and Leonard beamed with immeasurable satisfaction. To Amy the contrast was almost too sharp, and she could not dismiss the

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"THE MAN DREW A STEP OR TWO NEARER, AND LOOKED AT HER WONDERING."

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miserable dwelling in the mountains from her thoughts.

Leonard's buoyant, genial nature had been impressed, but not depressed, by the scene he had witnessed. Modes of life in the mountains were familiar to him, and with the consciousness of having done a kind deed from which further good might result, he was in a mood to speak freely of the Lumleys, and the story of their experience was soon drawn from him. Impulsive, warm-hearted Burt was outspoken in his admiration of Amy's part in the visit of charity, but Webb's intent look drew her eyes to him, and with a strange little thrill at her heart she saw that he had interpreted her motives and feelings.

"I will take you there again, Amy," was all he said, but for some reason she dwelt upon the tone in which he spoke more than upon all the uttered words of the others.

Later in the evening he joined her in the sitting-room, which, for the moment, was deserted, and she spoke of the wintry gloom of the mountains, and how Leonard was fond of making the forbidding aspect a foil for Maggie's room. Webb smiled as he replied:

"That is just like Len. Maggie's room is the centre of his world, and he sees all things in their relation to it. I also was out this afternoon, and I took my gun, although I did not see a living thing to fire at. But the 'still, cold woods,' as you term them, were filled with a beauty and suggestiveness of which I was never conscious before. I remembered how different they had appeared in past summers and autumns, and I saw how ready they were for the marvellous changes that will take place in a few short weeks. The hill-sides seemed like canvases on which an artist had drawn his few strong outlines which foretold the beauty to come so perfectly that the imagination supplied it."

"Why, Webb, I did not know you had so much imagination."

"Nor did I, and I am glad that I am discovering traces of it. I have always loved the mountains, because so used to them—they were a part of my life and surroundings—but never before this winter have I realized they were so beautiful. When I found that you were going up among the hills, I thought I would go also, and then we could compare our impressions."

"It was all too dreary for me," said the young girl, in a low tone. "It reminded me of the time when my old life ceased, and this new life had not begun. There were weeks wherein my heart was oppressed with a cold, heavy despondency, when I just wished to be quiet, and try not to think at all, and it seemed to me that nature looked to-day just as I felt."

"I think it very sad that you have learned to interpret nature in this way so early in life. And yet I think I can understand you and your analogy."

"I think you can, Webb," she said, simply.

The quiet sequence of daily life was soon interrupted by circumstances that nearly ended in a tragedy. One morning Burt saw an eagle sailing over the mountains. The snow had been greatly wasted, and in most places was so strongly incrusted that it would bear a man's weight. Therefore the conditions seemed favorable for the eagle hunt which he had promised himself; and having told his father that he would look after the wood teams and men on his way, he took his rifle and started.

The morning was not cold, and not a breath of air disturbed the sharp, still outlines of the leafless trees. The sky was slightly veiled with a thin scud of clouds. As the day advanced these increased in density and darkened in hue.

Webb remarked at dinner that the atmosphere over the Beacon Hills in the northeast was growing singularly obscure and dense in its appearance, and that he believed that a heavy storm was coming.

"I am sorry Burtis has gone to the mountains to-day," said Mrs. Clifford, anxiously.

"Oh, don't worry about Burt," was Webb's response; "there is no more danger of his being snowed in than of a fox's."

Before the meal was over, the wind, snow-laden, was moaning about the house. With every hour the gale increased in intensity. Early in the afternoon the men with the two teams drove to the barn. Amy could just see their white, obscure figures through the blinding snow. Even old Mr. Clifford went out to question them. "Yes, Mr. Burt come up in de mawnin' an' stirred us all up right smart, slashed down a tree hisself to show a new gawky hand dat's cuttin' by de cord how to arn his salt; den he put out wid his rafle in a bee-line toward de riber. Dat's de last we seed ob

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him;" and Abram went stolidly on to unhitch and care for his horses.

Mr. Clifford and his two elder sons returned to the house with traces of anxiety on their faces, while Mrs. Clifford was so worried that, supported by Amy, she made an unusual effort and met them at the door.

"Don't be disturbed, mother," said Webb, confidently. "Burt and I have often been caught in snow-storms, but never had any difficulty in finding our way. Burt will soon appear, or, if he doesn't, it will be because he has stopped to recount to Dr. Marvin the results of his eagle hunt."

Indeed, they all tried to reassure her, but, with woman's quick instinct where her affections are concerned, she read what was passing in their minds. Her husband led her back to her couch, where she lay with her large dark eyes full of trouble, while her lips often moved in prayer. The thought of her youngest and darling son far off and alone among those cloud-capped and storm-beaten mountains was terrible to her.

Another hour passed, and still the absent youth did not return. Leonard, his father, and Amy often went to the hall window and looked out. The storm so enhanced the early gloom of the winter afternoon that the out-buildings, although so near, loomed out only as shadows. The wind was growing almost fierce in its violence. Webb had kept up his pretense of reading so long that Amy began in her thoughts to resent his seeming indifference as cold-blooded. At last he laid down his book, and went quietly away. She followed him, for it seemed to her that something ought to be done, and that he was the one to do it. She found him in an upper chamber, standing by an open window that faced the mountains. Joining him, she was appalled by the roar of the wind as it swept down from the wooded heights.

"Oh, Webb," she exclaimed—he started at her words and presence, and quickly closed the window—"ought not something to be done? The bare thought that Burt is lost in this awful gloom fills me with horror. The sound of that wind was like the roar of the ocean in a storm we had. How can he see in such blinding snow? How could he breast this gale if he was weary?"

He was silent a moment, looking with contracted brows at the gloomy scene. At last he began, as if re-assuring himself as well as the agitated girl at his side:

"Burt, you must remember, has been brought up in this region. He knows the mountains well, and—"

"Oh, Webb, you take this matter too coolly," interrupted Amy, impulsively. "Something tells me that Burt is in danger." And in her deep solicitude she put her hand on his arm. She noticed that it trembled, and that he still bent the same contracted brow toward the region where his brother must be if her fears were true. Then he seemed to come to a decision.

"Yes," he said, quietly, "I take it coolly. Perhaps it's well that I can. You may be right, and there may be need of prompt, wise action. If so, a man will need the full control of all his wits. I will not, however, give up my hope—my almost belief—that he is at Dr. Marvin's. I shall satisfy myself at once. Try not to show your fears to father and mother, that's a brave girl."

He was speaking hurriedly now as they were descending the stairs. He found his father in the hall, much disturbed, and querying with his eldest son as to the advisability of taking some steps immediately. Leonard, although evidently growing anxious, still urged that Burt, with his knowledge and experience as a sportsman, would not permit himself to be caught in such a storm.

"He surely must be at the house of Dr. Marvin or some other neighbor on the mountain road."

"I also think he is at the doctor's, but shall see," Webb remarked, quietly, as he drew on his overcoat.

"I don't think he's there; I don't think he is at any neighbor's house," cried Mrs. Clifford, who, to the surprise of all, had made her way to the hall unaided. "Burt is thoughtless about little things, but he would not leave me in suspense on such a night as this."

"Mother, I promise you Burt shall soon be here safe and sound;" and Webb in his shaggy coat and furs went hastily out, followed by Leonard. A few moments later the dusky outline of a man and a galloping horse appeared to Amy for a moment, and then vanished toward the road.

It was some time before Leonard returned, for Webb had said: "If Burt is not at the doctor's, we must go and look for him. Had you not better have the strong-

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est wood-sled ready? You will know what to do."

Having admitted the possibility of danger, Leonard acted promptly. With Abram's help a pair of stout horses were soon attached to the sled, which was stored with blankets, shovels to clear away drifts, etc.

Webb soon came galloping back, followed a few moments later by the doctor, but there were no tidings of Burt.

Amy expected that Mrs. Clifford would become deeply agitated, but was mistaken. She lay on her couch with closed eyes, but her lips moved almost continuously. She had gone to Him whose throne is beyond all storms.

Mr. Clifford was with difficulty restrained from joining his sons in the search. The old habit of resolute action returned upon him, but Webb settled the question by saying, in a tone almost stern in its authority, "Father, you *must* remain with mother."

Amy had no further reason to complain that Webb took the matter too coolly. He was all action, but his movements were as deft as they were quick. In the basket which Maggie had furnished with brandy and food he placed the conch-shell used to summon Abram to his meals. Then, taking down a double-barrelled breech-loading gun, he filled his pocket with cartridges.

"What is that for?" Amy asked, with white lips, for, as he seemed the natural leader, she hovered near him.

"If we do not find him at one of the houses well up on the mountain, as I hope we shall, I shall fire repeatedly in our search. The reports would be heard farther than any other sound, and he might answer with his rifle."

Leonard now entered with the doctor, who said, "All ready; we have stored the sledge with abundant material for fires, and if Burt has met with an accident, I am prepared to do all that can be done under the circumstances."

"All ready," responded Webb, again putting on his coat and fur cap.

Amy sprang to his side and tied the cap securely down with her scarf.

"Forgive me," she whispered, "for saying that you took Burt's danger coolly. I understand you better now. Oh, Webb, be careful! Think of yourself too. I now see that you are thinking of Burt only."

"Of you also, little sister, and I shall be the stronger for such thoughts. Don't give way to fear. We shall find Burt, and all come home hungry as wolves. Good-by."

"May the blessing of Him who came to seek and save the lost go with you!" said the aged father, tremulously.

A moment later they dashed away, followed by Burt's hound and the watch-dog, and the darkness and storm hid them from sight.

Oh, the heavy cross of watching and waiting! Many claim that woman is not the equal of man because she must watch and wait in so many of the dread emergencies of life, forgetting that it is infinitely easier to act, to face the wildest storm that sweeps the sky or the deadliest hail crashing from cannons' mouths than to sit down in sickening suspense waiting for the blow to fall. The man's part requires chiefly the courage which he shares with the greater part of the brute creation, and only as he adds woman's patience, fortitude, and endurance does he become heroic. Nothing but his faith in God and his life-long habit of submission to His will kept Mr. Clifford from chafing like a caged lion in his enforced inaction. Mrs. Clifford, her mother's heart yearning after her youngest and darling boy with an infinite tenderness, alone was calm.

Amy's young heart was oppressed with an unspeakable dread. It was partly due to the fear and foreboding of a child to whom the mountains were a Siberia-like wilderness in their awful obscurity, and still more the result of knowledge of the sorrow that death involves. The bare possibility that the light-hearted, ever-active Burt, who sometimes perplexed her with more than fraternal devotion, was lying white and still beneath the drifting snow, or even wandering helplessly in the blinding gale, was so terrible that it blanched her cheek, and made her lips tremble when she tried to speak. She felt that she had been a little brusque to him at times, and now she reproached herself in remorseful compunction, and with the abandonment of a child to her present overwrought condition, felt that she could never refuse him anything should his blue eyes turn pleadingly to her again. At first she did not give way, but was sustained, like Maggie, by the bustle of preparation for the return, and in answering

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the innumerable questions of Johnnie and Alf. Above all, Webb's assurance to his mother that he would bring Burt back safe and sound was her chief hope. From the first moment of greeting he had inspired her with a confidence that had steadily increased, and from the time that

WINTER ON STORM KING.

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he had admitted the possibility of this awful emergency he had acted so resolutely and wisely as to convince her that all that man could do would be done. She did not think of explaining to herself why her hope centred more in him than in all the others engaged in the search, or why she was more solicitous about him in the hardships and perils that the expedition involved, and yet Webb shared her thoughts almost equally with Burt. If the latter were reached, Webb would be the rescuer, but her sickening dread was that in the black night and howling storm he could not be found.

As the rescuing party pushed their way up the mountain with difficulty they became more and more exposed to the northeast gale, and felt with increasing dread how great was the peril to which Burt must be exposed had he not found refuge in some of the dwellings nearer to the scene of his sport. The roar of the gale up the rugged defile was perfectly terrific, and the snow caught up from the overhanging ledges was often driven into their faces with blinding force. They could do little better than give the horses their heads, and the poor brutes floundered slowly through the drifts. The snow had deepened incredibly fast, and the fierce wind piled it up so fantastically in every sheltered place that they were often in danger of upsetting, and more than once had to spring out with their shovels. At last, after an hour of toil, they reached the first summit, but no tidings could be obtained of Burt from the people residing in the vicinity. They therefore pushed on toward the gloomy wastes beyond, and before long left behind them the last dwelling and chance that he had found shelter before night set in. Two stalwart men had joined them in the search, however, and formed a welcome re-enforcement. With terrible forebodings they pressed forward, Webb firing his breech-loader rapidly, and the rest making what noise they could, but the gale swept away these feeble sounds, and merged them almost instantly in the roar of the tempest. It was their natural belief that in attempting to reach home Burt would first try to gain the West Point road that crossed the mountains, for here would be a pathway that the snow could not obliterate, and also his best chance of meeting a rescuing party. It was therefore their purpose to push on until the southern slope of Cro' Nest was reached, but they became so chilled and despondent over their seemingly impossible task that they stopped on an eminence near a rank of wood. They knew that the outlook commanded a wide view to the south and north, and that if Burt were cowering somewhere in that region, it would be a good point from which to attract his attention.

"I move that we make a fire here," said Leonard. "Abram is half frozen, we are all chilled to the bone, and the horses need rest. I think, too, that a fire can be seen farther than any sound can be heard."

The instinct of self-preservation caused them all to accede, and, moreover, they must keep up themselves in order to accomplish anything. They soon had a roaring blaze under the partial shield of a rock, while at the same time the flames rose so high as to be seen on both sides of the ridge as far as the storm permitted. The horses were sheltered as well as possible, and heavily blanketed. As the men thawed out their benumbed forms, Webb exclaimed, "Great God! what chance has Burt in such a storm? and what chance have we of finding him?"

The others shook their heads gloomily, but answered nothing.

"It will kill mother," he muttered.

"There is no use in disguising the truth," said the doctor, slowly. "If Burt's alive, he must have a fire. Our best chance is to see that. But how can one see anything through this swirl of snow that is almost as thick in the air as on the ground?"

To their great joy the storm soon began to abate, and the wind to blow in gusts. They clambered to the highest point near them, and peered eagerly for some glimmer of light; but only a dim, wild scene, that quickly shaded off into utter obscurity, was around them. The snow-flakes were growing larger, however, and were no longer swept with a cutting slant into their faces.

"Thank God!" cried Webb, "I believe the gale is nearly blown out. I shall follow this ridge toward the river as far as I can."

"I'll go with you," said the doctor, promptly.

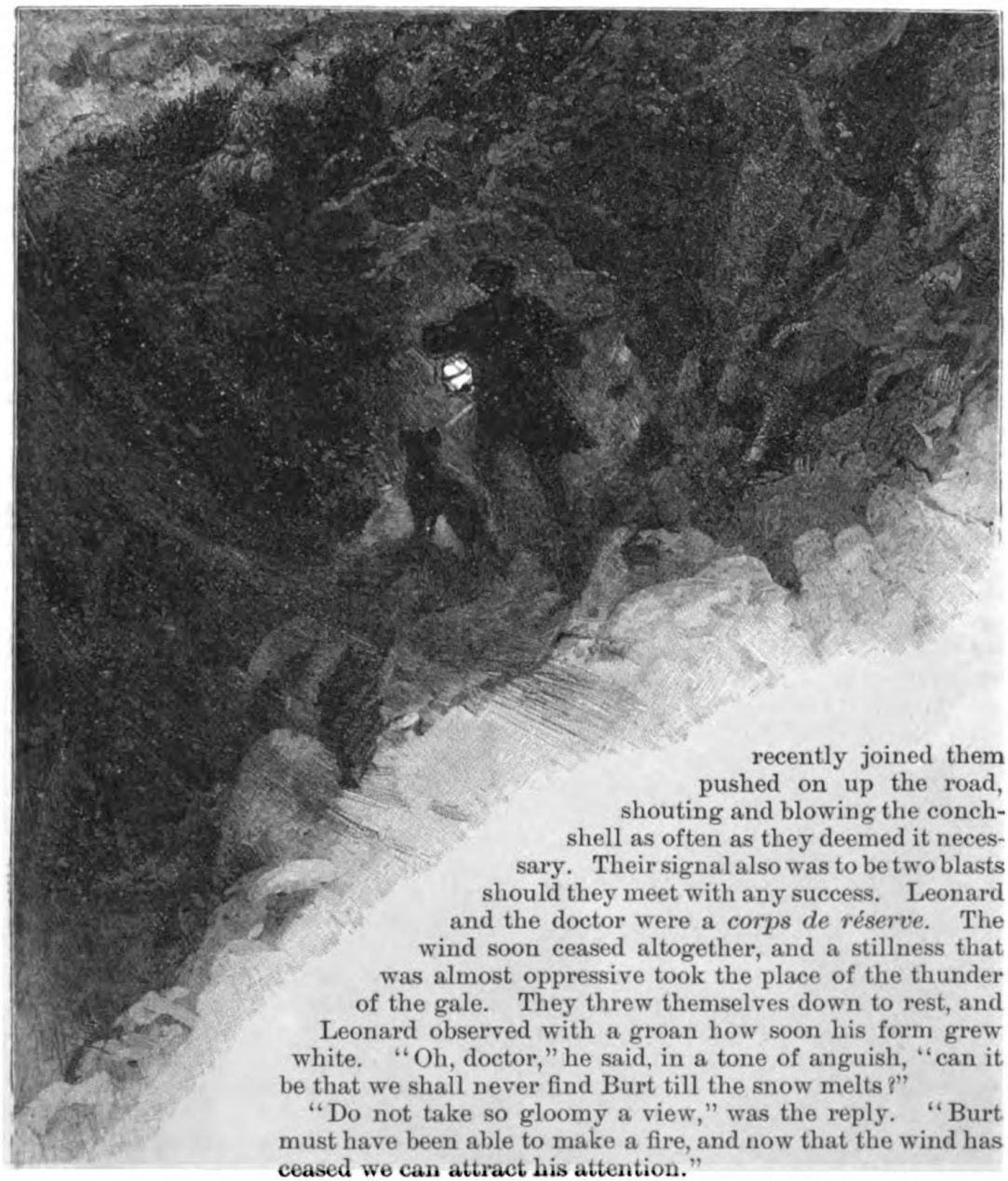
"No," said Webb; "it will be your turn next. It won't do for us all to get worn out together. I'll go cautiously; and with this ridge as guide, and the fire, I can't lose my way. I'll take one of the dogs,

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and fire my gun about every ten minutes. If I fire twice in succession, follow me; meanwhile give a blast on the conch every few moments;" and with these words he speedily disappeared.

The doctor and Leonard returned to the fire, and watched the great flakes fall hissing into the flames. Hearing of Webb's expedition, the two neighbors who had recently joined them pushed on up the road, shouting and blowing the conch-shell as often as they deemed it necessary. Their signal also was to be two blasts should they meet with any success. Leonard and the doctor were a *corps de réserve.* The wind soon ceased altogether, and a stillness that was almost oppressive took the place of the thunder of the gale. They threw themselves down to rest, and Leonard observed with a groan how soon his form grew white. "Oh, doctor," he said, in a tone of anguish, "can it be that we shall never find Burt till the snow melts?"

"Do not take so gloomy a view," was the reply. "Burt must have been able to make a fire, and now that the wind has ceased we can attract his attention."

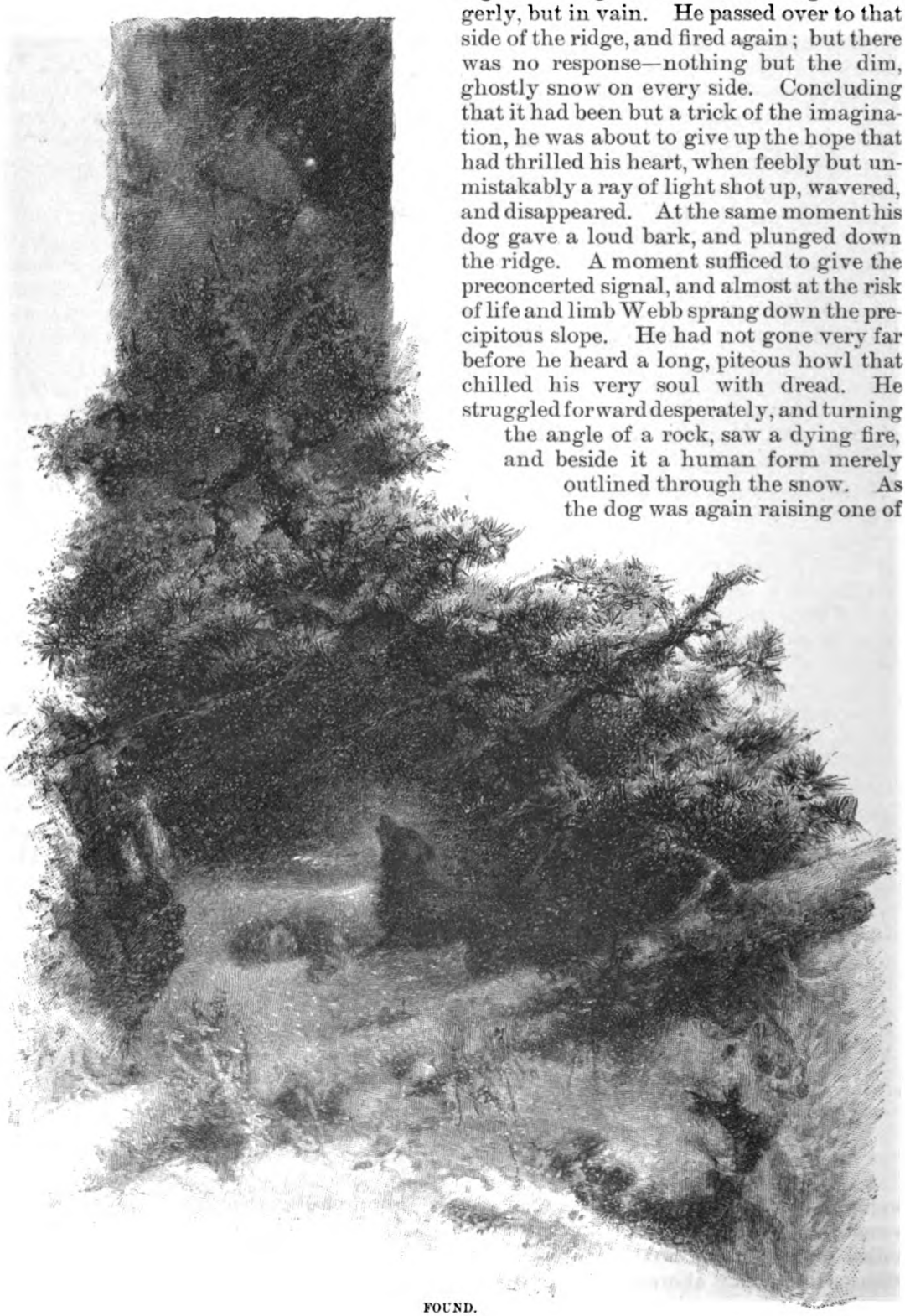


TO THE RESCUE.

Webb's gun was heard from time to time, the sounds growing steadily fainter. At last, far away to the east, came two reports in quick succession. The two men started up, and with the aid of lanterns followed Webb's trail, Abram bringing up the rear with an axe and blankets. Sometimes up to his waist in snow, sometimes springing from rock to rock that the wind had swept almost bare, Webb had toiled on along the broken ridge, his face scratched and bleeding from the shaggy, stunted trees that it was too dark to avoid; but he thought not of such trifles, and seemed endowed with a strength ten times his own. Every few moments he would

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stop, listen, and peer about him on every side. Finally, after a rather long upward climb, he knew he had reached a rock of some altitude. He again fired his gun. The echoes soon died away, and there was no sound except the low tinkle of the snow-flakes through the rushes. He was just about to push on, when, far down to the right and south of him, he thought he saw a gleam of light. He looked long and eagerly, but in vain. He passed over to that side of the ridge, and fired again; but there was no response—nothing but the dim, ghostly snow on every side. Concluding that it had been but a trick of the imagination, he was about to give up the hope that had thrilled his heart, when feebly but unmistakably a ray of light shot up, wavered, and disappeared. At the same moment his dog gave a loud bark, and plunged down the ridge. A moment sufficed to give the preconcerted signal, and almost at the risk of life and limb Webb sprang down the precipitous slope. He had not gone very far before he heard a long, piteous howl that chilled his very soul with dread. He struggled forward desperately, and turning the angle of a rock, saw a dying fire, and beside it a human form merely outlined through the snow. As the dog was again raising one of



FOUND.

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its ill-omened howls, Webb stopped him savagely, and sprang to the prostrate figure, whose face was buried in its arm.

It was Burt. Webb placed a hand that trembled like an aspen over his brother's heart, and with a loud cry of joy felt its regular beat. Burt had as yet only succumbed to sleep, which in such cases is fatal when no help interposes. He again fired twice to guide the rescuing party, and then with some difficulty caused Burt to swallow a little brandy. He next began to chafe his wrists with the spirits, to shake him, and to shout in his ear. Slowly Burt shook off his fatal lethargy, and by the time the rest of the party reached him, was conscious.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "did I go to sleep? I vowed I would not a hundred times. Nor would I if I could have moved around; but I've sprained my ankle, and can't walk."

With infinite difficulty, but with hearts light and grateful, they carried him on an improvised stretcher to the sled. Burt explained that he had been lured farther and farther away by a large eagle that had kept just out of range, and in his excitement he had at first paid no attention to the storm. Finally its increasing fury and the memory of his distance from home had brought him to his senses, and he had struck out for the West Point road. Still he had no fears or misgivings, but while climbing the slope on which he was found, he slipped, fell, and in trying to save himself came down with his whole weight on a loose stone, and sprained his left ankle. He tried to crawl and hobble forward, and for a time gave way to something like panic. He soon found that he was using up his strength, and that he would perish with the cold before he could make half a mile. He then crawled under the sheltering ledge where Webb discovered him, and by the aid of his good woodcraft soon had a fire, for it was his fortune to have some matches. A dead and partially decayed tree, a knife strong enough to cut the saplings when bent over, supplied him with fuel. Finally the drowsiness which long exposure to cold induces began to oppress him. He fought against it desperately for a time, but, as events proved, was overpowered.

"God bless you, Webb!" he said, concluding his story. "You have saved my life."

"We have all had a hand at it," was the quiet reply. "I couldn't have done anything alone."

Wrapped up beyond the possibility of further danger from the cold, and roused from time to time, Burt was carried homeward as fast as the drifts permitted, the horses' bells now chiming musically in the still air.

As hour after hour passed and there was nothing left to do, Amy took Johnnie on her lap, and they rocked back and forth and cried together. Soon the heavy lids closed on the little girl's eyes, and shut off the tears. Alf had already coiled up on a lounge and sobbed himself to sleep. Maggie took up the little girl, laid her down beside him, and covered them well from the draughts that the furious gale drove through every crack and cranny of the old house, glad that they had found a happy oblivion. Amy then crept to a footstool at Mrs. Clifford's side—the place where she had so often seen the youth whom the storm she now almost began to believe had swept from them forever—and she bowed her head on the old lady's thin hand and sobbed bitterly.

"Don't give way so, darling," said the mother, as her other hand stroked the brown hair. "God is greater than the storm. We have prayed, and we now feel that He will do what is best."

"Oh, that I had your faith!"

"It will come in time—when long years have taught you His goodness."

She slowly wiped her eyes, and stole a glance at Mr. Clifford. His earlier half-desperate restlessness had passed away, and he sat quietly in his chair gazing into the fire, occasionally wiping a tear from his eyes, and again looking upward with an expression of sublime submission. Soon, as if conscious of her wondering observation, he said, "Come to me, Amy."

She stood beside him, and he drew her close as he continued:

"My child, one of the hardest lessons we can learn in this world is to say, 'Not my will, but Thine be done.' I have lived fourscore years, and yet I could not say it at first; but now" (with a calm glance heavenward) "I can say, 'My Father, Thy will be done.' If He takes Burt, He has given us you;" and he kissed her so tenderly that she bowed her head upon his shoulder, and said, brokenly,

"You are my father in very truth."

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"Yes," was his quiet response.

Then she stole back to her seat. There was a Presence in the room that filled her with awe, and yet banished her former overwhelming dread and grief.

They watched and waited; there was no sound in the room except the soft crackle of the fire, and Amy thought deeply on the noble example before her of calm, trustful waiting. At last she became conscious that the house was growing strangely still; the faint tick of the great clock on the landing of the stairs struck her ear; the rush and roar of the wind had ceased. Bewildered, she rose softly and went to Maggie's room, and found that the tired mother in watching over her children had fallen asleep in her chair. She lifted a curtain, and could scarcely believe her eyes when she saw that the trees that had been writhing and moaning in the gale now stood white and spectral as the lamp-light fell upon them. When had the wind ceased? It seemed as if the calm that had fallen upon her spirit had extended to nature; that the storm had hushed its rude clamor even while it continued. From the window she watched the white flakes flutter through the light she knew not how long; the old clock chimed out midnight, and then, faint and far away, she thought she heard the sleigh-bells. With swift, silent tread, she rushed to a side door and threw it open. Yes, clear and distinct she now heard them on the mountain road. With a low cry she returned and wakened Maggie, then flew to the old people, and with a voice that she tried in vain to steady, said, "They are coming."

Mr. Clifford started up, and was about to rush from the room, but paused a moment irresolutely, then returned, sat down by his wife, and put his arm around her. He was true to his first love. The invalid had grown faint and white, but his touch and presence were the cordials she needed.

Amy fled back to the side door, and the sled soon appeared. There was no light at this entrance, and she was unobserved. She saw them begin to lift some one out, and she dashed through an intervening drift nearly to her waist. Webb felt a hand close on his arm with a grip that he long remembered.

"Burt?" she cried, in a tone of agonized inquiry.

"Heigh-ho, Amy," said the much-muffled figure that they were taking from the sleigh; "I'm all right."

In strong reaction, the girl would have fallen, had not Webb supported her. He felt that she trembled and clung almost helplessly to him.

"Why, Amy," he said, gently, "you will take your death out here in the cold and snow;" and leaving the others to care for Burt, he lifted her in his arms and carried her in.

"Thank God, he's safe," she murmured. "Oh, we have waited so long! There, I'm better now," she said, hastily, and with a swift color coming into her pale cheeks, as they reached the door.

"You must not expose yourself so again, sister Amy."

"I thought—I thought when you began to lift Burt out—" But she could not finish the sentence.

"He has only sprained his ankle. Go tell mother."

Perhaps there is no joy like that which fills loving hearts when the lost is found. It is so pure and exalted that it is one of the ecstasies of heaven. It would be hard to describe how the old house waked up with its sudden accession of life—life that was so warm and vivid against the background of the shadow of death. There were murmured thanksgivings as feet hurried to and fro, and an opening fire of questions, which Maggie checked by saying:

"Possess your souls in patience. Burt's safe—that's enough to know until he is cared for, and my half-famished husband and the rest get their breath and supper. Pretty soon we can all sit down, for I want a chance to hear too."

"And no one has a better right, Maggie," said her husband, chafing his hands over the fire. "After what we've seen tonight, this place is the very abode of comfort, and you its presiding genius;" and Leonard beamed and thawed until the air grew tropical around him.

At Mrs. Clifford's request (for it was felt that it was not best to cross the invalid), Burt was carried in the rocking-chair, wherein he had been placed to her room and received a greeting from his parents that brought tears to the young fellow's eyes. Dr. Marvin soon did all within his power at that stage for the sprained ankle and frost-bitten fingers, the mother advising, and feeling that she was still caring for her boy as she had done a dozen years before. Then Burt was carried back

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to the dining-room, where all soon were gathered. The table groaned under Maggie's bountiful provision, and lamp-light and fire-light revealed a group upon which fell the richer light of a great joy.

Burt was ravenously hungry, but the doctor put him on limited diet, remarking, "You can soon make up for lost time." He and Leonard, however, made such havoc that Amy pretended to be aghast; but she soon noted that Webb ate sparingly, that his face was not only scratched and torn, but almost haggard, and that he was unusually quiet. The reasons were soon apparent. When all were helped, and Maggie had a chance to sit down, she said:

"Now tell us about it. We just heard enough when you first arrived to curdle our blood. How in the world, Burt, did you allow yourself to get caught in such a storm?"

"If it had not been for this confounded sprain, I should have come out all right;" and then followed the details with which the reader is acquainted, although little could be got out of Webb.

"The upshot of it all is," said Leonard, as he beamed upon the party with ineffable content, "between mother's praying and Webb's looking, Burt is here, not much the worse for his eagle hunt."

They would not hear of the doctor's departure, and very soon afterward old Mr. Clifford gathered them around the family altar in a thanksgiving prayer that moistened every eye.

Then all prepared for the rest so sorely needed. As Webb went to the hall to hang up his gun, Amy saw that he staggered in his almost mortal weariness, and she followed him.

"There are your colors, Amy," he said, laughingly, taking her scarf from an inner pocket. "I wore it till an envious scrub-oak tore it off. It was of very great help to me—the scarf, not the oak."

"Webb," she said, earnestly, "you can't disguise the truth from me by any such light words. You are half dead from exhaustion. I've been watching you ever since your return. You are ill—you have gone beyond your strength, and in addition to it all I let you carry me in. Oh dear! I'm so worried about you!"

"It's wonderfully nice to have a little sister to worry about a fellow."

"But can't I do something for you? You've thought about everybody, and no one thinks for you."

"*You* have, and so have the rest, as far as there was occasion. Let me tell you how wan and weary you look. Oh, Amy, our home is so much more to us since you came!"

"What would our home be to us to-night, Webb, were it not for you! And I said you took Burt's danger too coolly. How I have reproached myself for those words! God bless you, Webb! you did not resent them; and you saved Burt;" and she impulsively put her arm around his neck and kissed him, then fled to her room.

The philosophical Webb might have had much to think about that night had he been in an analytical mood, for by some magic his sense of utter weariness was marvellously relieved. With a low laugh, he thought,

"I'd be tempted to cross the mountains again for such a reward."

GLIMPSES OF EMERSON.

THE perfect consistency of a truly great life, where inconsistencies of speech appear at once harmonized by the beauty of the whole, gives even to a slight incident the value of a bit of mosaic which, if omitted, would leave a gap in the picture. Therefore we never tire of "Whisperings" and "Talks" and "Walks" and "Letters" relating to the friends of our imagination, if not of our fireside, and in so far as such fragments bring men and women of achievement nearer to our daily lives, without degrading them, they warm and cheer us with something of their own beloved and human presences.

This feeling explains the publication of so many of these side lights on the lives of what Emerson himself calls "superior people," and the following glimpses will only confirm what he expresses of such natures when he says, "In all the superior people I have met I notice directness, truth spoken more truly, as if everything of obstruction, of malformation, had been trained away."

In reading the correspondence between Carlyle and Emerson, few readers could fail to be impressed with the generosity shown by Emerson in giving his time and thought without stint to the publication of Carlyle's books in this country. Nor was this the single instance of his devotion to the advancement of his friends. In a brief memoir, lately printed, of Jones

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Very, as an introduction to a collection of his poems, we find a like record there.

After the death of Thoreau, Emerson spared no trouble to himself that his friend's papers might be properly presented to the reading world. He wrote to his publisher, Mr. Fields: "I send all the poems of Thoreau which I think ought to go with the letters. These are the best verses, and no other whole piece quite contents me. I think you must be content with a little book, since it is so good. I do not like to print either the prison piece or the John Brown with these clear sky-born letters and poems." After all his labor and his care, however, it was necessary to hold consultation with Thoreau's sister, and she could not find it in her heart to leave out some of the tender personalities which had grown more dear to her since her brother's death, and which had been omitted in the selection. She said that she was sure Mr. Emerson was not pleased at the restorations she made after his careful work of elimination was finished, but he was too courteous and kind to say much, or to insist on his own way; he only remarked, "You have spoiled my Greek statue." Neither was he himself altogether contented with his work, and shortly afterward said he would like to include "The Maiden in the East," "partly because it was written of Mrs. W——n, and partly because other persons like it so well."

"I looked over the poems again and again," he said, "and at last reserved but ten, finding some blemish in all the others which prevented them from seeming perfect to me. How grand is his poem about the mountains! As it is said of Goethe that he never spoke of the stars but with respect, so we may say of Thoreau and the mountains." It could hardly be expected of Thoreau's sister to sympathize with such a tribunal, especially when the same clear judgment was brought to bear upon the letters.

Even touching the contract for publication he was equally painstaking—far more so than for his own affairs. He wrote, "I inclose the first form of contract, as you requested, with the alterations suggested by Miss Thoreau." After this follows a careful reiteration in his own handwriting of such alterations as were desired. The early loss of Thoreau and his love for him were the root and flower which brought forth fruit in his noble discourse on "Immortality." Happy were they who heard him deliver those words, of which the printed page preserves the body, but the spirit with which it was delivered can not be reproduced! He wrote, the day after Thoreau's death, to Mr. Fields: "Come to-morrow and bring —— to my house. We will give you a very early dinner. Mr. Channing is to write a hymn or dirge for the funeral, which is to be from the church at three o'clock. I am to make an address, and probably Mr. Alcott may say something." This was the only announcement, the only time for preparation. Thoreau's body lay in the porch, and his town's-people filled the church, but Emerson made the simple ceremony one never to be forgotten by those who were present. Respecting the publication of this address I find the following entry in a diary of the time: "We have been waiting for Mr. Emerson to publish his new volume, containing his address upon Henry Thoreau; but he is careful of words, and finds many to be considered again and again, until it is almost impossible to extort a manuscript from his hands."

There is a brief note among the few letters I have found, respecting the poetry of some other writer whose name does not appear, but in the publication of whose work Emerson was evidently interested. He writes: "I have made the fewest changes I could. So do not shock the *amour propre* of the poet, and yet strike out the bad words. You must, please, if it comes to question, keep my agency out of sight, and he will easily persuade himself that your compositor has grown critical, and struck out the rough syllables."

Emerson stood, as it were, the champion of American letters, and whatever found notice at all challenged his serious scrutiny. The soul and purpose must be there; he must find one line to win his sympathy, and then it was given with a whole heart. He said one day at breakfast that he had found a young man! A youth in the far West had written him, and inclosed some verses, asking for his criticism. Among them was the following line, which Emerson said proved him to be a poet, and he should watch his career in future with interest:

'Life is a flame whose splendor hides the base.'

We can imagine the kindly letter which answered the appeal, and how the future

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of that youth was brightened by it. "Emerson's young man" was a constant joke among his friends, because he was constantly filled with a large hope; and his friend of the one line was not by any means his only discovery.

His feeling respecting the literary work of men nearer to him was not always one of satisfaction. When Hawthorne's volume of *English Sketches* was printed, he said, "It is pellucid, but not deep"; and he cut out the dedication and letter to Franklin Pierce, which offended him. The two men were so unlike that it seemed a strange fate which brought them together in one small town. An understanding of each other's methods or points of view was an impossibility. Emerson spoke once with an intimate friend of the distance which separated Hawthorne and himself. They utterly disagreed upon politics and every theory of life.

Mr. Fields was suggesting to Emerson one day that he should give a series of lectures, when, as they were discussing the topics to be chosen, Emerson said: "One shall be on the Doctrine of Leasts, and one on the Doctrine of Mosts; one shall be about Brook Farm, for ever since Hawthorne's ghastly and untrue account of that community, in his *Blithedale Romance*, I have desired to give what I think the true account of it."

Sometimes, also, he had keen discussions and differences with Henry James. One day he appeared shocked at some of the doctrines advanced by Mr. James, and the conversation was dying, when Emerson's sister, who was present, took a chair, and planting it directly in front of James, said, "Let me confront the monster"; whereupon the topic was resumed, and they parted great friends.

He had many reservations also with regard to Dickens. He could not easily forgive any one who made him laugh immoderately. The first reading of *Dr. Marigold* in Boston was an exciting occasion, and Emerson was invited to assist. After the reading he sat talking until a very late hour, for he was taken by surprise at the novelty and artistic perfection of the performance. His usual calm had quite broken down under it; he had laughed as if he might crumble to pieces, his face wearing an expression of absolute pain; indeed, the scene was so strange that it was mirth-provoking to those who were near. But when we returned home he questioned and pondered much upon Dickens himself. Finally he said: "I am afraid he has too much talent for his genius; it is a fearful locomotive to which he is bound, and he can never be freed from it nor set at rest. You see him quite wrong evidently, and would persuade me that he is a genial creature, full of sweetness and amenities, and superior to his talents; but I fear he is harnessed to them. He is too consummate an artist to have a thread of nature left. He daunts me. I have not the key." When Mr. Fields came in he repeated: "—— would persuade me that Dickens is a man easy to communicate with, sympathetic and accessible to his friends; but her eyes do not see clearly in this matter, I am sure!"

On the other hand, the tenor of his way was largely stayed by admiration and appreciation of others, often far beyond their worth. He gilded his friends with his own sunshine. He wrote to his publisher: "Give me leave to make you acquainted with ——" (still unknown to fame), "who has written a poem which he now thinks of publishing. It is, in my judgment, a serious and original work of great and various merit, with high intellectual power in accosting the questions of modern thought, full of noble sentiment, and especially rich in fancy, and in sensibility to natural beauty. I remember that while reading it I thought it a welcome proof, and still more a prediction, of American culture. I need not trouble you with any cavils I made on the manuscript I read, as —— assures me that he has lately revised and improved the original draft. I hope you will like the poem as heartily as I did."

I find a record of one very warm day in Boston in July when, in spite of the heat, Mr. Emerson came to dine with us:

"He talked much of Forcey the Willson, whose genius he thought akin to Dante's, and says E—— H—— agrees with him in this, or possibly suggested it, she having been one of the best readers and lovers of Dante outside the reputed scholars. 'But he is not fertile. A man at his time should be doing new things.' 'Yes,' said ——, 'I fear he never will do much more.' 'Why, how old is he?' asked Emerson; and hearing he was about thirty-five, he replied, with a smile, 'There is hope till forty-five.' He spoke also of Tennyson and Carlyle as the two men connected with literature in England who were most satisfactory to meet, and better than their books. His respect for

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literature in these degenerate days is absolnte. It is religion and life, and he reiterates this in every possible form. Speaking of Jones Very, he said he seemed to have no right to his rhymes; they did not sing to him, but he was divinely led to them, and they always surprised you."

We were much pleased and amused at his quaint expressions of admiration for a mutual friend in New York at whose hospitable house we had all received cordial entertainment. He said: "The great Hindoo, Hātim Tayi, was nothing by the side of such hospitality as hers. Hātim Tayi would soon lose his reputation." His appreciation of the poems of H. H. was often expressed. He made her the keynote of a talk one day upon the poetry of women. The poems entitled "Joy," "Thought," "Ariadne," he liked especially. Of Mrs. Hemans he found many poems which still survive, and he believed must always live.

Matthew Arnold was one of the minds and men to whom he constantly reverted with pleasure. Every traveller was asked for the last news of him, and when an English professor connected with the same university as Arnold, whom Emerson had been invited to meet, was asked the inevitable question, and found to know nothing, Emerson turned away from him, and lost all interest in his conversation. A few days afterward some one was heard to say, "Mr. Emerson, how did you like Professor ——?"

"Let me see," he replied; "is not he the man who was at the same university with Matthew Arnold, and who could tell us nothing of him?"

"How about Matthew Arnold?" he said to B—— on his return from England.

"I did not see him," was the somewhat cool reply.

"Yes! but he is one of the men one wishes not to lose sight of," said Emerson.

"Arnold has written a few good essays," rejoined the other, "but his talk about Homer is all nonsense."

"No, no, no!" said Emerson; "it is good, every word of it!"

When the lecture on Brook Farm really came, it was full of wit and charm, as well as of the truth he so seriously desired to convey. The audience was like a firm, elastic wall, against which he threw the balls of his wit, while they bounded prettily back into his hand. Almost the first thing he said was quoted from Horatio Greenough, whom he esteemed one of the greatest men of our country. But there is nothing more elusive and difficult to retain than Emerson's wit. It pierces and is gone. Some of the broader touches, such as the clothes-pins dropping out of the pockets of the Brook Farm gentlemen as they danced in the evening, were apparent to all, and irresistible. Nothing could be more amusing than the boyish pettishness with which, in speaking of the rareness of best company, he said, "We often found ourselves left to the society of cats and fools."

Emerson was always faithful to his appreciation of Channing's poems. When "Monadnock" was written, he made a special visit to Boston to talk it over, and the fine lines of Channing were always ready in his memory, to come to the front when called for. His love and loyalty to Elizabeth Hoar should never be forgotten in however imperfect a rehearsal of his valued companionships. One morning at breakfast I heard him describing her attributes and personality in the most tender and engaging way to Mrs. Stowe, who had never known her, which I would give much to be able to reproduce.

Emerson's truthfulness was often the cause of mirth even to himself. I remember that he thought he did not care for the work of Bayard Taylor, but he confessed one day with sly ruefulness that he had taken up the last *Atlantic* by chance, and found there some noble hexameters upon "November," and "I said to myself, 'Ah! who is this? this is as good as Clough.' When to my astonishment, and not a little to my discomfiture, I discovered they were Bayard Taylor's! But how about this 'Faust'? We have had Dante done over and over, and even now done I see again by a new hand, and Homer forever being done, and now 'Faust'! I quarrel somewhat with the overmuch labor spent upon these translations, but first of all I quarrel with Goethe. 'Faust' is unpleasant to me. The very flavor of the poem repels me, and makes me wish to turn away." The *Divina Commedia*, too, he continued, was a poem too terrible to him to read. He had never been able to finish it. It is probable that poor translations of both 'Faust' and Dante read in early youth were at the bottom of these opinions.

Emerson was a true appreciator of Walter Scott. At one of the Saturday Club

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dinners it was suggested that Walter Scott be made the subject of conversation, and the occasion be considered as his birthday. Emerson spoke with brilliant effect two or three times. He was first called out by his friend Judge Hoar, who said he was chopping wood that morning in his wood-shed, when Emerson came in and said so many delightful things about Sir Walter that if he would now repeat to the table only a portion of the excellent sayings heard in the wood-shed he would delight them all. Emerson rose, and, referring pleasantly to the brilliancy of the judge's imagination, began by expressing his sense of gratitude to Walter Scott, and concluded a fine analysis of his work by saying that the root and gist of his genius was to be found, in his opinion, in the Border Minstrelsy.

Emerson was no lover of the sentimental school. The sharp arrow of his wit found a legitimate target there. Of one person in especial, whom we all knew and valued for extraordinary gifts, he said: "—— is irreclaimable. The sentimentalists are the most dangerous of the insane, for they can not be shut up in asylums."

The labor bestowed upon his own work before committing himself to print was limitless. I have referred to this already in speaking of the publication of his address after the death of Thoreau. Sometimes in joke a household committee would be formed to sit in judgment on his essays, and get them out of his hands. The "May-day" poem was long in reaching its home in print. There were references to it from year to year, but he could never be satisfied to yield it up. In April, 1865, after the fall of Richmond, he dined with us, full of what he said was "a great joy to the world, not alone to our little America." That day he brought what he then called some verses on Spring to read to us, but when the reading was ended, he said they were far "too fragmentary to satisfy him," and quietly folded them up and carried them away again.

This feeling of unreadiness to print sprang as much from the wonderful modesty as from the sincerity of his character. He wrote shortly after to his publisher:

"I have the more delight in your marked overestimate of my poem that I had been vexed with a belief that what skill I had in whistling was nearly or quite gone, and that I might henceforth content myself with guttural consonants or dissonants, and not attempt warbling. On the strength of your note, I am working away at my last pages of rhyme. But this has been and is a week of company. Yet I shall do the best I can with the quarters of hours."

Again, with his mind upon the "May-day" poem, he wrote:

"I have long seen with some terror the necessity closing round me, in spite of all my resistance, that shall hold me from home. It now seems fixed to the 20th or 21st March. I had only consented to 1st March. But in the negotiations of my agent it would still turn out that the primary engagements made a year ago, and to which the others were only appendages—the primaries, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Pittsburgh—must needs thrust themselves into March, and without remedy. But I can not allow the 'May-day' to come till I come. There were a few indispensable corrections made and sent to the printer, which he reserved to be corrected on the plates, but of which no revise was ever sent to me; and as good publish no book as leave these *errata* unexpunged. Then there is one quatrain, to which his notice was not called, for which I wish to substitute another. So I entreat you not to finish the book except for the fire until I come. As the public did not die for the book on the 1st January, I presume they can sustain its absence on the 1st April. . . . Though I do not know that your courage will really hold out to publish it on the 1st April if I were quite ready."

Again in the same spirit he writes to his editor and publisher:

"You ask in your last note for 'Leasts and Mosts' for the *Atlantic*. You have made me so popular by your brilliant advertising and arrangements (I will say, not knowing how to qualify your social skill) that I am daily receiving invitations to read lectures far and near, and some of these I accept, and must therefore keep the readable lectures by me for a time, though I doubt not that this mite, like the mountain, will fall into the *Atlantic* at last. Ever your debtor,

"R. W. EMERSON."

At another time he wrote:

"I received the account rendered of the Blue and Gold Edition of the *Essays* and *Poems*. I keep the paper before me, and study it now and then to see if you have lost money by the transaction, and my prevailing impression is that you have."

It was seldom he showed a sincere willingness or desire to print. One day, however (it was in 1863), he came in bringing a poem he had written concerning his elder brother, who, he said, was a rare man, and whose memory richly deserved some

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tribute. He did not know if he could finish it, but he would like to print *that*. It was about the same period that he came to town and took a room at the Parker House, bringing with him the unfinished sketch of a few verses which he wished Mr. Fields to hear. He drew a small table into the centre of the room, which was still in disorder (a former occupant having slept there the previous night), and then read aloud the lines he proposed to give to the press. They were written on separate slips of paper, which were flying loosely about the room and under the bed. A question arose of the title, when Mr. Fields suggested "Voluntaries," which was cordially accepted and finally adopted.

He was ever seeking suggestions, and ready to accept corrections. He wrote to his publisher:

"I thank you for both the corrections, and accept them both, though in reading, one would always say, 'You pet,' so please write, though I grudge it, [Thou pet], and [mass], and [minster]. Please also to write [arctic] in the second line with small [a] if, as I think, it is now written large [A]. And I forgot, I believe, to strike out a needless series of quotation commas with which the printing was encumbered."

His painstaking never relaxed, even when he was to read a familiar lecture to an uncritical audience. He had been invited by the members of the Young Ladies' Saturday Morning Club to read one of his essays in their parlor. This he kindly consented to do, as well as to pass the previous night with his friends in Charles Street, and read to them an unpublished paper, which he called "Anita." Some question having arisen as to the possibility of his keeping both the engagements, he wrote as follows:

"DEAR MRS. F.,—I mean surely to obey your first command, namely, for the visit to you on Friday evening next, and I fully trust that I wrote you that I would.... And now I will untie the papers of 'Anita,' and see if I dare read them on Friday, or must find somewhat less nervous."

I find the following brief record of the occasion:

"Mr. Emerson arrived from Concord. He said he took it for granted we should be occupied at that hour, but he would seize the moment to look over his papers. So I begged him to go into the small study and find quiet there as long as he chose.... Presently Emerson came down to tea; the curtains were drawn, and a few guests arrived. We sat round the tea table in the library, while he told us of ——'s life in Berlin, where Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Grimm and Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft had opened a pleasant social circle for him. He also talked much of the Grimms. His friendship for Hermann Grimm had extended over many years, and an interesting correspondence has grown up between them. More guests arrived, and the talk became general until the time came to listen to 'Anita.'"

This is not the place to speak of the charm of that reading. The paper given that night is soon to be published, and as much of it as can be found on the printed page will be widely read and enjoyed; but Emerson's enjoyment of his own wit, as reflected back from the faces of his listeners, can not be reproduced, nor a kind of squirrel-like shyness and swiftness which pervaded it.

The diary continues:

"C—— and —— were first at breakfast, but Mr. Emerson soon followed. The latter had been some time at work, and his hands were cold. I had heard him stirring before seven o'clock. He came down bright and fresh, however, with the very spirit of youth in his face. At table they fell upon that unfailing resource in conversation, anecdotes of animals and birds. Speaking of parrots, Mr. Emerson said he had never heard a parrot say any of these wonderful things himself, but the Storer family of Cambridge, who were very truthful people, had told him astonishing anecdotes of a bird belonging to them, which he could not disbelieve because they told him!"

At ten o'clock we went to Miss L——'s, where the young ladies' club was convened to hear Mr. Emerson on "Manners." He told us we should do better to stay at home, as we had heard this paper many times. Happily we did not take his advice. There were many good things added besides the pleasure of hearing the old ones revived. One of the things new to me was the saying of a wise woman, who remarked that she "did not think so much of what people said as of what made them say it." It was pretty to see the enthusiasm of the girls, and to hear what C——T—— called their "virile applause."

During the same season Emerson consented to give a series of readings in Boston. He was not easily persuaded to the undertaking until he felt assured of the very hearty co-operation which the proposed title of "Conversations" made evi-

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dent to him. The following note will give some idea of his feeling with regard to the plan.

"CONCORD, *24th February*, 1872.

"DEAR ——,—You are always offering me kindness and eminent privileges, and for this courageous proposition of 'Conversations on Literature with Friends, at Mechanics' Hall,' I pause and poise between pleasure and fear. The name and the undertaking are most attractive; but whether it can be adequately attempted by me, who have a couple of tasks which Osgood and Company know of, now on my slow hands, I hesitate to affirm. Well, the very proposal will perhaps arm my head and hands to drive these tasks to a completion. And you shall give me a few days' grace, and I will endeavor to send you a considerate answer."

Later, in March, he wrote:

"For the proposed 'Conversations,' which is a very good name, I believe I must accept your proposition frankly, though the second week of April looks almost too near."

As the appointed time approached, a fresh subject for nervousness suggested itself, which the following note will explain:

"CONCORD, *12th April*, '72.

"MY DEAR ——,—I entreat you to find the correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, ——, ...who reports Miss Vaughan's and Henry James's lectures in Boston,.....and adjure her or him, as he or she values honesty and honor, not to report any word of what Mr. Emerson may say or do at his coming 'Conversations.' Tell the dangerous person that Mr. E. accepted this task, proffered to him by private friends, on the assurance that the audience would be composed of his usual circle of private friends, and that he should be protected from any report; that a report is so distasteful to him that it would seriously embarrass and perhaps cripple or silence much that he proposes to communicate; and if the individual has bought tickets, these shall gladly be refunded, and with thanks and great honor of your friend,

"R. W. EMERSON."

In spite of all these terrors, the "Conversations" were an entire success, financially as well as otherwise.

I find in the diary:

"This afternoon Mr. Emerson gave his first 'Conversation' in this course, which —— has arranged for him. He will make over fourteen hundred dollars by these readings. There was much new and excellent matter in the discourse to-day, and it was sown, as usual, with felicitous quotations. His introduction was gracefully done. He said he regarded the company around him as a society of friends whom it was a great pleasure to him to meet. He spoke of the value of literature, but also of the superior value of thought if it can be evolved in other ways, quoting that old saying of Catherine de Medicis, who remarked, when she was told of some one who could speak twenty languages: 'That means he has twenty words for one idea. I would rather have twenty ideas to one word.'"

And again:

"*April* 22.—To-day is the second of Mr. Emerson's 'Readings,' or 'Conversations,' and he is coming with Longfellow and the Hunts to have dinner afterward.....We had a gay, lovely time at the dinner; but—first about the lecture. Emerson talked of poetry, and the unity which exists between science and poetry, the latter being the fine insight which solves all problems. The *un*written poetry of to-day, the virgin soil, was strongly, inspiringly, revealed to us. He was not talking, he said, when he spoke of poetry, of the smooth verses of magazines, but of poetry itself wherever it was found. He read favorite single lines, also, from Byron's 'Island,' giving Byron great praise, as if in view of the injustice which has been done him in our time. After Byron's poem he read a lyric written by a traveller to the Tonga Islands, which is in Martin's *Travels;* also a noble poem called 'The Soul,' and a sonnet, by Wordsworth. We were all entranced as the magic of his sympathetic voice passed from one poetic vision to another. Indeed, we could not bear to see the hour fade away."

I find the following fragment of a note written during May of that year:

"I received on my return home last night, with pleasure which is quite ceasing to surprise, the final installment of one hundred and seven dollars from the singular soliloquies called 'Conversations,' inaugurated by the best of directors. Evermore thanks,

"R. W. EMERSON."

Again, in the journal I find:

"Another lecture from Emerson—'Poetry, Religion, Love'—'superna respicit amor.' His whole discourse was a store-house of delights and inspirations. There was a fine contribution from Goethe; a passage where he bravely recounts his indebtedness to the great of all ages. Varnhagen von Ense, Jacob Böhmen, Swedenborg, and the poets brought their share.

"There was an interlude upon domestic life, 'where alone the true man could be revealed,' which was full of beauty.

"He came in to-day to see ——. He flouts the idea of 'that preacher, Horace Greeley,' being put up for candidate for President. 'If it had been Charles Francis Adams, now, we should all have voted for him. To be sure, it would be his father and his grandfather for whom we were voting, but we should all believe in him.'

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"We think this present course of lectures more satisfactory than the last. One thing is certain, he flings his whole spirit into them. He reads the poems he loves best in literature, and infuses into their rendering the pure essence of his own poetic life. We can never forget his reading of 'The Wind,' a Welsh poem by Taliesin—the very rush of the elements was in it."

Emerson was perfectly natural and at ease in manner and speech during these readings. He would sometimes bend his brows and shut his eyes, endeavoring to recall a favorite passage, as if he were at his own library table. One day, after searching thus in vain for a passage from Ben Jonson, he said: "It is all the more provoking as I do not doubt many a friend here might help me out with it."

When away from home, on his lecture tours, Emerson did not fail to have his share of disasters. He wrote from Albany, in 1865, to Mr. Fields:

"An unlucky accident drives me here to make a draft on you for fifty dollars, which I hope will not annoy you. The truth is that I lost my wallet—I fear to some pickpocket—in Fairhaven, Vermont, night before last (some $70 or $80 in it), and had to borrow money of a Samaritan lady to come here. I pray you do not whisper it to the swallows for fear it should go to ——, and he should print it in *Fraser*. I am going instantly to the best bookshop to find some correspondent of yours to make me good. I was to have read a lecture here last night, but the train *walked* all the way through the ice, sixty miles, from six in the morning, and arrived here at *ten* at night. I hope still that Albany will entreat me on its knees to read to-night. One other piece of bad news, if you have not already learned it. Can you not burn down the Boston Athenæum to-night? for I learned by chance that they have a duplicate of the *Liber Amoris*. I hope for great prosperity on my journey as the necessary recoil of such adversities, and specially to pay my debts in twenty days.

"Yours, with constant regard,
"R. W. EMERSON."

The apprehensions which assailed him before his public addresses or readings were not of a kind to affect either speech or behavior. He seemed to be simply detained by his own dissatisfaction with his work, and was forever looking for something better to come, even when it was too late. His manuscripts were often disordered, and at the last moment, after he began to read, appeared to take the form in his mind of a forgotten labyrinth through which he must wait to find his way in some more opportune season.

In the summer of 1867 he delivered the address before the Phi Beta at Harvard. He seemed to have an especial feeling of unreadiness on that day, and, to increase the trouble, his papers slipped away in confusion from under his hand as he tried to rest them on a poorly arranged desk or table. Mr. Hale put a cushion beneath them finally, after Emerson began to read, which prevented them from falling again, but the whole matter was evidently out of joint in the reader's eyes. He could not be content with it, and closed without warming to the occasion. It was otherwise, however, to those who listened; they did not miss the old power; but after the reading he openly expressed his own discontent, and walked away dissatisfied.

On another and more private occasion, also, he came away much disappointed himself, because, the light being poor and his manuscript disarranged, he had not been just, he thought, even to such matter as lay before him. And who can forget the occasion of the delivery of the Boston Hymn?—that glad New-Year when the people were assembled in our large Music Hall to hear read the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln. When it was known that Emerson was to follow with a poem, a stillness fell on the vast assembly as if one ear were waiting to catch his voice; but the awful moment, which was never too great for his will and endeavor, was confusing to his fingers, and the precious leaves of his manuscript fell as he rose, and scattered themselves among the audience. They were quickly gathered and restored, but for one instant it seemed as if the cup so greatly desired was to be dashed from the lips of the listeners.

His perfect grace in conversation can hardly be reproduced, even if one could gather the arrows of his wit. But I find one or two slight hints of the latter which are too characteristic to be omitted. Speaking of some friends who were contemplating a visit to Europe just after our war, when exchange was still very high, he said that "the wily American would elude Europe for a year yet, hoping exchange would go down." On being introduced to an invited guest of the Saturday Club, Emerson said: "I am glad to meet you, sir. I often see your name in the papers,

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and elsewhere, and am happy to take you by the hand for the first time."

"Not for the first time," was the reply. "Thirty-three years ago I was enjoying my school vacation in the woods, as boys will. One afternoon I was walking alone, when you saw me and joined me, and talked of the voices of nature in a way which stirred my boyish pulses, and left me thinking of your words far into the night."

Emerson looked pleased, but rejoined that it must have been long ago indeed when he ventured to talk of such fine subjects.

In conversing with Richard H. Dana, Jr., the latter spoke of the cold eyes of one of our public men. "Yes," said Emerson, meditatively, "holes in his head! holes in his head!"

In speaking once of education and of the slight attention given to the development of personal influence, he said "he had not yet heard of Rarey" (the famous horse-tamer of that time) "having been made Doctor of Laws."

After an agreeable conversation with a gentleman who had suffered from ill health, Emerson remarked, "You formerly bragged of bad health, sir; I trust you are all right now."

Emerson's reticence with regard to Carlyle's strong expressions against America was equally wise and admirable. His friends crowded about him, urging him to denounce Carlyle, as a sacred duty, but he stood serene and silent as the rocks until the angry sea was calm.

Of his grace of manner, what could be more expressive than the following notes of compliment and acknowledgment?

"When I came home from my pleasant visit to your house last week (or was it a day or two before last week?), Mrs. Hawthorne, arriving in Concord a little later than I, brought me the photograph of Raffaelle's original sketch of Dante, and from you. It appears to be a fixed idea in your mind to benefit and delight me, and still in ingenious and surprising ways. Well, I am glad that my lot is cast in the time and proximity of excellent persons, even if I do not often see their faces. I send my thanks for this interesting picture, which so strangely brings us close to the painter again, and almost hints that a supermarine and superaerial telegraph may bring us thoughts from him yet."

And, again, with reference to a small photograph from a very interesting *rilievo* done by a young Roman who died early, leaving nothing in more permanent form to attest his genius:

"'The Star-led Wizards' arrived safely at my door last night, as the beauty and splendid fancy of their figures, and not less the generous instructions of their last entertainer and guide, might well warrant and secure.

"It was surely a very unlooked-for but to me most friendly inspiration of yours which gave their feet this direction. But they are and shall be gratefully and reverently received and enshrined, and in the good hope that you will so feel engaged at some time or times to stop and make personal inquiry after the welfare of your guests and wards."

And again:

"How do you suppose that unskillful scholars are to live, if Fields should one day die? *Serus in cœlum redeat!*

"Affectionately yours and his,

"R. W. EMERSON."

Surely the grace and friendly charm of these conversational notes warrant their preservation even to those who are not held by the personal attraction which lay behind them.

Again he writes:

"I have been absent from home since the noble Saturday evening, or should have sent you this book of Mr. Stirling's, which you expressed a wish to see. The papers on Macaulay, Tennyson, and Coleridge interest me, and the critic is master of his weapons.

"Meantime, in these days, my thoughts are all benedictions on the dwellers in the happy home of number 148 Charles Street."

His appreciation of the hospitality of others was only a reflection from his own. I find a few words in the journal as follows: "Mr. Emerson was like a benediction in the house, as usual. He was up early in the morning looking over books and pictures in the library." Afterward, in describing an evening when other guests were present, I find that he brought his own journal to town and read us passages describing a visit in Edinburgh, where he was the guest of Mrs. Crowe. She was one of those ladies of Edinburgh, he said, "who could turn to me, as she did, and say, 'Whom would you like to meet?' Of course I said, Lord Jeffrey, De Quincey, Samuel Brown, called the alchemist by chemists, and a few others. She was able, with her large hospitality, to give me what I most desired. She drove with me and Samuel Brown to call on De Quincey, who was then living most uncomfortably in lodgings with a landlady

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who persecuted him continually. While I was staying at Mrs. Crowe's, De Quincey arrived there one evening, after being exposed to various vicissitudes of weather, and latterly to a heavy rain. Unhappily Mrs. Crowe's apparently unlimited hospitality was limited at pantaloons, and poor De Quincey was obliged to dry his water-soaked garments at the fire-side."

Emerson read much also that was interesting of Tennyson and of Carlyle. Of the latter he said that the last time he was in England he drove directly to his house. "Jane Carlyle opened the door for me, and the man himself stood behind and bore the candle. 'Well, here we are, shovelled together again,' was his greeting. Carlyle's talk is like a river, full and never ceasing; we talked until after midnight, and again the next morning at breakfast we went on. Then we started to walk to London; and London Bridge, the Tower, and Westminster were all melted down into the river of his speech."

After the reading that evening there was singing, and Emerson listened attentively. Presently he said, when the first song ended, "I should like to know what the words mean." The music evidently signified little to his ears. Before midnight, when we were alone, he again reverted to Tennyson. He loves to gather and rehearse what is known of that wonderful man.

Early in the morning he was once more in the library. I found him there laughing over a little book he had discovered. It was Leigh Hunt's copy of *English Traits*, and was full of marginal notes, which amused Emerson greatly.

Not Mrs. Crowe's hospitality nor any other could ever compare in his eyes with that of the New York friend to whom I have already alluded. We all agreed that her genius was pre-eminent. Here are two brief notes of graceful acknowledgment to his Boston friends which, however, may hardly be omitted. In one of these he says:

"My wife is very sensible of your brave hospitality, offered in your note a fortnight since, and resists all my attempts to defend your hearth from such a crowd. Of course I am too glad to be persuaded to come to you, and so it is our desire to spend the Sunday of my last lecture at your house."

In the other he says:

"I ought to have acknowledged and thanked you for the plus-Arabian hospitality which warms your note. It might tempt any one but a galley-slave, or a scholar who is tied to his book-crib as the other to his oar, to quit instantly all his dull surroundings, and fly to this lighted, genial asylum with doors wide open and nailed back."

There is a brief glimpse of Emerson upon his return from California which it is a pleasure to recall. He came at once, even before going to Concord, to see Mr. Fields. "We must not visit San Francisco too young," he said, "or we shall never wish to come away. It is called the 'Golden Gate' not because of its gold, but because of the lovely golden flowers which at this season cover the whole face of the country down to the edge of the great sea." He smiled at the namby-pamby travellers who turned back because of the discomforts of the trip into the valley of the Yosemite. It was a place full of marvel and glory to him. The only regret attending the trip seems to have been that he was obliged to miss the meetings of the Saturday Club, which were always dear to him.

The following extract gives a picture of him about this time:

"A call from Mr. Emerson, who talked of Lowell's 'joyous genius.' He said: 'I have read what he has done of late with great interest, and am sorry to have been so slow as not to have written him yet, especially as I am to meet him at the club dinner to-day. How is Pope?' he continued, crossing the room to look at an authentic portrait by Richardson of that great master of verse. 'Such a face as this should send us all to re-reading his works again.' Then turning to the bust of Tennyson, by Woolner, which stood near, he said, 'The more I think of this bust and the grand self-assertion in it, the more I like it.' .... Emerson came in after the club dinner; Longfellow also. Mrs. G—— was present, and bragged grandly, and was very smart in talk. Afterward Emerson said he was reminded of Carlyle's expression with regard to Lady Duff Gordon, whom he considered a female St. Peter walking fearlessly over the waves of the sea of humbug."

Opportunities for social communication were sacred in his eyes, and never to be lightly thrown aside. He wore an expectant look upon his face in company, as if waiting for some new word from the last comer. He was himself the stimulus, even when disguised as a listener, and his additions to the evenings called Mr. Alcott's Conversations were marked and eagerly expected. Upon the occasion of Longfellow's last departure for Europe in

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1869, a private farewell dinner took place, where Emerson, Agassiz, Holmes, Lowell, Greene, Norton, Whipple, and Dana all assembled in token of their regard. Emerson tried to persuade Longfellow to go to Greece to look after the Klephs, the supposed authors of Romaic poetry, so beautiful in both their poetic eyes. Finding this idea unsuccessful, he next turned to the Nile, to those vast statues which still stand awful and speechless witnesses of the past. He was interesting and eloquent, but Longfellow was not to be persuaded. It was an excellent picture of the two contrasting characters — Longfellow, serene, considerate, with his plans arranged and his thought resting in his home and his children's requirements; Emerson, with eager, unresting thought, excited by the very idea of travel to plunge farther into the strange world where the thought of mankind was born.

This lover of hospitalities was also king in his own domain. In the winter of 1872 Mr. Fields was invited to read a lecture in Concord, and an early invitation came bidding us to pass the time under his roof-tree. A few days before, however, a note came, saying that Emerson himself was detained in Washington, and could not reach home for the occasion. It was cold weather, and even the horse that carried us from the station to the house had on his winter coat; but roaring fires were blazing when we arrived, and were only less warm than our welcome.

After supper, when the lecture hour was approaching, I suddenly heard the front door open, and, before we could think, there was the dear sage himself ready with his welcome. He had lectured the previous evening in Washington, and left in the earliest possible train, coming through without pause to Concord. In spite of the snow and cold, he said he should walk to the lecture-room as soon as he had taken a cup of tea, and before the opening sentence was concluded his welcome face appeared punctually at the door.

After the lecture the old house presented a cheerful countenance. Again the fires blazed, friends sent flowers, and Mr. Alcott joined in conversation. "Quite swayed out of his habit," said Emerson, "by the good cheer." The spirit of hospitality led the master of the house to be swayed also, for it was midnight before the talk was ended. It was wonderful to see how strong and cheerful and unwearied he appeared after his long journey. "I would not discourage this young acolyte," he said, turning to the lecturer of the evening and laughing, "by showing any sense of discomfort."

When we arose the next morning the sun was just dawning over the level fields of snow. The air was fresh, the sky cloudless, the glory of the scene indescribable. The weight of weariness I had brought from the city was lifted by the scene before me, and by the influence of the great nature who was befriending us within the four walls. It was good to look upon the landscape which was the source of his own inspirations.

Emerson was already in the breakfast-room at eight o'clock. There was much talk about the lack of education in English literature among our young people. Emerson said a Boston man who usually appeared sufficiently well informed asked him if he had ever known Spinoza. He talked also of Walt Whitman and Coventry Patmore, and asked the last news of Allingham: when suddenly, as it seemed, the little horse came again in his winter coat, and carried us to the station, and that day was done.

There is a bit of description of Emerson as he appeared at a political meeting in his earlier years which I love to remember. The meeting was called in opposition to Daniel Webster, and Emerson was to address the people. It was in Cambridgeport. When he rose to speak he was greeted by hisses, long and full of hate, but a friend said, who saw him there, that she could think of nothing but dogs baying at the moon. He was serene as moonlight itself.

But the days came when desire must fail, and the end draw near. One morning he wrote from Concord: "I am grown so old that, though I can read from a paper, I am no longer fit for conversation, and dare not make visits. So we send you our thanks, and you shall not expect us."

It has been a pleasure to rehearse in my memory these glimpses of Emerson, and, covered with imperfections as they are, I have found courage for welding them together in the thought that many minds must know him through his work who long to ask what he was like in his habit as he lived, and whose joy in their teacher can only be enhanced by such pictures as they can obtain of the righteousness and beauty of his personal behavior.

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LYDIA MACKEY AND COLONEL TARLETON.

AN EPISODE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

FROM NOTES OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

IN 1781 South Carolina was completely overrun by the British. Lord Cornwallis held quiet possession of Charleston, had defeated Gates and Dekalb at Camden, driven Marion to the swamps of Pedee, scattered the forces of Sumter, and established his head-quarters in the Waxhaws, on the borders of North Carolina, while Tarleton had his on the Hanging Rock Creek, about thirty miles north of Camden. Davie alone was left with a small force on the west bank of the Catawba, making occasional sorties to harass the outposts of the British.

The Scotch-Irish and Huguenots of South Carolina were mostly Whigs, or rebels. The English colonists were divided; the majority were Whigs; but there were a goodly number of loyal men among them who conscientiously espoused the cause of the mother country, and were called Tories.

Lancaster County was one of the strongholds of the Whigs. The McElwains, Truesdales, Douglases, Cunninghams, Twitbys, McDonalds, McMullens, Mackeys, and others of Scotch-Irish origin occupied and held the southern portion of Lancaster, and Charles Mackey was their acknowledged leader; while the Crawfords, Dunlaps, Jacksons (General Jackson was then sixteen years old), Whites, Masseys, Dobys, Curetons, and others of the same stock held the Waxhaws, in the northern section of the county. The Whigs had always made Lancaster too hot for the Tories, and had ruthlessly driven them out of the county to seek companionship and sympathy wherever they might find it. But the advent of the British turned the tide of war completely, and now the Tories, with Tarleton's aid, drove the Whigs from Lancaster, some across the Catawba to join Davie, and some to the Pedee to join Marion.

Charles Mackey, as the leader of his band, had made himself very obnoxious to the Tories, and they impatiently awaited a time of vengeance.

He was a man of medium size, very active and energetic, a fine horseman, a splendid shot, hot-headed, impulsive, often running unnecessary risks, and doing daredevil deeds. No work was too hazardous for him.

Lydia Mackey, his wife, was a woman of good common-sense, with clear head and fine judgment, and in coolness and self-possession far superior to her impetuous husband. They had a young family of two or three children, and Charles Mackey had not seen or heard from them for several weeks. Their home was not more than two and a half miles from Tarleton's camp on the Hanging Rock Creek. He knew very well that it would be hazardous for him to return to his home so near to Tarleton's head-quarters, but his anxiety became so intense on account of his wife's peculiar condition that he could no longer remain in doubt about it. So he cautiously made his way home, where he unwisely loitered for a week, and during this time he had the temerity to enter Tarleton's lines more than once in search of information which would be valuable to his country's defenders.

Charles Mackey's house was a double log cabin, with cultivated patches of corn and potatoes on either side of a lane leading to the front, while at the rear was a kitchen-garden of half an acre or more, extending back to a large huckleberry swamp, which was almost impenetrable to man or beast. This swamp covered an area of ten or fifteen acres, and was surrounded by a quagmire from ten to thirty feet wide, thus making it practically an island. It was entered by jumping from tussock to tussock of moss-covered clumps of mould a foot or two in diameter, and rising six or eight inches above the pitch-black semi-jelly-like mire, which shook in every direction in passing over it. A plank or fence-rail served as a temporary drawbridge, which was pulled into the swamp after crossing over.

When the county was infested by Tories, Charles Mackey spent his days in the swamp, if not out scouting. At night he ventured home. He had good watch-dogs, and they gave the alarm when any one approached, whether by night or day. If at night, he would immediately lift a loose plank in the floor of his bedroom, drop through on the ground, crawl out in the rear, then run thirty or forty yards across the garden, gun in hand, and disappear in the swamp, pulling his fence-

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rail draw-bridge after him. There was no approach to the house in the rear, and his retreat was always effected with impunity.

Charles Mackey had been at home now about a week, and was on the eve of leaving with some valuable information for the rebel generals, gained by his night prowlings in and about the head-quarters of Colonel Tarleton. But early in a June morning (an hour or two before day) his usually faithful watch-dogs failed to give warning of the approach of strangers, and the first notice of their presence was their shouting "Hello!" in front of the house. Mrs. Mackey jumped out of bed, threw open the window-shutter, stuck out her head, surveyed the half-dozen armed horsemen carefully, and said, "Who's there?"

"Friends. Is Charley Mackey at home?"

She promptly answered, "No."

In the mean time Charley had raised the loose plank in the floor, and was ready to make for the swamp in the rear, when, stopping for a moment to be sure of the character of his visitors, he heard the spokesman say: "Well, we are very sorry indeed, for there was a big fight yesterday on Lynch's Creek between General Marion and the British, and we routed the —— redcoats completely; and we have been sent to General Davie at Landsford with orders to unite with Marion at Flat Rock as soon as possible, and then to attack Tarleton. We don't know the way to Landsford, and came by for Charley to pilot us."

Mrs. Mackey was always cool and collected, and she said she was very sorry her husband was not at home. But her husband was just the reverse—hot-headed and impetuous. This sudden news of victory, after so many reverses, was so in accordance with his wishes that he madly rushed out into the midst of the mounted men, hurrahing for Marion and Davie, and shouting vengeance on the redcoats and Tories; and he began to shake hands enthusiastically with the "boys," and to ask particulars about the fight, when the ringleader of the gang coolly said: "Well, Charley, old fellow, we've set a good many traps for you, but never baited 'em right till now. You are our prisoner." And they marched him off, just as he was, without hat or coat, and without allowing him a moment to say a parting word to his poor wife.

It was now nearly daylight, and they ordered him to pilot them to Andy McElwain's, with the hope of capturing him too. But he was not at home. Then he was compelled to pilot them to James Truesdale's, and he was not at home. From there they went to Lancaster village, and then to Colonel Tarleton's head-quarters, where Charley Mackey was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to death as a spy.

The next day Mrs. Mackey, not knowing what had happened, gathered some fruit and eggs, and, with a basket well filled, she made her way to Colonel Tarleton's camp. Hucksters were readily admitted when they had such luxuries to dispose of.

On getting within the lines she inquired the way to Colonel Tarleton's marquee, which was shown to her. The colonel was on parade, but a young officer, who was writing, asked her to be seated. After he had finished, he said, "You have something for sale, I presume."

She replied that she had eggs and fruit. He gladly took what she had and paid for them. She frankly declared that her basket of fruit was only a pretext to get to Colonel Tarleton; that she was anxious to see him in person on business of great importance. She then explained to him the capture of her husband, and that she wished to get him released if he were still alive, for she did not know but what they had hung him up to the first tree they came to. The officer told her that the colonel was on parade, and would not return for two hours—not till he came in for his mid-day meal. Mrs. Mackey was a comely woman of superior intelligence, and she soon interested the young officer in her sad condition. He expressed for her the deepest sympathy; told her that her husband was near by under guard; that he had been tried and sentenced to death as a spy; that he was to be hung at sunrise to-morrow morning; and that he feared there was no hope of reprieve, as the evidence given against him by Tories was of the most positive kind. He told her that Colonel Tarleton was as cruel and unfeeling as he was brave, and that he would promise her anything to get rid of her, but would fulfill nothing.

"However," said he, "I will prepare the necessary document for your husband's release, filling in the blanks, so that it will only be necessary to get Colonel Tarleton's

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signature. But I must again frankly say that this is almost hopeless."

It was evident to the most superficial observer that Mrs. Mackey would soon become a mother, and this probably had something to do in enlisting the kindly sympathy of the brave young officer. At twelve o'clock Colonel Tarleton rode up, dismounted, and entered the adjoining tent. As he passed along, the young officer said: "You must wait till he dines. Another charger will then be brought forth, and when he comes out to mount, you can approach him, and not till then."

At the expected time the tall, boyish-looking, clean-shaved, handsome young Tarleton came out of his tent, and as he neared his charger he was confronted by the heroic Lydia Mackey, who in a few words made known the object of her visit. He quickly answered that he was in a great hurry, and could not at that time stop to consider her case. She said the case was urgent; that her husband had been condemned to die at sunrise to-morrow morning, and that he alone had the power to save his life. He replied: "Very well, my good woman, when I return later in the day I will inquire into the matter." Saying this he placed his foot in the stirrup, and sprang up, but before he could throw his right leg over the saddle, Mrs. Mackey caught him by the coat and jerked him down. He turned upon her with a scowl, and she implored him to grant her request.

He was greatly discomfited, and angrily said he would inquire into the case on his return. He then attempted again to mount, when she dragged him down a second time, begging him in eloquent terms to spare the life of her husband. "Hut tut, my good woman!" said he, boiling with rage. "Do you know what you are doing? Begone! I'll attend to this at my convenience; not sooner."

So saying, he tried a third time to mount, and a third time Lydia Mackey jerked him to the ground. Holding by the sword's scabbard and falling on her knees, she cried, "Draw your sword and slay me and my unborn babe, or give me the life of my husband, for I shall never let you go till you kill me or sign this document"—which she drew from her bosom, and held up before his face.

Tarleton trembled, was as pale as a corpse, and turning to the young officer, who stood near by, intently watching the scene, he said, "Captain, where is this woman's husband?"

He answered, "Under guard in yonder tent."

"Order him to be brought here." And soon Charles Mackey stood before the valiant Tarleton. "Sir," said he, "you have been convicted of bearing arms against his Majesty's government. Worse—you have been convicted of being a spy; you have dared to enter my lines in disguise as a spy, and you can not deny it. But, for the sake of your wife, I will give you a full pardon on condition that you will take an oath never again to bear arms against the King's government."

"Sir," said Charles Mackey, in the firmest tones, "I can not accept pardon on those terms. It must be unconditional, or I must die."

And poor Lydia Mackey cried out, "And I too must die"; and on her knees, holding on to Colonel Tarleton, she pleaded with such fervor and eloquence that Tarleton seemed for a moment to hesitate, and then, turning to the young captain, he said, with quivering lips, and in a voice choked with emotion, "Captain, for God's sake, sign my name to this paper, and let this woman go."

With this, Lydia Mackey sank to the ground exhausted, and Colonel Tarleton mounted his charger and galloped off, doubtless happier for having spared the life of the heroic Lydia Mackey's husband.

Lydia Mackey in her old age was a fine talker, and when I was a boy ten years old I heard her tell this story with such feeling and earnestness that great tears rolled down her aged cheeks to mingle with those of her little grandchildren gathered around her knees.

The name of Tarleton was execrated in South Carolina till a very late period. But the Lydia Mackey episode shows that he had a heart not wholly steeled against the nobler feelings of humanity.

The history of our Revolutionary war can hardly present a more interesting tableau than that of Lydia Mackey begging the life of her husband at the hands of the brave and bloody Tarleton. It is altogether probable that the Lydia Mackey victory was the first ever gained over this redoubtable commander.

My mother, Mahala Mackey, born September 1, 1792, was the ninth and youngest child of Charles and Lydia Mackey, the subjects of this narrative.

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ST. LOUIS

THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT AND EDUCATION.

THE history of the relation of the national government to the education of the American people is chiefly of a pecuniary character; and its pecuniary character is in the main, and in the early stages, limited to the question of the distribution of the public lands. As Mr. Webster in his reply to Hayne—a speech made upon a resolution relating to the public lands—said, "Our whole system of land laws proceeds on the idea that education is for the common good, because, in every division, a certain portion is uniformly reserved and appropriated for the use of schools."

In the settlement of several of the colonies grants of land were made for educational purposes. The settlers of Massachusetts and of Connecticut from the earliest period set apart lands for the support of schools. The duty of devoting a portion of the public domain to the interests of education was recognized by every intelligent and patriotic colonist. The first president of King's (now Columbia) College expressed the wish that "instructions were given to our Governors never to grant patents for townships or villages or large manors without requiring the patentees to sequester a competent portion for the support of religion and schools." In the year 1784, Georgia passed an act relative to lands in the western part of the State by which it is required that twenty thousand acres "of the first quality"—lots of five thousand acres each—be laid out in each county "for the endowment of a collegiate seminary of learning."

But the first act of national importance respecting the bestowment of the public land for the support of education is an ordinance passed in the Congress of the Confederation 20th May, 1785, providing that "there shall be reserved lot No. 16 of every township for the maintenance of public schools." This act applied to the "western territory," the organization of which was at the time under discussion. The act was, a little more than two years after, included in the ordinance of 1787, which provided for the government of the Northwest Territory. The motive prompting this liberal grant to the public schools is expressed in the declaration of the ordinance that "religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall be forever encouraged." From the passage of this act in 1787 to the year 1848 a similar provision for public education, with one exception, was made in the organization of each new Territory. This exception was Texas, which at the time of her admission retained by a special act the title to her public lands—lands so immense and so wisely administered upon that the State has set aside no less than three million acres for the establishment of a university. But in the case of all other Territories, down to the year 1848, one-thirty-sixth of their entire area was devoted to the purposes of public education. In that year, however, the amount of land to be thus devoted was doubled; and to every State and Territory since admitted, except West Virginia, both the sixteenth and the thirty-sixth sections of each township, forming one-eighteenth of the public domain, have been reserved for the benefit of the common schools.

Previously, however, in 1841, Congress had granted five hundred thousand acres each to Alabama, Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, Louisiana, Michigan, Mississippi, and Missouri for the purpose of internal improvement; and an equal grant has been made to each State since admitted into the Union, with the exception of Texas and West Virginia. Six of these States—California, Iowa, Kansas, Oregon, Nevada, and Wisconsin—have by constitutional provisions set apart the proceeds of the sales of these lands for the support of free schools. At least one-third of the entire amount of nine millions of acres thus given away was devoted to education.

Yet the most important donation of land ever offered by the general government to aid the schools and colleges of the various States was made in the year 1862. It was accomplished by an act "donating public lands to the several States and Territories which may provide colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts." It authorized the granting to each State a quantity of land equal to thirty thousand acres for each Senator and Representative in Congress. The income arising from the proceeds of the sales of these lands was to be devoted to the teaching of "such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in such manner as the Legislatures of the States may respectively prescribe,

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in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in several pursuits and professions in life." Within five years of the passage of this act twenty-two States had established colleges of agriculture and the mechanic arts in accordance with its provisions; and in 1878 every State, excepting Colorado and Florida, had organized these colleges. Nine million six hundred thousand acres were thus donated. New York received slightly more than one-tenth of the amount, which was employed in the endowment of Cornell University. Massachusetts divided its share between the agricultural college at Amherst and the Institute of Technology at Boston. Maine, and the large majority of the States, devoted their proportions to the support of colleges of agriculture.

Since its establishment the government has appropriated the public lands, or their proceeds, to the extent of one hundred and forty millions of acres, to new States for educational purposes. One-sixteenth of all the national domain within their boundaries has thus been given away. The following table represents the proportion granted to the several States up to 30th June, 1867:*

Soon after the organization of the general government Congress inaugurated the policy of granting a certain percentage of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands to the States in which they were situated. In 1803 an act was passed giving to Ohio three per cent. of the net proceeds arising from the sales of the public lands within her borders. With the exception of Maine, Texas, and West Virginia, in neither of which did the United States own land, similar grants have been made to every State admitted since Ohio. The whole amount thus paid to the States is $6,508,819 11. A part of it has been devoted to purposes of internal improvement, but a considerable proportion has been applied to public education. The exact amount thus bestowed can not be ascertained, but in eight States it is as follows:

Illinois, from 1821 to 1869.....	$713,495 45
Florida, from 1847 to 1872.....	28,098 07
Wisconsin, from 1850 to 1875.....	195,423 98
Iowa, from 1849 to 1874.....	630,627 38
*Oregon, from 1866 to 1876	25,927 60
*Kansas, from 1868 to 1876.....	53,626 15
Nebraska, from 1869 to 1876.....	113,591 90
*Nevada, from 1872 to 1874	3,648 81
	$1,764,439 34

To say that the general government has allowed the States not less than two millions of dollars arising from the sale of lands, which they have devoted to educa-

* TABLE SHOWING THE AREA OF THE SEVERAL STATES AND TERRITORIES CONTAINING PUBLIC LANDS, AND THE QUANTITY DEVOTED FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES BY CONGRESS UP TO JUNE 30, 1867.

[Compiled from Report of the Commissioner of the Land Office for 1867.]

States and Territories containing Public Land.	Areas of States and Territories containing Public Land.		Donations and Grants for Schools and Universities.		Granted for Agricultural Colleges, Act of July 2, 1862.		Granted for Deaf and Dumb Asylums.	Remaining unsold and unappropriated June 30, 1867.
			Schools.	Universities.	Selected in Place.	Located with Scrip.		
	Sq. Miles.	Acres.	Acres.	Acres.	Acres.	Acres.	Acres.	Acres.
Ohio	39,964	25,576,960	704,488	69,120	.....	.....	.....	500.00
Indiana	33,809	21,637,760	650,317	46,080	.....	.....	.....	2,000.00
Illinois	55,410	35,462,400	985,066	46,080	.....	.....	.....	2,000.00
Missouri	65,350	41,824,000	1,199,139	46,080	244,384.51	147,797.25	.....	1,835,892.71
Alabama	50,722	32,462,080	902,774	46,080	.....	.....	21,949.46	6,915,081.32
Mississippi	47,156	30,179,840	837,584	46,080	.....	.....	.....	4,930,893.56
Louisiana	41,346	26,461,440	786,044	46,080	.....	.....	.....	6,582,841.54
Michigan	56,451	36,128,640	1,067,397	46,080	225,253.88	960,807.59	.....	5,180,640.63
Arkansas	52,198	33,406,720	886,460	46,080	.....	.....	2,097.43	11,757,662.54
Florida	59,268	37,931,520	908,503	92,160	.....	.....	20,924.22	17,540,374.00
Iowa	55,045	35,228,800	905,144	46,080	240,000.96	1,760.00	.....	3,113,464.18
Wisconsin	53,924	34,511,360	958,649	92,160	240,007.73	702,425.07	.....	10,016,700.87
California	188,981	120,947,840	6,719,324	46,080	.....	.....	.....	106,062,392.13
Minnesota	83,531	53,459,840	2,969,990	46,080	119,852.17	488,803.03	.....	36,776,170.89
Oregon	95,274	60,975,360	3,329,706	46,080	.....	1,920.00	.....	52,742,078.96
Kansas	81,318	52,043,520	2,891,306	46,080	90,000.40	411,959.70	.....	43,148,876.44
Nevada	112,090	71,737,741	3,985,430	46,080	.....	.....	.....	67,090,382.62
Nebraska	75,995	48,636,800	2,702,044	46,080	.....	475,989.58	.....	42,523,627.38
Washington Territory	69,994	44,796,160	2,488,675	46,080	.....	1,120.00	.....	41,627,464.39
New Mexico	121,201	77,568,640	4,309,368	46,080	.....	.....	.....	73,005,192.00
Utah	88,056	56,355,635	3,130,869	46,080	.....	.....	.....	51,139,646.00
Dakota	240,597	153,982,080	8,554,560	.....	.....	.....	.....	145,295,284.97
Colorado	104,500	66,880,000	3,715,555	.....	.....	.....	.....	62,870,665.83
Montana	143,776	92,016,640	5,112,035	.....	.....	.....	.....	86,904,605.00
Arizona	113,916	72,906,304	4,050,350	.....	.....	.....	.....	68,855,954.00
Idaho	90,932	58,196,480	3,233,137	.....	.....	.....	.....	54,963,343.00
Indian Territory	68,991	44,154,240	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	44,154,240.00
American purchase from Russia	577,390	369,529,600	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	369,529,600.00
Total	2,867,185	1,834,998,400	67,983,914	1,082,880	1,159,499.65	3,192,582.22	44,971.11	1,414,567,574.96

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tional purposes, is undoubtedly a low estimate.

But the relation of the government to the education of the people is confined neither to the bestowment of the public domain nor to the application of funds arising from its sale. In 1835 the United States was free from debt, and a considerable surplus was accumulating in its Treasury. In 1836 this surplus, slightly exceeding twenty-eight millions of dollars, was by vote of Congress distributed among the twenty-five States on the basis of their representation in Congress. Michigan, which had just been admitted, was afterward included in the benefits of this act. The average amount, therefore, received by each State was somewhat more than one million of dollars. Alabama received $669,086 79; Connecticut, $764,670 60; Delaware, $286,751 49; Illinois, $447,919 14; Kentucky, $1,433,757 39; Maine, $955,838 25; and Massachusetts, $1,338,173 58. Although by the provisions of the act no restriction was made respecting the purposes to which a State should devote its share, yet the large majority credited their proportion to the public-school fund. The income received from it varies much in the different States. Alabama has thus gained a total amount exceeding by a hundred thousand dollars the original grant. Connecticut and Delaware have each realized a sum twice as great as the gift itself. In the forty years between 1837 and 1877 Maryland's income from her proportion of nearly a million dollars aggregated more than one million three hundred thousand dollars. Missouri has thus received eight hundred and forty thousand dollars, and New Jersey more than a million.

The total amount, then, by which the general government has aided the several States in education consists of the gift of one hundred and twenty-five thousand square miles of territory, or about one-thirtieth part of the entire national domain, and of the gift of nearly thirty millions of dollars. The value realized by the sale of this large quantity of land it is almost impossible to estimate. In some of the newer States much of it yet remains unsold. In some States it was, upon its surrender by the general government, placed in the market, and it commanded prices ridiculously small. In Iowa and Wisconsin the minimum price was $1 25 an acre. In some States it has been so managed that a large fund has thence resulted for purposes of education. In Minnesota the average price, in the five years between 1862 and 1866, was $6 28 an acre, and by sales made in this period more than a million three hundred thousand dollars were realized. Of the sixty millions of dollars which now constitute the permanent *school* fund of the different States, it is probable that more than half was derived from the gifts of the general government. If the seventy-nine millions of acres donated by the United States for education were sold at the rate of three dollars an acre—a low estimate—an amount of not less than two hundred and thirty-seven millions of dollars would thence accrue as a permanent fund for the support of the common schools, the colleges, and the universities. But by gross mismanagement a considerable portion of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands has proved of no income to the States. Yet by discretion and economy in disposing of land owned by the States and still unsold, it is not improbable that one hundred and fifty millions may yet be realized for educational interests—an amount more than double the total property held by the three hundred and fifty-eight colleges of the country.

Since the government has thus frequently given land to the States for the benefit of colleges and schools, the question of its *right* thus to conserve the education of its people becomes of slight consequence. The right is in harmony with the Constitution, which delegates to Congress the power "to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers, and all other powers vested by the Constitution in the government of the United States." The right was recognized by President Madison in saying that it was the principle and purpose of the government "to favor.... the advancement of science and the diffusion of information as the best aliment of true liberty." The right is no more to be denied than the right to establish schools at West Point and Annapolis for the training of officers for the country's service. "Under the strictest rules of construction of the old State-rights' school prior to the war," said Senator Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, "possibly the United States had nothing to do with the education of the people, but we do not live under the Constitution we then had.... The amendments made

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at the termination of the struggle have very greatly enlarged the powers of this government." It is, besides, in the view of Senator Brown, the right of the government to dispose of the public lands—a right which has always been granted and exercised. As Senator Morrill, of Vermont, aptly remarks:

"A government that aspires to be the high school or model among all free nations should not confess that it has no power, directly or indirectly, to aid in schooling its own children. The Signal Office is not only a great honor, but most useful, to the country; but it will not be pretended that daily reports of what the weather is to be can be greater honor or more useful than would be schools and colleges that would give some assurance of what coming generations are to be.....I would not underrate the importance of eradicating the cotton-worm or the Colorado beetle; but is it less important to eradicate the unlettered ignorance of millions of freedmen?"

That it is not only the right of the government to provide for the education of the people, but also its *duty*, has generally been recognized. The ground of this duty is the simple fact that education is the pillar and support of a republic. Illiteracy on the part of a nation to whom is intrusted the privilege of self-government forms the severest menace to its existence. As said Washington in his farewell address, "In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that the public opinion be enlightened."

At the present time the duty of providing education for the people is pressed upon the government with peculiar urgency. Illiteracy prevails to an astounding extent. We boast of our public-school system, but according to the census of 1880 no less than 4,923,451 persons ten years of age and over can not read. We are proud of the legal provisions of several States for compulsory attendance on the public schools, but out of a school population of 15,661,213 only 5,595,329 receive daily instruction in each term. In no less than five States over one-third of those who have attained the age of ten years can not read. The degree of illiteracy is graphically displayed in the black portions of the table. In parts of the country it is seen to exceed sixty per cent.

The exact proportion of those (ten years old and over) who can not read is as follows:

Alabama	43.5	Missouri	8.9
Arizona	16.7	Montana	4.8
Arkansas	28.8	Nebraska	2.5
California	7.1	Nevada	7.3
Colorado	5.9	New Hampshire	4.2
Connecticut	4.2	New Jersey	4.5
Dakota	3.1	New Mexico	60.2
Delaware	15.3	New York	4.2
Florida	38.0	North Carolina	38.3
Georgia	42.8	Ohio	3.6
Idaho	5.5	Oregon	4.1
Illinois	4.3	Pennsylvania	4.6
Indiana	4.8	Rhode Island	7.9
Iowa	2.4	South Carolina	48.2
Kansas	3.6	Tennessee	27.7
Kentucky	22.2	Texas	24.1
Louisiana	45.8	Utah	5.0
Maine	3.5	Vermont	4.9
Maryland	16.0	Virginia	34.0
Massachusetts	5.3	Washington	5.7
Michigan	3.8	West Virginia	12.1
Minnesota	3.7	Wisconsin	4.0
Mississippi	41.9	Wyoming	2.6

It is observed that the highest percentage of illiteracy is found in the Southern States. The reason of this fact is twofold. First, the presence of the large colored population, which, when held in slavery, it was regarded as unsafe to educate; and secondly, the peculiar system of society in respect to education which prevailed in the South before the civil war. This peculiarity has been well described by a distinguished Southerner: "Under our old system of society we looked more to the education of the ruling class than we did to the education of the whole mass.... We did not, as they did in New England, furnish the money to establish systems of public schools where all the children could be educated, but we educated our children through the means of private schools, where only the wealthier classes and those who were well-to-do could send their children. Consequently there was a larger number of illiterate persons in our society than there was in the society of New England or any other State that had a properly endowed public school system."*

What methods or means should the government adopt for the educational interests of the country? The history of the relation of the general government to public education proves that it has aided this cause by grants of land, by proceeds of the sales of lands, and by direct gifts of money. Various bills have been discussed by Congress relative to the granting of aid to the

* Speech of Joseph E. Brown in United States Senate, 15th December, 1880.

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common schools. One class of these bills has in view the creation of a perpetual fund to be used for the benefit of public education; the other class has special reference to the immediate needs of the most illiterate sections. In continuance of the policy of the government, a bill passed the United States Senate in December, 1880, providing that the proceeds of the sales of public lands be devoted to the education of the people. The bill also proposed that the net proceeds of receipts for patents, after deducting the expenses of the Patent-office, be added to the educational fund. The entire amount was to be invested in United States bonds, and the interest divided annually among the States and Territories on the basis of the population between the ages of five and twenty-five years. For the first ten years, however, the apportionment was to be made in proportion to the number of the population ten years old and over who could not read or write. These were the principal provisions of a bill which passed the Senate by a vote of forty-one yeas to six nays. It failed, however, of passage in the House of Representatives. By its terms not less than a million of dollars would have been invested each year for educational purposes. At the sessions of the Forty-seventh Congress, also, bills were introduced proposing to deal with the evil of illiteracy by methods more fundamental and thorough than were indicated in the measure of the preceding Congress of 1880. The general characteristics of these propositions may be learned from a single one. The Senate bill numbered 151, which was discussed in the spring and summer of 1882, proposed that for ten years money should be drawn from the National Treasury for the support of common-school education. In the first year the sum of fifteen millions of dollars, in the second, of fourteen, in the third, of thirteen, were to be thus appropriated. For each succeeding year the appropriation should be decreased by one million of dollars. These amounts were to be paid over to each State on the basis of the illiteracy of its inhabitants of ten years of age and over. The general administration of the law was to be vested in the Secretary of the Interior, and the Bureau of Education was to be charged with the execution of details. The bill also provided for the appointment by the President of a commissioner in each State to co-operate with the officers of the Interior Department. This bill, however, and all others, though commended by college presidents, superintendents of instruction in the States, and by nearly every educator, failed of a passage.

Upon the basis of the division of fifteen millions of dollars according to the degree of illiteracy, the following table represents the amount each State would receive:

States and Territories.	Number of Illiterates in each State.	Proportion of $15,000,000 to each State.
Alabama	370,279	$1,127,869 83
Arizona	5,496	16,740 82
Arkansas	153,229	466,735 53
California	48,583	147,983 82
Colorado	9,321	28,373 77
Connecticut	20,986	63,933 36
Dakota	3,094	9,424 32
Delaware	16,912	51,514 96
District of Columbia	21,541	65,613 89
Florida	70,219	213,887 07
Georgia	446,683	1,360,596 42
Idaho	1,384	4,215 66
Illinois	96,809	294,880 21
Indiana	70,008	213,244 37
Iowa	28,117	85,644 38
Kansas	25,503	77,682 14
Kentucky	258,186	786,434 56
Louisiana	297,312	905,612 35
Maine	18,181	55,379 33
Maryland	111,387	339,284 80
Massachusetts	75,635	230,384 21
Michigan	47,112	143,503 15
Minnesota	20,551	62,598 35
Mississippi	315,612	961,354 15
Missouri	138,818	422,839 63
Montana	1,530	4,660 38
Nebraska	7,830	23,850 18
Nevada	3,703	11,279 34
New Hampshire	11,982	36,497 17
New Jersey	39,136	119,208 26
New Mexico	52,994	161,419 72
New York	166,625	507,539 75
North Carolina	367,890	1,120,692 94
Ohio	86,754	264,252 68
Oregon	5,376	16,375 30
Pennsylvania	146,138	445,136 35
Rhode Island	17,456	53,170 98
South Carolina	321,780	980,141 88
Tennessee	394,385	1,201,296 71
Texas	256,223	780,455 26
Utah	4,851	14,776 15
Vermont	12,993	39,576 68
Virginia	360,495	1,098,067 77
Washington	3,191	9,719 79
West Virginia	52,041	158,516 89
Wisconsin	38,693	117,858 88
Wyoming	427	1,300 64
Total	4,923,451	$15,000,000 00

Of the beneficent character of these proposed measures there is no doubt. Although the Peabody Fund amounts to only three millions of dollars, the cause of education in the South has by it been most materially aided, not merely by the few thousands of dollars which each State

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annually receives from its interest, but also and more by the attention which it calls to the importance of the education of the people. Although fifteen millions of dollars apportioned among the States on the ground of illiteracy would not afford a considerable increase of the length of the school year, yet the distribution of the fund would arouse thought in reference to education, and a zeal in its behalf similar to that which Horace Mann awaked in Massachusetts forty years ago. The hope is entertained that before the adjournment of the Forty-eighth Congress provisions even more generous than those of the ordinance of 1787, or of the act of 1862, or of the educational bills of 1880 and of 1882, will be made for the education of those people of the United States who now can not read the ballots which they cast.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT will probably never be possible to satisfy the writer of a paper for a magazine which the magazine does not find available for its purposes that its return is not due to some other consideration than an honest estimate of its availability. To the editorial office of every magazine come scores of complaints, indignant and satirical and incredulous, and Thackeray, the first editor of the *Cornhill*, found the storm of reproach so pitiless that he was at last driven from his chair.

Some months since the Easy Chair endeavored to soothe the minds of authors who are naturally disappointed by the return of their manuscripts by a plain narration of the facts in a recent case, where the writer was sure that the editor had been caught tripping, and had even returned a paper without reading it. Indeed, there seems to be a wide-spread suspicion that this particular wrong to the author is very common, and manuscripts are often received for examination with dexterous little devices to test the actuality of the examination. This fact enables the Easy Chair to remind poets and other kind contributors that they have not probably found it necessary to read Pollok's *Course of Time* from the first word to the last to determine whether it was a poem to their taste, and to suggest that a few pages of Tupper undoubtedly authorized them to pronounce upon his comparative merit with Milton and Shakespeare. Is it really necessary to read every page in a book to discover that it is not worth reading?

If a manuscript of five hundred pages or less, therefore, be intrusted to the editor for examination, it is not necessary for him to ponder every page in order to reach a satisfactory opinion of its suitability. So if the stitch ingeniously inserted from pages 40 to 50 be intact when the manuscript returns, it does not demonstrate that the editor has betrayed his trust. In the instance to which the Easy Chair has alluded the author cited dates and postmarks to prove that the paper had been returned without examination. The author was undoubtedly of that opinion, but a few plain words from the editor were conclusive upon the point that it had been carefully considered, and had been declined for reasons perfectly satisfactory to the editor. To complain that they are satisfactory to him is to complain that he is himself and not another. For it will perhaps occur to every writer who sends a paper for consideration that he sends it because he thinks it to be peculiarly suitable for publication in the Magazine, and consequently, if the judgment of the author should decide, it might be properly assumed that everything which is submitted would be accepted. In that event the world would not contain the volumes of magazines that must be printed.

But the most excellent and well-meaning minds may be curiously confused upon this subject, and as this Magazine desires to maintain the most friendly relations with its host of readers, and with all who seek to be read, it is worth while to consider for a moment the letter of a distant correspondent who writes that the Easy Chair left it to be inferred from its remarks upon the incident just mentioned, although not distinctly saying so, that articles are rejected or accepted solely upon their own merits. Now, says our correspondent, who bravely signs his name, this is not generally believed to be the fact, and "I find it impossible to suppose that any editor of experience would accept or publish so puerile a story as that called ——, which was published in the Magazine for the month of ——."

That is to say, the editor does not decide upon merit because he accepts what the correspondent does not consider to be meritorious. The Easy Chair submits to its correspondent that this is not logical. The correspondent continues by adjudging the editor to be guilty of ignorance of grammar because of a verbal inaccuracy, probably a misprint, in a line of a poem. The writer then declares stoutly that he expects to be supposed to be "one of the rejected," and he frankly admits that he is so. Nevertheless he insists that until it is unequivocally, not inferentially, stated that every article is judged upon its merits he shall hold his own opinion.

But the Easy Chair has never alleged that articles are accepted or declined solely upon their abstract merits. On the contrary, any such judgment is carefully disclaimed, and it

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is announced plainly that the verdict is rendered solely upon the ground of availability. The Easy Chair is of opinion that the editor would have returned Jonathan Edwards's treatise upon the will had it been offered for serial publication in the Magazine, but solely for the reason that he did not think it to be suitable for the Magazine. So if the correspondent's epic, or lyric, or essay, or sketch, or tale, or whatever his offering may have been, was returned, it was not because it was thought not to be meritorious, but because it was not available.

And is it not clear that a paper may be unavailable for many reasons quite independent of its intrinsic merit? It may treat of a topic which has been already copiously treated in the Magazine. It may be of a kind which is not held to be suitable for the Magazine. It may be of a kind of which the supply is ample and adequate. It may be unavailable, indeed, for a hundred reasons, apart from its excellence. Our correspondent, therefore, will wait in vain for an unequivocal declaration that articles are accepted or declined solely upon their merits, unless the word merit be elastic enough to cover availability. And if the editor's taste suffer in his correspondent's opinion for admitting a puerile story, what shall be his guarantee that if he had declined the story and had accepted the correspondent's paper, the sarcastic story-teller whom our correspondent contemns might not have informed him that he was proud to be rejected by a magazine which accepted such trivial stuff as—alas! alas!—our correspondent's epic!

An ingenious proposition has been made to the Easy Chair by Benvenuto, who professes his great interest in the prize competition for a Christmas picture which has been proposed by the publishers of *Harper's Magazine*, but who unfortunately is not an artist. His proposition is that as he does not know how to draw, a wonderful picture which he has conceived should be described to some expert draughtsman, who, by means of a fervid description and a sketch of intention which Benvenuto furnishes, should construct the work which fills Benvenuto's imagination. He does not say whether the draughtsman is to receive the prize, or whether the prize should be divided between the inventor of the idea of the picture, the draughtsman, and the Easy Chair, which is apparently to serve as a go-between. Nor does the worthy projector give his name. He is content to say that his name makes no difference, but that if the picture is made, "and made right," he shall know it, and presumptively make it right with his coadjutors.

Benvenuto has doubtless been in Italy, and he knows that great sculptors do not with their own hands complete their statues. He has heard the traditions in the galleries of the pencil of Giulio Romano on Raphael's pictures. He has been in France, and he has learned that Alexandre Dumas kept many scribes busy writing his stories. Here is a generous and stimulating competition, thinks Benvenuto: why should not various minds and hands conspire to win the prize?

It is a scheme which is capable of great extension. When Benvenuto has broadly sketched in his mind, as it were, the general intention of his picture, it might fitly occur to him that his friend Angelico has a fine and nimble fancy which could exquisitely suggest the treatment of the heavenly choir. Then he might remember that his neighbor Salvator has a singular knowledge of landscape, and could most happily propose the suitable designs. And who so qualified as his old comrade Michael to compose the proper figures of the work? while each of them in turn might appeal to other Angelicos, Salvators, and Michaels. In the same spirit might Benvenuto subdivide the actual execution of the picture. Tom's airy hand should limn the celestial outlines, Dick's soft and flexible touch should create the expressive landscape, while Harry's masterly vigor should incisively "put in" the human actors upon the scene.

Why should not these, in turn, subordinate and subdivide, while the Easy Chair, the go-between, like an enormous polyp, should be sliced and carved into a myriad agents, and at last the perfected work enter the lists with the proud and patriotic device, *E pluribus unum*? The committee should watch warily for that legend. It would take the prize, and what could the committee do but leave it to be distributed among those who had earned it?

But Benvenuto's friendly confidence must startle the committee, for how can they know that what he has frankly proposed may not be a general practice? The committee, charmed with a felicitous design, unanimously, let us say, award it the prize. The envelope marked "Ignotus" reveals the name of White, or Black, or Blue, or Brown, or any of our most promising aspirants in art. How can that committee know that the trail of Benvenuto is not over it all? How can they know that the innocent name of Green does not cover a constellation of artists, friends, comrades—yes, conspirators, not competitors for the prize? The Easy Chair turns from the melancholy thought.

Perhaps it has done wrong in publishing Benvenuto's secret to the world. Perhaps it may have stimulated a terrible rivalry among the competitors to secure the largest circle of advisers and suggesters—in a word, of Benvenutos. But, as Matthew Arnold truly says, we must have truth before all. It may be that the work which shall bear off the prize will have been constructed upon Benvenuto's plan. But are not all great works in art of any kind, plastic or literary or oral, the result of a myriad suggestions and influences from without? Has Benvenuto done more than to state, in a

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possibly crude and bald form, which the Easy Chair has treated lightly, the process which will be really that of every work offered for competition?

THE Easy Chair is glad to see the English guests upon the Northern Pacific railway excursion last summer relieved of the imputation of bad manners which had been very generally repeated in the papers. The report arose apparently from confounding the conduct of other persons with that of guests upon the train of the golden spike, and also from a misunderstanding of an English earl as to the significance of the phrase "a private car"—a misunderstanding which was immediately explained, and which left no results. The incident, however, and the character of much of the comment upon it, show that there is a painful consciousness upon our part of what Mr. Lowell in a charming essay happily calls a certain condescension in foreigners.

There is evidently a disposition to resent a little the coming of foreigners, and especially of Englishmen, not to deliver lectures, but to lecture us. They come over, as is often warmly alleged, to criticise us, and even to censure us—a proceeding which implies a kind of superiority upon their part, and a childishness upon ours. Why don't they stay at home, and lecture their own people? The answer is that they do. In fact, it is generally by doing that very thing that they make the reputation which causes us to be interested in them, and desirous to see them. Even Mrs. Trollope, the mother of Anthony, the novelist, as the Easy Chair has already mentioned, described only what she saw, and she was certainly not responsible for the spectacle. If she described with what is called British disdain, it was only the same spirit which carries Brother Jonathan through Europe with an air of lofty pity for the effete monarchies and the oppressed nationalities.

Indeed, the Easy Chair is not disposed to admit that the condescension of John Bull in America surpasses that of Brother Jonathan in Europe. Nothing, certainly, can be finer than the pity of a child of the free prairie and the setting sun for the lingo that is spoken in France, and, indeed, all over the Continent, and for the grimace and gesture of the impassioned Italian. Clearly a people who can not speak an intelligible language, and who permit kings and emperors to reign over them, deserve our commiseration. Mr. Henry James the younger is not always a favorite with his countrymen, but his picture of "the American" in Paris is as faithful as that of Daisy Miller; and the good-natured American self-assertion of both in the extremest European situation is the American form of condescension in foreigners.

After Mrs. Trollope and her Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw came Dickens with his *American Notes* and his *Martin Chuzzlewit*. The gentle reader remembers, of course, how we flamed up at those books. The author had actually sat at our table, he had slept in the best chamber, we had asked for his autograph and for locks of his hair, and then he went home and objected to spitting and slavery! That was a little too much, and the feeling that followed, with the failure of his international copyright effort, undoubtedly accounted for Dickens's want of sympathy during the civil war, and his undisguised dislike of us. But what was it that had commended him to us, and had prepared the extraordinary welcome that we gave him? What but his plain-speaking of defects and wrongs, of such spitting and slavery, as he saw in his own country? If he lectured us, still more cogently had he lectured England; and upon what grounds were we exempt from the searching eye and the satiric pen of any man of genius of our blood and language and traditions?

Then came Thackeray, beloved of all who knew him, and he lectured too. But he only castigated his own countrymen. What pictures he gave us of Swift and Sterne and Congreve! What tender and exquisite touches of Goldsmith and Addison! How he drubbed the luckless Georges through the land! Did he spare his own people? Were the Marquis of Steyne, and the grim panorama of *Vanity Fair*, and the stinging sleet of the *Snob Papers*, merciful to England and English society? Did he condescend to us? He wrote no book about us but *The Virginians* and parts of *Esmond*, and he did not know the greatness of Washington, but there could have been no just resentment against that great-hearted, manly Englishman, even had he too told the young American, One thing thou lackest!

More recently Herbert Spencer lectured us, and gave us some exceedingly good advice, even if it was not very new advice. He told us that we ought to play more, and so we are perpetually telling ourselves, and perpetually disregarding our own injunction. But what did Mr. Spencer here that he has not been doing at home for thirty years? He has lectured his own people very much more vigorously than he lectured us, and he said nothing about us until we insisted that he should speak. Yet the Easy Chair has heard him publicly "chaffed" for his missionary labors among the American savages.

And now Matthew Arnold, one of the most eminent of living critics, and a master of English speech, arrives, and he too, we are told, with caustic humor, lectures us in a strain of mingled honey and cream. What does he do at home? Who is it that has long depicted the British Philistine, and deplored the want of sweetness and light in the life of his native land?

If we are justly aggrieved by the coming of eminent Englishmen to see us and to speak to us, the remedy is obvious and easy. And we can add to the refusal to hear what they have to say the further vengeance of carrying the war into the enemy's country. We can cross the ocean

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and lecture Englishmen in England. But, brethren, let us beware of verifying and justifying every criticism which they make. If any of them should be disposed to allege that for a great people we are unduly sensitive, let us not cry out in resounding chorus, "That's a —— lie!" If we should hear that a majority can not determine a question of morals, instead of sneering, might we not wisely ask whether it can? If we should be told that the minority is usually right, without admitting the truth of such a generalization, might we not profitably remember that Columbus and Luther and the Puritans and Sam Adams and Garrison were the minority, and that, in the nature of things, reform can not begin with the majority?

There were once countries in which it was a capital crime to be a stranger. There are certain parts of civilized countries to-day in which the popular impulse, when a stranger appears, is to 'eave a rock at 'im. It is remarkable how persistent this tendency is, and in what humorous and courteous phrase the same sentiment may be expressed.

A CRITIC of some recent observations of the Easy Chair upon Mr. Jenkins is of opinion that the Easy Chair has confounded that friend of the domestic butler, lady's-maid, and purveyor with a more modern personage, who records with grim impartiality the social pleasures of Fifth Avenue and of Grand Street and Corlaer's Hook. The old Jenkins, says the critic, had a genuine reverence for the gold plate and diamonds, the "old families," and dainty exclusiveness which with conscious inferiority and self-abasement he described. He dealt, according to the critic's theory, with what Mr. Richard Grant White holds to have been the true aristocracy—a circle which still survives in the midst of the golden sheen of the present high society, although often without any gold of its own to speak of, and without so much as a solitaire in its refined and delicate ear.

This circle is composed of those, as we understand Mr. White, who look back through several generations of comfortable and educated ancestors into a remote colonial period; who have always lived in moderate prosperity, and who, each in their own community, like the Patroon families on the Hudson and the river gods of the Connecticut, have been recognized social heads and leaders, however tartly and sarcastically it may be alleged that there are no old families and no social classes in our happy country. In all the old colonies there were such families, according to Mr. White, whose names are familiar in the States which succeeded the colonies, and many of them still remain, and really constitute the society which sudden riches and ostentatious vulgarity now assume to compose.

This is the society, as our critic contends, in which Mr. Jenkins was interested. That worthy author, indeed, says our Mentor, was merely the representative of the awe which was felt for it, and of the deep and serious desire to know when its members dined together, and what kind of clothes they wore, and how their chambers were furnished, and how many towels, and of what material and workmanship, were allotted to each wash-stand. The sincere record of these matters, in which "the common people" were as absorbed as children in the wonders of Aladdin's palace and the conduct of the Fair One with Golden Locks, and the deeds of Prince Florizel or Calderaldeman, was the office of Mr. Jenkins.

But this grave work, it is alleged, can not be compared with the perfunctory, half-satirical, and contemptuous hodgepodge of gossip from Saratoga and Newport and Long Branch, the columns of "society news," full of the most extraordinary juxtapositions, lamentably jumbling the festivities of Mrs. Midas and Mrs. Cræsus with those of Mrs. Butcher, Mrs. Baker, and Mrs. Candlestickmaker, "lumping"—if the apposite word may be pardoned—in the same exclusive column the dinners and dances and weddings of those who have nothing in common but humanity, love of money and show, and, above all, love of mention in the "fashionable intelligence."

This shocking want of discrimination, so outrageous as to suggest a hidden satirical purpose, this astounding mingling of Mrs. Millionaire's doings with those of that mere Mrs. Ten-Thousand, this social chaos, like that commemorated by Dr. Holmes—

> "And when I left, society
> Had burst its ancient guards,
> And Brattle Street and Temple Place
> Were interchanging cards"—

is not the work of Mr. Jenkins, who has the keenest scent, says our critic, for a genuine aristocracy, but of that modern Mephistopheles who writes the "society column," and tells us that yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Alfonso Smith entertained Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Brown, and that Lord Tom Noddy and Lady Hoyden Screamer were among the spectators at the daring hunt of the anise-seed bag, and then, without the change of a muscle, announces that the beautiful daughter of Mrs. Inspector of Elections was married last evening at the church in the lower Bowery to the son of Mr. Janitor of the Courts, and that Mr. Mullooly was best man.

These are touches of which, it appears, Mr. Jenkins is incapable, because nobody of well-regulated social curiosity—and for such only does he write—cares to hear of a Bowery wedding, nor can it be supposed that the respectful interest with which we regard the clothes and the dinners of Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse when he is worth five hundred thousand a year extends to the dinings and dressings of that gentleman when he is reduced to five hundred a year. Mr. Jenkins must be released,

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therefore, of all suspicion of the guilt of writing the grossly undiscriminating "fashionable news" which appears in the papers, and which records the dinners, dresses, dances, and doings of certain very rich people, totally regardless of the manner in which the riches were acquired, or the time during which they have been enjoyed.

"My dear friend," said an experienced citizen of Vanity Fair *sur mer*, to a young inquirer, "that lady is worth several millions, acquired by her deceased spouse in the manufacture of blacking. This year the gentry whose money was made in dry-goods or watered stocks will call her Lady Day and Martin, and her daughters the Misses Shoe-Brush. Next year, however, they will be of the *haute noblesse*. *Courage, mon enfan!* Bless your young soul! all of these fine folks cutting these droll capers go back in the last generation to the corner grocery and calico by the yard."

It is not of such that Mr. Jenkins discourses, according to our critic. But at least even he has been contaminated by his modern imitator, for in a recent issue of the sacred book of Jenkins, *The Court Journal and Fashionable Gazette*, there is a chapter devoted to the late "marriage in high life" of a California damsel which was appropriately celebrated at the Church of "Our Lady of Victories," in London, and the notice not only mentions the guests and the dresses and the bridal gifts in detail, but also informs the readers where the flowers were bought, and who furnished the dresses of the pages, and Mr. Jenkins concludes his story with this noble passage, which the startled reader might truly call a snapper: "The magnificent sapphire and diamond bracelet and ear-rings, as well as many of the other presents to the bride, were supplied by Mr. Streeter, of New Bond Street."

If the original Jenkins can venture upon such a stroke as this, and turn the august history of so dazzling and choice a nuptial ceremony into a jeweller's advertisement, it is not surprising that his Yankee imitator and successor, in the language of a familiar game, goes him one better. In the *Season*, a chronicle of Saratoga, the later Jenkins, for the benefit of whom it may concern, mentioned last summer "Miss ——, a tall brunette from ——, stopping at the States, a daughter of ——, the wealthy —— grain speculator, dresses splendidly, and has all the accomplishments of the most attractive lady of society." But still more to the point: "Miss ——, a blonde, and very beautiful, and a daughter of Rev. ——, the wealthiest clergyman in the United States, worth, it is said, about $2,000,000, stopping at the United States, is a very modest, pretty, interesting lady, attracting much attention, and having many admirers."

A fine practical genius appears in all of these passages, and this modern Jenkins, or Jenkins junior, promises to be of some real use. Next year let us hope that he will mention the lowest prices at which Mr. Streeter will furnish the magnificent sapphire and diamond bracelets and ear-rings, and also the precise dowry which will be given by the grain speculators and the wealthiest clergymen with their modest-mannered and beautifully dressed daughters. Persons of both sexes who are eager to take part in the game of riches, whose chief *éclat* is its description in the newspapers, naturally wish to know where the trumps lie. Further details of health, temper, habits, etc., will undoubtedly be gratefully received, and there is no reason to doubt that they will be duly furnished.

It is a pleasant diversion to hunt striking passages and figures in literature from book to book, and the musing spectator of the future, seated amid the ruins of the splendor and prosperity of the present, is one of the forms that always fascinate the imagination. An admirer of Miss Thackeray's, or Mrs. Ritchie's, latest work, *A Book of Sibyls*, in the "Franklin Square Library," points out that she says of one of Mrs. Barbauld's poems, written in 1811: "Her ingenuous youth from Ontario's shore who visits the ruins of London is one of the many claimants to the honor of having suggested Lord Macaulay's celebrated New-Zealander:

'Pensive and thoughtful shall the wanderers greet
Each splendid square and still, untrodden street,
Or of some crumbling turret, mined by time,
The broken stairs with perilous step shall climb,
Thence stretch their view the wide horizon round,
By scattered hamlets trace its ancient bound,
And, choked no more with fleets, fair Thames survey
Through reeds and sedge pursue his idle way.'

"Lord Macaulay, in his celebrated review of Ranke's *History of the Popes*, referring to the Roman Catholic Church, says, 'And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.'

"If Miss Thackeray, who is always a delightful writer, will turn to Horace Walpole's published letters to Sir Horace Mann—letters which form the subject of one of Macaulay's most sparkling essays—she will find, under date of November 24, 1774, the one from which the following paragraph is extracted:

"'The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will, perhaps, be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New York, and, in time, a Virgil at Mexico, and a Newton at Peru. At last *some curious traveller from Lima will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's*, like the editions of Balbec and Palmyra; but am I not prophesying, contrary to my consummate prudence, and casting horoscopes of empires like Rousseau? Yes. Well, I will go and dream of my visions.'"

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Editor's Literary Record.

THE *Works of William H. Seward*,[1] of which four volumes appeared during his lifetime and are now republished and made complete by the publication of a fifth volume, are the record of forty years of the public life of a statesman of whom it will be conceded by all candid men, however they may differ from some of his political canons, that he made an impression upon public sentiment and upon the history of his country as deep and powerful as was made by any other public man of his immediate generation. Mr. Seward's statesmanship, though of a high, was not of the first order. His mind was subtle, clear-sighted, and adaptive rather than constructive. As an orator he fell greatly below some of his elder contemporaries, notably, Clay, Webster, and William C. Preston; in power and profundity of reasoning, and in the knowledge of the principles of government, legislation, and political economy, he was surpassed by many public men of his own and of an earlier day; and he did not display, nor indeed did it lie in his province to display, the remarkable genius for organization and administration that was exhibited by the earlier statesmen of the republic, and a few of his contemporaries. But none excelled him in clearness of vision, in that instinctive practical sagacity which descried the potency of moral forces as a political factor, in the tact and discriminating judgment with which he seemed to lead, while in reality he was only quick to perceive the power of those moral forces while they were inchoate, or unpopular, or undiscerned by the generality, and gave direction to them until they assumed national dimensions; and he had few equals in the firmness tempered by suavity with which he advocated the principles or policies he espoused, the amiable but unrelaxing tenacity with which he adhered to his convictions, and the dexterity with which he blunted the edge of defeats, discouragements, and unexpected adverse happenings, and often converted them into substantial advantages. Mr. Seward believed with all his soul in whatsoever policy he advocated, whether it were protection to American industry, internal improvements, the "irrepressible conflict" which he so early descried looming up in the future, which so early engaged his solicitude, and finally absorbed his most anxious thoughts, or the cause of the Union when it was assailed by a domestic foe, or menaced by foreign nations, who saw their opportunity in our calamity. Believing thus earnestly and implicitly, his public career is impressed with a fervidness, a consistency, and a continuity and fixedness of purpose such as have been exhibited only by men who were, or who honestly conceived themselves to be, reformers. The five volumes comprising Mr. Seward's works fully reflect his political and intellectual characteristics, and are a valuable contribution to our political and national history. Each covers a particular period, and illustrates a particular phase of his public life, and all combined form a whole which presents the statesman in his entirety, by his acts and utterances, from his first entrance upon the political stage in the restricted field of his own State to the close of his life, through his varied career as lawyer, orator, scholar, Governor, State and national legislator, and Secretary of State. The four previously published volumes brought the collection of Mr. Seward's works down to the close of his long career as a United States Senator, and the concluding volume, now first published, is more especially the record of his services as United States Secretary of State, from 1861 to 1869, although considerable space is devoted to an account of his extended travels shortly after his retirement from office, and to a reproduction of his later occasional speeches and addresses, till his death in 1871. To be more particular, the volume comprises a *Memoir*, which makes no pretensions to be an exhaustive biography, but simply aims to recite briefly the part that Mr. Seward bore in the great events that signalized this closing period of his life; a *Journal*, or *Diary* of the war, as prepared at the time by Mr. Seward himself, and furnished daily by him to our representatives abroad for their information as to the situation at home, more especially with reference to the bearing of important political transactions and military operations upon the progress or the ultimate results of the conflict; and *Selections* from Mr. Seward's diplomatic correspondence, comprising nearly a hundred dispatches upon subjects of the first magnitude, including, among others, the *Trent* affair, the officious interference of England and France in the form of recognition and mediation, the fitting out of rebel cruisers in foreign ports, the *Alabama* claims, the invasion of Mexico in the interests of France, and the discussion of many grave questions of international law; and it closes with a number of Mr. Seward's occasional speeches, addresses, and miscellaneous papers, prepared both before and after his retirement from office, together with some cabinet papers of great personal and historical interest never before made public. The judicious selection which the editor has made from Mr. Seward's diplomatic correspondence, read in connection with his equally judicious digest of the Journal and Diary, substantially constitutes the diplomatic history of the late war from the American stand-point. The Diary is invaluable even at this day for its vivid presentment of the important events of the war exactly as they occurred from day

[1] *The Works of William H. Seward.* Edited by GEORGE E. BAKER. In Five Volumes, 8vo, pp. 540, 672, 678, 696, and 626. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

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to day, or as they were then understood to have occurred, and of the impression that was made upon the government and upon public opinion by the encouraging or discouraging circumstances that attended them. But at the time when its daily entries and notes of the war were made and dispatched they were of inestimable practical value to our ministers abroad, not only because of their timeliness, and the fullness and importance of the information they conveyed, but also because they embodied such deductions and conclusions as Mr. Seward and the President desired that our ministers should draw from them and should be careful to impress upon the governments to which they were accredited. Profoundly interesting as is this unique diary for its brief and authentic synopsis of the leading occurrences of the war, and its lively reflection of the interpretations and colorings that were put upon them at the moment by our government and people, it is also charged with a strong personal interest by its exhibition of Mr. Seward's sleepless vigilance, his indefatigable industry, his penetrating judgment of men and things, his versatility, his fertility of resources, his mastery alike of the most minute details and the most comprehensive generalizations, of his calmness under successes or reverses, of his elastic buoyancy and hopefulness, and of his never-failing confidence in the ultimate triumph of the cause of the Union.

MESSRS. MARCIUS AND ROBERT P. WILLSON, of whose *Mosaics of Bible History* we have heretofore spoken in terms of commendation, have compiled a volume upon the same general plan, entitled *Mosaics of Grecian History*,[2] with the purpose in view of popularizing the study of the history of Greece, by associating and interlacing with a compendious running historical narrative, covering the course of events from the fabulous and legendary period to the present day, a body of poetical and prose selections from standard or popular writers, illustrative of the customs and institutions of the Greeks at different periods, their arts and literature, their philosophy and mythology, and their national, political, social, and domestic life, and also descriptive of the physical and geographical features of the country, and of the most important events that have occurred and the most prominent actors that have figured in its history. The compilers make no pretensions to original research or recondite scholarship, but rely upon a free though far from servile use of the materials of others in furtherance of their plan. Their epitome, though too often reminding us that the fine aroma of Grecian history and literature has been suffered to escape, and that its pith and marrow have been squeezed out in the process of compression, is trustworthy as to the general facts; the constructions, interpretations, and criticisms which have been incorporated in the historical narrative are derived from the latest and best authorities; and its illustrative selections and quotations are apt and suggestive.

A VOLUME very similar in its general plan to the one just noticed has been prepared by Mr. Charles Gardner Wheeler, in which he undertakes to exhibit the course of empire,[3] and the political mutations of the nations of the world, from the fifth century before Christ to the present time, by a succession of outline summaries, supplemented by variorum illustrative citations from poets, historians, scholars, travellers, antiquarians, and writers of fiction. Each century is treated separately, in chronological order, the outline and illustrative selections being accompanied by a shaded map showing in a general way the positions and the relative territorial extent and sway of the several nations in that century, and affording the reader an opportunity to note their advance or retrogression, and the chief political changes and movements of races and peoples that occurred, by instituting a comparison between the maps for the successive centuries. These maps are an important feature, and will prove not only a great assistance to youthful historical students, but a great convenience to ripe scholars also. The careful historical summaries, and the full and excellent chronological and other tables that accompany each century, studied in connection with these maps, put it in the power of any reader of intelligence to see at a glance the relative importance, extent, and political power of the nations, and their fluctuations in each, at any period along the centuries for twenty-five hundred years. The great value of the book resides in its convenience and usefulness as a hand-book for easy and quick reference when a prompt and reliable answer is desired to questions that are constantly arising in our reading and in our intercourse with men concerning the political and historical changes that have affected the ancient and modern world.

MR. BANCROFT'S last revision of his *History of the United States of America*[4] has reached the third volume. It rehearses the eventful history of the eleven years from February, 1763, to May, 1774, during which the passage of the Stamp Act and other obnoxious and oppressive measures by the British Parliament com-

[2] *Mosaics of Grecian History.* The Historical Narrative, with numerous Illustrative Poetic and Prose Selections. A Popular Course of Reading in Grecian History and Literature. By MARCIUS WILLSON and ROBERT PIERPONT WILLSON. 12mo, pp. 555. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *The Course of Empire.* Outlines of the Chief Political Changes in the History of the World. By CHARLES GARDNER WHEELER. 8vo, pp. 459. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[4] *History of the United States of America, from the Discovery of the Continent.* By GEORGE BANCROFT. The Author's Last Revision. Volume III., 8vo, pp. 489. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

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pleted the alienation of the colonies, and led them, by the inexorable logic of events, to that concert of action which afterward consolidated the Union, and made their national independence possible. The volume is the impassioned history of the fatal estrangement of America by Britain. In language dignified and decorous, but hot with indignation, it recites each step of the obstinate and suicidal policy of Parliament, in obedience to which it usurped powers in violation of the British Constitution and destructive of the rights and liberties of the colonists as Englishmen, and forced a conflict of arms which issued in the dismemberment of the nation. The course of events in England and America is detailed with great minuteness, but without the intervention of a superfluous sentence. In grave and stately periods the historian depicts with sententious eloquence the judicial frenzy that obscured the mind of King and Parliament, the gradual but inevitable growth of the idea of resistance in America *pari passu* with the growth of the idea of force in Britain, and the electric spread among the colonists of the feeling that their common wrongs could be redressed, their common rights maintained, and their common liberties preserved, only by their making common cause against a country which, from having been the common mother, was becoming rapidly converted into the common enemy. A comparison of this installment of the revised edition with its equivalent in the former edition impresses us with the candor, the thoroughness, and the conscientiousness of Mr. Bancroft's revision. Every page reveals some touch of the artist's hand, softening the language where it had run into needless asperity, but without detracting from its sinewy vigor, pruning redundancies, rounding off or smoothing down ruggednesses or infelicities, modifying statements so as to cause them to conform more exactly to newly discovered evidence—in fine, practically producing a new work while preserving the substantial integrity of the old one. The volume now under notice is in many essentials one of the most important and valuable of this great history. In especial, our younger historical students, who desire to arrive at a complete comprehension of the political and constitutional controversies that engaged the attention of our ancestors in their preliminary conflict with Great Britain, and of the political and other events that grew out of them and precipitated the war of the Revolution, can nowhere else find so minute, so clear and philosophical, and so authoritative a presentation of the entire subject.

The Secret Service of the Confederate States in Europe[6] is the title and subject of a memoir in two octavo volumes, by Captain James D. Bulloch, formerly an officer in the United States navy, but during the war of the rebellion the confidential agent and naval representative in Europe of the Southern Confederacy. The memoir contains a great deal of moderately curious or interesting matter, a great deal more that is neither curious nor interesting, and some not very abundant material that has a real though not a high value. The more valuable and important portions are not those which describe with much superfluity of detail the difficulties and embarrassments that were encountered by the Confederate agents in procuring and equipping ships to destroy the commerce of the United States, or which set forth the ingenious tricks and devices by which these difficulties were sought to be evaded; but, rather, are those which detail and analyze the international problems to which their mission and acts gave rise at the time, and which recite the precedents that were then established, which may have an adverse bearing upon the interests of this country in some future war in which it may be a principal or a neutral, or in some future controversies it may have with Great Britain. Aside from his very earnest statement of these problems, and his occasional pertinent reflections and suggestive premonitions of the possibilities they involve, and his thoughtful but pessimistic observations upon the social and political conditions of the re-established Union, there is little in Captain Bulloch's two bulky volumes that is invested with much living interest, except to those, now rapidly decreasing in number, who were either actively engaged or actively in sympathy with those who were engaged in the rebellion. These may find a mournful satisfaction in pondering the details of the supreme effort of the Confederate leaders and agents to create a navy and prolong the unnatural strife, and in recalling the story of the temporary successes and final discomfiture that attended it. But to all others the recital is the history of a bootless effort, and appeals to no higher interest than a moribund curiosity. As a rule, while affecting great candor and dispassionateness, Captain Bulloch writes too much in the vein of a bitter and prejudiced critic of the acts of persons in the cabinet and in the diplomatic and consular service of the United States who were as active and as honorable in their efforts to uphold the interests of the United States as he was in his efforts to promote the cause of the Confederacy; and the impediments they threw in his way, and the defeats of his plans which their energy and vigilance insured, are the subject of his iterated and vindictive objurgations. Naturally, as he could find nothing to commend, much less to applaud, in those acts of the defenders of the Union cause that hindered or neutralized his own efforts, so he is the persistent and not seldom offensive advocate of the "lost cause," and the equally persistent apologist for the acts of its leaders

[6] *The Secret Service of the Confederate States in Europe; or, How the Confederate Cruisers were Equipped.* By JAMES D. BULLOCH. In Two Volumes, 8vo, pp. 460 and 488. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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and agents. The burden of his song—if his lugubrious recital may be so designated—is that the Confederate agents in Europe were guilty of no moral or legal delinquency or criminality in fitting out Confederate cruisers in Great Britain and France, and he rather plumes himself upon the adroit and shifty pretexts and subterfuges to which they resorted to evade their legal responsibility to the nation whose hospitality they abused. Indeed, he has no consciousness of any culpability on the part of the Southern leaders in making war upon the Union, or on the part of their agents in prosecuting it like corsairs. They were all, in his judgment, honorable and chivalrous gentlemen; and the head and front of their offending was merely "that they took a different view of a great political question!" Much might be pardoned to the panegyrist of the men who precipitated and waged the war of the rebellion if he confined himself to singing their praises, but when his panegyric is coupled with aspersions of those who stood by the Union *per fas et nefas*, he makes too large a draft upon the forbearance of those whose sympathies are with the men he asperses.

HISTORICAL students and members of the legal profession who are interested in tracing the history of the division, tenure, and inheritance of land among the Anglo-Saxons, and the influence of their system of land-holding upon many of the laws, customs, and institutions that have been handed down to us from them, will be greatly assisted in their investigations by a very thoroughly digested cognate treatise on the *Early History of Land-holding among the Germans*,[6] which has been prepared by Denman W. Ross, Ph.D. The numerous points of resemblance, and the equally numerous lines of divergence and difference, which existed between the Anglo-Saxons and the ancient Germans in manners, customs, usages, and laws having their origin in a common ancestry, mutually illuminate the history of both peoples, and solve many hitherto insoluble problems relating to their tenure and distribution of land. Mr. Ross has prosecuted a diligent investigation of the collections of early records bearing upon the subject, from the time of Julius Cæsar and Tacitus until the eighth and ninth centuries; and from the information derived from these sources he has digested a connected history of the origins of land-holding, and of the methods of its division and inheritance at that early period, each step of which is sustained by copious and extended citations in the original from the old records he has unearthed and consulted. His volume is an invaluable repertory of authentic materials of the first importance, which had hitherto been widely dispersed or buried under a forbidding mass of books and manuscripts. Among the many interesting facts established by the old documents and records exhumed by Mr. Ross, and set forth by him in this treatise with great conciseness and ability, is the important one that no cases of the communistic holdings of land which have been alleged by some writers have as yet been adduced from any authentic records of these early times, and that they in fact afford no evidence whatever in support of the theory of primitive communism. On the contrary, all the evidence points to the fact that private property existed first, that common or undivided property came into existence afterward, and that this holding in common was a very different thing from communistic holding, since there was no collective or communistic ownership of the land so held, but everywhere the records abound in references to the rights of individuals in land held in common, and show that it was divisible by inheritance, and alienable by gift, sale, or otherwise.

[6] *The Early History of Land-holding among the Germans.* By DENMAN W. ROSS, Ph.D. 8vo, pp. 274. Boston: Soule and Bugbee.

MANY volumes, great and small, panegyrical and critical, have been written concerning George Eliot, but it will not be easy to find one among them which more intelligently delineates her literary traits, tendencies, and methods, more justly estimates her genius and productions, or more lucidly interprets and criticises her philosophical and religious opinions, and analyzes and defines their nature, bearings, and limitations, than Mr. George Willis Cooke's *Study of her Life, Writings, and Philosophy*.[7] Of the strictly biographical portion of his memoir there is little to be said save that it adds some items of interest to what was already familiarly known of the personal history and characteristics of George Eliot, and traces more closely and with greater subtlety and minuteness than they had been previously traced the unfoldings and early manifestations of her literary tastes and character, and the influences which were potent in giving form and direction to her genius and opinions. This portion of the volume has a further superiority over previous biographical sketches in the moral courage with which the author, while doing full justice to George Eliot's numerous exalted womanly virtues, and while treating her errors of faith and practice with tenderness, refuses to indulge in indiscriminate eulogy, more especially as relates to that one fatal error of her life which no ingenuity can excuse and no sophistry palliate. The chief value of Mr. Cooke's volume lies outside of its biographical memoir, to which, indeed, a very limited space is accorded, and is to be found in a series of studies, each of which is an independent essay, analyzing and defining George Eliot's intellectual and literary traits and tendencies, her theory of the novel, her poetic methods, her distinct-

[7] *George Eliot.* A Critical Study of her Life, Writings, and Philosophy. By GEORGE WILLIS COOKE. 12mo, pp. 438. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

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ive philosophical attitude and teachings, her religious limitations and antagonisms, and her ethical spirit; and in a further series of critical analyses of her various productions, in the order that they were written, from the opening to the close of her phenomenal career.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN, AND CO. have published a luxurious edition of Longfellow's dramatic poem, *Michael Angelo*,[8] the last extended work finished by the poet. In a brief prefatory note the publishers give the interesting information, new to many of our readers, that this poem was written by Mr. Longfellow mainly about ten years before his death, but was kept by him for occasional revision, and was first published, after his death, from his final copy in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is now first printed as a whole in permanent form, in a volume whose unique and beautiful binding, perfect paper and typography, and fine engravings illustrative of the historical and biographical features of the poem and of many of the scenes, places, and works of art alluded to in it, constitute one of the most superb and intrinsically valuable publications of the season. The poem bears in every line the impress of Longfellow's fastidious taste and consummate art, of his delicacy of fancy, purity and elevation of thought, felicity of diction, and mastery of the harmonies of verse. Written in blank verse, it has none of the turgidity or of the rigid and somewhat starched formality that we are wont to associate with this difficult poetic form; and, save in its graver portions, where the sentiment demands greater severity or stateliness, its style is remarkable for its flowing ease and smooth gracefulness. Mr. Longfellow has not attempted to deal with the entire life of the mighty Florentine, but has chosen rather to reproduce with great warmth of imagination, but yet with literal fidelity, some of the more marked phases of his character, and of the more prominent historical incidents of his life in those later and grander years when, after he had reached threescore, he had freshly finished his audacious and preternaturally powerful cartoon, "The Last Judgment," and was engaged upon the greatest effort of his genius, the rebuilding of St. Peter's. As Michael Angelo is presented to us by Mr. Longfellow he is invested with many of the characteristics of his own "Moses," without, however, being as purely statuesque as he makes the great lawgiver, or as completely lifted above the sphere of human passions, sympathies, and feelings. This gives the poet opportunity for the play of varied emotions—of love, friendship, and compassion, of gracious companionships and irritating rivalries and animosities, of honest resentment and hot indignation, always held firmly in check, and of lofty but chastened ambitions, thus bringing the great artist fully within the charmed circle of genuine human interest and sympathy. The illustrations are of great and varied interest, many of them having a special value to artists and collectors, as authentic reproductions of rare paintings, portraits, sculptures, and medallions of the period of Michael Angelo, and others possessing a more general value for their felicitous interpretation or illustration of passages in the poem. The designs for the original illustrations were furnished by S. L. Smith, Mrs. F. C. Houston, Walter Shirlaw, Thomas Hovendon, F. D. Millet, T. de Thulstrup, Ross Turner, W. H. Gibson, F. B. Schell, Louis Ritter, Theodore Wendell, and Robert Lewis, and the engravings were made by George T. Andrew, K. C. Attwood, Victor Bernstrom, W. B. Closson, W. J. Dana, J. S. Harley, F. Juengling, H. F. Krause, and others.

THERE are no sonnets in English literature that are more deserving of admiration for the intrinsic excellence of their form and substance than Milton's, or that will more richly reward a concentrated and prolonged study. But, sharing the fate of all sonnets, notwithstanding their excellence they have never been popular favorites, partly because they have been overshadowed by the grandeur of his greater poems or by the grace and beauty and lightness of his other minor poems, but chiefly because the sonnet itself is a poetical form which has more attractions for the poet who indites them, or for a select circle of scholarly and appreciative admirers, than for the uneducated taste of the general reader. It is not probable that the sonnet will ever become a general favorite with the multitude; and doubtless it will remain the least read and valued of the poems of our greatest authors. If anything shall contribute to enlarge the circle of its admirers, as it assuredly must redound to the pleasure and satisfaction of those who have already learned to relish its manifold powers and beauties, it will be the publication of volumes projected on the plan of Mr. Mark Pattison's admirable edition of *Milton's Sonnets*,[9] which comes to us as the latest issue of the dainty miniature volumes of choice reading comprised in the Messrs. Appleton's "Parchment Library." In this fine edition, while skillfully and tastefully performing the functions of a commentator and annotator, Mr. Pattison is not "cabined, cribbed, confined" by the narrow spirit, and does not restrict himself to the contracted sphere, of either, but enriches his notes and comments with interspersed criticisms, which, save for an occasional faint exhibition of pedantry, are of rare force and acuteness, and great delicacy of detail, directed to the form and structure of the sonnet in general and Milton's sonnets in particular, to

[8] *Michael Angelo.* A Dramatic Poem. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Illustrated. Royal 8vo, pp. 184. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[9] *The Sonnets of John Milton.* Edited by MARK PATTISON. "The Parchment Library." 16mo., pp. 227. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

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parallel thoughts, allusions, and passages in the latter, and to the structure and animating spirit of all poetry. The most interesting and important of his contributions, however, is his scholarly introduction, in which he first sets forth, with the compactness and clearness that should characterize the sonnet itself, the origin of the sonnet, and the rules, both as to structure and matter, which are essential to the production of its most perfect forms, then passes in review the history of the changes in the English sonnet prior to Milton, and finally enters upon a masterly critical and comparative analysis of Milton's sonnets. Although much that Mr. Pattison presents in this fine introductory essay, relative to the origin of the sonnet and the rules that should govern its composition, has been already exhaustively and ably presented in more extended essays, notably in Mr. Charles Tomlinson's capable treatise, *The Sonnet: its Origin, Structure, and Place in Poetry*, we know of no other work in which the subject is handled with as great fullness and perspicuity and in as small compass as in Mr. Pattison's introduction, or which may be so advantageously resorted to by the novice for instruction in the laws of the sonnet, or be consulted with greater confidence by those even who are experts in this difficult form of the poetic art. In addition to the twenty-four sonnets which are usually printed in the collections, Mr. Pattison gives the lines "On Shakespeare," by Milton, that were prefixed to the Shakespeare folio of 1632; but he distinctly disavows that they are a true sonnet, or that they were intended by Milton as aught than recommendatory verses, for the all-sufficient reason that Milton was "too well acquainted with the laws of the sonnet to have designed one in eight couplets"; and apparently his principal reason for introducing them is to show how far in advance of his age was Milton's just appreciation of Shakespeare's transcendent genius. Mr. Pattison also gives place to an anomalous sonnet usually excluded from the collections of Milton's sonnets, and printed among his "Poems on Several Occasions," namely the coarse and unpoetic lines "On the New Forcers of Conscience under the Long Parliament," and in an extremely interesting and instructive note shows that although "this sonnet has been sometimes treated as though it were a monstrous and misshapen birth, and not a sonnet at all," it is in fact a regular sonnet, and strictly conformed to the Italian model, being of the form called "colla coda," which was introduced in the fifteenth century, and was applied to homely, familiar, or burlesque verse. The rules for the construction of this verse permitted the sonnet to be prolonged by any number of tercets, constructed upon the principle employed by Milton in this sonnet. Besides these and the other well-known sonnets of Milton, Mr. Pattison reprints the six Italian sonnets, little known to most readers, which were probably written by Milton during his Italian journey in 1638–9, accompanied by a literal unrhymed translation of each by Mr. Pattison, and translations by Langhorne, Cowper, and Strutt, conformed to the established arrangement of rhyme. Aside from these particulars, which have a special interest for scholars only, Mr. Pattison's notes and introduction embody a variety of acute observations and criticisms which are as applicable to all poetry as to the sonnet, and which throw light on passages and incidents in Milton's personal and literary life while illustrating the spirit and structure of his sonnets, and the general course of the sonnet under the treatment of Surrey, Sidney, Spenser, Shakespeare, and other antecedent poets, after it was ingrafted upon our literature.

MESSRS. LEE AND SHEPARD have published several unique and beautiful little leaflet volumes, forming part of a series which has been appositely styled "The Golden Floral," primarily designed for the holidays, but received too late for notice in the last number of the Record. Notwithstanding their appropriateness to Christmas, there is nothing that is exclusive in this appropriateness; but their subject matter and embellishments are so intrinsically excellent, and they are so admirably adapted to the delightful custom that has become prevalent of interchanging tasteful and inexpensive presents as souvenirs on birthdays, festival days, and all occasions of joy and gratulation, that they can never become other than seasonable. Each of these dainty little volumes has for its letterpress a single standard poem or series of poems on a single topic which has reached the popular heart, superbly printed on heavy artist's paper, illustrated in the highest style of the graphic art, and bound in a flexible silken-fringed cover richly embellished with colored engravings. The taste that has presided over the production of these beautiful souvenirs is as delicate and refined as it is graceful and genial. The volumes of the series now before us are as follows: Alfred Domett's fine Christmas hymn, *It was the Calm and Silent Night*,[10] illustrated with eleven engravings from spirited designs by W. L. Taylor; Tennyson's tender love lyric, *Come into the Garden, Maud*,[11] with twenty-two engravings, from designs by Edmund H. Garrett; Rev. Dr. Palmer's richly devotional hymn, *My Faith Looks up to Thee*,[12] with thirteen illustrations by Miss L. B. Comins; Rosa Hartwick Thorpe's pathetic ballad, *Curfew Must Not Toll To-Night*,[13] with twen-

[10] "*It was the Calm and Silent Night.*" A Christmas Hymn. By ALFRED DOMETT. Illustrated. Small 4to, pp. 30. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[11] "*Come into the Garden, Maud.*" By ALFRED TENNYSON. With Designs by EDMUND H. GARRETT. Small 4to, pp. 26. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[12] "*My Faith Looks up to Thee.*" By RAY PALMER. With Designs by LISBETH B. COMINS. Small 4to, pp. 30. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[13] "*Curfew Must Not Toll To-Night.*" By ROSA HARTWICK THORPE. Illustrated. Small 4to, pp. 30. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

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ty-two illustrations, many of them full-page, by F. T. Merrill and E. H. Garrett; Dr. Sears's inspiriting carol, *That Glorious Song of Old*,[14] with fifteen illustrations by Alfred Fredericks; and William C. Richards's devotional variations upon the theme of David's immortal pastoral, *The Lord is my Shepherd*,[15] worthily interpreted by sixteen full-page illustrations from designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey and other female artists.

AMONG other recent republications that should find a place in the libraries of all who value a book for the sterling quality of its contents are new editions of *Matthew Arnold's Prose Writings*,[16] of *Emerson's Complete Works*[17] in prose and verse, of Donald G. Mitchell's writings,[18] and Lamb's *Essays of Elia*.[19] The edition of Arnold's writings is in seven volumes, and comprises a body of original thought and criticism on living topics of importance, hitherto accessible in separate volumes only, unsurpassed in range and quality by the productions of any contemporaneous writer. The Riverside edition of Emerson's works has reached the eighth volume, and will be completed in three more volumes. Of Mitchell's genial transcripts of life and nature two volumes are now issued, *Dream Life* and *Wet Days at Edgewood*. The edition of Lamb's essays is a sumptuous one, superbly bound and printed, and having a margin sufficiently munificent to have delighted the heart of Elia himself. It is also sparingly but admirably illustrated with engravings from designs by R. Swain Gifford, James D. Smillie, Charles A. Platt, and F. S. Church. To these we should add a work of a very different stamp, being a new edition of Arvine's *Cyclopædia of Anecdotes*,[20] very quaint, very pedantic, but yet worthy of a corner in every well-appointed library.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S new novel, *The Maid of Athens*,[21] has all the stir and bustle of real life, and the contrasted variety and interplay of character and incident of a drama. Its scene is laid in modern Athens, and its spring of action is supplied by a crusade, or, to be more exact, a conspiracy for the re-investment of unheroic modern Greece with the national influence and dimensions of heroic ancient Greece, and the re-awakening of the patriotic ardor and grand aspirations of their ancestors in the bosoms of her degenerate sons. Athena Rosaire, the Maid of Athens, who is the central figure and inspiration of this dazzling but unsubstantial and impossible dream, is not herself a Greek, but is a beautiful young English woman, who was born at Athens, where she imbibed with every air she breathed, from all her surroundings and investments, and from her incessant broodings over the past glories and present shame of the country of her birth, a passionate love for it, and a fixed purpose to effect its deliverance from the Turk and the Magyar, and its re-instatement in all its ancient proportions in its foremost place among the nations. Her generous and contagious enthusiasm, and her high ideals, re-enforced by her rare beauty, her maidenly purity and dignity, her force of character, and her unfaltering steadfastness of purpose, surround her with followers, some of whom are impelled by the loyalty of genuine but hopeless love for the heroine, and others by a mixture of love, adventure, selfish ambition, and even more ignoble motives, to embark in her visionary and, as the event proves, unsuccessful and inglorious plans. Among her lovers and adherents are an English nobleman of high rank, great wealth, and many noble qualities, who is favored and unscrupulously schemed for by the heroine's mother; a rich, versatile, and all-accomplished, but wily and treacherous Greek; a dreamy, poetic, and fragile American student and clergyman; a chivalric Irishman; and a stalwart, true-hearted Englishman—ex-soldier, ex-sailor, ex-heir-apparent of a peer, and at present war correspondent of a London paper. The last-named of her lovers is really beloved by the Maid of Athens, but is believed by her to have outgrown his love for her, and to have transferred it to another. While she was under this impression, which had been implanted and sedulously fostered by her worldly and ambitious mother, Athena resolves to give her hand to the one of her numerous lovers and followers that shall be able to accomplish the most for Greece, and this happens to be the audacious and brilliant Greek. But before she is irretrievably bound to him his treachery and duplicity and his murderous nature are revealed to her, she learns of the constancy and substantial services in the good cause of her first and only real love, is disenchanted of her ro-

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[14] "*That Glorious Song of Old.*" By EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS. Illustrated by ALFRED FREDERICKS. Small 4to, pp. 38. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[15] *The Lord is my Shepherd.* The Twenty-third Psalm in Song and Sonnet. By WILLIAM C. RICHARDS. Small 4to, pp. 38. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[16] Matthew Arnold's Prose Works. New Uniform Edition. Seven Volumes, 12mo. *Literature and Dogma*, pp. 349; *St. Paul and Protestantism, and Essays on Puritanism and the Church of England*, etc., pp. 378; *Culture and Anarchy, and Friendship's Garland*, pp. 346; *God and the Bible*, pp., 342; *Mixed Essays, Irish Essays*, etc., pp. 507; *On the Study of Celtic Literature, and on Translating Homer*, pp. 300; *Essays on Criticism*, pp. 379. New York: Macmillan and Co.

[17] *Emerson's Complete Works.* 12mo, Volume V. *English Traits*, pp. 296; Volume VI. *Conduct of Life*, pp. 308; Volume VII. *Society and Solitude*, pp. 316; Volume VIII. *Letters and Social Aims*, pp. 332. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[18] *Dream Life.* A Fable of the Seasons. 12mo, pp. 282. *Wet Days at Edgewood.* 12mo, pp. 325. By DONALD G. MITCHELL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[19] *Essays of Elia.* By CHARLES LAMB. The Temple Edition. Illustrated. Sq. 8vo, pp. 501. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[20] *The Cyclopædia of Anecdotes of Literature and the Fine Arts.* Containing a Copious and Choice Collection of Anecdotes of the various forms of Literature, of the Arts, of Architecture, Music, Poetry, etc., and of the most celebrated Literary Characters, Artists, etc. By KAZLITT ARVINE. Illustrated. Royal 8vo, pp. 722. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

[21] *Maid of Athens.* A Novel. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 76. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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mantic illusions respecting the restoration of Greece, and after a multitude of vicissitudes encountered, difficulties overcome, and intrigues baffled, the long-suffering and faithful twain become one. Mr. McCarthy has invested the actors in his drama with a degree of individuality that is very striking—less so, perhaps, in the case of the chief actors than in that of those who fill a subordinate part. Among these, several are depicted with consummate skill and a rare insight of character—notably Mrs. Rosaire, the beautiful mother of the heroine, who conceals a hard and selfish nature behind a deceptive veil of feminine delicacy and softness; Mr. Pollen, a type of the conventional vulgar, toadying, purse-proud, and yet not altogether ignoble British tradesman, and his apparently equally coarse and vulgar, but really proud and passionately sensitive wife; Steenie Vale, in whose fresh, eager, fearless, and stanchly loyal nature the best qualities of the genuine English boy are reflected; the bland, worldly, astute, and self-worshipping old diplomate, Sir Thomas Vale, Steenie's father; the rough and not overscrupulous, but at bottom manly and downright veteran and free lance, Colonel Gillow; the absorbed, thoughtful, and dreamy enthusiast, Paul Hathaway, under whose fragile physique glowed the fire of the apostle whose name he bore, and the spirit of a martyr; the sweetly willful English maid, Nellie Lance, buoyant as the air till the concealment of her untold and unrequited love fed "on her damask cheek" like "a worm i' the bud"; and the grand old Greek Vlachos, worthy representative of his nation and people at their best estate. The tale also gives a series of close and graphic sketches of the Athens of to-day, its surroundings, associations, historic and artistic remains, and present condition, and of the manners and customs of its people.

SEVERAL of the remaining novels of the month are unusually racy and readable. Among these are *Guenn*,[22] a Breton tale of great pathos and crude power, by Miss Howard, author of *One Summer* and *Aunt Serena; Judith*,[23] a vigorous, and, at times, weirdly picturesque, story by Mrs. Terhune (Marion Harland), based upon and reviving some pictures and memories of rural and plantation life in the Old Dominion in *ante bellum* times; *The Jewel in the Lotos*,[24] a brilliant and richly imaginative romance of Italian life and manners, by Miss Tincker, author of *Signor Monaldini's Niece; Ione Stewart*,[25] an impassioned story by E. Lynn Linton, exhibiting man's inconstancy and woman's constancy and devotion; and two strong but sensational love tales, *A Great Heiress*,[26] by R. E. Francillon, and *Jenifer*,[27] by Mrs. Pender Cudlip. Inferior to these in artistic workmanship and interest, but still wholesome and moderately entertaining reading, are *Adrian Bright*,[28] by Mrs. Caddy; *Kathleen*,[29] by Agnes Giberne; *An Ambitious Woman*,[30] by Edgar Fawcett; and *Wearyholme*,[31] by Emily Sarah Holt.

[22] *Guenn: A Wave on the Breton Coast.* By BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD. 12mo, pp. 439. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[23] *Judith: A Chronicle of Old Virginia.* By MARION HARLAND. 16mo, pp. 391. Philadelphia: Our Continent Publishing Co.

[24] *The Jewel in the Lotos.* A Novel. By MARY AGNES TINCKER. 12mo, pp. 338. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

[25] *Ione Stewart.* A Novel. By E. LYNN LINTON. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 72. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[26] *A Great Heiress: A Fortune in Seven Checks.* By R. E. FRANCILLON. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 27. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[27] *Jenifer.* A Novel. By ANNIE THOMAS (MRS. PENDER CUDLIP). "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 52. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[28] *Adrian Bright.* A Novel. By MRS. CADDY. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 106. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[29] *Kathleen: The Story of a Home.* By AGNES GIBERNE. 16mo, pp. 324. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

[30] *An Ambitious Woman.* A Novel. By EDGAR FAWCETT. 12mo, pp. 444. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[31] *Wearyholme.* A Tale of the English Restoration. By EMILY SARAH HOLT. 16mo, pp. 384. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

Editor's Historical Record.

OUR Record is closed on the 18th of December.

The first session of the Forty-eighth Congress began December 3. There are 325 members in the House, or 32 more than in the Forty-seventh. The Democrats have a majority of 76. Several new Senators were sworn in. Mr. Carlisle, of Kentucky, was elected Speaker of the House by a vote of 191 to 112 for Mr. Keiffer, and 10 scattering.

President Arthur's annual Message was sent in December 4. Among other things the President advises improvement of sea-coast and harbor defenses, encouragement of the militia, reconstruction of the navy, and reduction of local letter postage rates to one cent per half-ounce. He disapproves postal telegraphy, but favors government supervision of inter-State corporations. He advises the abolition of the fee system in attorneys' and marshals' offices, the giving of Federal aid to primary education, and the establishment of regular government in Alaska. As to polygamy in Utah, he would have it attacked with the stoutest weapons constitutional legislation can fashion, beginning with the abolition of the present Territorial government, and the placing of entire control of the Territory in the hands of Congress. The preservation of forests and the Presidential succession are urged upon the attention of Congress as demanding immediate action, good progress in civil service reform is reported, extension of the veto power is advised, and approval is promised to legislation

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looking to enforcement of the civil rights of the negro race.

In the report of the Treasury Department, Secretary Folger gives the receipts of the government for the year ending June 30 as $398,287,581, the expenditures $265,408,137, and the amount applied for redemption $134,178,756.

General Walter Q. Gresham, of Indiana, was confirmed as Postmaster-General December 11.

The centennial of the evacuation of New York by the British was celebrated November 26, by a grand parade and steamboat procession.

The Prussian Diet was opened by the Minister of the Interior November 20. The speech from the throne declared that the financial situation had improved, and that the working of the railways had resulted in the accumulation of a considerable surplus.

The difficulty between France and China has not yet been adjusted. The Chinese memorandum stated that the French had imposed upon the government of Anam an unjust treaty, and had ignored the rights of China; France had invaded Anam, and had manifested an intention to take Bac-Ninh, the key to the Chinese Empire. China desired, nevertheless, to maintain pacific relations with France, but the Chinese troops would be compelled to resist any aggression. To avert bloodshed China appealed to the traditions of honor and loyalty cherished by France, and expressed the regret it would feel if events forced China to make her rights respected. The French reply declared that France had no wish to annex Anam or Tonquin; that the sole object of the Hué treaty was to define the terms of the treaty of 1874; that in order to consolidate the protectorate of Tonquin, France considered it expedient to occupy Bac-Ninh and Sontay, but there was nothing to prevent an equitable arrangement of the question on these bases, from which France had never swerved, and which were indicated in the treaty of 1874.—On November 17, 3000 Chinese troops attacked Hai-Dzuong, but were repulsed. On December 10 they made a night attack on Haiphong, and were again driven off.—The King of Anam was poisoned December 7, at Hué, it is suspected by the Anti-French party.

Señor Sagasta was elected President of the Spanish Chamber of Deputies, December 17.

The Egyptian forces in the Soudan under Hicks Pasha were annihilated by El Mahdi, the False Prophet. Their leader was slain on the third day of the battle. On December 2 another body of Egyptians was cut to pieces near Suakin.

DISASTERS.

November 19.—Eighteen men drowned while crossing the river at Douarnenez, France.

November 21.—News of loss at sea, October 30, of French brig *Rocaberg*, with eighty-eight of the passengers and crew.—Propeller *Manistee*, from Duluth, November 10, given up for lost, with all on board—twenty-five.

November 29.—Six vessels of the Gloucester fishing fleet given up for lost, with seventy-five men.—Eighteen passengers killed in a railway collision at Saint-Méen, France.

December 3.—New York pilot-boat *Columbia*, No. 8, run down and sunk off Fire Island by steamer *Alaska*. All the crew drowned.

December 11.—Terrific storm in Great Britain. Many lives lost, vessels wrecked, and much property destroyed.—Steamer *Auk*, from Liverpool for Rotterdam, sunk at sea, and twenty-one lives lost.

December 12.—Twenty lives lost by sinking of schooner *Mary Ann Hurlbert* on Lake Superior.

OBITUARY.

November 19.—At Mecca, Arabia, Sheik Obeidullah, aged fifty-one years.

November 20.—At Burlington, Iowa, General A. C. Dodge, ex-United States Senator, aged seventy-two years.

November 26.—At Battle Creek, Michigan, Sojourner Truth, aged one hundred and eight years.

December 2.—In Vienna, Julius Payer, the Austrian arctic explorer, aged forty-one years.

December 11.—In Rome, Signor Mario, Conte di Candia, aged seventy-one years.—In London, England, Richard Doyle, artist.

December 14.—In Paris, France, Henri Martin, historian, in his seventy-fourth year.

December 16.—In Washington, D. C., Hon. D. C. Haskell, Representative in Congress from Kansas, in his forty-second year.

Editor's Drawer.

IT is an odd confusion of ideas to conceive that because Adams and Jefferson made more memorable the Fourth of July by dying on it, it is a happy coincidence that George Washington should have been born on "Washington's Birthday," the 22d of February. It is not so unreasonable as it seems, however, for the 22d of February has come to have an identity of its own as a national holiday, so that it is possible to think of it as a holiday independent of its cause. It is one of the few dates that we can remember, and it is possible that people can remember it and then be obliged to give a second thought to the reason for its distinction, and so come round in that dull, unimaginative way that some people have of "admiring to think" (as they do in Athens) that Washington should have been born on it. The incident gives a distinction to an otherwise insignificant month, a month ill-defined as to length, a fallow month in our Northern year, a month of simply waiting for the spring,

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and getting ready to exchange the German for Lent. It was fortunate that Washington was born in this slack time; he has it all to himself, for no other event on this side the water comes in competition with it. If Washington's greatness were not pretty well settled as a matter of national belief, it would be settled in the minds of the skeptical by the fact that he is the only American who has a national birthday. It requires no centennial suggestion to revive it; it goes on year after year in an independent manner. Once in a century we may remember that Jefferson was born on the 2d of April, and that Franklin was born on the 17th of January, just as once in four hundred years we dig up and magnify the name and birthday of Martin Luther, but these dates make no impression on the public mind, although it is true of Franklin that his greatness looms up in more world-wide proportions as the years go by, until we are beginning to see him in a perspective that places him among the few wise men in that short list of original characters which contains the names of Socrates and Solomon. Franklin is in some respects a more interesting character than Washington; but if the Drawer could use slang, which it can not, it would say that Washington has "got the drop" on Franklin in the matter of a birthday. And Washington is not only the one American who has a birthday that is universally accepted in the United States as a holiday, but he is the only human historical character who has one anywhere; and it is not unlikely, as the American influence grows in the world, that the 22d of February may be imposed upon other peoples, for the conception of it is already spreading wherever we have a diplomatic representative. It is true that the Canadians drink hot Scotch and other liquors on the birthday of her Majesty Queen Victoria, but they will probably change their hilarity to some other day when that gracious sovereign joins her father the Duke of Kent.

Washington was a great man, aside from the fact that he was born on the 22d of February. This is not the place to discuss his greatness, nor its limitations, which some people are fond of pointing out, as that he knew nothing of keramics, and had no taste for any bric-à-brac except the key of the Bastile which hung in his hall; we may admit his limitations with pity for those who point them out, while we ask them to account for the fact that he alone of all of human birth has a birthday distinguished as is the 22d of February. He can have no monument like that, nor does he need other, though the one on the bank of the Potomac would keep on growing like a tree (slowly), and attain a height to defy the rivalry of the tower of the Public Building in Philadelphia, if its foundations were as solid as the foundations of Washington's memory in the hearts of the people. Yet we shall no doubt multiply representations of him. We trust they will all be as worthy of him as the heroic figure of Washington Taking the Oath as First President, by Quincy Ward, which was set up on the steps of the Treasury Building in New York on Evacuation-day. It may suggest to the critic, however, one of the limitations of Washington. He was not an artist. He had an unequalled capacity for being the Father of his Country, but no one supposes that Washington could have made as good a statue of Ward as Ward has made of Washington; and Ward, whose fame as a sculptor is only equalled by his modesty as a man, would be the last person in the world to claim that he himself was born on the 22d of February. That is a distinction which nobody, even if he be born out of due time, can take away from George Washington.

In an interesting contribution to this number of the Magazine General Benjamin Alvord gives some reminiscences of his military experiences in the Northwest. The custom which he found prevailing among the Oregons—that of killing their doctors when the latter failed to cure their patients—appears to have been one of ancient date. General Alvord sends us the following note, which came too late to be printed with his article:

> There is a recent article in the *Saturday Review* on "The Expediency of Killing Eminent Men." Though it is written largely in a vein of the richest irony, it is much more serious as a matter of history than would be supposed on first reading the startling title. It explains customs and ideas of the Chinese and other Oriental nations of killing those sacred and prominent dignitaries who were half worshipped during their lifetime, and that as a part of their religion. It says, "The Hazaras were wont to kill and bury any stranger who was so injudicious as to perform a miracle, or to display any remarkable sanctity among them." Killing of so-called witches occurs to the present day in Russia—a custom the authorities endeavor to suppress.

It is not always an enviable thing to be the hostess who "entertained a distinguished company last night," and figures perennially in the papers. The Twostars are parvenus, who have made a great fortune, and set up a grand establishment—in Greenland, say—and this done, madame sat down before the fortress, Society, determined to hang her banners on the outer wall, and fly her flag over the citadel. She was, if not a lady, a cleverly veneered imitation of one; she had ambition and tact and brains, but, alas! a hot temper. Toward the close of her second season, during which she had entertained like a fairy princess, she determined to give a grand ball. Hundreds of invitations were sent out and accepted. An orchestra of eighty picked men was secured. A supper worthy of Soyer or Vatel was ordered. An army of flunkies, tons of flowers, bunting, Chinese lanterns, etc., floors that were waxed to perfection, electric lights, gas, wax lights, produced a brilliant *ensemble*, and madame, in her Worth dress and all her diamonds, was a chandelier.

Guests poured in, and the rooms were soon

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filled; but, in spite of all her precautions, the women somewhat outnumbered the men, who grouped themselves about the doors, and looked blandly on at the rows of girls in pink and girls in blue that lined the walls, and the dancing, which was going on in a feeble way. Madame saw that this would not do. She approached the gentlemen.

"Let me introduce you to Miss Blank, that pretty girl in green over there. She dances beautifully," she said to one of them.

"Thanks, but I am not by way of dancing to-night," he replied. "It is so awfully hot."

A second declined her proposal to go and have an ice, on the ground that it was "so awfully cold." A third was "not making any acquaintances," and would not be presented to any of the ladies. A fourth had "seen the decorations upstairs" and declined to budge. A fifth "never ate anything after dinner." "They all began with one accord to make excuse," like the guests of the Biblical feast, but madame, instead of taking the same revenge, grew furiously angry, and stamping her foot, cried, "Then what the devil did you come here for?"

This effected more than all her entreaties. The men burst into a hearty laugh, and protested their entire willingness to do whatever she pleased, were introduced, talked, supped, danced, made themselves agreeable, and the ball a success. But the story was an open secret; in twelve hours everybody was talking of it, Society was shocked beyond expression, and madame went abroad.

Mr. M—— was once on a time a member of the Baptist church in R——, and one of those irrepressible worthies who "think more highly than they ought to think" of their ability to "speak in meeting," and conscientiously improve every opportunity to display their gift—or the lack of it. But his acquaintance with "dictionary English" was of a sort that occasionally led to errors in the use of words a good deal more amusing than edifying. Thus on one occasion he sought to encourage his hearers to a more intimate acquaintance with the Deity by saying, "Brethren, we ought not to think of God as some great big *infinitesimal* being." At another time he made the frivolous giggle and the judicious grieve by announcing that "there are two forces in nature—the cen*tri*fugal and the centri*fu*gal forces." This was too much even for the patience of the long-suffering pastor, and Brother M—— was thereupon admonished to "bear the cross of silence" from that time on.

The following incident was related to the writer by his grandfather, an old Vermonter, as having occurred within his own observation:

In the pioneer days of the Green Mountain State, society in the rural districts was in a decidedly primitive condition. Nobody set much store by the "conventionalities," and everything was done on the plainest basis of every-day fact, as the story will illustrate.

Elder Brown was calmly sawing wood in his front door yard, arrayed, not in apostolic lawn, but in the primitive shirt sleeves of a pioneer "V. D. M." (which signifieth, as one of that worthy brotherhood boastingly averred, "Vermont Democratic Minister"). To the fence rode up a long, lank, slab-sided specimen of the *genus* bumpkin, on horseback, with a fair maiden of the same degree seated on a pillion behind him, with her brown arms confidingly clasping his waist. The elder divined at once the nature of their errand. Laying aside the ministerial buck-saw, he advanced to the fence, and resting his arms upon the top rail, gravely inquired, "Want to git married?"

"Ya'as."

"Wa'al, then, John Henry, do yeou take this 'ere woman to be yeour wedded wife?"

"Ya'as."

"Sophronia Jane, do yeou take this man to be yeour wedded husband?"

"Ya'as."

"Wa'al, then, drive on."

And they drove on, a good deal more married than they would be in the Connecticut of to-day by the most elaborate ceremonial.

Uncle Billy (writes a Virginia correspondent), when a boy, had belonged to General Meade, an officer of the Revolutionary war, and his delight was to give us accounts of "dem days," and the stirring scenes in which he was an actor. We would read in school some event of that period, and go at recess to Uncle Billy's house to learn from an eye-witness (for he had seen everything) the truth of the story.

"Yars, chillem, I 'members," he told us one day, "all 'bout Bunker Hill, 'cause I was dyar myself."

"How came it, Uncle Billy, that you got so far from home?"

"You see, General Meade always teck me 'long wid him when he was gwine to fight; an' dat day General Washin'ton had sen' for him p'intly to meet him at Bunker Hill. Me an' him sot out jes' 'fore light, an' we got dyar in de evenin' 'bout two hours b' sun, an' General Washin'ton was settin' on he horse waitin' for us. He jump off soon as he seed us comin', an' gin me de bridle o' he horse to hol', an' he an' General Meade went up de hill together, an' fit till arter dark. Dat was de bloodies' fight ob de war, for bofe un 'em kill between five an' six apiece, an' de folk hear de shootin' smack in Richmon' an' Petersbu'g, 'cause Bunker Hill, you know, is *jes' half-way between 'em.*"

"General Meade was a mighty good master, I tell you. Ev'ry Sunday mornin', reg'lar as sunrise, he used to call all de nigger chillem together to git de buttermilk. Dyar was gre't

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long trough in de yard, 'bout sixty feet long, an' de chillem would git right down on de knees, and suck same like pig. Den de General, ef he see are one wa'n't eatin' hearty, he jes' step behind him an' put he foot on he nake, an' souse de boy hade clean under de buttermilk, an' laf fit to buss heself."

"Folk was mighty rich in dem days, more. Dyar was a whole chist o' gol' in our cellar, an' I was 'blege to clean it ev'ry mont' or so, to *keep it from russin'*."

SOME years ago, at a conference of Presbyterian ministers, a respected but simple-minded brother "rose to a personal explanation." His first beloved consort, he set forth, had died triumphant, and in due time he had courted and won the affections of another lady, and they were married. During all this time he had solemnly supposed her to be "of like faith and order" as himself. "I never thought," he said, "with tears in his voice," "to ask her if she were a Presbyterian, and what, brethren, was my amazement and horror to learn, after we were married, that she was a *Spitzenberg!*"

Shade of Swedenborg!

A BAFFLED INQUIRER.

THERE nestles among the hills in that delightfully uncertain portion of our glorious commonwealth known as "down East" a small but ambitious little city, which we will call, for purposes of convenience and dissimulation, Southtown.

There is no railroad to Southtown, and the stage routes are of tedious length. Consequently few travellers visit the city, save those who have business of some importance.

One evening, however, there climbed out of the daily stage at the door of the principal hotel a neatly attired person, who carried a small hand-bag. He entered the office, wrote a very commonplace name in the register, and desired to be shown to his room.

Who was he?

That was what every loafer in the office asked, and before the new-comer had sat down in the quiet of his room above, twenty-five persons in the room below knew his name—if it were his name.

What was his business?

The stranger had not registered that; Southtown must wait and see.

But, strangely enough, he did not seem to have any business. He came down to tea, and then went back to his room. He walked down to the post-office next morning, smoking a very fragrant cigar, obtained two or three letters, and then came back to his room. After dinner he sat down in the office for a short time, and some of the bolder spirits engaged him in conversation. He seemed social enough, but somehow his talk was all general; he would say nothing personal.

Thus matters went on for several days, and all the city became curious. Vague rumors were afloat that his name, for the best of reasons, was an *alias*, and it began to be considered a patriotic duty to catechise him.

Several essayed to do it, and although the stranger answered every direct inquiry with courtesy, yet there was such an evident coolness on his part when the topics began to concern himself that no one dared to ask the question nearest the beating heart of the city.

At length the Mayor, a man of great suavity and boldness, engaged to brave the Douglas in his hall, and ask him a few questions in smooth but pointed Anglo-Saxon.

He had not yet met the mysterious stranger, and so he dropped in accidentally, and was introduced. He opened fire at once:

"Ever in Southtown before?"

"No."

"Going farther, I presume?"

But whether he presumed correctly or not the stranger apparently did not feel bound to say, so he was silent.

"How much longer shall we have you with us?" queried the Mayor, leaving presumptions and returning to interrogations.

"About two weeks."

The crowd leaned forward as one man.

"Ah, indeed! Are you travelling for pleasure?"

"No."

"Pardon me, but may I ask, not from idle curiosity, but for certain reasons, what business you represent?"

A visible thrill ran through the small assembly. That was a point-blank shot. Would he dodge?

"You are the Mayor, I believe?" said the stranger.

"Yes."

"Then I don't mind telling you: in fact, I suppose you ought to know."

"Yes?"

"Well, I stole a saw-mill" (sensation), "and got away with it all right; but, like a fool, I went back after the dam, and they caught me. I was tried and found guilty, and the judge gave me my choice: six months in jail or three weeks in Southtown; and, *like another condemned idiot, I took Southtown.*"

A solemn hush followed this frank disclosure, and the stranger, lighting one of his odoriferous cigars, strolled away to the post-office, and was soon after seen intently reading an official-looking document that he received through the mail. As he left town the next morning, it was supposed that his sentence had been unexpectedly remitted, and that the official document was a pardon.

A "BROTHER of low degree," belonging to a prominent church in the city of B——, once undertook to reproduce an affecting remark made by the honored and fastidiously scholarly pastor at the funeral of a departed sister. The minister had observed that the body lying be-

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fore them was but the casket of the imprisoned but now freed spirit—or words to that effect—and added, "Our beloved sister is not here; she has risen." And this is how the sentiment was repeated: "The pastor says, says he, Our sister ain't here; she's riz."

"A GREAT DAY FOR PAUL."

SOME years ago there were in the city of Charleston, South Carolina, two rival grocers named McNeil and Paul, the first-named the senior of the firm of McNeil and Blair, the latter the head of the house of Paul and Brown. Their stores were on the opposite corners of Broad and Church streets, and both were well patronized. They had occupied their respective locations a long time, and a spirit of rivalry had almost insensibly grown up between them. Their numerous customers were aware of this, and many of them made use of the knowledge for their individual benefit; that is, by representing that one or the other, as the case might or might not be, was selling a certain article for so much less per pound than it could be obtained for at the rival store.

Both McNeil and Paul were Scotchmen, both were well-to-do, and both enjoyed the goodwill of the community. Of the two, McNeil was the more jealous of his neighbor, and consequently he was oftener "played upon" by those who dealt with him. He had a hot temper, and a very trifling thing would disturb his equilibrium if it related to any alleged superiority of Paul's groceries to his own. As was to be expected, he was occasionally the victim of a practical joke, one of which is related as follows:

A customer purchased of him a quantity of high-priced tea, and waiting for a few days to elapse, he repaired to McNeil's store with a sample of it. Placing it before McNeil, he remarked, "Here is a tea which I can get at Paul's for twenty-five cents per pound cheaper than you charged me."

McNeil glanced at it, and said, very contemptuously, "I don't doubt it, for it is a very inferior tea to mine."

When informed that it was his own tea he had condemned, his rage knew no bounds, and his old customer had to beat a hasty retreat.

On another occasion he made a great blunder in regard to several wines furnished as samples by Paul and himself, he in every instance giving unwittingly the preference to Paul's in the presence of those who had obtained the wines for the purpose of misleading him.

McNeil, having acquired a fortune, resolved to revisit his old home in Scotland, and sailed from Charleston for Liverpool in the ship *New England*. While about midway across the Atlantic a fire broke out in the hold, and failing to extinguish it, the passengers and crew were forced to abandon the ship, and seek safety in the yawls belonging to her. On this occasion McNeil was much more in sorrow than in anger. He seemed to be lost in thought, and said nothing to attract attention until all the passengers who could be got into the yawl with him were seated.

To appreciate the mental condition of McNeil at this juncture it is necessary to take in the situation as it was. Here were some twenty persons, men, women, and children, adrift on the wide expanse of ocean. Not a vessel was in sight save the one they had just left, and she was a mass of flames. In the hurry and confusion of leaving the vessel very few things had been remembered; the water and provisions which had been secured could not possibly have lasted over a week, and only one pair of oars had been found. Truly it was a time to appall the most courageous.

Suddenly a form was seen to rise near the prow of the frail boat. It was that of McNeil. He raised his arms aloft, and cast his eyes around him. Everybody believed that he was about to invoke the aid of Heaven, and accordingly prepared their minds for a solemn prayer. But they were mistaken. McNeil's thoughts at that perilous time were far away from the scene of disaster. They had taken wings and flown back to the beautiful city of his adoption, and there he beheld in imagination his old rival Paul complacently seated at his desk, and reading an account of the loss of the ill-fated *New England*. He fancied he could see Paul's eyes twinkle and a smile wreathe his lips as he revelled in the assurance of being rid of a formidable competitor. Is it any wonder that, instead of making an appeal to the throne of grace, his fellow-sufferers heard him exclaim, in tremulous tones, "*This is a great day for Paul!*"

But Paul did not have the felicity of reading McNeil's obituary as the latter feared he would. The boat he was in was picked up by a vessel that hove in sight the day after the accident happened, and McNeil returned in safety to Charleston. It was, however, many years before his acquaintances ceased to twit him with his remarkable speech, in which he betrayed his meditations while on the great deep with only a few planks between himself and eternity.

C. K. B.

"IN *ante bellum* days it was customary in the South for the Methodist missionary to preach to the negroes and catechise them. I have witnessed many rich scenes on these occasions," says a Southern correspondent. "Among the slaves at our place was a venerable Virginia darky, tall, black as ebony, hair white, keen black eyes, and carrying himself as erect and proud as an old Roman. He was a sort of oracle, and told us children, as we would gather round him in the cabin, many marvellous stories of what he had seen 'Jack-o'-lantern' do in the gullies of 'Ole Virginny.' He had himself been led by this devil's fire two or three dark nights down into gullies so deep he thought he never

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could 'fetch his foot.' Two things he did not believe in—riding on the cars, and hearing folks preach. Nothing would induce him to enter a car. 'Ole Satan hisself holding de reins, and likely any time to let go.' One Sunday afternoon we did get his consent to go and hear old Brother Carr, the missionary, preach. He behaved throughout the service with the utmost gravity and decorum. Upon his return we were all eager to hear his report of the sermon. 'How did you like it, daddy?' I asked.

"Solemnly shaking his head, he replied, 'I tell you, missis, that man *'polergized* on some mighty *unconditional subjects.*'"

GENERAL HARDEE was one of the martinets of the Southern army, the very model of a *vieille moustache*, immaculate in dress, soldierly in bearing, and a great disciplinarian. On one occasion he was sent to Arkansas to deal with some very refractory volunteer brigades that had lost all idea of military discipline, and one day near camp came upon a soldier who was sitting down under a tree, had taken his gun apart, and was cleaning it diligently. As the general approached he looked up, but neither rose nor saluted, and presently went on rubbing, and singing as he worked. The general pulled up, intent upon reproving a breach of military etiquette.

"Do you know who I am, sir?" he asked, sternly.

"No, I don't know, and I don't care a ——," said the soldier. "Sorter general, ain't yer?"

"I am the general in command, sir; that's what I am," said Hardee.

The soldier got up, stuck his hands on his hips, cocked his felt hat impudently over his eyes, and said: "Well, I said you was a sorter general, didn't I? And if you'll hold on till I git my gun together and loaded, I'll give you a sorter salute."

THE TALISMAN AND THE LEECH: A FRAGMENT.

It was a lovely lady that on her sick-bed lay;
It was her lordly lover spurred for the leech away,
And met upon the highway, crouched on the cold hard stone,
A withered white-haired beggar that made for alms her moan.

The lordly lover cast her his purse from saddle-bow.
"My love is lying dying, and for the leech I go.
In yonder burg physicians a many are, I trow:
Would that the skillfulest of all among them I could know!"

"Take this;" the crone, upstarting, placed on his hand a ring
Of dull and tarnished copper, a mean and battered thing.
"Wear this, and when thou ridest up to the leech's door,
See for thyself what company of guests doth stand before."

And before the knight could thank her she vanished quite away,
And there was naught but a wee brown bird sitting upon the spray;
And the light-hearted lover onward he spurred his courser gray,
And kissed the battered talisman, and blessed the kindly fay.

Up the ringing street he darted to the chief physician's door—
Heaven! what ghastly company was standing it before!
The souls of all the slain were there, ten thousand souls, I trow,
Like witch-fires in a pallid night a-wavering to and fro.

On passed the knight to another leech, but before the door, perdie,
Was quite as ghastly if not quite so great a company;
And up and down the burg he rode, but everywhere he went,
Watched the spirit of each patient under a monument.*

"Alack! doth never a leech have skill?" was his despairing cry;
"And must the Lady Cunegund in her youth and beauty die?
There is but one physician left, and yonder at his door—
Oh, heavens! there floats a single ghost—a single ghost, no more!

"Oh, a blessing on the talisman and on the kindly fay!
Here is the surgeon skilled shall charm my lady's hurt away.—
Ho! busk ye, busk ye, Master Leech, and ride away with me,
And thou shalt save a precious life, and win a priceless fee."

Up sprang the good physician then behind the gallant knight,
And swiftly up the sounding road clattered the courser wight;
And merrily the knight he sang and shouted in his glee,
"A blessing on the kindly fay that guided me to thee!"

"Now, by our good Saint Anthony, what is it thou dost say?
Dost thou not know, Sir Knight, there is ne goblin, neither fay?
But tell me truly who it was to me thy steps did guide,
For how should a poor leech be known throughout the country-side?"

"Oh, trust me, trust me, Master Leech, thy fame spreads far and near;
On every side of thy healing skill what miracles we hear!
For though thy cheek doth brightly bear the rosy hue of youth,
There is no doctor so renowned in all the land, good sooth."

"Sir Knight, it ill becomes thy rank to mock a simple man,
One who doth practice Galen's art with all the skill he can;
But only yesterday I hung my shingle out at door,
And I have had but a single call—one patient, and no more."

"Now, by Saint Anthony!" exclaimed the knight....

The remainder of this interesting ballad has been lost.

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* Under a monument—to distinguish them from Patience on a monument.

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"'HERE BE FINERY!' SHE SAID."—From a Drawing by E. A. Abbey.

[See "Judith Shakespeare," Page 536.]

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCVI.—MARCH, 1884.—Vol. LXVIII.

ST. LOUIS.

SOME years ago the journals of the country were laughing at a person whom they called "The Capital-Mover." This was one T. U. Reavis. Caricatures were made of Reavis in which he was represented as carrying the Capitol at Washington on his back, with various others of the public buildings under his arms, and striking out boldly for St. Louis. He had discovered that that place was the geographical centre of the country, and the future centre of its population, and that it was to be the future great city of the world. This being the case, he desired to have the seat of government also removed thither without further delay.

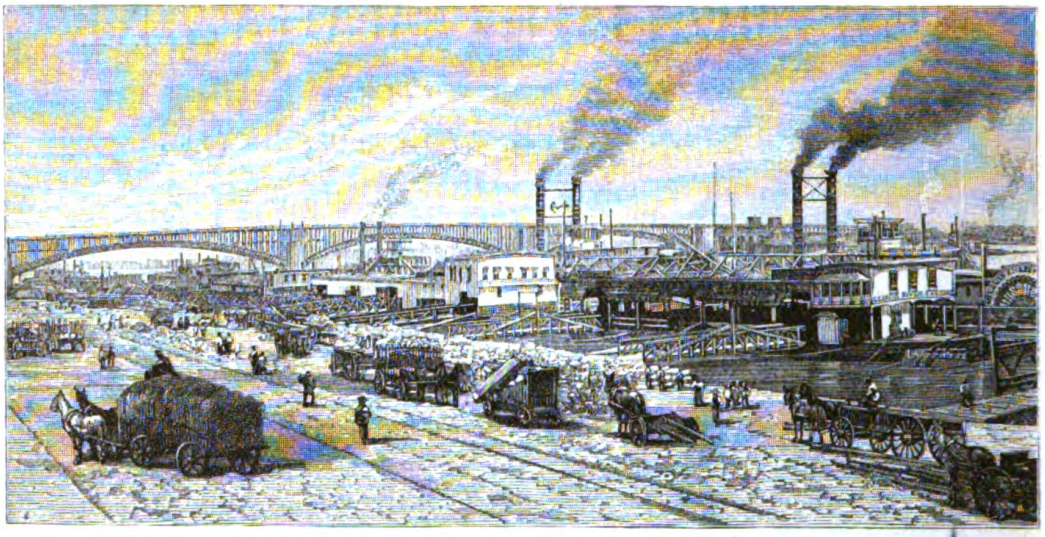
The Capital-Mover did not succeed in his designs, and meanwhile the new War and Navy Departments and other costly improvements have more firmly anchored the government to Washington than ever; but this does not prevent St. Louis from being a vast and imposing city on its own account, without the aid of any such factitious resource. The title of "The Future Great City of the World," usually contracted to "The Future Great," given to it, half in derision, in these discussions, has stuck, and is quite generally recognized.

Dwellers on the Eastern sea-board find it hard to comprehend the great West—not so much the far West, of which they have some wild and fanciful ideas, but the central West, which presents a cultivated area, and a thickly populous civilization like their own. Get upon a railway train, and come a thousand miles across the country to the Mississippi River. It is lined with cities all along its course. The greater ones, in obedience to a law plainly in operation, are on the western bank. They have had their starting-point as depots of supplies for people who were moving further on, and as depots of supplies it was fitting that they should be on the further shore, where the river need not be crossed. They burn a soft and inferior coal, yielded them by the region round about, and all are more or less enveloped in smoke. While the sun is shining on the Eastern sea-board we have left, these cities of the plain, artificers in iron and brass and every useful work, are pouring forth vapors as if they were but the mouthpieces of some fiery subterranean activity.

But it is with St. Louis that we are to deal. I have seen it at different seasons, and from many points of view, but from no other can it be called so impressive as from the great bridge, of steel tubular arches, which forms the approach to it over the Mississippi, on a winter day when the river has moving ice in it. The bridge complete is a mile and a quarter long, and the part over the water about a third of a mile, which is divided into three vast spans. The cost, it may be said in passing, was some $10,000,000. The railway cars run within, and afterward through a tunnel a mile in length, under the city, which terminates at the Union Depot. Horse-car lines, vehicles, and pedestrians pass on the spacious top. Stand here and look off. The wide and turbid flood, coming resistlessly on around its curve, inspires with a sense of majesty and dread. Some ferry-boats with large stern wheels push through the broken ice, and leave clear tracks like roads behind them. The view, hemmed in by shrouding vapors, is but a hand's-breadth in any direction. A few features only of the life making up the eleven continuous miles of river-front appear. The sun strikes with a gleam on a bit of sand-bar on the opposite shore, emerging mysteriously from the smoke, as if it were only now that the chaos was beginning to give place to physical order. The city itself is barely visible. Of all

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THE LEVEE.

the vast agglomeration of dwellings and industries which constitutes it what it is, no more than a dome or two, or the outlines of a shot-tower or an elevator, looms out vaguely. Or a row of red brick chimneys of a chemical works in the foreground makes a spot of color amid murky wreaths, to which their own belchings are every moment adding.

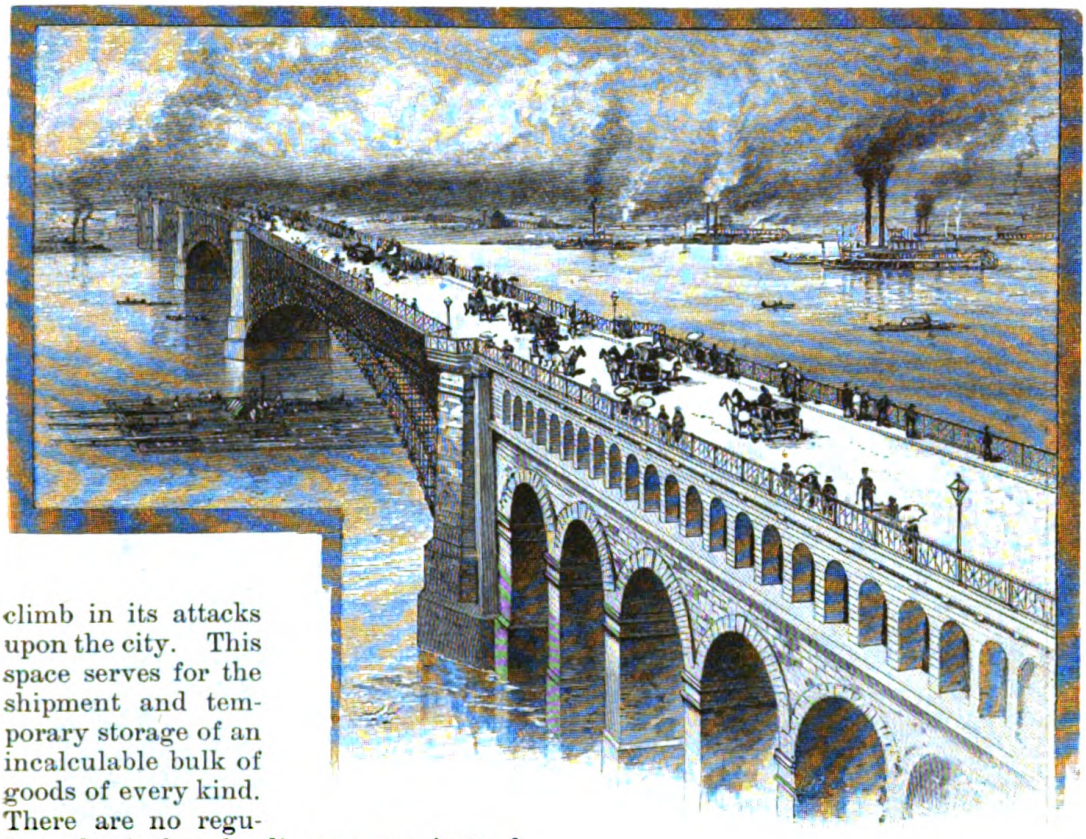
In summer the bridge is a breathing-place, and the temperature of a St. Louis summer is such that a breathing-place is much needed. In the summer nights lovers and others come out upon it, and sit on seats conveniently left at several points along its extent, and look down upon a much tamer and shallower river than that described.

But now for the city itself. Let us assume that we have entered it. It seems scarcely daybreak as we sit in the lobby of our hotel this dark morning, yet a glance at the dial shows that it is already ten o'clock. It is time to be moving. Whither first? Up into some high point, as the dome of the Court-house, for a general view of the whole? Ah, except upon some extremely rare occasion, that is useless to expect. The photographers take their pictures on Sundays, when the chimneys have stopped streaming for the time being, and then some partial prospects are to be had; but, as a rule, St. Louis is as invisible as London. When it is old and as large it is likely to be at least as sooty. These Western cities exhale a tainted breath, stifle themselves in the fumes of their own prosperity. If there be philanthropists abroad, it would seem that they could aid them by no other possible boon so much as by that of resolving the problem how the waste product of decomposition of the bituminous coal may be carried off, or prevented from arising. Not that the inhabitants themselves object to it, more than in London. Oh dear no! They are rather proud of it, as they are of the clouded water of the Mississippi set upon the table to drink, and have theories of the benefit to health both of the one and the other.

No, St. Louis has got to be explored in detail. The essential things in American cities which distinguish them from one another, since they have so many things in common, are matters of local situation. As at Chicago it is the lake and prairie, and at Cincinnati the mountainous hills, so at St. Louis it is the river and its varied life which give the distinctive form and color to the place. This great waterway, with its eighteen miles of commercial frontage, margined with boats, and smoking with mills and foundries, is to be borne in mind as the basis of all that has grown up beside it.

A good share of the way is bordered with the levee—a very wide space prepared with Belgian pavement, and sloping like the glacis of a fort, which the river must

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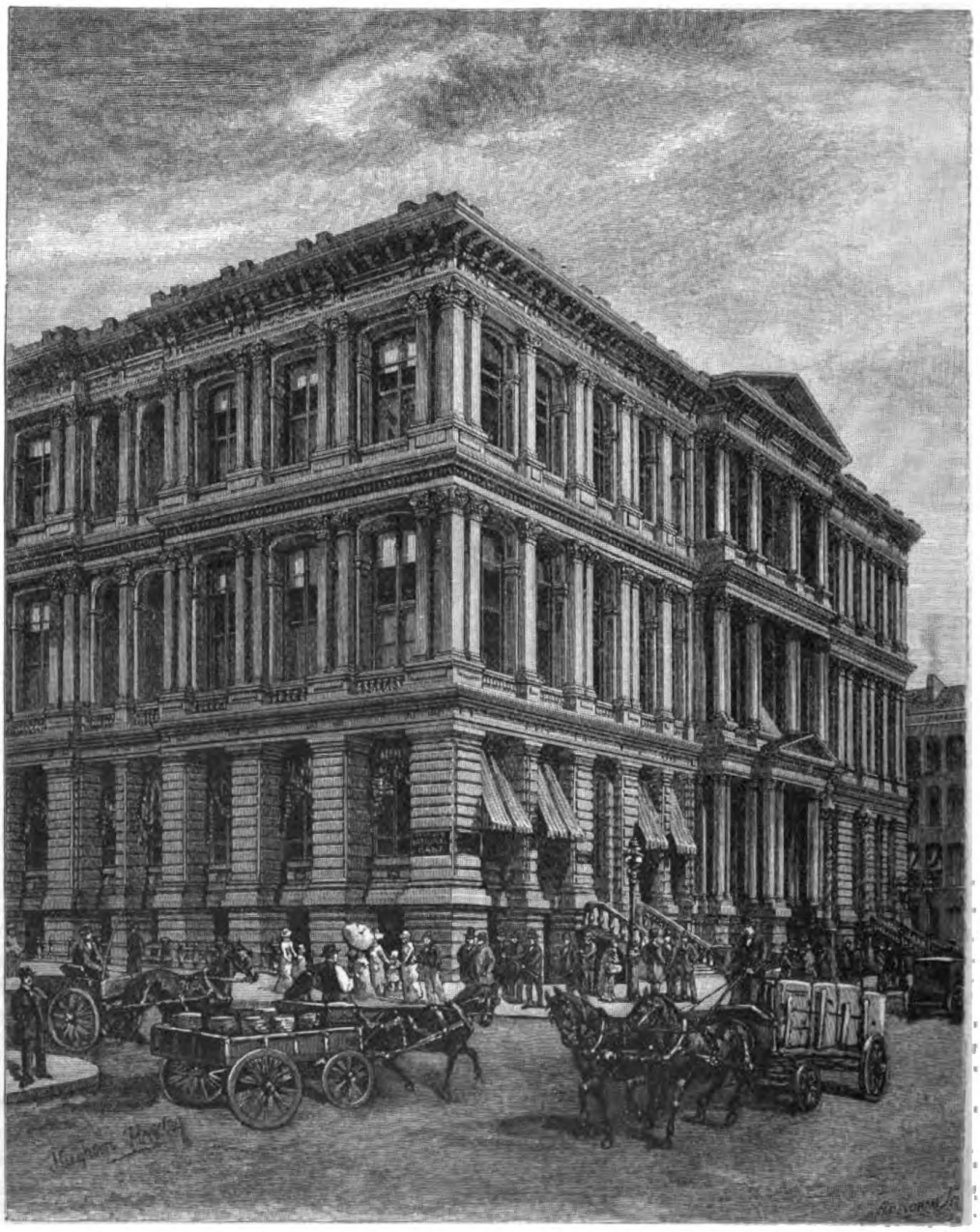


THE ST. LOUIS BRIDGE.

climb in its attacks upon the city. This space serves for the shipment and temporary storage of an incalculable bulk of goods of every kind. There are no regular wharfs, but landing-stages instead, moored by chains, so as to rise and fall with the water, and reached by small bridges. But of the river more anon: the stranger naturally plunges first into the thick of the town. Fourth Street may be called its Broadway, or Upper Broadway, devoted to an elegant retail trade, and the promenade of shoppers with full purses. Fifth Street tends to wholesale business. On Sixth are found close together Barr's, one of those mammoth emporiums of general merchandise, bustling like a bee-hive, which are growing into usage throughout the country, and a great handsome building, like a Renaissance palace, erected by the St. Louis Life-insurance Company. This latter has a row of statues along its roof of a really very creditable sort. Trade of the choicer kinds scatters a short way from these streets, which follow the general course of the river, westward on those which cross them at right angles. Up Olive Street is seen the imposing building, of gray granite, of the custom-house and post-office. It is not unlike the New York Post-office, and is among the best of those which the government has of late given to the great business centres of the country. It will be seen that there is no change from the customary American lack of invention in the matter of street names. Why should we invariably have a series after the trees, Olive, Pine, Chestnut, and the like, even if those numerically named be defensible? Would it not be as well, for a change, to give them some such bold titles as those conferred upon race-horses, or to utilize science or fiction? Elsewhere, however, St. Louis has used the names of many of its early French pioneers, and is less open to the charge of triteness than some other places.

More good buildings are seen from about the corners of Fourth or Fifth street and Washington Avenue than almost anywhere else. They are five stories, of the best material, and the usual metropolitan patterns. Here are one or two without any signs put out, after the model of A. T. Stewart, of New York, on the theory that whoever does not know so well-known an establishment is of no consequence as a customer. Along Fourth Street an enter-

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THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

prising person has erected a block with a very tall cupola, or tower, which is the most salient object upon which the eye catches. Across the way is the massive, dignified Court-house, in the classic style, and next this the Planter's Hotel, which has a Southern touch in its arches of an old-fashioned pattern, incised instead of raised upon its façade. In the matter of memories it must be much in advance of its more magnificent new rivals, the Lindell and Southern. The latter of these has made especial efforts, with what result remains to be seen, to be wholly and absolutely fire-proof.

On the steps of this Court-house slaves were once sold at auction. There are vestiges still of a Southern type of character in the passers in the street, as there may very well be where so large a traffic takes

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place with persons all the way down the river to New Orleans; but the general type is Northern, and the scenes, crowded, bustling, and metropolitan to a high degree.

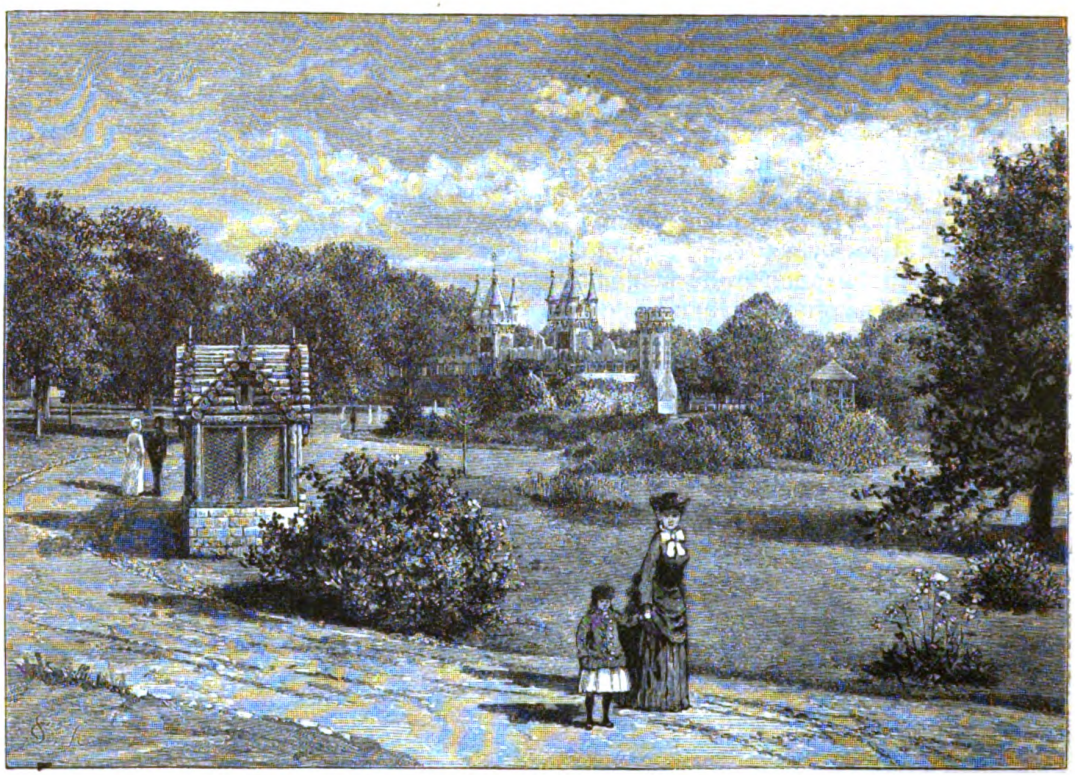
There are persons now in middle life who remember when the whole present business centre was but a very shabby area. St. Louis is old historically, and the traditions of its early settlement and government by the French and Spanish in turn, according as one and then the other of these nations possessed the Mississippi Valley, are of a very romantic sort; but most of what it is it has become at a recent period. It shared liberally the great movement in immigration and city building in the West, dating from about 1835, and its real life, in the modern sense, is hardly more than contemporary with that of Chicago. Although founded in 1764, its population in 1810 was but 1400, and in 1836 but 10,000. The census of 1880 puts it at 350,522. By a curious mistake in the census of 1870, or the act of enumerators driven to unscrupulous lengths by morbid ambition in the race with rivals, about 100,000 names too many were added to the list. Until this error was rectified of late it was thus made to appear that the growth of St. Louis during the last decade was but thirteen per cent., while that of Chicago was sixty-eight, whereas, upon a proper estimate, the growth of St. Louis was sixty-nine per cent.

The building stone is largely a beautiful limestone, softly gray in color, and a sandstone, of later introduction, almost as red and cheerful as brick. The place is peculiarly fortunate in its building ma-



INTERIOR OF THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

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ST. LOUIS FAIR GROUND.

terials, and they will be combined together in artistic effects to a much greater extent than now.

Of all the architectural monuments of the city the enthusiastic St. Louisan points with greatest pride, and deservedly, to the Merchants' Exchange. It is a grandly simple edifice for its purpose, in too narrow a street to be seen to the best advantage, but of a character to impress the most casual beholder. It is of granite and limestone, duly darkened by the prevailing smoke. It is the creditable boast that the whole of its material, including brick, iron, glass, lead, and paint, came from the bosom of the State itself. Three great porches give access as if to the abode of giants, as indeed its habitués may fairly be considered in commerce. If the exterior be somewhat approached by that of the Exchange at Chicago, there is nothing like the grand hall of the interior in this country, nor perhaps in the world. The figures can not express its air of vastness. It is not to the purpose to show that it is 226 feet long, 100 wide, and 79 high. I had the fortune to see it first in use for a national Presidential Convention. Faces could not be distinctly seen at the great distances. The acoustic properties are not good, though that is not important, as it is not for the accommodation of large general meetings, and the voices of but a few speakers could be heard. The delegations were ranged around the hall in a semicircle, a blue silken pennant marking the place of each. The spectators spread back in broad planes of mere shapeless humanity behind them, and clustered like flies in a gallery making a circuit of the room high above. It was a gallant and stirring spectacle.

"Pennsylvania gives seventy-nine votes" (or whatever the number may have been) "for Samuel J. Tilden," cried the chairman of that delegation, standing erect in his place. "Pennsylvania gives seventy-nine for Samuel J. Tilden," shouted the secretary at the right of the president's desk. "Pennsylvania seventy-nine for Tilden," echoed the secretary at the left, announcing the news to that side of the house; and these cries resounded down the hall like martial orders.

A gayer spectacle still is presented in the Exchange hall when it is given up,

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during Fair Week, in October, to the ball known as that of the Veiled Prophet. This is a costume ball, and all the vagaries of the Carnival are indulged in. Just now, however, its lower space is filled chiefly with marble-topped tables, on which are samples of grain and flour. Nonchalant dealers take pinches of the flour between thumb and fingers and scatter them over the floor. A couple of hundred brokers—seeming a mere handful—are clamoring wildly, after the manner of their business, near a handsome iron fountain covered with classic divinities. The war, which was so poignantly a civil war on the borders, split up the commercial interests here represented, and up to 1875, when they reunited, there was both a Union Exchange and a Confederate Exchange.

All around this centre, at no great remove from the river, is a quarter of tall office buildings, intersected by narrow streets and alleys, and bustling with the well-understood life, of such a portion of a great city.

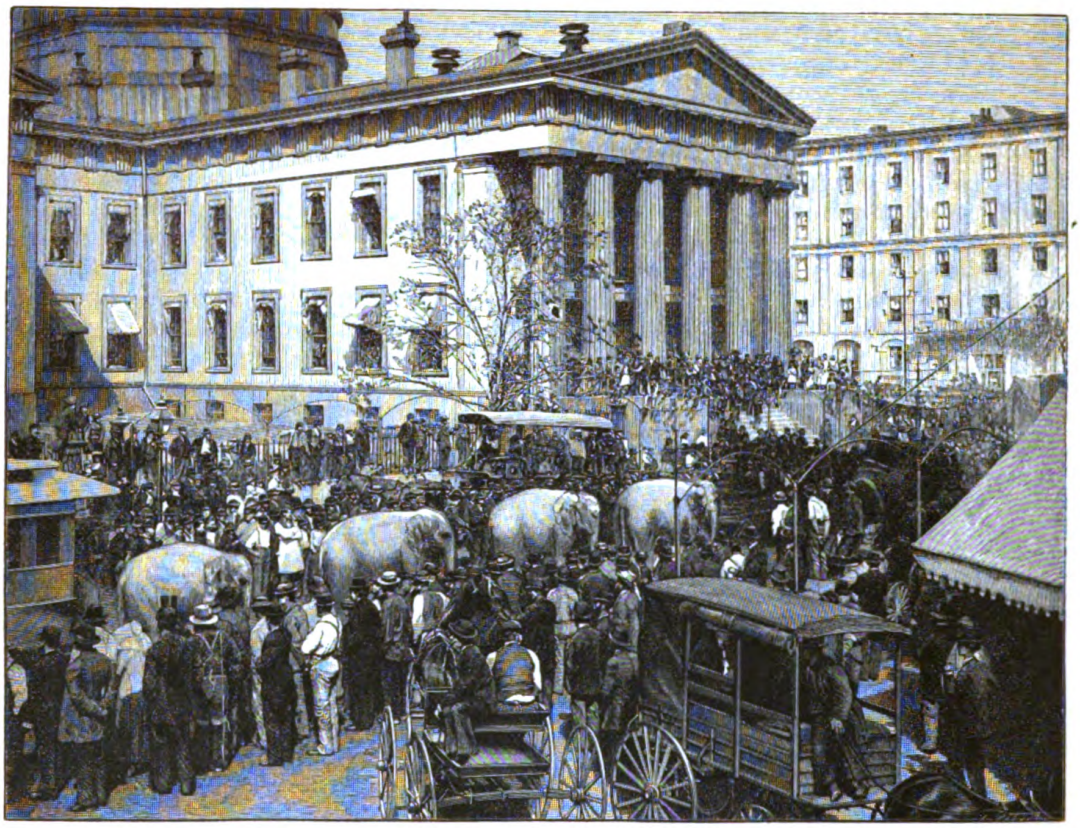
The rest of the city is of a minor sort, with here and there some important monuments, remote from one another. The excellent Public High School, housed in a characteristic building, is one. The Four Courts, the central department of criminal correction, containing also the jail, is another. The latter follows somewhat the model of the Paris Hôtel de Ville, destroyed in the Commune. The jail is perhaps unique, consisting of a great central cage of iron bars, upon which the cells open in tiers, and from which they are all equally under inspection. A keeper told me, on looking into this interior, that there was once a prisoner who had "dror'd it all off as natural as life"; but this accomplished criminal had disappeared, and his sketch was not extant.



VIEW OF ST. LOUIS, SHOWING THE FOUR COURTS.

Let us drop in at the place of a great dry-goods merchant on Washington Av-

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A STREET PROCESSION, ST. LOUIS.

enue, who may be called the A. T. Stewart of the town. He tells us of his first shop, which was a shabby old limestone house, put up by the early fur-traders on the levee, in contradistinction to his present palatial store. That was in 1835, and he brought a stock of goods there from Kentucky; and this is 1882. The contrast seems strongly enough marked, yet his talk has a certain unhopeful air, and is almost a constant pæan to Chicago. It is not enough that St. Louis has done so incredibly well, but there is an aggrieved tone, of which a good deal is heard in the place, if it can be made out that Chicago has done somewhat better.

Chicago may be more enterprising, he is inclined to admit. It is the centre of a more intelligent population. It is a reading and book-publishing place, while here there are no large book stores. The sluggish influence of slave days is not wholly outgrown here yet. Chicago has been artful in drawing to itself a sturdy Northern immigration, and especially during the war was it aided in this and every other way by the closing of the Mississippi to trade. This is in fact true. The blighting influence of the war on St. Louis, offset to some slight extent by its position as a centre of military supplies and troops, is so manifest in a study of the statistical tables that it almost seems that without it the inequality of populations in the two places would not have existed. In the decade from 1860 to 1870 St. Louis increased but 53,000, and Chicago 188,000. The summer climate, again, of St. Louis, our friend tells us, is relatively against it. Two-thirds of all the merchants have to go away to escape the extreme heat at what might otherwise be a favorable season. Finally, it is held that the railroads, or some of them, have been led to discriminate unfairly on freights in favor of Chicago.

This Machiavelian Chicago is capable of any shrewd and pushing schemes. It will send free railway passes to small traders in a commercial area which should not be tributary to it at all. It will draw grain from within forty miles of St. Louis,

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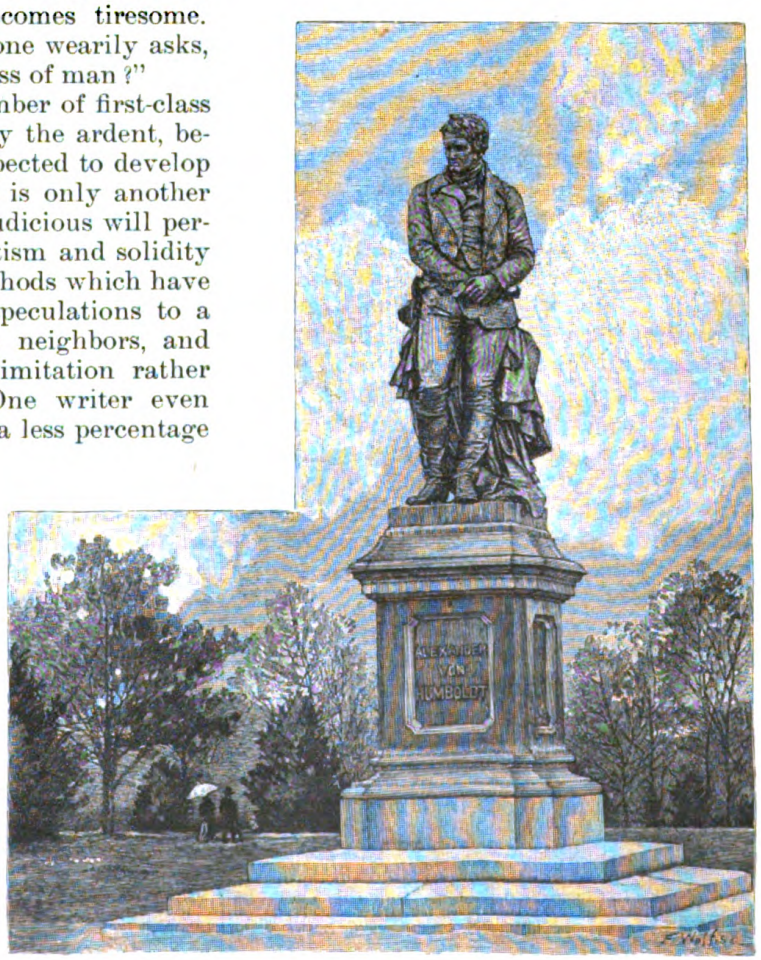
or make lower bids on iron-work in the town itself, though Carondelet, its southern section, is one congeries of mills and smelting furnaces. It will even throw doubts as to the local ownership of the great bridge which crosses from the Illinois side. An eye is deflected toward this crafty rival, upon any proposed course, even before it is considered in the scale of absolute benefit. The journals of the two are never done discussing, generally in the grimly humorous tone, questions of relative merits, from bank interest and grain receipts to size of feet and ears.

The calm outsider can not be expected to share in this lively contest, but may be content to admire a stupendous progress when it is under his eyes, irrespective of what may exist elsewhere. He may take leave also to doubt whether the greatest superiority consists in a mere augmentation of inhabitants, and whether that is not a more praiseworthy kind which has to do with the improved condition of those already on the ground. This talk of mere gross size sometimes becomes tiresome. "What is being done," one wearily asks, "for the greater happiness of man?"

There should be a number of first-class funerals, you are told by the ardent, before St. Louis can be expected to develop her full capacity. This is only another form of testimony, the judicious will perhaps find, to a conservatism and solidity in St. Louis business methods which have kept it out of wild-cat speculations to a greater extent than its neighbors, and render it a model for imitation rather than disparagement. One writer even finds fault that there is a less percentage of business failures here than elsewhere. It was but 5.4 per 1000 of business concerns, for a period named, as compared with 7.6 for Chicago. He ascribes it to stagnating caution and lack of aggressive spirit, and is not sure that a higher rate of bankruptcy may not be simply an indication of more active enterprise. It may be confidently said to this perverted mind that population and wealth will grow in this fertile river valley and its capital even till the time shall come of some of those evils shown by Buckle as inhering in lands where the food supply is overabundant and men increase too rapidly; but at present it is of more importance that it should be a shining example of commercial honesty amid the corruptions of the times than have any possible acceleration.

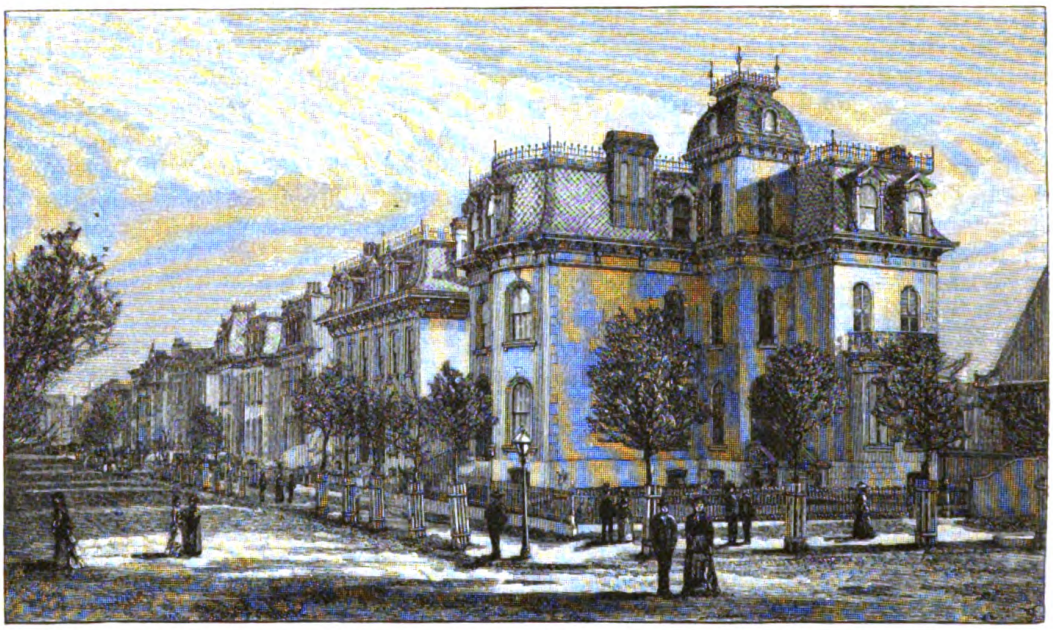
The figures of the Capital-Mover, earlier adverted to, aim to show that in one hundred years our country is to have 600,000,000 of people, and St. Louis, the future great city of the world, 10,000,000 of them. Let us hope that its directing spirits in the mean time are not to be led, by a frenzied haste to overtake a destiny which they could not escape if they would, into corruptions of sentiment unworthy of their coming high estate.

St. Louis is probably central to a greater food-producing area than either Chica-



STATUE OF HUMBOLDT, IN TOWER GROVE PARK.

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WASHINGTON AVENUE, CORNER OF GRAND AVENUE.

go, Cincinnati, or New Orleans. It must always be a great shipping market for grain, and has this advantage, that the Mississippi remains open so much longer in the winter than the northern route by the lakes. It appears to have been in the year 1881 the largest market for wheat and flour in the world, and in produce, provisions, and live stock second only to Chicago. Its central position makes it an eligible point for handling the products of both Northern and Southern States. Cotton and tobacco, to an enormous value, from the one join the cereals and lumber of the other. It is the largest purely inland cotton market in the world, though led in this respect by a number of seaports. It has received in a year very nearly half a million bales.

This marketing of supplies was the beginning, as it is the staple, of its prosperity, and is connected with its situation on the great river. St. Louis counts, in the Mississippi and 240 navigable tributaries, no less than 16,000 miles of waterway, to which steamboats from its levee penetrate, carrying articles up and down. Professor Waterhouse, of the Washington University, in an interesting pamphlet on the resources of Missouri, as far back as 1869, cited a solid mile and a half of steamboats lying at this levee, and what it has grown to be since I have not space to show here. Upon this basis, later, has grown up a manufacturing interest of importance commensurate with the rest. Some 3000 varied establishments turn out an annual profit of $104,000,000, and put St. Louis seventh in the list of manufacturing cities. For the first time Cincinnati, which figures sixth in this list, leads her as a rival. There are points in which Cincinnati is very similar to St. Louis, and others in which it is much more wide-awake and advanced, though it has 100,000 less population. A study into the differences and resemblances of the two would be interesting to make, but it would be a matter of speculative interest merely, since the question of rivalry, at St. Louis, is directed at Chicago, and Chicago only.

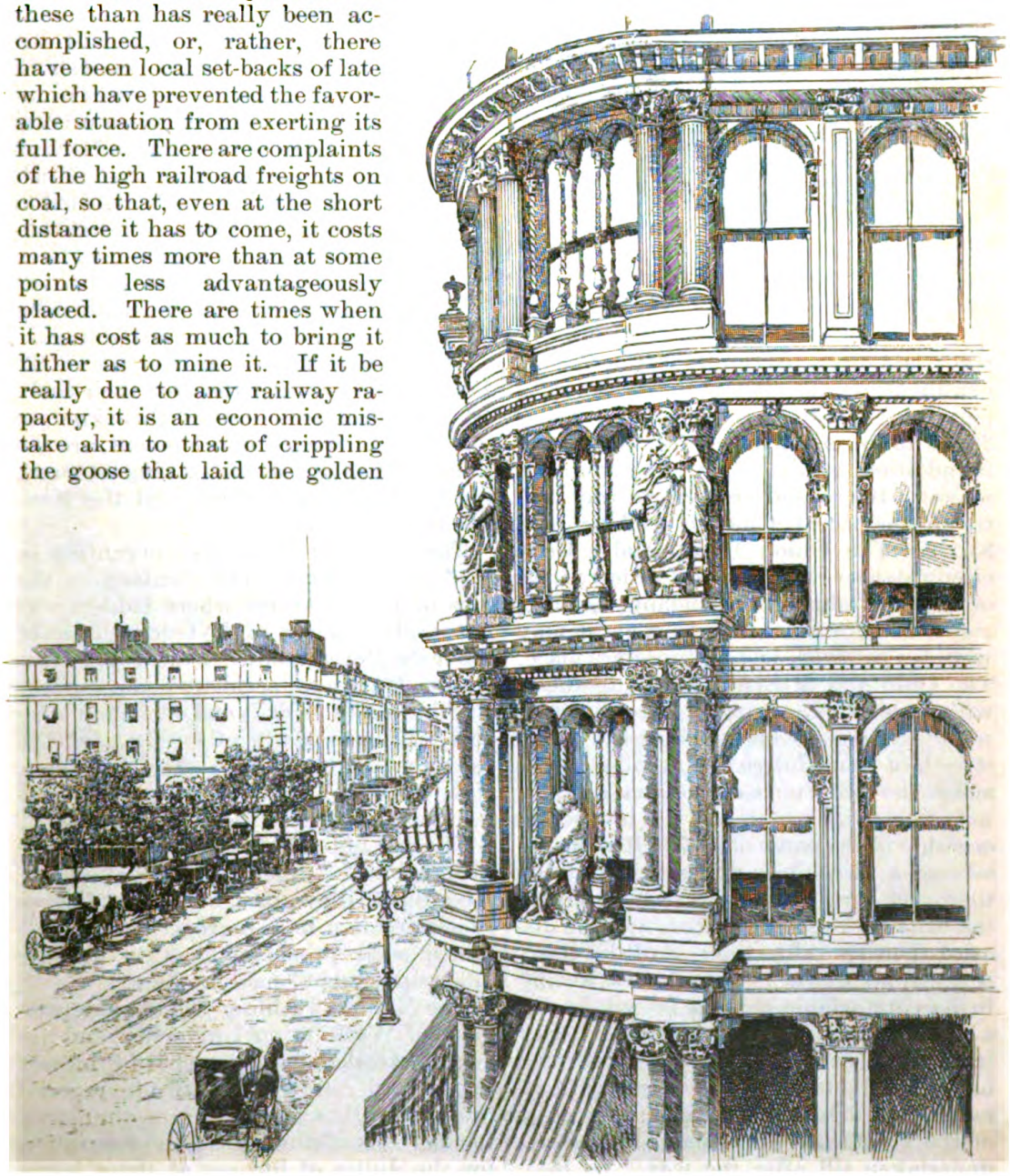
Missouri is a State very rich in mineral resources. The Iron Mountain and Pilot Knob district is eighty miles by railroad below St. Louis. These mountains are of almost solid ore, so that it is estimated that they show enough above the surface to supply one million tons a year for two hundred years. Further in the southwest are great lead and zinc deposits. The west of the State is full of coal, perhaps not yet utilized enough to be sure that it is of the best quality; but nearer yet,

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across the river, on the Illinois side, is a sufficient supply, and of the best quality. The nearest coal is in St. Clair County, no more than seven or eight miles away, and the rest in Madison, Jackson, and Williamson, all close to the river, in Illinois.

This approximation of iron and coal to a leading transportation route has naturally resulted in the line of furnaces, mills, machine-shops, and boat-building yards, the clangor and smoke and lurid glare of which render the long precinct of Carondelet the beneficent sort of Pandemonium it is. More was expected from these than has really been accomplished, or, rather, there have been local set-backs of late which have prevented the favorable situation from exerting its full force. There are complaints of the high railroad freights on coal, so that, even at the short distance it has to come, it costs many times more than at some points less advantageously placed. There are times when it has cost as much to bring it hither as to mine it. If it be really due to any railway rapacity, it is an economic mistake akin to that of crippling the goose that laid the golden eggs, and can not fail to be sharply repented of in the future.

It does not seem to the superficial observer that the railroads as a whole intend to neglect St. Louis, by any means. Thirteen separate trunk lines leave it, radiating to all points of the compass. The most considerable of these toward the East are the great Pennsylvania line, with its 6427 miles of road, and the Wabash, with 3348. To the West branches out the Missouri Pacific, with 5640 miles of track, and the St. Louis and San Francisco has al-



A BIT OF ST. LOUIS ARCHITECTURE.

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HENRY SHAW.

ready laid down 1050 on its way across the continent, on the line of the thirty-fifth parallel. The total system gives the city 26,679 miles of railroad communications, in addition to the 16,000 by river, and makes it the second greatest railway centre in the world, Chicago leading with 33,199. The Union Depot, under these circumstances, with its long, orderly lines of waiting trains, and attendants standing ready to show the way to each, it may well be believed, is an imposing place. The Ohio and Mississippi, among these, will perhaps call to mind a commercial reminiscence now become historic. This stretch of beautiful road, 616 miles in all, across the rich States of Indiana and Illinois, from Cincinnati, was the immediate occasion of the panic of 1857. It was considered a Herculean undertaking at the time, and involved in failure its builders, the bankers Page and Bacon, and the disaster then spread to the rest of the country. Who would believe it now, sitting in its comfortable cars, as crowded with a multifarious, civilized travel as a city tramway? With this failure, railroad-building, said to be largely overdone then, as afterward in 1873, stopped; and most of the great enterprises named were not undertaken till after the war. In 1865, for example, the total mileage at St. Louis was less than 1500 miles. And to show the rate at which it has been progressing in these later days, it may be said that there has been an increase of 8726 miles from 1880 to 1882, and about as much for each of the periods of five years preceding that, back to 1870.

To regulate more fairly the whole matter of railway freights, there has been lately organized a unique institution known as the "St. Louis Freight Bureau." It is maintained by the union of two hundred firms of leading merchants, each guaranteeing a payment of $100 per annum, and is in the hands of skilled railroad men. Its patriotic duty is to watch over the interests of St. Louis and of individual cases in an effectual way, which no mere private person unversed in the scope and technicalities of the subject could do. Much good is said to have already resulted to the city in the brief time of its establishment; and its officers say that they have found the railroads, with one or two exceptions, heartily in accord with them in clearing away misunderstandings.

Other characteristic institutions of St. Louis, to be named either for their early establishment as the first of their kind, or for their exceptional development, are the Pompier Corps, for life-saving at fires; the Kindergarten System; and the Manual Training School.

The Pompier Corps was organized in 1877 for life-saving and climbing to the tops of tall buildings where ladders will not reach, as a part of the truck service of the Fire Department. During its existence not a single accident has occurred. Exhibitions of its drill and efficiency have been given in many other cities of the country; and the leading cities, including New York and Boston, are rapidly adopting it as a model for themselves.

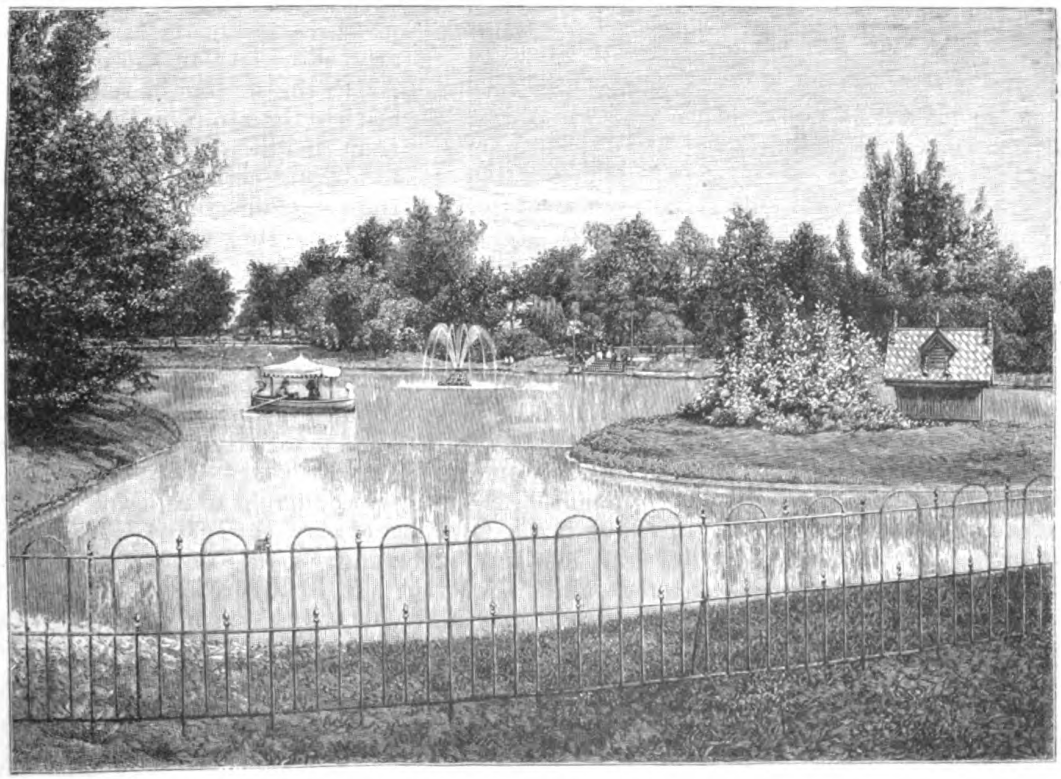
The St. Louis Kindergarten System, first installed at the urgent instance of a lady, Miss Susie Blow, daughter of a former Representative in Congress, has now attained such proportions as to number 8730 pupils and 87 paid teachers.

The Manual Training School, a department of Washington University, and under the excellent management of Professor Woodward, can not fail to inspire especial interest in all those upon whom our defective methods of education as a preparation for the duties of life are at times borne home. Its motto is, "The cultured mind,

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the skillful hand." Such schools are well known in continental Europe, and the writer remembers with pleasure the exhibits made by them at the Paris Exposition of 1878, from as far away as Russia, Italy, and Spain. But here all such aids to dignifying labor, investing the mechanical trades with the fascination that really belongs to them with the youthful mind when rightly approached, and preparing for a useful and paying livelihood a whole class, drawn now to worthless clerkships and the like on the ground of a petty respectability, are far too rare. The encouragement is devoutly to be wished for. A sufficient idea of the purposes of the Manual Training School is got from the articles establishing it. Its working during a four years' existence, the appearance of its shops, tools, and pupils, are material for an article in themselves. The ordinance of establishment declares: "Its object shall be instruction in mathematics, drawing, and the English branches of a high-school course, and instruction and practice in the use of tools. The tool instruction, as at present contemplated, shall include carpentry, wood-turning, pattern-making, iron clipping and filing, forge-work, brazing and soldering, the use of machine-shop tools, and such other instruction of a similar character as it may be deemed advisable to add to the foregoing from time to time. The students will divide their working hours, as nearly as possible, equally between mental and manual exercises. They shall be admitted, on examination, at not less than fourteen years of age, and the course shall continue three years."

The city rises gently from the river in three terraces, the last of which, at the suburb of Côte Brillante, is about two hundred feet high and four miles back. Westward, in this metropolis, as in so many others of the world, and in the world itself, the course of empire takes its way. The tendency of residences, and especially those of the fashionable sort, is to the west, and business follows them up. The rise of all the west-bound streets between Washington Avenue on the north and Pine Street on the south is lined with comfortable dwellings, improving in display toward the crest. Certain transverse avenues, as Garrison Avenue and Grand Avenue, assemble choice collections of these. A drive should be taken along



IN LAFAYETTE PARK.

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STATUE OF BENTON, IN LAFAYETTE PARK.

Grand Avenue, which is to sweep around a considerable portion of the city, somewhat after the manner of the exterior boulevards at Paris. It is still in a transition state. Handsome churches of the charming gray limestone are going up along it. At one point Vanderventer Place, an inclosure with a grass-plot in the centre, and somewhat recalling Hillhouse Avenue of New Haven, opens from it, and gives a view of the pleasant country beyond.

There are efforts at architectural adornment to be observed, but St. Louis houses in general are rather comfortable than ornate. The ornamentation is not often of a well-judged, really artistic sort, a particular in which Cincinnati, though smaller, is worthy of warm and especial commendation. A Frenchman, Narjoux, has written travels in which the basis of observations has been the character of the dwellings in which he found people living, and the idea might be a good one for the tourist through American cities. Among the houses of the better but secondary order, which have not grounds of some extent around them, what may be called the slice system prevails; that is to say, there are rows of houses of twenty or twenty-five feet, without side windows, and a space of about equal extent between each two, as if this was left vacant till a pressure should come for filling up. The continuous block system of most large cities is not yet greatly in use. Space stands, for the time being, as a substitute for decoration.

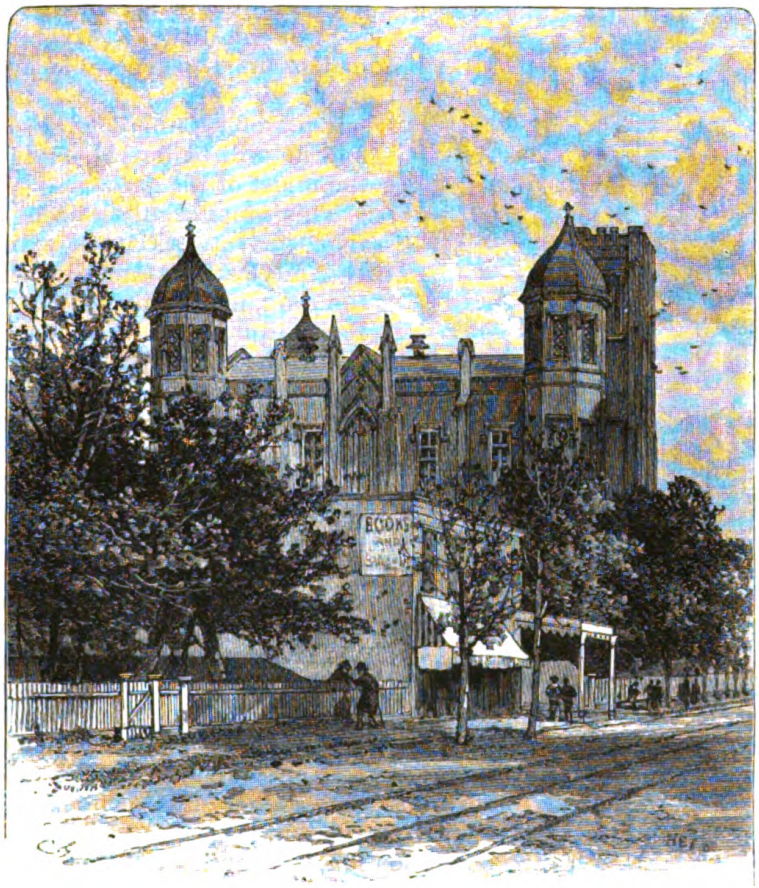
There are probably more houses above the average in comfort, costing, say, from $10,000 to $30,000, and fewer proportionate palaces, than in any other city in the country. As to the matter of rents, they are less than in New York, more than in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and perhaps higher even than in Chicago. They are not as low as they ought to be; and the same may be said of the general expenses of living, which is somewhat unexpected here in the very heart of the food region, and so close to the sources of supply of fuel and building materials. It is ascribed to high taxation and high interest on money, which are both above the rates where they ought to remain.

Our drive may easily be extended a mile and a half further out to the King's Highway. If it sweep around then to the Jefferson Barracks, southward, it will have made a pretty complete circuit of the city. On the outskirts the sky is blue, the atmosphere clear. Whereas in the interior the sun may have shone, even on a pleasant day, in a wan, pale way, and cast furtive shadows on the pavement as if it

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were no more than some very far off electric light, here we meet again with sunshine of the ordinary genial sort to which we are used. There are liberal vistas of open country, and the fresh green of grass and market-gardens on the nearer slopes.

St. Louis is a city without outside "resorts." In the hot summer nights, besides the promenade on the bridge, much use of a festival, awnings of the national banner, or of blue bunting sprinkled with stars, put out from the restaurants, and fronts of the fine buildings transformed into the semblance of vast ensigns by stretching the bunting behind the glass, lights being placed behind this at night. I should say that there was an especial genius for these things at St. Louis.

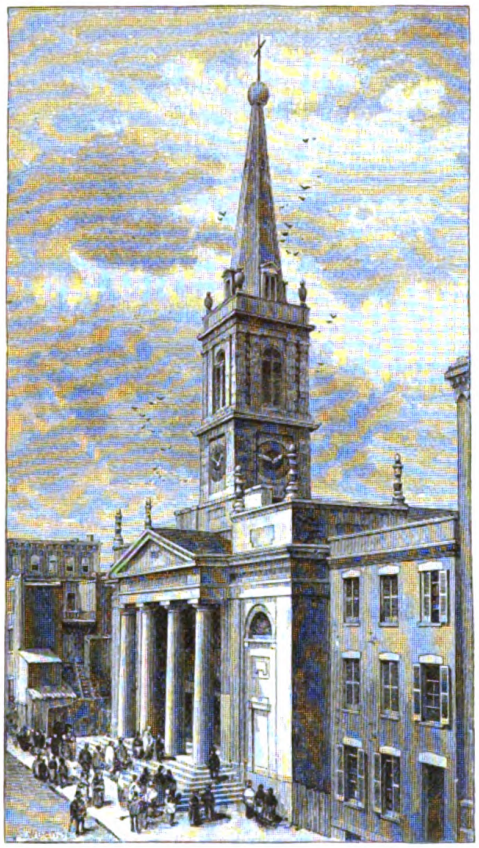


PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL.

is made of open-air gardens and theatres, like the "Pickwick," and "Uhrig's Cave," conducted by the Germans after their usual plan. These are odd conglomerations of buildings, both on Washington Avenue, and are patronized by the best people that remain in town. There is at the same time a good deal of gay street life, recalling in its way that of the Paris boulevards. Little tables are put out in front of the principal restaurants, and the guests chatter and sip refreshments at them, under the glowing gas-lights, till a late hour. I have seen, on the occasion

Of the regular spots repaired to by pleasure-seekers at all times indiscriminately, most are touched in the route above indicated. The Fair Ground at the proper season draws great throngs, and especially on the Thursday of Fair Week, which is an official and public holiday, and may be counted a kind of Derby-day. This is a fair ground of no common order, but an ornate park and zoological garden. The display in the midst of it when in progress has the traits of a veritable Vanity Fair, or of an international exposition. An amphitheatre for forty thousand people,

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FRENCH CATHEDRAL.

and shaped like those for bull-fights in Spanish countries, holds a principal position. It is to the credit of the Fair Association that it should be so large, but one's opinion of the importance of forty thousand people is involuntarily lowered by seeing the space into which they could be put. At such a rate, the entire population of the country could be stood up in a small part of one of its towns, which is a reflection that does not often occur to the mind. All around is a congeries of chalets, put up by the newspaper press for the collection and dissemination of news, which indicates the scale of the occasion. Some of the prettiest are those of the German dailies. In some deep pits in the bottom of a kind of Gothic hunting-lodge, grizzlies, black and cinnamon bears, disport themselves after the manner of their kind, and invite the attention and fortuitous apples and cakes of the curious, like the bears of Berne.

Forest Park is a tract of nearly fifteen hundred acres, naturally wooded and diversified in surface, but not yet greatly improved. Having passed it, you come next to the vicinity of Shaw's Garden. No stranger will have failed to hear of Shaw's Garden. It was opened to the public by an amiable gentleman of wealth, Mr. Henry Shaw, in 1849, and has remained its permanent possession. It is a succession of conservatories of rare plants, and open-air spaces devoted to flower, fruit, and tree culture, and contains also a museum and botanical library. It is part of the owner's private domain. He has attained a venerable age now, occupying these later years in the pleasant pursuit of writing a treatise on the rose; and he will be buried, as he has lived, in the midst of his garden.

This same kindly citizen, exemplifying that "private initiative" which is so largely American, has also presented outright the long, handsome strip of Tower Grove Park, adjoining. It is a mile in length, and rather narrow. It offers a fine long vista down the centre, its whole length. A colossal bronze Shakespeare looks down a part of it toward a colossal bronze Humboldt, both the dignified work of Ferd. Müller, of Munich. He has made emblematic panels for the pedestals, and around that of the Humboldt is set a panegyric worth living and striving for indeed: "In honor of the most accomplished traveller of this or any other age."

Thence Lafayette Park may be touched on the return. It is a square of about the size and order of Boston Common, and encompassed by the most eminently respectable class of houses. A statue of Benton, draped in a cloak in Roman fashion, by Harriet Hosmer, rises in the midst of it. He is that Thomas H. Benton who spent thirty years in the United States Senate, and wrote a book about it. The motto on his statue is: "There is the East; there is India!"—a sentence from an eloquent speech advocating the Pacific Railroad in 1848. As early as 1818 Benton had predicted that the trade of the Orient would pass across this continent, probably carried by trains of camels, railroads not then having been invented. In the speech referred to he proposed that on the completion of the Pacific road a colossal statue of Columbus should be carved out of the Rocky Mountains, with one hand pointing westward, and the motto now given to Benton on the pedestal.

St. Louis is comprehended as a great

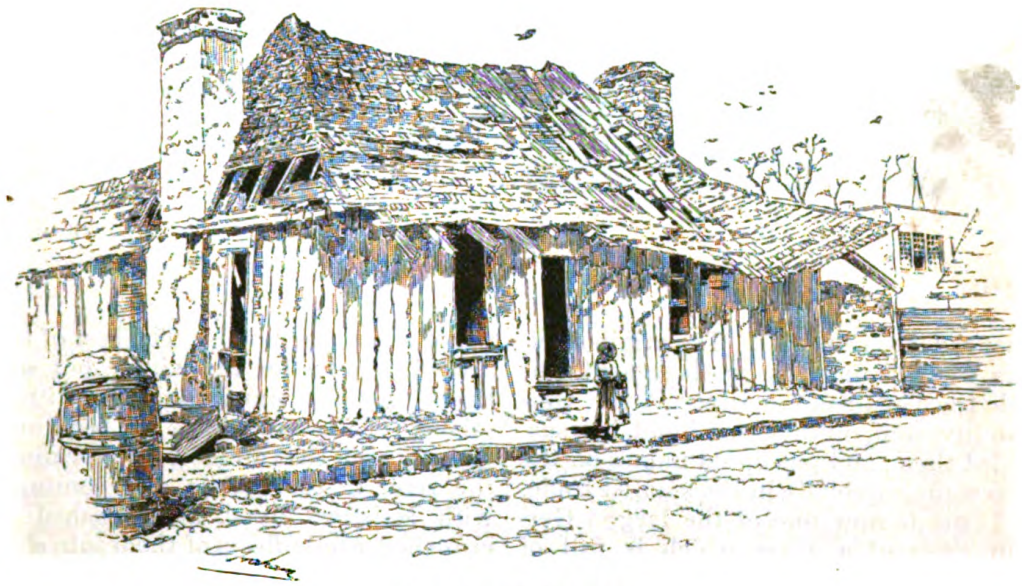
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city, particularly in its river front, as has been said. Go to the extreme north, the quarter known as Baden. Observe the river-rats clustering about the groggeries, the negro roustabouts of the old plantation type unloading the boats, and hear the vigorous phraseology of the mates directing them in their labors. There are populations living by fishing and catching drift-wood. Near North Market Street a ferry crosses to a satirically named "Venice," which is largely a grain and cattle suburb. To the north all is lumber and cattle again. Here come the drovers from Kansas and Texas, and here the raftsmen floating down with their logs from the rivers of upper Wisconsin. They return by steamboat in high feather, with the cash proceeds in their pockets, and are apt to be lively customers on these return trips. There is at least one authentic instance of their throwing a captain of the Diamond Joe line overboard, and inspiring terror in all beholders, because denied permission to appear at table in their shirt sleeves.

"Bloody Island," across the river, once a famous duelling ground, has now become East St. Louis, and supports an end of the great bridge. It has been a chaotic piece of ground in its time, as most of that over which the Mississippi has had uninterrupted sway is likely to have been. In the earlier days it did not exist at all. Nothing was known by the settlers of that, nor Arsenal Island, further down, nor any other of the islands in the river. Then toward 1780 it threatened to make the main channel, which had been seventy feet deep, pass behind it, and desert the city entirely; and again it returned to its proper place. It seems securely anchored down now both by the bridge and weighty storage establishments and depots which have grown up since the making of this so important a terminal point.

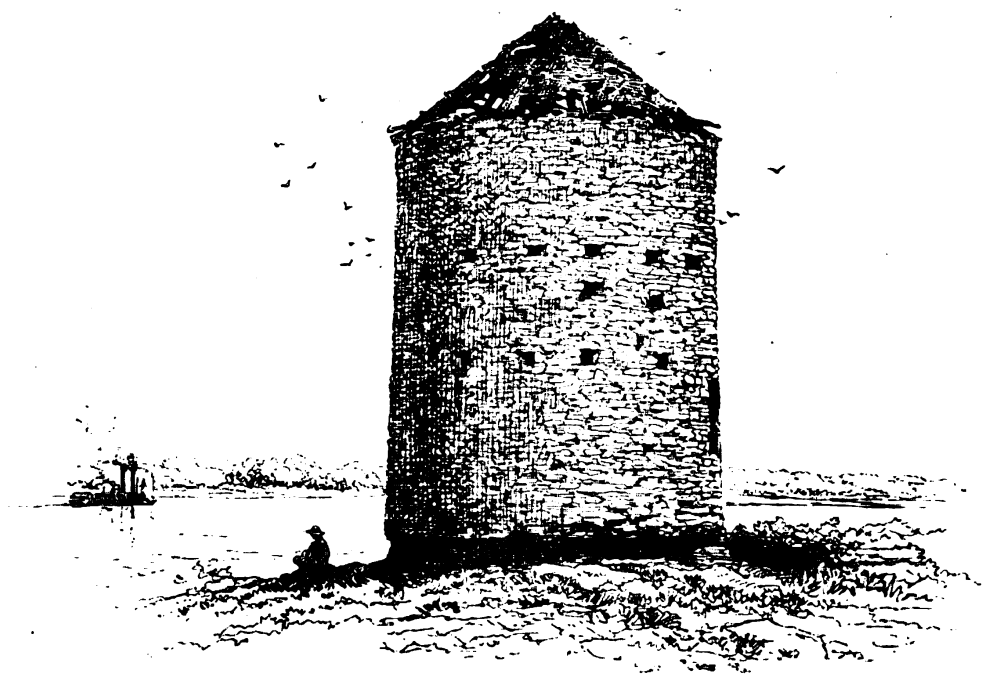
In the duelling days Benton fought here with Lucas, a leading lawyer. They met not once only but a second time, after an interval of a month. Lucas was wounded in the first encounter, and, not satisfied with the result, demanded a second, and was then killed. The moral of this, so far as Lucas was concerned, would seem to be to let bad enough alone. One Major Biddle, again, and Potter, a member of Congress, met here, at five paces, and both fell mortally wounded at the first fire. Stories of equally lurid interest might be multiplied, upon a social custom, now happily passed away, which seems to have been marked in this vicinity by a peculiar mingling of Western and Southern fierceness.

Take the Fifth Street line of cars, and examine the river front all the way southward. You get off at a stopping-place called the Wild Hunter Inn, and take an-



A BIT OF OLD ST. LOUIS.

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OLD SPANISH TOWER.

other car to Carondelet. The original settlers were French, as has been said, but little trace of them remains. A vast German invasion, on the other hand, has succeeded them, and put up its names on the shop signs, especially in the smaller trade. St. Louis is now one of the largest German cities of a West which is full of Germans, and from among them have sprung many most notable citizens.

There may be a broken-roofed old limestone warehouse or so along the levee from the French occupation, but nothing ornate. The French cathedral alone, on Walnut Street, has the interest of a certain quaint plainness, and even that is not very old.

Two vast German breweries of good red brick, really picturesque and imposing in their irregularity, are important features of the downward journey. The levee is packed with bags and bales, barrels and kegs, and the wagons that transport them. Alongside lie the boats. And such boats as they are!—side-wheelers and stern-wheelers, packets, barges, tugs, flat-boats, and dredge boats. Many of the packets bear the legend "U. S. Mail," and are still the quickest means of communication with the remote river points to which they ply. As a mass, they are many-decked, pavilion-like, and as ephemeral-looking as the piazzas of a summer hotel. The best of them are withdrawn for the winter, but sometimes they are simply laid up with the others. The accident has not been unfrequently seen that an ice-gorge forming in the river in the spring, and coming on with resistless force, has smashed and crunched whole fleets of them into shapeless ruin.

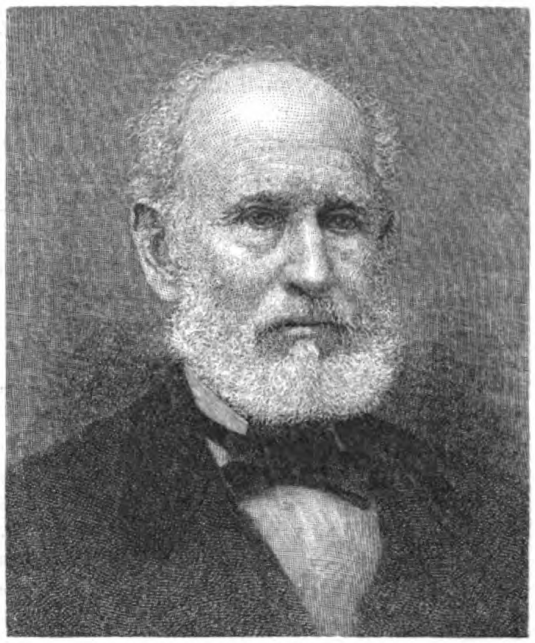
Carondelet is a main street of minor shops and houses, and the line of mills and furnaces before referred to along the river. The population in their grimy interiors, with streams of molten metal pouring, pigs and lengths of railroad iron at a cherry-red heat around them, and sparks flying on every side, seem not so much engaged in labor as in some demoniac play of fire-works, while over the whole presides the roar of air blasts, and circular saws, and the pounding of trip-hammers. It was here that the iron-clad gun-boats were built that did such good service during the war.

It is curious to remember that although the early constitution of St. Louis, so long as it was a foreign settlement, was essentially French, it was but for an extremely slight space of time under any legal French government. It made a part of the French province of Louisiana, and

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was established in 1763 by a fur-trader, Pierre Laclede Ligueste, under authority of the Governor-General at New Orleans, and was named after that gracious rococo sovereign, Louis XV. But it was precisely in 1763 that Louis XV., terminating by the Treaty of Paris his disastrous conflict known in Europe as the Seven Years' War, and here as the Old French War, was obliged to yield to Spain all of the French possessions on the west bank of the Mississippi, together with New Orleans, and to Great Britain those on the east bank.

The new domination, however, by no means began at once, not by reason of resistance to it, but for reasons connected with the sparsity of population, the vast distances to be traversed, and lack of physical ability in the new ownership to manifest its power. Four years afterward, or in 1768, some Spanish soldiers under Rios arrived at St. Louis, and completed the transfer, and it was not till 1780 that the first Spanish Governor, Pedro Piernas, was installed.



WAYMAN CROW.

Meanwhile many French settlers who had established themselves in a line of posts on the other side of the river, along a trail kept open from Canada, preferring, after the Treaty of Paris, a Latin domination at least to that of Great Britain, had crossed over and joined their compatriots. Principal among these was Captain St.-Ange de Bellerive, who had commanded at Fort Chartres, near where Kaskaskia now stands. He brought with him forty soldiers of his garrison. He was invested at St. Louis with the chief command, both military and civil, and continued to retain it, or something like it, by his personal influence, long after he was nominally superseded. He had great power, among other ways, over the Indian tribes, and made the famous Pontiac his intimate personal friend.

The Spanish *régime* continued peacefully under some five or six Governors, down to 1804, when the whole territory, having first been retransferred to France after the victories of Napoleon, was sold by Napoleon to the United States, in Jefferson's Presidency, for $15,000,000.

The Indian tribes in those days were an important auxiliary even in the wars of the Europeans. Just as French and Indians organized for the massacre of Braddock near Fort Du Quesne, or Pittsburgh, the British brought down Indians upon the French settlements of the West. In 1789, 1400 savages from the vicinity of Mackinaw, said to have been led by 140 British regulars, suddenly appeared before St. Louis, and made a fierce onslaught upon it. They were fortunately beaten off, and the approach of a body of Americans —for we aided our French allies where we could, as they aided us at Yorktown—completed their discomfiture. This was known as the year of the *Grand Coup*, just as the arrival of ten boats together at another time, for protection against robbers, an extraordinary prevalence of honey-bees, and the like, in the annals of the small settlement, caused distinctive appellations to be conferred on the years in which they took place.

When the American flag was first hoisted, in 1804, it floated over a little village of 150 houses and three streets, in one of which was a log church, under the jurisdiction, like all other ecclesiastical matters in the province, of the Bishopric of Cuba. Around the village was a line of stockade and stone fortresses, erected by the Spanish Governor Cruzat after the Indian invasion before mentioned. Up to a few years ago there was still standing on the river-bank an old round tower, somewhat like the disputed mill at New-

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port, which had once made part of these primitive fortifications.

The petty village of Cahokia, on the other side of the river, strange to state, was then the only post-office for St. Louis. A mail, carried on horseback, arrived there once a month. Now Cahokia has not even a post-office of its own, but has to go five miles, up to East St. Louis, for its letters.

It is worth while to go over to Cahokia, though let not the attempt be made unless the weather be good and the roads tolerably dry, under penalty of being hopelessly mired in the red-clay mud. St. Louis people recommend it enthusiastically to the seeker for antiquities. "Ah, yes, indeed," they say, "there you will find history to your heart's content; a quaint old French town, quite unchanged, and the inhabitants speaking their own language exclusively." But there is reason to believe that few of these eulogists have ever gone for themselves.

On that side we have still almost the wild and solemn Mississippi of Châteaubriand. We see the floating snags, deserted channels, a mass of tangled drift-wood, sand-bars, virgin islands overgrown with alders, and forming or in process of destruction. The powerful stream tears millions of acres yearly from the heart of the continent, to deposit in the Gulf of Mexico. Fortunately the jetties operated by Captain Eads now force it to scour its channels at the mouth, and in this way the blocking of navigation by this vast débris is prevented.

Father Marquette, the missionary, and Joliet, the merchant in his company, descended the Mississippi in 1673, having made their way to it from Quebec by the waters of Wisconsin. The Chevalier La Salle followed them five years later, and made a beginning of carrying out his statesman-like idea of binding the French possessions securely together by a chain of posts from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. Detroit, Peoria, Vincennes, Cahokia, Kaskaskia, Natchez, may be mentioned as salient points in the series which soon came to be firmly established. These places have remained favorite ones with Canadians to this day. Evangeline, in Longfellow's lovely poem, stopped at one after another of them in her pathetic quest for Gabriel.

Cahokia can never have possessed structures of any great massiveness. Of what survive, the oldest is a tumble-down court-house of logs, weather-boarded. It has been a dwelling later, and a tavern; and the sign "Old Court Saloon" still adheres to it, though it is no longer even a saloon. Sheer indolence apparently prevents the sign from being taken down. There is no store, no post-office, no sidewalked street —no nothing. It is one of those places where the best-travelled road leads to the grave-yard. It is a poor hamlet now of less than twenty-five families, while in 1847 it had two hundred. The river has contributed to this decline by washing away a considerable part of its farming land. Of late, as if it had only engaged with a kind of malignant humor in a scheme to dislodge the inhabitants, it has begun to deliberately replace it.

The people speak creole French. I talked with an old farmer, patiently waiting at the slow ferry in one of those wagons painted with floriated work such as are still seen in Normandy and Canada. With his long gray locks and his shrewd face, he might have been himself a patriarch of 1793. He had come here from Canada, he said, in 1837, for the old French trail still remained, in a sense, open. He spoke of the disastrous floods, but had always been hoping for better things. "When one is settled on the land," he said, "it is so hard to get away."

These floods are a cruel, constantly recurring fact. Some time, no doubt, enormous as the cost must be, we shall see the great river running as in a great ditch through the heart of the continent, securely confined within its banks, like those streams of Switzerland which would be destructive torrents but for their well-ballasted margins of stone. At East St. Louis one day I fell in with an honest German whose home was a flat-boat, at present established high and dry on the sands. He was sunning himself near reels of fishing-nets, and his family and dogs were passing in and out of the cabin, while he smoked his pipe and the great city smoked opposite. He told me of the fish he took from the river, the "buffalo" and cat-fish, which are not unfrequently as large as a man, and weigh a hundred pounds. I could not help but congratulate him on his exceptionally good position in case of freshets. "Yes," he replied, "I have often been up near the tops of those steeples," pointing back to the thick of the settlement, "like Papa Noah,"

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ST. LOUIS ART MUSEUM.

he added, seeming to appreciate the humors of his situation.

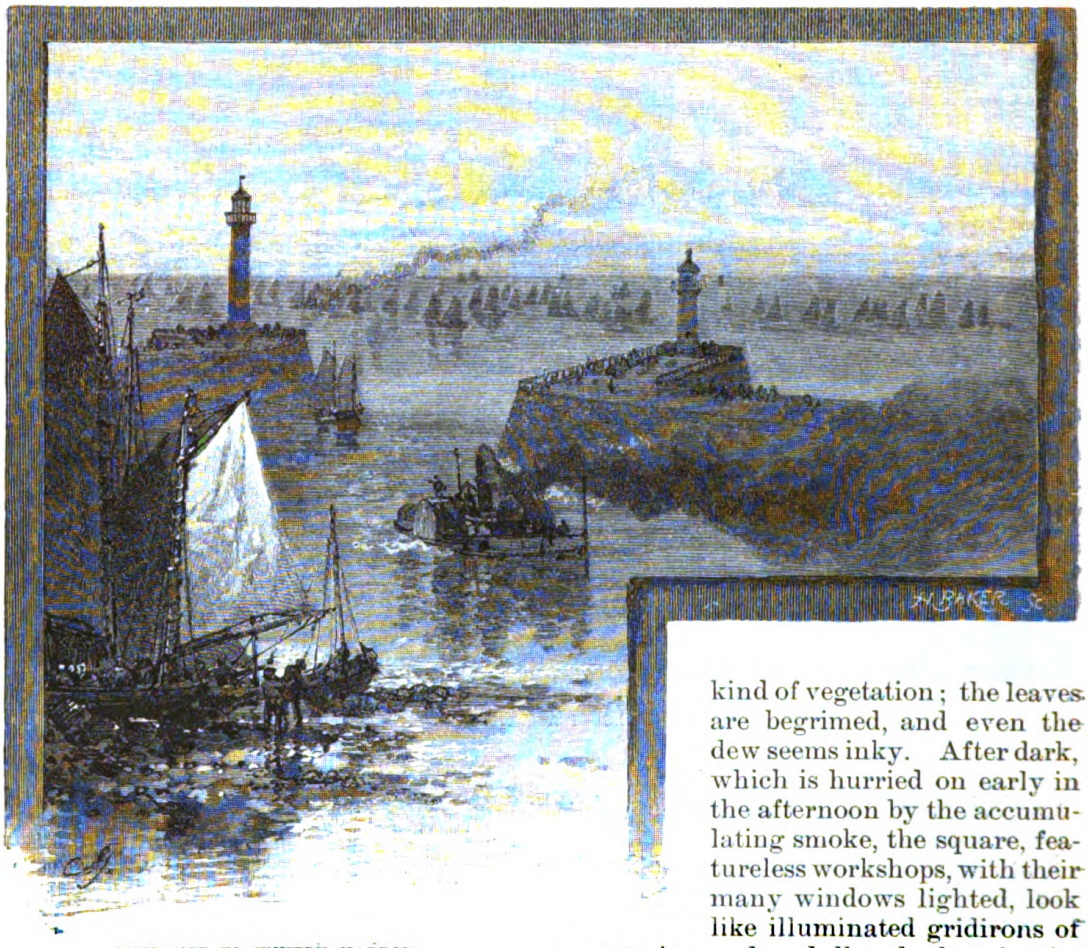
The early French were of the hardy race of trappers and explorers, and their vigorous blood has been a moving influence in the community throughout, though any distinctive trace of foreignness has passed away. The Chouteaus, lieutenants of Laclede, and others who have left their names to various streets and avenues of the city, were associated in the fur-trading companies with John Jacob Astor and the like, and made part of the choicest early bone and sinew of the country. The social influences descending from this source have been of a rather strict and severe sort.

St. Louis has no reason to be dissatisfied with the spirit of its individual citizens, both of this stock and others. We have seen what Henry Shaw has done. Of all the kindred benefactions none can be put higher than that of Wayman Crow, Esq., a leading merchant, who has established a beautiful Art Museum, which has been made a department of the flourishing Washington University. The building resembles that at Boston, though it is less finical, and more dignified and worthy of its purpose. It is made of the beautiful gray limestone, rough dressed, and topped with a roof of red slates. It was presented as a memorial for a dead son, and in this aspect the idea seems more admirable than ever. Some two hundred students are found engaged in the department of fine arts.

St. Louis has been a good market for pictures, and the comfortable houses at which we have glanced possess, say, a dozen collections comprising from twenty to a hundred each of the best modern works of the foreign school. The French taste chiefly prevails, though Munich and Düsseldorf too are not without representation. Along with the fashionable St. Louis Club, and the cultured University Club, there exists a well-attended Sketch Club as one of the institutions of the city.

Upon this basis have sprung up a number of young artists, who, after study abroad, represent their birth-place excellently well in the newer school. Of these the best-known are probably the two Chases, one in marine, the other in *genre* and portrait subjects. The academic work of Thomas Allen, and the vigorously humorous characterizations of Eichbaum, have also been favorably received at the East. Of the old school, the landscapists, Meeker and Marple, the painter of Indians, Wimar, and of animals, Tracy, and the portrait-painter, Conant, are the ablest.

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ENTRANCE TO WHITBY HARBOR.

THE YORKSHIRE COAST.

THE rain and the east wind have full swing in Yorkshire; but the inclemency is not greater than in many other parts of the stormy British Islands; and the coast from Hull, at which port Robinson Crusoe embarked on his memorable voyage, up to the Tees, has many watering-places upon it, to which thousands of operatives come every summer from the smoky towns of the county to breathe an air which, unlike their own, is pure and invigorating.

The view of the county which we get in crossing it from Manchester to Hull is one not to be forgotten. In all the distance we are scarcely ever out of sight of the high factory chimneys; scarcely ever out of sight of a town; scarcely ever under a sky undarkened by the snake-like coils of black smoke which are forever issuing from the chimneys. The people are pale and fatigued, and the earth, deprived of its proper sunshine, supports but a feeble kind of vegetation; the leaves are begrimed, and even the dew seems inky. After dark, which is hurried on early in the afternoon by the accumulating smoke, the square, featureless workshops, with their many windows lighted, look like illuminated gridirons of a vast size, and a dull red glow in the mouths of some of the chimneys also shows the continuity of the labor.

The transition from this fetid and dismal atmosphere to the high white coast, with the German Ocean chafing against it, stirs up those whose lot is not cast in these dark places; but the full effect is seen in the operative released for his holiday from the mills and foundries, who hurries down from the station to the shore, and when the clean sky and the crisp sea are opened to him, stands in rapture, and eagerly draws the salt air into his lungs. Under these circumstances, and in contrast with the sun-browned fisherman, the "tripper," as he is contemptuously called, with his sallow face and clothes of ugly pattern, becomes a pathetic figure, though later in the day he is prone to offend well-behaved people by his noisy vulgarity.

But while the many watering-places are a great sanitary benefit to such as he, it is not to be supposed that they wholly owe their existence to poor excursionists of his class, nor is it to be supposed that all of Yorkshire is like the belt which includes

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Leeds, Dewsbury, and Huddersfield. One of them is the most picturesque and brilliant of all British watering-places, and all of them attract visitors from the southern counties as well as from their own neighborhoods. The moorlands and hills are famous for their tonic air, and the county is rich in antiquities. The coast is for the most part bold. The chalk and limestone cliffs are high and precipitous, and sometimes weathered into grotesque images, and hollowed out into caverns suitable for use in sensational literature. The villages are paintable. The houses are roofed with the deep red tiles which illuminate many landscapes, and bits of wreckage are utilized with much picturesqueness of resource. The figure-head of the *Eliza Jane* smiles with wooden amiability over the door of a little tavern, though it is nearly a quarter of a century since that smack went to pieces on the rocks off Flamborough; and in a fisherman's garden, the outer fence of which is at the very edge of a cliff about two hundred feet high, we see what a capital porch can be made of the stern of a boat raised up on end. The fauna includes many rare creatures. The marten is found in the northwestern fells, which also harbor the buzzard, the raven, and the peregrine falcon; and Flamborough Head claims to be the most densely populated breeding resort of sea-fowl in England. The local ornithologists put an additional feather in their caps forasmuch as the migratory birds include four which are not known to visit any other part of Great Britain.

The people of the county are simple, honest, and robust. Those among the dales of the northeast coast cling to the belief in witchcraft even yet, and speak the language with a strongly marked dialect, of which we can give no better example than an extract from a local story of Mr. William Stonehouse, of Whitby, who was of great help to us in the preparation of this article. One Christmas-eve Deborah Pruss, the landlady of a way-side inn in Southland, and her pretty daughter Polly, were visited by two neighbors, one of whom, Paul Dowson, asked after a cow belonging to Deborah which had been ailing for many weeks.

"Hoo is t' hummeld coo gettin' on?"

"Whya," replied Deborah, "ah deeant kno what ti mak on her; she's sumtahms betther an' sumtahms warse. She nayther dees nor dows, as t' sayin' is."

"She's failed sair leeatly, ah think," said Adam Herbert, the other neighbor.

"Failed, ay," said Deborah; "she's failed all away ti nowt bud skin an' beeans."

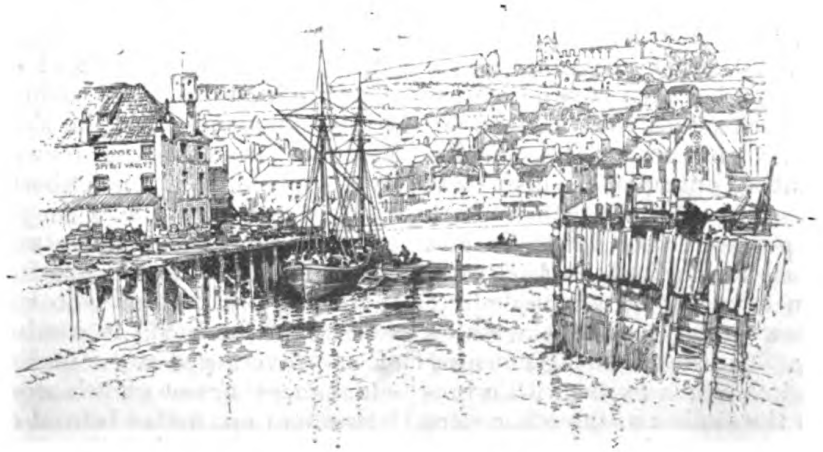
"What yoo'll hev had t' farrier fra Whidby tiv her?" queried Adam.

"Ay," said Deborah; "he's been here twice."

"An' what diz he say aboot her?" resumed Paul.

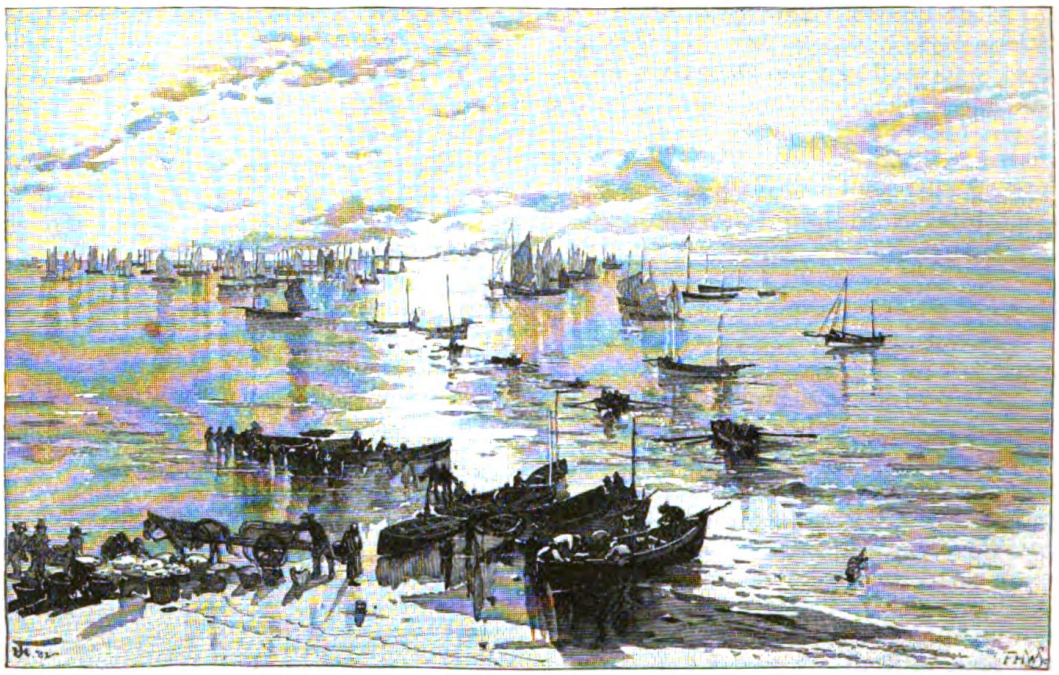
"Whya, ah think he dizzent kno what te say," said Deborah.

"Neea, ah deean't think he diz. Yoor aboot reeght there, Deborah," continued Paul; "t' farrier's o' neea kahnd o' yuse. Ah've seen that fra t' fust. An' noo ah'll tell yoo what, Deborah: 'f ah was yoo, ah wad just git oor oad neighbor Adam here ti gan te Stowsley, an' see t' wahse man aboot it, for yoo ma tak mah wod for't that coo o' yours is bewitched, as seear as we are sittin' here."



WHITBY, FROM THE RAILWAY STATION.

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LANDING FISH—EARLY MORNING AT WHITBY.

The local dealer in magic and spells had up to recent years a very lucrative business, and among his prescriptions was one to fill a cow's heart full of pins, and roast it before the fire at midnight—a savory operation which brought witches from their hiding-places. The witches usually accomplished their malicious work in the form of some animal. Thus, not many years ago, two old women were said to annoy their neighbors by assuming the form of cats, and against one family in particular they worked their evil art. They scratched the door, clattered against the window, and made the night hideous with their cries. On one occasion the people in the house, irritated beyond endurance, armed themselves with various domestic utensils, and, with the help of a sheep dog, rushed out upon the disturbers of the peace. The cats fled for their lives, but the dog got hold of one of them, and tore nearly all the fur off its back, and the other, in escaping up an apple-tree, received a blow from a garden rake which broke its leg. On the following morning one of the witches was found with a broken leg, and the clothes of the other were so torn that she looked like a bundle of rags when she came out of her house. Another family had no luck in anything. The horses lamed themselves, and the cows died; the pigs caught all the illnesses to which pig-flesh is heir, and on churning days the butter refused to come unless assisted by the charm of a crooked sixpence. One day during the churning the coin was purposely kept out of the churn, and "t' maister o' t' hoose" took his gun and watched the garden from the loop-hole of an out-building. In the twilight he saw a hare creeping through the hedge, and he shot her. The butter came immediately. During the evening news arrived that the old woman whom they suspected of bewitching them and causing all their ill luck had died suddenly at the precise moment when the shot had been fired; and from that time forward the family prospered. In a neighborhood where such things are done it may readily be believed, as Mr. Stonehouse says, that astrological almanacs are great authorities, that there are persons who will not sow seed when the moon is waning, because, as they aver, seed sown under these circumstances never germinates, and that horseshoes are nailed behind outer doors to bar the entrance of all uncanny folks.

Another feature for which the Yorkshire

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coast is celebrated is its jet. Who has not heard of Whitby jet, and admired its unsurpassable lustre, with which it is a compliment to compare a beautiful woman's eyes? Wherever jet is offered for sale, whether it is in America or in England, the dealer insists that it is "*real* Whitby jet," for Whitby jet is known to be finer than any other, and for centuries that quaint little town on the Yorkshire coast has been noted for the manufacture of articles of personal adornment from it. Jet is of two kinds—one hard, and the other soft—and its exact nature is in dispute among those who have given most time to its investigation. To one observer the jet rock in which the hard jet is found seems to be a deposit of sea-anemones, and some years ago a patent was taken out to distill petroleum from it. Experiments proved that ten gallons of a pure oil could be extracted from one ton of it, but the production was too costly to compete with American petroleum. The hard jet itself, lying in this rock in a horizontal position, is said by some to be the result of a distillation by igneous action from the inclosing shale; and others again declare their belief that it is of a pure ligneous formation similar to coal—perhaps, indeed, undeveloped coal—for coal and jet are never found co-existent. The miners express some faith



ROBIN LYTH'S HOLE.

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in both modes of origin, and say they believe that the hard jet is of two distinct formations, being both wood and petroleum, now in a state of high bitumenization. But though geologists differ as to its nature, it is definitely known that it is discovered in compressed layers of variable sizes, generally from half an inch to two and a half inches in thickness, from four to thirty inches wide, and from four to five feet in length. Such is hard jet. The soft jet, which is much less valuable than the hard, is found in sandstone and shale, much nearer the surface than the latter, and, according to Mr. H. Curwen, is undoubtedly of a pure ligneous origin, the fibre and branches of trees being more or less distinctly marked in it. The greater value of the hard is that it wears longer, is less brittle, and takes a higher polish than the soft.

Whitby jet, both hard and soft, has always been considered better than any other; and no less a poet than Michael Drayton has sung of it out of his seventeenth-century knowledge. The prominence given to it in the shop-window signs, and their emphasis that the lustrous black jewelry there displayed is made of it alone, excite a good deal of respect for the genuine Whitby article. But do coals really come from Newcastle, and brass buttons from Birmingham? Is Everton taffy a myth, and are Chelsea buns made at Stratford-le-Bow? Are Eccles cakes the product of Ormskirk, and is the origin of Ormskirk gingerbread to be traced to Eccles? Is any truth left in the world? When we landed at Whitby we were told that Whitby jet principally comes from the Pyrenees! that the jet is found in such greater abundance in Spain, and obtained with so much greater ease, that the search for it in the scaurs of Yorkshire has been almost entirely abandoned. Thus were our hopes blighted, and our feelings more damped by disappointment than our clothing by the rain that copiously fell upon us day after day. A study of guide-books had led us to believe that we should see the jet hunter following his precarious and perilous calling, swinging over the high cliffs, exploring the crannied rocks, and searching patiently along the detritus of the shore. We found that his occupation is gone, or, if not wholly given up, that it has become but a resource to be taken up when other things fail.

The manufacture of the crude jet into various articles of adornment continues to be almost a monopoly of Whitby, however, and it has been known there since 1598. Nearly an eleventh of the total population of the town (say between 1300 and 1400 persons) are engaged in it. And in the language of commerce the "turnover" is more than half a million dollars a year. The wages of the operatives are from five to thirty shillings a week.

The crude jet is as much as possible like anthracite coal, and it comes from Spain in long wooden boxes. It is sawn into the sizes of the objects for which it is intended, and then shaped on a freestone wheel. Next the facets are put on, and it is carved into the desired pattern by men with knives, small chisels, and gouges. It is highly electrical, and, as the ancient poet has said of it:

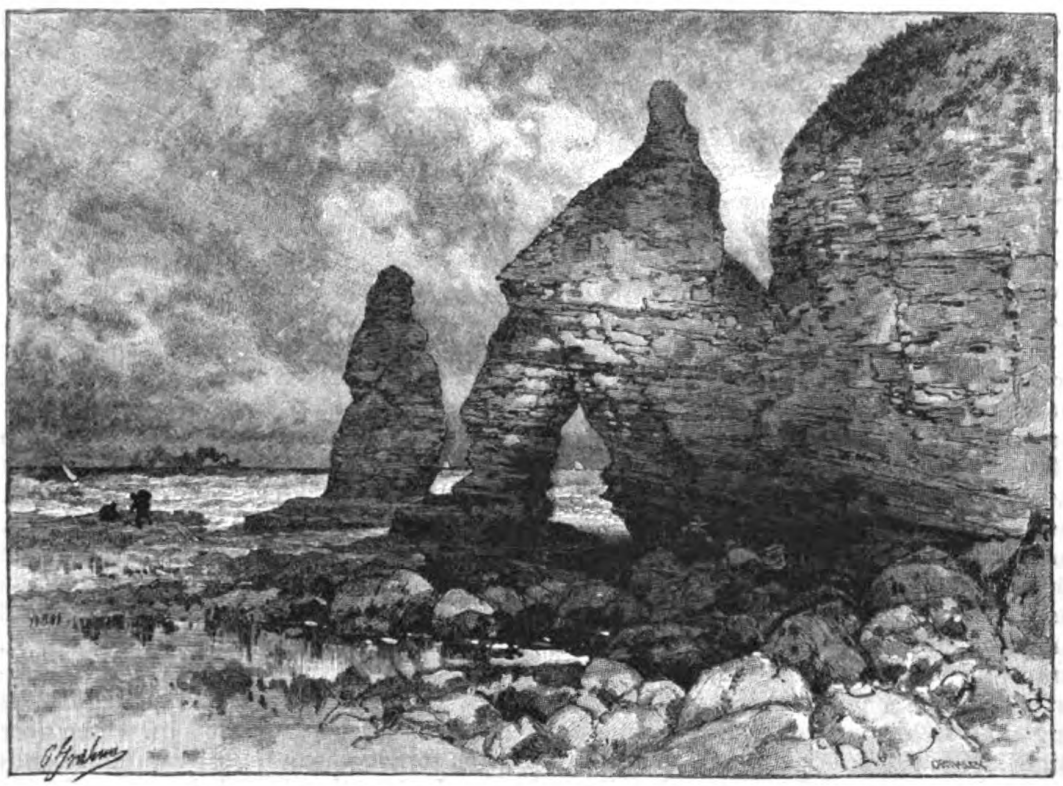
> "'Tis black and shining, smooth, and ever light;
> 'Twill draw up straws if rubbed till hot and bright."

Long before it was used for ornaments it was valued for its efficacy in "driving away devils, dissolving spells and enchantments, helping the despairing, banishing serpents, and when mixed with the marrow of a stag, in healing the bite of a snake."

In small workshops, where the atmosphere is filled with a black or snuffy dust, the bits of anthracite which the jet resembles gradually take the shape of beads, flowers, fruits, and many pretty things, as they are dexterously wrought upon by the workmen, who often ply their tools without any set design before them; and when the carving is complete they are polished, being held against quickly revolving wheels, covered with chamois leather and a composition of rouge and oil. It is the rouge which produces the snuff-colored dust and gives many of the operatives a peculiar rustiness of appearance. The last thing of all is the "setting," which is done by sealing-wax and shellac. Then they are carded, and boxed in cotton-wool, each article being guaranteed as one of "real Whitby jet."

Mr. Wright, one of the largest manufacturers, told the writer that the trade in jet is immediately affected by any national calamity, as, for instance, the death of a member of the royal family, or any one for whom there is a general mourning. And when the life of the Prince of Wales was in danger, Whitby was thronged with

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KING AND QUEEN, FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

buyers prepared to pay almost any price, who lost heavily by his happy recovery.

There are a few mines yet in the neighborhood of Whitby. The entrance to them is through a horizontal drift in the hill-side—a narrow passage some seven feet by five, and this small tunnel is intersected by cross-drifts, as in other mines. Here the men work cramped up in the darkness and wet, and the rock which they excavate is carried to the mouth in little wagons on tramways. The operations are not extensive. Each mine only employs about six men, who work in "shifts" of eight hours. The seams and jet cliffs are usually rented from the owners of the land by the principal miner, a lump sum being paid down for the right to work a stipulated number of yards. The tenant is not only restricted as to the distance he may penetrate the hill-side, but also in regard to the number of men he employs. If he should reach the limit prescribed without exhausting the seam, he would have to discontinue his operations, or pay an additional sum for further privileges. If the space leased to him should prove unproductive, and he should find himself a loser at the end of it, though a few yards farther would bring him to a profitable seam, still he would have to abandon his work, with the long-sought-for treasure in sight, or satisfy the landlord's exactions.

Jet-hunting is at all times a speculative and precarious business, and it is never more so than when the hunters take to the cliffs, cropping out of which the most valuable seams have been found. There is a pleasant old gentleman in Whitby whose occupation for many years was that of a jet-hunter, and who, sitting before his fire with a glass of toddy before him and a long church-warden pipe in his mouth, told us of some of the difficulties of his business, which in his case (a rare one) had yielded a comfortable fortune. "It's just like puttin' thy hond in a lott'ry," he said between the puffs, as he stared into the slumbering glow of the open fire. "Yo' may soon lose a lot, an' soon gain a lot." "Ay," added the comfortable wife, who was sitting by; "it's all specalation, like gambling on hosses, an' alus was."

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One of the lucky things that sometimes fall to the lot of the cliff hunter is a mass of jet which the weather has separated from the cliff and cast upon the shore; but oftener than coming upon such a windfall as this he has to search for days which lengthen into weeks, and for weeks which roll on into months, without reward. A more adventurous plan than looking for "waeshed jet" (*i. e.*, that which has been washed down) is to lower a man over the edge of the cliff from above to prospect, and thus suspended, with a bowline knot around his waist, the hunter scans the white face of the rock for signs of the jet. Should he find any, a narrow vertical groove is dug down the face of the cliff to it (barely enough space for foothold), and when it is reached it is tunnelled or "drifted" as in one of the hill-side mines. The accidents to life and limb in this pursuit are many. In going up and down the cliff the workman has just room enough "tae step his taoes in," as the veteran told us, and he is always exposed to some danger from the falling rock. Working alone in his narrow prison through the night, with the sea beating at the foot of the cliff, we supposed that his loneliness would excite his fears. "Nay," said the old gentleman, still puffing his pipe; "it's cheerful enough; he has a bit o' candle to look at." And whatever consolation he has comes from this "bit o' candle."

Though the jet interest is decayed, and we did not find the hunters following their hap-hazard vocation along the shore and swinging over the cliffs, our disappointment soon passed away. The Yorkshire coast has a further interest. It is scarcely surpassed in the British Islands by grander cliffs or bolder headlands. On one of its promontories the first English song burst from Cædmon's lips. Its people are simple and interesting. It possesses what is generally admitted to be "the queen of English watering-places," and among many curious old villages and towns it has one which strikes us as being the most picturesque in England.

The cliffs are seen at their greatest height near Flamborough Head, where they have an altitude of nearly five hundred feet, and a more imposing view can not be imagined than that which they present to an observer on the esplanade at Bridlington Quay. They reach out in a splendid sweep miles long, and a dazzling white in color. They are sheer from top to bottom. From the rolling arable land which stretches back from them a deep fringe of brown mud has been washed down, and against their white faces it looks like a row of tassels. Down below is the sea, sharp and diamond-pointed, which beats up against them in some places, and in others leaves a narrow edge of beach, set with shining white bowlders and black fragments of wreckage. At the end of the curve the Head itself is thrust like a wedge into the sea. Solid and defiant as it looks, the sea has not left it unscarred. Massive pillars have been separated from it, which foretell of future encroachments, and the waves have eaten deep, mysterious caverns in it, through which the winds moan with unsilenceable grief. One of these caverns is called Robin Lyth's Hole, and forms a tunnel from the land to the sea. The entrance is low and difficult, but, when it is passed, the explorer finds himself in a sepulchral chamber, dark, dripping, and reverberant, with a roof fifty feet high. The rock is of variegated colors, and polished by the attrition of the seas, which the easterly gales send driving in. The floor seems to have been built by human hands instead of by the thoughtless gnawing of the elements. Sometimes a shaft of sunlight finds its way into the mouth, and then every drop of water beading on the walls becomes a jewel, and the rocks reveal their iridescent splendors. On the summit of the Head there is a light-house, with a lantern 214 feet above high-water mark, a small fishing village, and the ruins of an old castle, in which Robert the Third of Scotland was confined after his capture by a privateersman as he was escaping to France.

Coming back to Bridlington Quay—which by one of the anomalies of English orthoepy is pronounced Burlington—we find it to be, like many other English watering-places, half new and half old, a little fishing village of antiquity, with red-roofed and picturesque cottages and tawny men, upon which rows of showy new houses, new hotels, and ornamental parades have been ingrafted. The old and the new are quite apart. The old taverns still receive the small trades-people of the town and the boat-masters, who come into the smoky little parlor of an evening and, after the English custom, slowly and seriously drink their allowance of hot grog while discussing with ludicrous gravity the news of the day. The new taverns

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SCARBOROUGH CASTLE.

are large and ambitious, with nothing characteristically English about them; indeed, they are growing more like American hotels every day. Nearly all the new houses are rented by speculative and professional landladies, who have to exercise much ingenuity in making both ends meet. The season lasts about two months, and in this brief period they expect to profit enough for the year. After two months of excitement, of crowded apartments, of romping and aggressive chil-

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ROBIN HOOD'S TOWN.

dren, and of incessant piano-playing, they have their establishments to themselves, and their many-ribboned caps are seen bobbing forlornly in the windows of their best parlors, upon which the mildew of winter has fallen.

Filey, which is on the other side of Flamborough Head, is just like Bridlington. There are the same old-time white plaster cottages abutting on irruptions of modern brick architecture. There is the same admixture of old and new, the same brief prosperity of summer, the same insupportable languor of winter. The tasselled and pennanted landladies are in no wise different from those of the sister village. But Filey has a geological curiosity which does not end in being odd, but is also of some utility. The coast is open to the north for hundreds of miles, and to protect the bay from the fury of the storms which rush down, Dame Nature, with kindly forethought, has thrown out an extraordinary ridge of rocks from the northern horn of the semicircle within which Filey lies. The ridge is rough and jagged. Anciently it was called the File, and now it is known as the Brigg. It forms a natural pier or breakwater nearly a mile long, with the ocean breaking on each side of it. To the north of this again the cliffs increase in rugged grandeur. The sloping rocks are covered with enormous bowlders, weighing as much as fifty tons apiece, and innumerable caverns have been hollowed out, wherein are pools full of delicate sea-weeds, and pallid living things.

Seven and a half miles from Filey is Scarborough, which between the 1st of July and the middle of October is the most crowded of English watering-places, and the most fashionable. In beauty of situation it is all that the imagination can picture it as being. A narrow bay opens out from the German Ocean, locked by high cliffs which as nearly as possible take the shape of a horseshoe. Up the sides of the cliffs, and terraced, one tier above another, to a height of more than 200 feet, Scarborough is built. Back of the cliffs is a high undulating country, with one conspicuous hill that almost reaches the dignity of a mountain; cross-cutting them is a deep ravine, full of cool foliage. Along their base is a wide strip of smooth golden-yellow sand, upon which the clear blue water of the bay breaks with a moderate surf. The foliage is quite luxuriant, and terrace is separated from terrace by a belt of refreshing green. Such is the situation. The great natural advantages have been improved upon by a judicious and spirited local administration. The streets are clean, and well paved or asphalted, and the buildings are handsome and varied in architecture. Between the middle of September and the 1st of October, when the season is at its height, Scarborough holds a constant carnival, and is more brilliant than Brighton is at any time. The sands are crowded with prettily dressed children and women, itinerant musicians and acrobats, bathing men and women, and lotus-eaters of both sexes. Following the course of the sands is an

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asphalt drive and promenade, upon which there is a crowd of well-dressed pedestrians and equestrians, and a curious variety of vehicles, landaus, broughams, wagonettes, and donkey carriages. At one end of the drive an enormous hotel springs up, which, with its ten stories, seems higher than the highest cliff; and beyond this is the ravine we have spoken of, spanned by a splendid iron bridge. A little farther on still is the Spa, with its showily decorated saloons, wherein the visitors assemble to gossip and drink the waters, which have long been celebrated for their healing qualities. The Spa is the centre of the fashionable life; it comprises a café, a restaurant, billiard-rooms, a bijou theatre, and a Grand Hall, with seats for 3000 persons. On the slope behind it is a dense wood, and on the ridge above are wide streets of handsome houses. There is movement, color, and variety everywhere.

Scarborough is not a mushroom growth. It looks back to the Saxon period, whence its name was derived from two words signifying the town or fortress on the Rock, and there is little doubt that still earlier it was a Roman camp.

Up on the northern point of the bay, crowning a majestic headland, girt by savage cliffs that spring 400 feet out of the sea, is a gray old castle with straggling ramparts, which in its prime presented a resolute face and supreme difficulties to the enemies that attempted to storm it. It is now in ruins, and its prostrate and disjointed fabric seems like a part of the native rock from which the earth has been washed away. It is given up to peace and decay, and there is no echo, except in history, of the gallant scenes of which it was the centre. Could the gray old walls speak for themselves, they would tell a thrilling story of the assaults they have resisted and the brave hearts they have sheltered. Once, when in the great civil war they were besieged by the Parliamentary forces, the governor received a message threatening instant death to him and all within the castle unless he surrendered without the shedding of one drop of Roundhead blood. The arrogant Puritan did not know the courage and hardihood of his foe, and the castle was held against him for nearly a year. "Conceiving that I would relent in respect of her being there," the governor wrote, "my wife came to me, without any direction or trouble, and prayed me that I would not for any consideration of her do aught which might be prejudicial to my own interests or the king's affairs." At the end of a year capitulation was unavoidable, and the Puritans marched up the craggy steps that led to the sally-port, an exultant horde in sober drab jackets and shining helmets, to drive out the crestfallen and attenuated Cavaliers.

In 1655 the castle was the prison of George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, who at various times was confined in three different rooms: the first he likened to purgatory because it was filled with smoke; in the second there was no fire-place or chimney at all, and here, being unable to dry his clothes, his body became benumbed, and his fingers swollen;



WHITBY HARBOR AT LOW TIDE.

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RUNSWICK, NEAR WHITBY.

but his greatest suffering was in the third, into which the wind drove the rain so forcibly that "the water came over his bed, and he was fain to skim it up with a platter." His jailers made a threepenny loaf last him three weeks, and steeped wormwood in his water. Three years later, he was not only free, but was invited to preach at the castle, where he was received with honor and lovingly.

Beyond the castle the summit of the crag on which the ruins are expands into an almost level greensward, which suddenly ends in a perpendicular cliff. Looking over that cliff, the last time I was up there, was like looking into the primeval. Vibrating outward to the limits of sight was the colorless and uneven sea, meeting the gray and saddening roof of cloud. One object was visible, as solitary as the ark in the flood—a serpentine line of black with small eyes of red and green, which slowly and tediously defined itself as a tug-boat with two close-reefed fishing

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smacks in tow. There was a fascinating despondency in the incompleteness of the view which attracted us to it until the gloom had lowered the spirits to an unendurable point. Then we wheeled round, and there before us in the comfortable semicircle of the bay lay luxuriant and ultra-modern Scarborough, showing itself in the twilight in many a starry cluster of lamps. A turn of the heel had brought us, more vividly than the transition from chapter to chapter of any book, out of the primeval into to-day.

Scarborough abounds with contrasts. There are narrow little by-ways in it, and many queer little houses roofed with the ever-welcome and hospitable-looking red tiles. But all things are orderly and in good repair. The old houses do not seem to have been retained because their room has not been wanted, but because they add to the interest and picturesqueness of the place, and they have the neat and well-preserved appearance of being kept for show. The one objection to Scarborough is the unfair way in which it is treated by the clerk of the weather. It has more than its share of rain. Sometimes the rain begins in the very middle of the season, and falls day after day from week to week, putting an end to all the festivities, and saturating the people with *ennui*. Sometimes it is so persistent that the visitors are driven away at the beginning of their holiday to re-embrace London with true cockney felicity. But with fine weather Scarborough is charming, and preferable to any other watering-place we know of; that is, considering its size and its population, which, not including visitors, is 24,000.

The most notable place on the Yorkshire coast, however, is Whitby, which is much better suited to those who want relief from the pressure of an overworked and aggressive civilization than Scarborough, and which, to our mind, is the most picturesque little town in Great Britain. By the coast road it is only twenty-one miles distant from Scarborough, while by the railway it is fifty-six miles distant. The coast road borders on the magnificent cliff, and strikes some old-fashioned villages—Stainton Wall, from the hill of which the Knights of St. John used to ring a bell or blow a horn every evening to direct travellers to their hospital, and Robin Hood's Town, which is propped up against a precipice, with some of its houses overhanging the sea. There was plenty of room for Robin Hood's Town on the mainland, and in perching it on a dizzy crag the builders seem to have been actuated by the same instinct that prompts a boy to stand on his head. From the railway we see reaches of dull brown moorland and deep valleys, which remind us of the smaller Western cañons. The pale primroses blossom on the hill-sides with an unfamiliar luxuriance.

Let us take our first look at Whitby from the summit of East Cliff—one of the two promontories between which the river Esk enters the German Ocean. On both sides of us is a precipitous line of coast, with bristling cliffs, washed by a boiling surf in some places, and in others fringed with a narrow beach, on which gigantic moss-covered bowlders are piled. The sea itself melts in the extreme horizon. The ground at the summit is uneven, and ends in a precipice. The wind strikes us with unrestrained violence.

Looking to the east and north, the embattled cliffs and the restless sea fill the view. Looking to the west, we see the river cleaving the valley, with the town built on both sides of it. The two characterizing colors of the picture are red and blue. One house rises above another, apparently supported by the cornice of that below it; the floor of one seems to be the roof of the other. The roofs are peaked and gabled and dormer-windowed, with tall chimney-pots shooting up from them; nearly all of them are sheathed with crimson tiles, which, with the lazy blue smoke drifting over them, are the things that give color to every picture of Whitby. The color and architecture are both foreign. The cold gray look of the usual English village on the coast is substituted by a delightful warmth and richness. Leading down from the summit of East Cliff to the town is a curving flight of one hundred and ninety-six well-worn stone steps, up which the worshippers come on Sunday to the old parish church, which stands at the head of the cliff, surrounded by a full crop of grave-stones, with the sea behind it. It is a very old building of the Early Norman period, and the interior, with its undecorated oak and dead-lights in the low roof, is more like the cabin of a ship than a church.

On the cliff, also, are the beautiful gray ruins of St. Hilda's Abbey, which are the crowning glory of Whitby. Oswy, the King of Northumbria, who was a convert

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to Christianity, vowed that if God gave him the victory over his pagan foes, his daughter Edelfled should be dedicated in holy virginity to the Lord, with a dowry of twelve manors for the foundation of monasteries; and in part fulfillment of his vow (his prayer being answered) he built this abbey, of which his niece, St. Hilda, was the first abbess. Hilda is described by Professor J. R. Greene as a Northumbrian Deborah, whose counsel was sought even by bishops and kings, and through her influence Whitby became the Westminster of Northumbria. She was succeeded by Edelfled.

Many legends are attached to the abbey, and some of them are recounted in the following lines of "Marmion":

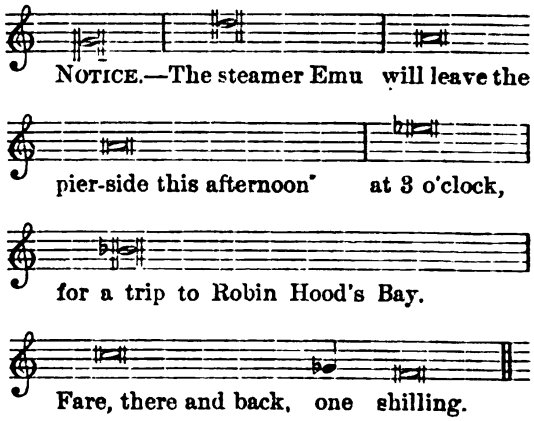
"Then Whitby's nuns exulting told
How to their house three barons bold
Must menial service do....
In wrath, for loss of sylvan game,
St. Hilda's priest he slew....
They told how in their convent cell
A Saxon princess once did dwell,
The lovely Edelfled;
And how of thousand snakes each one
Was changed into a coil of stone
When holy Hilda pray'd....
They told how sea-fowls' pinions fail
As over Whitby's towers they sail;
And sinking down, with flutterings faint,
They do their homage to the saint."

But that objectionable person, the iconoclast, has been here. He tells us that the basis of the story of the snakes turned into coils of stone was in the fossil ammonites which are frequently discovered in the neighborhood; and that the devotion of the birds may be accounted for by the fact that in crossing the German Ocean in their usual migration they became tired, and stopped to rest.

Cædmon belonged to the Whitby Chapter, and, as Professor Greene has said, it is his name which throws most glory over Whitby. From his lips, during the reign of the founder of the abbey, came the first great English song.

The ruins are singularly beautiful, and show how large and important the building was. The style is Early English, with some decorated and perpendicular windows. Shattered as the fabric is, and though the voices of nun and monk are hushed, it is not without devotees. On every sunny day more than one artist may be seen reproducing the old pile in oil or water-colors; and when the artist has a pretty young wife nestling by him and reading a novel to him, as one we saw had, the introduction of their figures seems essential to the completeness of the picture. Whitby has been painted oftener than any professional beauty, and the easel is so common a feature in the season that an artist can work in the streets without being irritated to death by peeping children and ignorant commentators.

Coming down the winding steps from the cliff, we soon learn what the charm of Whitby is for artists. It is unmodern, a survival of more peaceful and poetic times than ours. It is rich in quaint architecture, and the atmosphere is full of memories. We hear the voice of the town-crier—an institution still cherished in Whitby. John the Bellman is, indeed, one of the best-known characters of the place, and during the fashionable season his services are in constant requisition. Ordinarily the recitals of a town-crier are delivered in a high key and a severe monotone, distressing and exhausting to his voice, and painful to all who hear him. But John's performances are not of this sort; they are musical compositions of no little artistic merit. He tunes the pipe to various notes in the scale, as illustrated in the following example, kindly taken down for us by Mr. J. Storer, M.B., and each sentence has its separate note and pitch:



Going along the street, we meet another celebrity of the town, Fish Jane. She has slung her basket from her head, her quick eyes having detected a probable customer in a lady standing near a doorway.

"Noo, then, are yo' ti hev onny fish tiday?" she brusquely demands.

"Is it quite fresh?" the lady asks.

"Fresh, honey? Ay, it's as fresh as paint; it's just come'd in. Ah'll cut yo' 't off by there for a shillin', an' ah's sure it's as cheap as muck."

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The bargain is struck, and Jane, profuse in her thanks, stops awhile for a little friendly gossip with her customer. Then she hoists her basket, poises it upon her head, and repeats her cry of "Fresh fi-i-ish!" in a shrill, ear-piercing voice. Jane, Mr. Stonehouse tells us, is prominent in all times of excitement. An ardent Liberal, she decks herself in the party color during the elections, and is always at the front in public meetings, processions, and the hustings. Many a Liberal speaker has been inspired to fresh bursts of eloquence, and many a Conservative has been disconcerted, by hearing, high above all other voices, Jane's trumpet tones ringing out, "Blew forivver!" "Ah, bud she's a good-hearted oad sowl is Jane!" says a by-stander; and perhaps we are told how, years and years ago, a certain poor widow died, leaving a boy five or six years old quite destitute. There was a pauper's grave for her, and some of the neighbors gathered together to see what could be done for the boy: there was the work-house for him. Hearing this, the lad began to sob as if his heart would break, and then Jane interfered. "Deean't cry, deean't cry, ma honey; thou shall not be sent to the poor-house," she gently said; "thou shall just gane hame wi' me." Although she had a large family of her own, and the earnings of her husband, a fisherman, were scanty, and the full meaning of Kingsley's line,

"There's little to earn, and many to keep,"

was known to her, she took the little fellow home.

We like Whitby not for its resources as a watering-place, but for its historical associations, the antique spirit of its life, and the old red-tiled houses dozing under the wreathing blue smoke.

MIDWINTER.

THE white hath overspread the brown,
Beneath the blue has crept the gray;
The frozen air is drifting round
In eddies dashed with blinding spray.

Upon so wild a winter scene
But thou and I have chanced to meet.
What words were fit to pass between
A traveller rough and one so sweet?

Poor dying songster, full of woes,
With stiffening pinions loosely furled,
That graspest with thy thorny toes
The wire that runs around the world!

Thou knowest not the grief and mirth
With which the iron thread is fraught,
As one may grasp, but miss the worth
Of some far-reaching line of thought.

Thou scannest not our human things,
Thine eyelids close upon the world,
The snow sifts downward through thy wings,
And upward to thy heart is whirled.

Beneath its inches cold and white
Thy mate lies frozen near the hedge,
And nevermore in tuneful flight
Shall cross the morning's crimson edge.

Recallest how, one dewy dawn,
Ere yet the sun had kissed thy throat,
The music from thy heart had gone
That won her shy, responsive note?

How fond ye whispered, breast to breast,
That day within the covert green,
Or sought the brook with mosses drest,
Your hot and dusty wings to preen.

Then, in the hush of coming night,
Thou ledst her to the fragrant bed
Of apple blossoms, pink and white,
With canopy of green o'erhead.

All summer long how true thy zest
To note her flight o'er many a rood,
To build with her the secret nest,
To mourn with her the stolen brood.

Now, thou art dying; dead is thine.
In some bright clime are all thy kin.
Let thy true life pass into mine,
And make it what it hath not been.

Bequeath to me thy lover's heart,
And touch my spirit with thy fate,
That I from one may never part,
Nor even in death be separate.

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CHAPTER VII.

A FAREWELL.

ALWAYS, when she got out into the open air, her spirits rose into a pure content; and now, as they were walking westward through the peaceful meadows, the light of the sunset was on her face; and there was a kind of radiance there, and careless happiness, that little Willie Hart scarce dared look upon, so abject and wistful was the worship that the small lad laid at his pretty cousin's feet. He was a sensitive and imaginative boy; and the joy and crown of his life was to be allowed to walk out with his cousin Judith, her hand holding his; and it did not matter to him whether she spoke to him, or whether she was busy with her private thinking, and left him to his own pleasure and fancies. He had many of these; for he had heard of all kinds of great and noble persons—princesses, and empresses, and queens; but to him his cousin Judith was the Queen of queens; he could not believe that any one ever was more beautiful—or more gentle and lovable, in a magical and mystical way—than she was; and in church, on the quiet Sunday mornings, when the choir was singing, and all else silence, and dreams were busy in certain small brains, if there were any far-away pictures of angels in white and shining robes, coming toward one through rose-red celestial gardens, be sure they had Judith's eyes and the light and witchery of these; and that, when they spoke (if such wonderful creatures vouchsafed to speak), it was with the softness of Judith's voice. So it is not to be conceived that Judith, who knew something of this mute and secret adoration, had any malice in her heart when, on this particular evening, she began to question the boy as to the kind of sweetheart he would choose when he was grown up: the fact being that she spoke from idleness, and a wish to be friendly and companionable, her thoughts being really occupied elsewhere.

"Come, now, Willie, tell me," said she, "what sort of one you will choose, some fifteen or twenty years hence, when you are grown up to be a man, and will be going abroad from place to place. In Coventry, perchance, you may find her, or over at Evesham, or in Warwick, or Worcester, or as far away as Oxford: in all of them are plenty of pretty maidens to be had for the asking, so you be civil-spoken enough, and bear yourself well. Now tell me your fancy, sweetheart: what shall her height be?"

"Why, you know, Judith," said he, rather shamefacedly. "Just your height."

"My height?" she said, carelessly. "Why, that is neither the one way nor the other. My father says I am just as high as his heart; and with that I am content. Well, now, her hair—what color of hair shall she have?"

"Like yours, Judith; and it must come round about her ears like yours," said he, glancing up for a moment.

"Eyes: must they be black, or gray, or brown, or blue: nay, you shall have your choice, sweetheart Willie: there be all sorts, if you go far enough afield and look around you. What eyes do you like, now?"

"You know well, Judith, there is no one has such pretty eyes as you; these are the ones I like, and no others."

"Bless the boy!—would you have her to be like me?"

"Just like you, Judith—altogether," said he, promptly; and he added, more shyly, "For you know there is none as pretty, and they all of them say that."

"Marry, now!" said she, with a laugh. "Here be news. What? When you go choosing your sweetheart, would you pick out one that had as large hands as these?"

She held forth her hands, and regarded them; and yet with some complacency, for she had put on a pair of scented gloves which her father had brought her from London, and these were beautifully embroidered with silver, for he knew her tastes, and that she was not afraid to wear finery, whatever the preachers might say.

"Why, you know, Judith," said he, "that there is none has such pretty hands as you, nor so white, nor so soft."

"Heaven save us! am I perfection, then?" she cried (but she was pleased). "Must she be altogether like me?"

"Just so, Cousin Judith; altogether like you; and she must wear pretty things like you, and walk as you walk, and speak like you, else I shall not love her nor go

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near her, though she were the Queen herself."

"Well said, sweetheart Willie!—you shall to the court some day, if you can speak so fair. And shall I tell you, now, how you must woo and win such a one?" she continued, lightly. "It may be you shall find her here or there—in a farmhouse, perchance; or she may be a great lady with her coach; or a wench in an ale-house; but if she be as you figure her, this is how you shall do: you must not grow up to be too nice and fine and delicate-handed; you must not bend too low for her favor; but be her lord and governor; and you must be ready to fight for her, if need there be—yes, you shall not suffer a word to be said in dispraise of her; and for slanderers you must have a cudgel and a stout arm withal; and yet you must be gentle with her, because she is a woman; and yet not too gentle, for you are a man; and you must be no slape-face, with whining through the nose that we are all devilish and wicked and the children of sin; and you must be no tavern-seeker, with oaths and drunken jests and the like; and when you find her you must be the master of her—and yet a gentle master: marry, I can not tell you more; but, as I hope for heaven, sweet Willie, you will do well and fairly if she love thee half as much as I do."

And she patted the boy's head. What sudden pang was it that went through his heart?

"They say you are going to marry Parson Blaise, Judith," said he, looking up at her.

"Do they, now?" said she, with a touch of color in her face. "They are too kind that would take from me the business of choosing for myself."

"Is it true, Judith?"

"It is but idle talk; heed it not, sweetheart," said she, rather sharply. "I would they were as busy with their fingers as with their tongues; there would be more wool spun in Warwickshire!"

But here she remembered that she had no quarrel with the lad, who had but innocently repeated the gossip he had heard; and so she spoke to him in a more gentle fashion; and, as they were now come to a parting of the ways, she said that she had a message to deliver, and bade him go on by himself to the cottage, and have some flowers gathered for her from out of the garden by the time she should arrive. He was a biddable boy, and went on without further question. Then she turned off to the left, and in a few minutes was in the wide and wooded lane where she was to meet the young gentleman that had appealed to her friendliness.

And there, sure enough, he was; and as he came forward, hat in hand, to greet her, those eloquent black eyes of his expressed so much pleasure (and admiration of a respectful kind) that Judith became for a moment a trifle self-conscious, and remembered that she was in unusually brave attire. There may have been something else: some quick remembrance of the surprise and alarm of the morning; and also—in spite of her determination to banish such unworthy fancies—some frightened doubt as to whether, after all, there might not be a subtle connection between her meeting with this young gentleman and the forecasts of the wizard. This was but for a moment, but it confused her in what she had intended to say (for, in crossing the meadows, she had been planning out certain speeches as well as talking idly to Willie Hart), and she was about to make some stumbling confession to the effect that she had obtained no clear intelligence from her gossip Prudence Shawe, when the young gentleman himself absolved her from all further difficulty.

"I beseech your pardon, sweet lady," said he, "that I have caused you so much trouble, and that to no end; for I am of a mind now not to carry the letter to your father, whatever hopes there might be of his sympathy and friendship."

She stared in surprise.

"Nay, but, good sir," said she, "since you have the letter, and are so near to Stratford, that is so great a distance from London, surely it were a world of pities you did not see my father. Not that I can honestly gather that he would have any favor for a desperate enterprise upsetting the peace of the land—"

"I am in none such, Mistress Judith, believe me," said he, quickly. "But it behooves me to be cautious; and I have heard that within the last few hours which summons me away. If I were inclined to run the risk, there is no time at this present; and what I can do now is to try to thank you for the kindness you have shown to one that has no habit of forgetting."

"You are going away forthwith?" said she.

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There was no particular reason why she should be sorry at his departure from the neighborhood, except that he was an extraordinarily gentle-spoken young man, and of a courteous breeding, whom her father, as she thought, would have been pleased to welcome as being commended from his friend Ben Jonson. Few visitors came to New Place; the faces to be met with there were grown familiar year after year. It seemed a pity that this stranger —and so fair-spoken a stranger, moreover —should be close at hand, without making her father's acquaintance.

"Yes, sweet lady," said he, in the same respectful way, "it is true that I must quit my present lodging for a time; but I doubt whether I could find anywhere a quieter or securer place—nay, I have no reason to fear you; I will tell you freely that it is Bassfield Farm, that is on the left before you go down the hill to Bidford; and it is like enough I may come back thither, when that I see how matters stand with me in London."

And then he glanced at her with a certain diffidence.

"Perchance I am too daring," said he; "and yet your courtesy makes me bold. Were I to communicate with you when I return—"

He paused, and his hesitation well became him: it was more eloquent in its modesty than many words.

"That were easily done," said Judith at once, and with her usual frankness; "but I must tell you, good sir, that any written message you might send me I should have to show to my friend and gossip Prudence Shawe, that reads and writes for me, being so skilled in that; and when you said that to no one was the knowledge to be given that you were in this neighborhood—"

"Sweet lady," said he, instantly, with much gratitude visible in those handsome dark eyes, "if I may so far trespass on your goodness, I would leave that also within your discretion. One that you have chosen to be your friend must needs be trustworthy—nay, I am sure of that."

"But my father too, good sir—"

"Nay, not so," said he, with some touch of entreaty in his voice. "Take it not ill of me, but one that is in peril must use precautions for his safety, even though they savor of ill manners and suspicion."

"As you will, sir—as you will; I know little of such matters," Judith said. "But yet I know that you do wrong to mistrust my father."

"Nay, dearest lady," he said, quickly, "it is you that do me wrong to use such words. I mistrust him not; but, indeed, I dare not disclose to him the charge that is brought against me until I have clearer proofs of my innocence, and these I hope to have in time, when I may present myself to your father without fear. Meanwhile, sweet Mistress Judith, I can but ill express my thanks to you that you have vouchsafed to lighten the tedium of my hiding through these few words that have passed between us. Did you know the dullness of the days at the farm—for sad thoughts are but sorry companions—you would understand my gratitude toward you—"

"Nay, nothing, good sir, nothing," said she; and then she paused, in some difficulty. She did not like to bid him farewell without any reference whatsoever to the future; for in truth she wished to hear more of him, and how his fortunes prospered. And yet she hesitated about betraying so much interest—of however distant and ordinary a kind—in the affairs of a stranger. Her usual frank sympathy conquered: besides, was not this unhappy young man the friend of her father's friend?

"Is it to the farm that you return when you have been to London?" she asked.

"I trust so: better security I could not easily find elsewhere; and my well-wishers have means of communication with me, so that I can get the news there. Pray Heaven I may soon be quit of this skulking in corners! I like it not: it is not the life of a free man."

"I hope your fortunes will mend, sir, and speedily," said she, and there was an obvious sincerity in her voice.

"Why," said he, with a laugh—for, indeed, this young man, to be one in peril of his life, bore himself with a singularly free and undaunted demeanor; and he was not looking around him in a furtive manner, as if he feared to be observed, but was allowing his eyes to rest on Judith's eyes, and on the details of her costume (which he seemed to approve), in a quite easy and unconcerned manner—"the birds and beasts we hunt are allowed to rest at times, but a man in hiding has no peace nor freedom from week's end to week's end—no, nor at any moment of the day or night.

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And if the good people that shelter him are not entirely of his own station, and if he cares to have but little speech with them, and if the only book in the house be the family Bible, then the days are like to pass slowly with him. Can you wonder, sweet Mistress Judith," he continued, turning his eyes to the ground in a modest manner, "that I shall carry away the memory of this meeting with you as a treasure, and dwell on it, and recall the kindness of each word you have spoken?"

"In truth, no, good sir," said she, with a touch of color in her cheeks, that caught the warm golden light shining over from the west. "I would not have you think them of any importance, except the hope that matters may go well with you."

"And if they should," said he, "or if they should go ill, and if I were to presume to think that you cared to know them, when I return to Bassfield I might make so bold as to send you some brief tidings, through your friend Mistress Prudence Shawe, that I am sure must be discreet, since she has won your confidence. But why should I do so?" he added, after a second. "Why should I trouble you with news of one whose good or evil fortune can not concern you?"

"Nay, sir, I wish you well," said she, simply, "and would fain hear better tidings of your condition. If you may not come at present to New Place, where you would have better counsel than I can give you, at least you may remember that there is one in the household there that will be glad when she hears of your welfare, and better pleased still when she learns that you are free to make her father's friendship."

This was clearly a dismissal; and after a few more words of gratitude on his part (he seemed almost unable to take away his eyes from her face, or to say all that he would fain say of thanks for her gracious intervention and sympathy) they parted; and forthwith Judith—now with a much lighter heart, for this interview had cost her not a little embarrassment and anxiety—hastened away back through the lane in the direction of the barns and gardens of Shottery. All these occurrences of the day had happened so rapidly that she had had but little time to reflect over them; but now she was clearly glad that she should be able to talk over the whole affair with Prudence Shawe. There would be comfort in that, and also safety; for, if the truth must be told, that wild and bewildering fancy that perchance the wizard had prophesied truly would force itself on her mind in a disquieting manner. But she strove to reason herself and laugh herself out of such imaginings. She had plenty of courage and a strong will. From the first she had made light of the wizard's pretensions; she was not going to alarm herself about the possible future consequences of this accidental meeting. And, indeed, when she recalled the particulars of that meeting, she came to think that the circumstances of the young man could not be so very desperate. He did not speak nor look like one in imminent peril; his gay description of the masques and entertainments of the court was not the talk of a man seriously and really in danger of his life. Perhaps he had been in some thoughtless escapade, and was waiting for the bruit of it to blow over; perhaps he was unused to confinement, and may have exaggerated (for this also occurred to her) somewhat in order to win her sympathy. But, anyhow, he was in some kind of misfortune or trouble, and she was sorry for him; and she thought that if Prudence Shawe could see him, and observe how well-bred and civil-spoken and courteous a young gentleman he seemed to be, she, too, would pity the dullness of the life he must be leading at the farm, and be glad to do anything to relieve such a tedium. In truth, by the time Judith was drawing near her grandmother's cottage, she had convinced herself that there was no dark mystery connected with this young man; that she had not been holding converse with any dangerous villain or conspirator; and that soon everything would be cleared up, and perhaps he himself present himself at New Place, with Ben Jonson's letter in his hand. So she was in a cheerful enough frame of mind when she arrived at the cottage.

This was a picturesque little building of brick and timber, with a substantial roof of thatch, and irregularly placed small windows; and it was prettily set in front of a wild and variegated garden, and of course all the golden glow of the west was now flooding the place with its beautiful light, and causing the little rectangular panes in the open casements to gleam like jewels. And here, at the wooden gate of the garden, was Willie Hart, who seemed to have been using the time profitably,

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for he had a most diverse and sweet-scented gathering of flowers and herbs of a humble and familiar kind—forget-me-nots, and pansies, and wall-flower, and mint, and sweet-brier, and the like—to present to his pretty cousin.

"Well done, sweetheart! and are all these for me?" said she, as she passed within the little gate, and stood for a moment arranging and regarding them. "What, then, what is this?—what mean you by it, Cousin Willie?"

"By what, Cousin Judith?" said the small boy, looking up with his wondering and wistful eyes.

"Why," said she, gayly, "this pansy that you have put fair in the front. Know you not the name of it?"

"Indeed I know it not, Cousin Judith."

"Ah, you cunning one! well you know it, I'll be sworn! Why, 'tis one of the chiefest favorites everywhere. Did you never hear it called 'kiss-me-at-the-gate'? Marry, 'tis an excellent name; and if I take you at your word, little sweetheart?"

And so they went into the cottage together; and she had her arm lying lightly round his neck.

CHAPTER VIII.

A QUARREL.

BUT instantly her manner changed. Just within the doorway of the passage that cut the rambling cottage into two halves, and attached to a string that was tied to the handle of the door, lay a small spaniel-gentle, peacefully snoozing; and well Judith knew that the owner of the dog (which she had heard, indeed, was meant to be presented to herself) was inside. However, there was no retreat possible, if retreat she would have preferred; for here was the aged grandmother—a little old woman, with fresh pink cheeks, silver-white hair, and keen eyes—come out to see if it were Judith's footsteps she had heard; and she was kindly in her welcome of the girl, though usually she grumbled a good deal about her, and would maintain that it was pure pride and willfulness that kept her from getting married.

"Here be finery!" said she, stepping back as if to gain a fairer view. "God's mercy, wench, have you come to your senses at last?—be you seeking a husband?—would you win one of them? They have waited a goodly time for the bating of your pride; but you must after them at last—ay, ay, I thought 'twould come to that."

"Good grandmother, you give me no friendly welcome," said Judith. "And Willie here; have you no word for him, that he is come to see how you do?"

"Nay, come in, then, sweetings both; come in and sit ye down: little Willie has been in the garden long enough, though you know I grudge you not the flowers, wench. Ay, ay, there is one within, Judith, that would fain be a nearer neighbor, as I hear, if you would but say yea; and bethink ye, wench, an apple may hang too long on the bough—your bravery may be put on to catch the eye when it is overlate—"

"I pray you, good grandmother, forbear," said Judith, with some asperity. "I have my own mind about such things."

"All's well, wench, all's well," said the old dame, as she led the way into the main room of the cottage. It was a wide and spacious apartment, with heavy black beams overhead, a mighty fire-place, here or there a window in the walls just as it seemed to have been wanted, and in the middle of the floor a plain old table, on which were placed a jug and two or three horn tumblers.

Of course Judith knew whom she had to expect: the presence of the little spaniel-gentle at the door had told her that. This young fellow that now quickly rose from his chair and came forward to meet her—"Good-even to you, Judith," said he, in a humble way, and his eyes seemed to beseech her favor—was as yet but in his two-and-twentieth year, but his tall and lithe and muscular figure had already the firm set of manhood on it. He was spare of form and square-shouldered; his head smallish, his brown hair short; his features were regular, and the forehead, if not high, was square and firm; the general look of him was suggestive of a sculptured Greek or Roman wrestler, but that this deprecating glance of the eyes was not quite consistent. And, to tell the truth, wrestling and his firm-sinewed figure had something to do with his extreme humility on this occasion. He was afraid that Judith had heard something. To have broken the head of a tapster was not a noble performance, no matter how

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the quarrel was forced on him; and this was but the most recent of several squabbles; for the championship in the athletic sports of a country neighborhood is productive of rivals, who may take many ways of provoking anger. "Good-even to you, Judith," said he, as if he really would have said, "Pray you believe not all the ill you hear of me!" Judith, however, did not betray anything by her manner, which was friendly enough in a kind of formal way, and distinctly reserved. She sat down, and asked her grandmother what news she had of the various members of the family, that now were widely scattered throughout Warwickshire. She declined the cup of merry-go-down that the young man civilly offered to her. She had a store of things to tell about her father; and about the presents he had brought; and about the two pieces of song-music that Master Robert Johnson had sent, that her father would have Susan try over on the lute; and the other twenty acres that were to be added; and the talk there had been of turning the house opposite New Place, at the corner of Chapel Street and Scholars Lane, into a tavern, and how that had happily been abandoned—for her father wanted no tavern-revelry within hearing; and so forth; but all this was addressed to the grandmother. The young man got scarce a word, though now and again he would interpose gently, and, as it were, begging her to look his way. She was far kinder to Willie Hart, who was standing by her side; for sometimes she would put her hand on his shoulder, or stroke his long yellow-brown hair.

"Willie says he will have just such another as I, grandmother," said she, when these topics were exhausted, "to be his sweetheart when he grows up; so you see there be some that value me."

"Look to it that you be not yourself unmarried then, Judith," said the old dame, who was never done grumbling on this account. "I should not marvel; they that refuse when they are sought come in time to wonder that there are none to seek—nay, 'tis so, I warrant you. You are hanging late on the bough, wench; see you be not forgotten."

"But, good grandmother," said Judith, with some color in her cheeks (for this was an awkward topic in the presence of this youth), "would you have me break from the rule of the family? My mother was six-and-twenty when she married, and Susan four-and-twenty; and indeed there might come one of us who did not perceive the necessity of marrying at all."

"In God's name, if that be your mind, wench, hold to it. Hold to it, I say!" And then the old dame glanced with her sharp eyes at the pretty costume of her visitor. "But I had other thoughts when I saw such a fine young madam at the door; in truth, they befit you well, these braveries; indeed they do; though 'tis a pity to have them bedecking out one that is above the marrying trade. But take heed, wench, take heed lest you change your mind when it is too late: the young men may hold you to your word, and you find yourself forsaken when you least expected it."

"Give ye thanks for your good comfort, grandmother," said Judith, indifferently. And then she rose. "Come, Willie, 'tis about time we were going through the fields to the town. What message have you, grandmother, for my father? He is busy from morning till night since his coming home; but I know he will be over to visit you soon. The flowers, Willie—did you leave them on the bench outside?"

But she was not allowed to depart in this fashion. The old dame's discontents with her pretty granddaughter—that was now grown into so fair and blithe a young woman—were never of a lasting nature; and now she would have both Judith and little Willie taste of some gingerbread of her own baking, and then Judith had again to refuse a sup of the ale that stood on the table, preferring a little water instead. Moreover, when they had got out into the garden, behold! this young man would come also, to convoy them home on their way across the fields. It was a gracious evening, sweet and cool; there was a clear twilight shining over the land; the elms were dark against the palely luminous sky. And then, as the three of them went across the meadows toward Stratford town, little Willie Hart was intrusted with the care of the spaniel-gentle—that was young and wayward, and possessed with a mad purpose of hunting sparrows—and as the dog kept him running this way and that, he was mostly at some distance from these other two, and Judith's companion, young Quiney, had every opportunity of speaking with her.

"I sent you a message, Judith," said he, rather timidly, but anxiously watching the expression of her face all the time, "a

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token of remembrance: I trust it did not displease you?"

"You should have considered through whose hands it would come," said she, but without regarding him.

"How so?" he asked, in some surprise.

"Why, you knew that Prudence would have to read it."

"And why not, Judith? Why should she not? She is your friend; and I care not who is made aware that—that—well, you know what I mean, dear Judith, but I fear to anger you by saying it. You were not always so hard to please."

There was a touch of reproach in this that she did not like. Besides, was it fair? Of course she had been kinder to him when he was a mere stripling—when they were boy and girl together; but now he had put forth other pretensions; and they stood on a quite different footing; and in his pertinacity he would not understand why she was always speaking to him of Prudence Shawe, and extolling her gentleness and sweet calm wisdom and goodness. "The idle boy!" she would say to herself; "why did God give him such a foolish head that he must needs come fancying me?" And sometimes she was angry because of his dullness and that he would not see; though, indeed, she could not speak quite plainly.

"You should think," said she, on this occasion, with some sharpness, "that these idle verses that you send me are read by Prudence. Well, doubtless, she may not heed that—"

"Why should she heed, Judith?" said he. "'Tis but an innocent part she takes in the matter—a kindness, merely."

She dared not say more, and she was vexed with him for putting this restraint upon her. She turned upon him with a glance of sudden and rather unfriendly scrutiny.

"What is this now that I hear of you?" said she. "Another brawl! A tavern brawl! I marvel you have escaped so long with a whole skin."

"I know not who carries tales of me to you, Judith," said he, somewhat warmly, "but if you yourself were more friendly you would take care to choose a more friendly messenger. It is always the worst that you hear. If there was a brawl, it was none of my seeking. And if my skin is whole, I thank God I can look after that for myself; I am not one that will be smitten on one cheek and turn the other—like your parson friend."

This did not mend matters much.

"My parson friend?" said she, with some swift color in her cheeks. "My parson friend is one that has respect for his office, and has a care for his reputation, and lives a peaceable, holy life. Would you have him frequent ale-houses, and fight with drawers and tapsters? Marry and amen! but I find no fault with the parson's life."

"Nay, that is true, indeed," said he, bitterly: "you can find no fault in the parson—as every one says. But there are others who see with other eyes, and would tell you in what he might amend—"

"I care not to know," said she.

"It were not amiss," said he, for he was determined to speak—"it were not amiss if Sir Parson showed a little more honesty in his daily walk—that were not amiss, for one thing."

"In what is he dishonest, then?" said she, instantly, and she turned and faced him with indignant eyes.

Well, he did not quail. His blood was up. This championship of the parson, that he had scarce expected of her, only fired anew certain secret suspicions of his; and he had no mind to spare his rival, whether he were absent or no.

"Why, then, does he miscall the King, and eat the King's bread?" said he, somewhat hotly. "Is it honest to conform in public, and revile in private? I say, let him go forth, as others have been driven forth, if the state of affairs content him not. I say that they who speak against the King—marry, it were well done to chop the rogues' ears off!—I say they should be ashamed to eat the King's bread."

"He eats no King's bread!" said Judith—and alas! her eyes had a look in them that pierced him to the heart: it was not the glance he would fain have met with there. "He eats the bread of the Church, that has been despoiled of its possessions again and again by the Crown and the lords; and why should he go forth? He is a minister: is there harm that he should wish to see the services reformed? He is at his post; would you have him desert it, or else keep silent? No, he is no such coward, I warrant you. He will speak his mind; it were ill done of him else!"

"Nay, he can do no harm at all—in your judgment," said he, somewhat sullenly, "if all be true that they say."

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"And who is it, then, that should speak of idle tales and the believing of them?" said she, with indignant reproach. "You say I welcome evil stories about you? And you? Are you so quick to put away the idle gossip they bring you about me? Would you not rather believe it? I trow you would as lief believe it as not. That it is to have friends! That it is to have those who should defend you in your absence; but would rather listen to slander against you! But when they speak about women's idle tongues, they know little; it is men who are the readiest to listen, and to carry evil report and lying!"

"I meant not to anger you, Judith," said he, more humbly.

"Yes, but you have angered me," said she (with her lips becoming tremulous, but only for a second). "What concern have I with Parson Blaise? I would they that speak against him were as good men and honest as he—"

"Indeed, they speak no ill of him, Judith," said he (for he was grieved that they were fallen out so, and there was nothing he would not have retracted that so he might win back to her favor again, in however small a degree), "except that he is disputatious, and would lead matters no one knows whither. 'Tis but a few minutes ago that your grandmother there was saying that we should never have peace and quiet in Church affairs till the old faith was restored—"

Here, indeed, she pricked up her ears; but she would say no more. She had not forgiven him yet; and she was proud and silent.

"And though I do not hold with that—for there would be a bloody struggle before the Pope could be master in England again—nevertheless, I would have the ministers men of peace, as they profess to be, and loyal to the King, who is at the head of the Church as well as of the realm. However, let it pass. I wish to have no quarrel with you, Judith."

"How does your business?" said she, abruptly changing the subject.

"Well—excellently well; it is not in that direction that I have any anxiety about the future."

"Do you give it your time? You were best take heed, for else it is like to slip away from you," she said; and he thought she spoke rather coldly, and as if her warning were meant to convey something more than appeared.

And then she added:

"You were at Wilmecote on Tuesday?"

"You must have heard why, Judith," he said. "Old Pike was married again that day, and they would have me over to his wedding."

"And on the Wednesday, what was there at Bidford, then, that you must needs be gone when my mother sent to you?"

"At Bidford?" said he (and he was sorely puzzled as to whether he should rejoice at these questions as betraying a friendly interest in his affairs, or rather regard them as conveying covert reproof, and expressing her dissatisfaction with him, and distrust of him). "At Bidford, Judith—well, there was business as well as pleasure there. For you must know that Daniel Hutt is come home for a space from the new settlements in Virginia, and is for taking back with him a number of laborers that are all in due time to make their fortunes there. Marry, 'tis a good chance for some of them, for broken men are as welcome as any, and there are no questions asked as to their having been intimate with the constable and the justice. So there was a kind of merry-meeting of Daniel's old friends, that was held at the Falcon at Bidford—and the host is a good customer of mine, so it was prudent of me to go thither—and right pleasant was it to hear Daniel Hutt tell of his adventures by sea and shore. And he gave us some of the tobacco that he had brought with him. And to any that will go back with him to Jamestown he promises allotments of land, though at first there will be tough labor, as he says, honestly. Oh, a worthy man is this Daniel Hutt, though as yet his own fortune seems not so secure."

"With such junketings," said she, with ever so slight a touch of coldness, "'tis no wonder you could not spare the time to come and see my father on the evening of his getting home."

"There, now, Judith!" he exclaimed. "Would you have me break in upon him at such a busy season, when even you yourselves are careful to refrain? It had been ill-mannered of me to do such a thing; but 'twas no heedlessness that led to my keeping away, as you may well imagine."

"It is difficult to know the reasons when friends hold aloof," said she. "You have not been near the house for two or three weeks, as I reckon."

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And here again he would have given much to know whether her speech—which was curiously reserved in tone — meant that she had marked these things out of regard for him, or that she wished to reprove him.

"I can give you the reasons for that, Judith," said this tall and straight young fellow, who from time to time regarded his companion's face with some solicitude, as if he fain would have found some greater measure of friendliness there. "I have not been often to New Place of late because of one I thought I might meet there who would be no better pleased to see me than I him; and — and perhaps because of another—that I did not know whether she might be the better pleased to have me there or find me stay away—"

"Your reasons are too fine," said she. "I scarce understand them."

"That is because you won't understand; I think I have spoken plain enough ere now, Judith, I make bold to say."

She flushed somewhat at this; but it was no longer in anger. She seemed willing to be on good terms with him, but always in that measured and distant way.

"Willie!" she called. "Come hither, sweetheart!"

With some difficulty her small cousin made his way back to her, dragging the reluctant spaniel so that its head seemed to be in jeopardy.

"He *will* go after the birds, Cousin Judith; you will never teach him to follow you."

"I?" she said.

"Willie knows I want you to have the dog, Judith," her companion said, quickly. "I got him for you when I was at Gloucester. 'Tis a good breed—true Maltese, I can warrant him; and the fashionable ladies will scarce stir abroad without one to follow them, or to carry with them in their coaches when they ride. Will you take him, Judith?"

She was a little embarrassed.

"'Tis a pretty present," said she, "but you have not chosen the right one to give it to."

"What mean you?" said he.

"Nay, now, have not I the Don?" she said, with greater courage. "He is a sufficient companion if I wish to walk abroad. Why should you not give this little spaniel to one that has no such companion—I mean to Prudence Shawe?"

"To Prudence!" said he, regarding her; for this second introduction of Judith's friend seemed strange, as well as the notion that he should transfer this prized gift to her.

"There, now, is one so gentle and kind to every one and everything that she would tend the little creature with care," she continued. "It would be more fitting for her than for me."

"You could be kind enough, Judith—if you chose," said he, under his breath, for Willie Hart was standing by.

"Nay, I have the Don," said she, "that is large, and worldly, and serious, and clumsy withal. Give this little playfellow to Prudence, who is small and neat and gentle like itself; surely that were fitter."

"I had hoped you would have accepted the little spaniel from me, Judith," said he, with very obvious disappointment.

"Moreover," said she, lightly, "two of a trade would never agree: we should have this one and the Don continually quarrelling, and sooner or later the small one would lose its head in the Don's great jaws."

"Why, the mastiff is always chained, and at the barn gate, Judith," said he. "This one would be within-doors, as your playfellow. But I care not to press a gift."

"Nay, now, be not displeased," said she, gently enough. "I am not unthankful; I think well of your kindness; but it were still better done if you were to change your intention and give the spaniel to one that would have a gentler charge over it, and think none the less of it, as I can vouch for. Pray you give it to Prudence."

"A discarded gift is not worth the passing on," said he; and as they were now come quite near to the town, where there was a dividing of ways, he stopped as though he would shake hands and depart.

"Will you not go on to the house? You have not seen my father since his coming home," she said.

"No, not to-night, Judith," he said. "Doubtless he is still busy, and I have affairs elsewhere."

She glanced at him with one of those swift keen glances of hers.

"Where go you to spend the evening, if I may make so bold?" she said.

"Not at the ale-house, as you seem to

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suspect," he answered, with just a trifle of bitterness; and then he took the string to lead away the spaniel, and bade her farewell—in a kind of half-hearted and disappointed and downcast way—and left.

She looked after him for a second or so, as she fastened a glove-button that had got loose. And then she sighed as she turned away.

"Sweetheart Willie," said she, putting her hand softly on the boy's shoulder, as he walked beside her, "I think you said you loved me?"

"Why, you know I do, Cousin Judith," said he.

"What a pity it is, then," said she, absently, "that you can not remain always as you are, and keep your ten years forever and a day, so that we should always be friends as we are now!"

He did not quite know what she meant, but he was sufficiently well pleased and contented when he was thus close by her side; and when her hand was on his shoulder or on his neck it was to him no burden, but a delight. And so walking together, and with some gay and careless prattle between them, they went on and into the town.

CHAPTER IX.

THROUGH THE MEADOWS.

Some two or three days after that, and toward the evening, Prudence Shawe was in the church-yard, and she was alone, save that now and again some one might pass along the gravelled pathway, and these did not stay to interrupt her. She had with her a basket, partly filled with flowers, also a small rake and a pair of gardener's shears, and she was engaged in going from grave to grave, here putting a few fresh blossoms to replace the withered ones, and there removing weeds, or cutting the grass smooth, and generally tending those last resting-places with a patient and loving care. It was a favorite employment with her when she had a spare afternoon; nor did she limit her attention to the graves of those whom she had known in life; her charge was a general one, and when they who had friends or relatives buried there came to the church of a Sunday morning, and perhaps from some distance, and when they saw that some gentle hand had been employed there in the interval, they knew right well that that hand was the hand of Prudence Shawe. It was a strange fancy on the part of one who was so averse from all ornament or decoration in ordinary life that nothing was too beautiful for a grave. She herself would not wear a flower, but her best, and the best she could beg or borrow anywhere, she freely gave to those that were gone away; she seemed to have some vague imagination that our poor human nature was not worthy of this beautifying care until it had become sanctified by the sad mystery of death.

It was a calm, golden-white evening, peaceful and silent; the rooks were cawing in the dark elms above her; the swallows dipping and darting under the boughs; the smooth-flowing yellow river was like glass, save that now and again the perfect surface was broken by the rising of a fish. Over there in the wide meadows beyond the stream a number of boys were playing at rounders, or prisoner's-base, or some such noisy game; but the sound of their shouting was softened by the distance; so quiet was it here, as she continued at her pious task, that she might almost have heard herself breathing. And once or twice she looked up, and glanced toward the little gate as if expecting some one.

It was Judith, of course, that she was expecting; and at this moment Judith was coming along to the church-yard to seek her out. What a contrast there was between these two—this one pale and gentle and sad-eyed, stooping over the mute graves in the shadow of the elms; that other coming along through the warm evening light with all her usual audacity of gait, the peach-bloom of health on her cheek, carelessness and content in her clear-shining eyes, and the tune of "Green Sleeves" ringing through a perfectly idle brain. Indeed, what part of her brain may not have been perfectly idle was bent solely on mischief. Prudence had been away for two or three days, staying with an ailing sister. All that story of the adventure with the unfortunate young gentleman had still to be related to her. And again and again Judith had pictured to herself Prudence's alarm and the look of her timid eyes when she should hear of such doings, and had resolved that the tale would lose nothing in the telling. Here, indeed, was something for two country maidens to talk about. The even current of their lives was broken but by few surprises; but here was something more

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than a surprise—something with suggestions of mystery and even danger behind it. This was no mere going out to meet a wizard. Any farm wench might have an experience of that kind; any plough-boy, deluded by the hope of digging up silver in one of his master's fields. But a gentleman in hiding—one that had been at court—one that had seen the King sitting in his chair of state, while Ben Jonson's masque was opened out before the great and noble assemblage—this was one to speak about, truly, one whose fortunes and circumstances were like to prove a matter of endless speculation and curiosity.

But when Judith drew near to the little gate of the church-yard, and saw how Prudence was occupied, her heart smote her.

Green sleeves was all my joy,
Green sleeves was my delight,

went clean out of her head. There was a kind of shame on her face; and when she went along to her friend she could not help exclaiming, "How good you are, Prue!"

"I?" said the other, with some touch of wonder in the upturned face. "I fear that can not be said of any of us, Judith."

"I would I were like you, sweetheart," was the answer, with a bit of a sigh.

"Like me, Judith?" said Prudence, returning to her task (which was nearly ended now, for she had but few more flowers left). "Nay, what makes you think that? I wish I were far other than I am."

"Look, now," Judith said, "how you are occupied at this moment. Is there another in Stratford that has such a general kindness? How many would think of employing their time so?—how many would come away from their own affairs—"

"It may be I have more idle time than many," said Prudence, with a slight flush. "But I commend not myself for this work; in truth, no; 'tis but a pastime; 'tis for my own pleasure."

"Indeed, then, good Prue, you are mistaken, and that I know well," said the other, peremptorily. "Your own pleasure? Is it no pleasure, then, think you, for them that come from time to time, and are right glad to see that some one has been tending the graves of their friends or kinsmen? And do you think, now, it is no pleasure to the poor people themselves—I mean them that are gone—to look at you as you are engaged so, and to think that they are not quite forgotten? Surely it must be a pleasure to them. Surely they can not have lost all their interest in what happens here—in Stratford—where they lived; and surely they must be grateful to you for thinking of them, and doing them this kindness? I say it were ill done of them else. I say they ought to be thankful to you. And no doubt they are, could we but learn."

"Judith! Judith! you have such a bold way of regarding what is all a mystery to us," said her gentle-eyed friend. "Sometimes you frighten me."

"I would I knew, now," said the other, looking absently across the river to the boys that were playing there, "whether my little brother Hamnet—had you known him you would have loved him as I did, Prudence—I say I wish I knew whether he is quite happy and content where he is, or whether he would not rather be over there now with the other boys. If he looks down and sees them, may it not make him sad sometimes—to be so far away from us? I always think of him as being alone there, and he was never alone here. I suppose he thinks of us sometimes. Whenever I hear the boys shouting like that at their play I think of him; but indeed he was never noisy and unruly. My father used to call him the girl-boy; but he was fonder of him than of all us others; he once came all the way from London when he heard that Hamnet was lying sick of a fever."

She turned to see how Prudence was getting on with her work; but she was in no hurry; and Prudence was patient and scrupulously careful; and the dead, had they been able to speak, would not have bade her cease and go away, for a gentler hand never touched a grave.

"I suppose it is Grandmother Hathaway who will go next," Judith continued, in the same absent kind of way; "but indeed she says she is right well content either to go or to stay; for now, as she says, she has about as many kinsfolk there as here, and she will not be going among strangers. And well I know she will make for Hamnet as soon as she is there, for like my father's love for Bess Hall was her love for the boy while he was with us. Tell me, Prudence, has he grown up to be of my age? You know we were twins. Is he a man now, so that we should

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see him as some one different? Or is he still our little Hamnet, just as we used to know him?"

"How can I tell you, Judith?" the other said, almost in pain. "You ask such bold questions; and all these things are hidden from us and behind a veil."

"But these are what one would like to know," said Judith, with a sigh. "Nay, if you could but tell me of such things, then you might persuade me to have a greater regard for the preachers; but when you come and ask about such real things, they say it is all a mystery; they can not tell; and would have you be anxious about schemes of doctrine, which are but strings of words. My father, too: when I go to him—nay, but it is many a day since I tried—he would look at me and say, 'What is in your brain now? To your needle, wench, to your needle!'"

"But naturally, Judith! Such things are mercifully hidden from us now, but they will be revealed when it is fitting for us to know them. How could our ordinary life be possible if we knew what was going on in the other world? We should have no interest in the things around us, the greater interest would be so great."

"Well, well, well," said Judith, coming with more practical eyes to the present moment, "are you finished, sweet mouse, and will you come away? What, not satisfied yet? I wonder if they know the care you take. I wonder if one will say to the other: 'Come and see. She is there again. We are not quite forgotten.' And will you do that for me, too, sweet Prue? Will you put some pansies on my grave, too?—and I know you will say out of your charity, 'Well, she was not good and pious, as I would have had her to be; she had plenty of faults; but at least she often wished to be better than she was.' Nay, I forgot," she added, glancing carelessly over to the church; "they say we shall lie among the great people, since my father bought the tithes—that we have the right to be buried in the chancel; but indeed I know I would a hundred times liefer have my grave in the open here, among the grass and the trees."

"You are too young to have such thoughts as these, Judith," said her companion, as she rose and shut down the lid of the now empty basket. "Come; shall we go?"

"Let us cross the foot-bridge, sweet Prue," Judith said, "and go through the meadows, and round by Clopton's bridge, and so home; for I have that to tell you will take some time: pray Heaven it startle you not out of your senses withal!"

It was not, however, until they had got away from the church-yard, and were out in the clear golden light of the open, that she began to tell her story. She had linked her arm within that of her friend. Her manner was grave; and if there was any mischief in her eyes, it was of a demure kind, not easily detected. She confessed that it was out of mere wanton folly that she had gone to the spot indicated by the wizard, and without any very definite hope or belief. But as chance would have it, she did encounter a stranger—one, indeed, that was coming to her father's house. Then followed a complete and minute narrative of what the young man had said—the glimpses he had given her of his present condition, both on the occasion of that meeting and on the subsequent one, and how she had obtained his permission to state these things to this gentle gossip of hers. Prudence listened in silence, her eyes cast down; Judith could not see the gathering concern on her face. Nay, the latter spoke rather in a tone of raillery; for, having had time to look back over the young gentleman's confessions, and his manner, and so forth, she had arrived at a kind of assurance that he was in no such desperate case. There were many reasons why a young man might wish to lie perdu for a time; but this one had not talked as if any very imminent danger threatened him; at least, if he had intimated as much, the impression produced upon her was not permanent. And if Judith now told the story with a sort of careless bravado—as if going forth in secret to meet this stranger was a thing of risk and hazard—it was with no private conviction that there was any particular peril in the matter, but rather with the vague fancy that the adventure looked daring and romantic, and would appear as something terrible in the eyes of her timid friend.

But what now happened startled her. They were going up the steps of the foot-bridge, Prudence first, and Judith, following her, had just got to the end of her story. Prudence suddenly turned round, and her face, now opposed to the westering light, was, as Judith instantly saw, quite aghast.

"But, Judith, you do not seem to understand!" she exclaimed. "Was not

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that the very stranger the wizard said you would meet?—the very hour, the very place? In good truth, it must have been so! Judith, what manner of man have you been in company with?"

For an instant a flush of color overspread Judith's face, and she said, with a sort of embarrassed laugh:

"Well, and if it were so, sweet mouse? If that were the appointed one, what then?"

She was on the bridge now. Prudence caught her by both hands, and there was an anxious and piteous appeal in the loving eyes.

"Dear Judith, I beseech you, be warned! Have nothing to do with the man! Did I not say that mischief would come of planting the charm in the church-yard, and shaming a sacred place with such heathenish magic? And now look already—here is one that you dare not speak of to your own people; he is in secret correspondence with you. Heaven alone knows what dark deeds he may be bent upon, or what ruin he may bring upon you and yours. Judith, you are light-hearted and daring, and you love to be venturesome; but I know you better than you know yourself, sweetheart. You would not willingly do wrong, or bring harm on those that love you; and for the sake of all of us, Judith, have nothing to do with this man."

Judith was embarrassed, and perhaps a trifle remorseful; she had not expected her friend to take this adventure so very seriously.

"Dear Prue, you alarm yourself without reason," she said (but there was still some tell-tale color in her face). "Indeed, there is no magic or witchery about the young man. Had I seen a ghost, I should have been frightened, no doubt, for all that Don Roderigo was with me; and had I met one of the Stratford youths at the appointed place, I should have said that perhaps the good wizard had guessed well; but this was merely a stranger coming to see my father; and the chance that brought us together — well, what magic was in that?—it would have happened to you had you been walking in the lane: do you see that, dear mouse?—it would have happened to yourself had you been walking in the lane, and he would have asked of you the question that he asked of me. Nay, banish that fancy, sweet Prue, else I should be ashamed to do anything further for the young man that is unfortunate, and very grateful withal for a few words of friendliness. And so fairly spoken a young man, too; and so courtly in his bearing; and of such a handsome presence—"

"But, dear Judith, listen to me!—do not be led into such peril! Know you not that evil spirits can assume goodly shapes—the Prince of Darkness himself—"

She could not finish what she had to say, her imagination was so filled with terror.

"Sweet Puritan," said Judith, with a smile, "I know well that he goeth about like a raging lion, seeking whom he may devour; I know it well; but believe me it would not be worth his travail to haunt such a lonely and useless place as the lane that goes from Shottery to the Bidford road. Nay, but I will convince you, good mouse, by the best of all evidence, that there is nothing ghostly or evil about the young man; you shall see him, Prue—indeed you must and shall. When that he comes back to his hiding, I will contrive that you shall see him and have speech with him, and sure you will pity him as much as I do. Poor young gentleman, that he should be suspected of being Satan! Nay, how could he be Satan, Prue, and be admitted to the King's court? Hath not our good King a powerful insight into the doings of witches and wizards and the like? and think you he would allow Satan in person to come into the very Banqueting-hall to see a masque?"

"Judith! Judith!" said the other, piteously, "when you strive against me with your wit, I can not answer you; but my heart tells me that you are in exceeding danger. I would warn you, dear cousin; I were no true friend to you else."

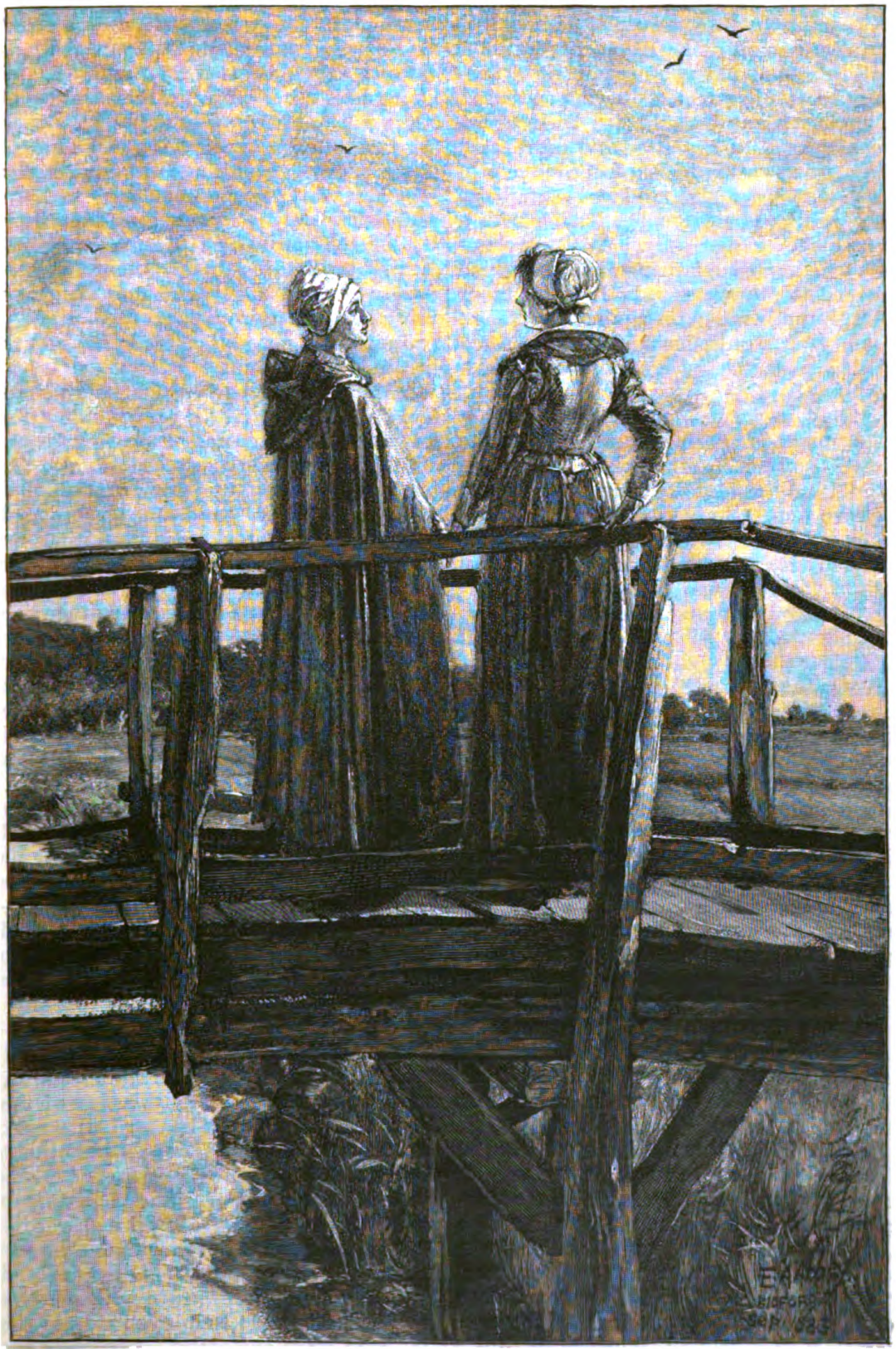
"But you are the best and truest of friends, you dearest Prue," said Judith, lightly, as she released her hands from her companion's earnest grasp. "Come, let us on, or we shall go supperless for the evening."

She passed along and over the narrow bridge, and down the steps on the other side. She did not seem much impressed by Prudence's entreaties; indeed, she was singing aloud:

Hey, good fellow, I drink to thee,
Pardonnez moi, je vous en prie;
To all good fellows, where'er they be,
With never a penny of money!

Prudence overtook her.

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"THERE WAS AN ANXIOUS AND PITYING APPEAL IN THE LOVING EYES."

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"Judith," said she, "even if he be not of that fearful kind—even if he be a real man, and such as he represents himself, bethink you what you are doing! There may be another such gathering as that at Dunchurch; and would you be in correspondence with a plotter and murderer? Nay, what was't you asked of me the other day?" she added, suddenly; and she stood still to confront her friend, with a new alarm in her eyes. "Did you not ask whether your father was well affected toward the Papists? Is there another plot?—another treason against the King?—and you would harbor one connected with such a wicked, godless, and bloodthirsty plan?"

"Nay, nay, sweet mouse! Have I not told you? He declares he has naught to do with any such enterprise; and if you would but see him, Prudence, you would believe him. Sure I am that you would believe him instantly. Why, now, there be many reasons why a young gentleman might wish to remain concealed—"

"None, Judith, none!" the other said, with decision. "Why should an honest man fear the daylight?"

"Oh, as for that," was the careless answer, "there be many an honest man that has got into the clutches of the twelve-in-the-hundred rogues; and when the writs are out against such a one, I hold it no shame that he would rather be out of the way than be thrown among the wretches in Bocardo. I know well what I speak of; many a time have I heard my father and your brother talk of it; how the rogues of usurers will keep a man in prison for twelve years for a matter of sixteen shillings—what is it they call it?—making dice of his bones? And if the young gentleman fear such treatment and the horrible company of the prisons, I marvel not that he should prefer the fresh air of Bidford, howsoever dull the life at the farm may be."

"And if that were all, why should he fear to bring the letter to your father?" the other said, with a quick glance of suspicion: she did not like the way in which Judith's ready brain could furnish forth such plausible conjectures and excuses. "Answer me that, Judith. Is your father one likely to call aloud and have the man taken, if that be all that is against him? Why should he be afraid to bring the letter from your father's friend? Nay, why should he be on the way to the house with it, and thereafter stop short and change his mind? There is many a mile betwixt London and Stratford; 'tis a marvellous thing he should travel all that way, and change his mind within a few minutes of being in the town. I love not such dark ways, Judith; no good thing can come of them, but evil; and it were ill done of you—even if you be careless of danger to yourself, as I trow you mostly are—I say it is ill done of you to risk the peace of your family by holding such dangerous converse with a stranger, and one that may bring harm to us all."

Judith was not well pleased; her mouth became rather proud.

"Marry, if this be your Christian charity, I would not give a penny ballad for it!" said she, with some bitterness of tone. "I had thought the story had another teaching—I mean the story of him that fell among thieves and was beaten and robbed and left for dead—and that we were to give a helping hand to such, like the Samaritan. But now I mind me 'twas the Priest that passed by on the other side—yes, the Priest and the Levite—the godly ones who would preserve a whole skin for themselves, and let the other die of his wounds, for aught they cared! And here is a young man in distress—alone and friendless—and when he would have a few words of cheerfulness, or a message, or a scrap of news as to what is going on in the world—no, no, say the Priest and the Levite—go not near him—because he is in misfortune he is dangerous—because he is alone he is a thief and a murderer—perchance a pirate, like Captain Ward and Dansekar, or even Catesby himself come alive again. I say, God keep us all from such Christian charity!"

"You use me ill, Judith," said the other, and then was silent.

They walked on through the meadows, and Judith was watching the play of the boys. As she did so, a leather ball, struck a surprising distance, came rolling almost to her feet, and forthwith one of the lads came running after it. She picked it up and threw it to him—threw it awkwardly and clumsily, as a girl throws, but nevertheless she saved him some distance and time, and she was rewarded with many a loud "Thank you! thank you!" from the side who were out. But when they got past the players and their noise, Prudence could no longer keep silent; she had a forgiving disposition, and nothing dis-

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tressed her so much as being on unfriendly terms with Judith.

"You know I meant not that, dear Judith," said she. "I only meant to shield you from harm."

As for Judith, all such trivial and temporary clouds of misunderstanding were instantly swallowed up in the warm and radiant sunniness of her nature. She broke into a laugh.

"And so you shall, dear mouse," said she, gayly; "you shall shield me from the reproach of not having a common and ordinary share of humanity; that shall you, dear Prue, should the unfortunate young gentleman come into the neighborhood again; for you will read to me the message that he sends me, and together we will devise somewhat on his behalf. No? Are you afraid to go forth and meet the pirate Dansekar? Do you expect to find the ghost of Gamaliel Ratsey walking on the Evesham road? Such silly fears, dear Prue, do not become you: you are no longer a child."

"You are laying too heavy a burden on me, Judith," the other said, rather sadly. "I know not what to do; and you say I may not ask counsel of any one. And if I do nothing, I am still taking a part."

"What part, then, but to read a few words and hold your peace?" said her companion, lightly. "What is that? But I know you will not stay there, sweet mouse. No, no; your heart is too tender. I know you would not willingly do any one an injury, or harbor suspicion and slander. You shall come and see the young gentleman, good Prue, as I say; and then you will repent in sackcloth and ashes for all that you have urged against him. And perchance it may be in New Place that you shall see him—"

"Ah, Judith, that were well!" exclaimed the other, with a brighter light on her face.

"What? Would you desire to see him, if he were to pay us a visit?" Judith said, regarding her with a smile.

"Surely, surely, after what you have told me: why not, Judith?" was the placid answer.

"There would be nothing ghostly about him then?"

"There would be no secret, Judith," said Prudence, gravely, "that you have to keep back from your own people."

"Well, well, we will see what the future holds for us," said Judith, in the same careless fashion. "And if the young gentleman come not back to Stratford, why, then, good fortune attend him, wherever he may be! for one that speaks so fair and is so modest sure deserves it. And if he come not back, then shall your heart be all the lighter, dear Prue; and as for mine, mine will not be troubled—only, that I wish him well, as I say, and would fain hear of his better estate. So all is so far happily settled, sweet mouse; and you may go in to supper with me with untroubled eyes and a free conscience: marry, there is need for that, as I bethink me; for Master Parson comes this evening, and you know you must have a pure and joyful heart with you, good Prudence, when you enter into the congregation of the saints."

"Judith, for my sake!"

"Nay, I meant not to offend, truly; it was my wicked, idle tongue, that I must clap a bridle on now—for, listen!—"

They were come to New Place. There was singing going forward within; and one or two of the casements were open; but perhaps it was the glad and confident nature of the psalm that led to the words being so clearly heard without:

The man is blest that hath not bent
To wicked rede his ear;
Nor led his life as sinners do,
Nor sat in scorner's chair.
But in the law of God the Lord
Doth set his whole delight,
And in that law doth exercise
Himself both day and night.

He shall be like the tree that groweth
Fast by the river's side;
Which bringeth forth most pleasant fruit
In her due time and tide;
Whose leaf shall never fade nor fall,
But flourish still and stand:
Even so all things shall prosper well
That this man takes in hand.

And so, having waited until the singing ceased, they entered into the house, and found two or three neighbors assembled there, and Master Walter was just about to begin his discourse on the godly life, and the substantial comfort and sweet peace of mind pertaining thereto.

Some few days after this, and toward the hour of noon, the mail-bearer came riding post-haste into the town; and in due course the contents of his saddle-bags were distributed among the folk entitled

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to them. But before the news-letters had been carefully spelled out to the end, a strange rumor got abroad. The French king was slain, and by the hand of an assassin. Some, as the tidings passed quickly from mouth to mouth, said the murderer was named Ravelok, others Havelok; but as to the main fact of the fearful crime having been committed, there was no manner of doubt. Naturally the bruit of this affair presently reached Julius Shawe's house; and when the timid Prudence heard of it—and when she thought of the man who had been in hiding, and who had talked with Judith, and had been so suddenly and secretly summoned away—her face grew even paler than its wont, and there was a sickly dread at her heart. She would go to see Judith at once; and yet she scarcely dared to breathe even to herself the terrible forebodings that were crowding in on her mind.

THE EARLY AMERICAN PRESIDENTS.

AN acute foreign observer said well, in the days when John Adams was President, that there seemed to be in the United States many Englishmen, many Frenchmen, but very few Americans. The reason was that the French Revolution really drew a red-hot ploughshare through the history of America as well as through that of France. It not merely divided, but moulded parties: gave them their demarkations, their watch-words, and their bitterness. The home issues were for a time subordinate, collateral; the real party lines were drawn on the other side of the Atlantic.

Up to the time when the Constitution was formed, it is curious to see that France was only the friend of the young nation, not in any way its counsellor. The proof of this is that, in the debates which formed the Constitution, France was hardly mentioned; the authorities, the illustrations, the analogies, were almost all English. Yet the leading statesmen of the period—Franklin, Jay, Adams, Jefferson—had been resident in Paris as diplomatists; and Hamilton was of French descent on the mother's side. France, however, gave them the model for nothing; the frame of government, where it was not English, was simply American. A few years more, and all was changed; in America, as in Europe, the French Revolution was the absorbing theme. The American newspapers of the day existed mainly to give information about foreign affairs; and they really gave more space to France than to their own country. They told something about the wrongs of the French people, though few besides Jefferson took them seriously to heart. They told a great deal about the horrors of the outbreak, and here men divided. American political parties are to-day still imbittered by the traditions of that great division.

Those who had always distrusted the masses of the people inevitably began to distrust them more than ever. They read Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution*, they read Canning's *Anti-Jacobin*, and they attributed the French excesses to innate depravity, to atheism, to madness. Let the people have its own way, they argued, and it will always wish to cut off the heads of the better classes, or swing them up to the lantern. Those who thus reasoned were themselves the better classes, in the ordinary sense; they were the clergy, the lawyers, the planters, the merchants—the men who had, or thought they had, the largest stake in the country. The Frenchmen they had seen were the young men of rank and fortune who had helped America to fight through the Revolution—generous, high-souled, joyous young soldiers, of whom Lafayette was the conspicuous type. These also were the Frenchmen who had visited America since the Revolution; who had been pleased with everything and had flattered everybody. The handsome Count Fersen, who had charmed all hearts at Newport, was the very man who had, in the disguise of a coachman, driven the French King and Queen in their escape from Paris. Lauzun, the brilliant commander of French cavalry under Rochambeau, was also the picturesque hero who refused to have his hands tied on ascending the guillotine, but said gayly to the executioner, "We are both Frenchmen; we shall do our duty." Who could help sympathizing with these fine young fellows? But this revolutionist in the red cap, this Jacques with wooden shoes, these knitting women, these terrible *tricoteuses*, the Federalists

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had not seen; and doubtless the nearer they had seen them the less they would have liked them. Consequently, like Burke, they "pitied the plumage, but forgot the dying bird." To them everything French was now pernicious; the Reign of Terror was not much worse than was the career of those more moderate revolutionists who resisted that terror or fell beneath it. The opinions of this party were best represented by that celebrated periodical the *Anti-Jacobin*, now chiefly remembered by Canning's best known poem, "The Needy Knife-Grinder." But the *Anti-Jacobin* lashed every grade of Frenchman and French woman with equal bitterness if they took the side of the people; assailed Madame Roland and Madame De Staël as coarsely as Robespierre or Danton. The American Federalists held the same attitude.



COUNT FERSEN.

To look below the surface of the great Revolution, to see in it the righting of a vast wrong, to find in that wrong some explanation of its very excesses, this view—now so generally accepted—was confined to a very few of the leaders: Jefferson, Samuel Adams, Albert Gallatin. Here, as is usual, the reformer found secret affinities with the demagogue. It is easier for the demagogue than for any one else to pose for a time as a reformer, and even to be mistaken for one; and on the other hand the reformer is always tempted to make excuses for the demagogue, since he himself has usually to wage war against the same respectable classes. Some men were Federalists because they were high-minded, others because they were narrow-minded, while the more far-sighted, and also the less scrupulous, became Democrats—or, in the original name, Republicans. They used this last term not in the rather vague sense of current American politics, but in a much more definite manner. In calling themselves Republicans they sincerely believed that nobody else wished well to the republic. Thus the party lines which we should have expected to find drawn simply on American questions were in fact almost wholly controlled by European politics. The Federalists were in sympathy with England; the Democrats, or Republicans, with France; and this determined the history of the nation, its trea-

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ties and its parties, through a series of administrations.

The Federalist President-elect was John Adams—a man of great pith and vigor, whose letters and diaries are more racy than those of any man of that day, though his more elaborate writings were apt to be prolix and dull, like those of the others. He was a self-made man, as people say; and one who had a strong natural taste for rank and ceremony; even having, as John Randolph complained, "arms emblazoned on the 'scutcheon of the vice-regal carriage." The more he held to this, the more people remarked his original want of it, and there have lived within twenty years in Boston old ladies who still habitually spoke of him as "that cobbler's son." But he was a man, moreover, of extraordinary sense and courage, combined with an explosive temper, and a decided want of tact. He had at first the public sentiment of New England behind him, and a tolerably united party. Having been Vice-President under Washington, he seemed to be his natural successor; and the peculiar arrangement then prevailing, by which the Vice-President was not voted for as a distinct officer, but was simply the Presidential candidate who stood second on the list, led to many complications of political manœuvring, the result of which was that John Adams had 71 electoral votes, and became President, while Thomas Jefferson had 68 votes, and took the next place, greatly to his discontent. Adams and Jefferson were really as inappropriately brought together in executive office as were Jefferson and Hamilton in the cabinet of Washington.

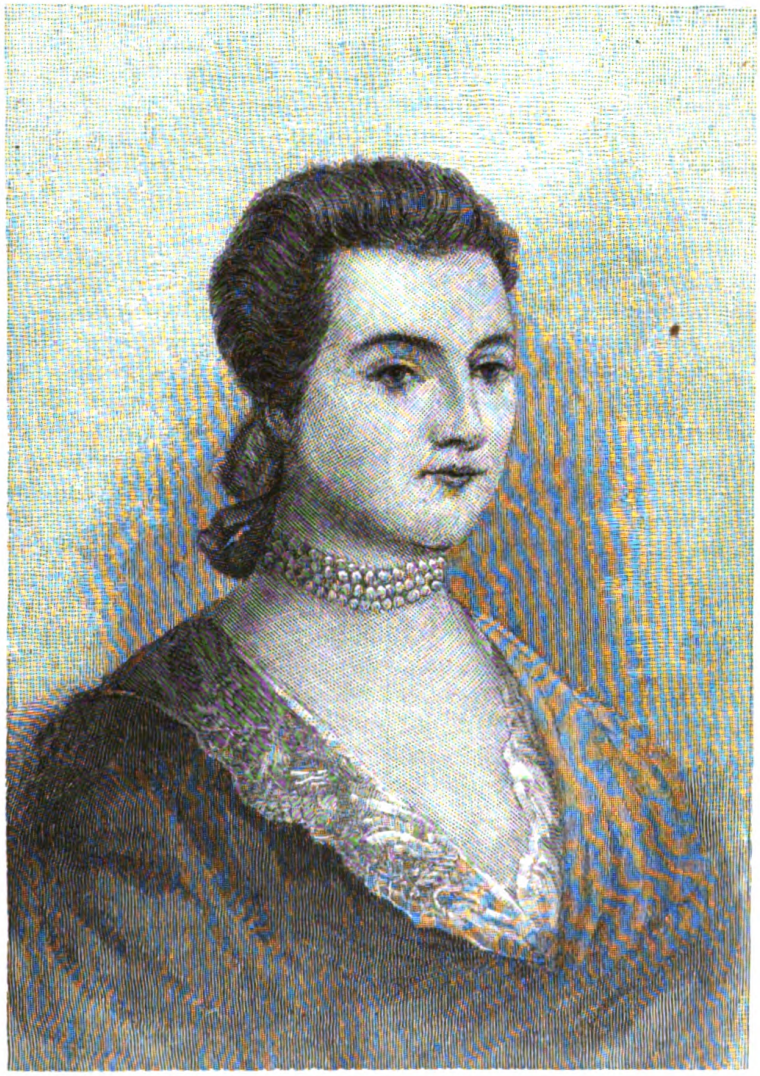
Abigail Adams, the President's wife, was undoubtedly the most conspicuous American woman of her day, whether by position or by character. When writing to her husband she often signed herself "Portia," in accordance with a stately and perhaps rather high-flown habit of the period, and she certainly showed qualities which would have done honor to either the Roman or Shakespearean heroine of that name. In her letters we see her thoroughly revealed. While the battle of Bunker Hill was in progress she wrote that it was "dreadful but glorious"; and in the depression of the battle of Long Island she said, "If all America is to be ruined and undone by a pack of cowards and knaves, I wish to know it," and added, "Don't you know me better than to think me a coward?" When, first among American women, she represented her nation at the court of St. James, she met with equal pride the contemptuous demeanor of Queen Charlotte; and when her husband was chosen President, she wrote to him, "My feelings are not those of pride or ostentation upon the occasion; they are solemnized by a sense of the obligations, the important truths and numerous duties, connected with it." When finally, after four years, he failed of re-election, she wrote to her son: "The consequence to us is personally that we retire from public life. For myself and family I have few regrets.... If I did not rise with dignity, I can at least fall with ease." This was Abigail Adams. In person she was distinguished and noble rather than beautiful, yet it is satisfactory to know that when she was first presented at the British court she wore a white lutestring, trimmed with white crape, festooned with lilac ribbon and mock point-lace over a hoop of enormous extent, with a narrow train three yards long, looped up by a ribbon. She wore treble lace ruffles, a dress cap with long lace lappets and two white plumes, these last doubtless soaring straight into the air above her head in the extraordinary style familiar to us in Gillray's caricatures of that period.

It was in those days no very agreeable task to be the wife of the President. Mrs. Adams has left on record a graphic sketch of the White House, where she presided for three months. The change in the seat of government had been decided upon for twelve years, yet the building was still a vast unfinished barrack, with few rooms plastered, no main stairway, not a bell within, not a fence without; it was distressingly cold in winter, while the Chief Magistrate of the United States could not obtain for love or money a man to cut wood for him in the forests which then surrounded Washington. From Washington to Baltimore extended an almost unbroken growth of timber, varied only by some small and windowless huts. There could as yet be in Washington no such varied companionship as had given attraction to the seat of government at New York and then at Philadelphia; yet at Georgetown there was a society which called itself eminently polite, and Mrs. Adams records that she returned fifteen calls in a single day.

Mr. Adams took his cabinet from his

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predecessor; it was not a strong one, and it was devoted to Hamilton, between whom and the new President there was soon a divergence, Hamilton being fond of power, and Adams having a laudable purpose to command his own ship. The figure of their correspondence only by the letters X. Y. Z. The plan of this covert intercourse came through the private secretary of M. Talleyrand, then French Minister for Foreign Affairs; and the impudence of these three letters of the alphabet went so



ABIGAIL ADAMS.

speech is appropriate, for he plunged into a sea of troubles, mainly created by the unreasonable demands of the French government. The French "Directory," enraged especially by Jay's treaty with England, got rid of one American minister by remonstrance, and drove out another with contempt. When Mr. Adams sent three special envoys, they were expected to undertake the most delicate negotiations with certain semi-official persons designated in far as to propose a bribe of 1,200,000 francs (some $220,000) to be paid over to M. Talleyrand. "You must pay money, a great deal of money," remarked Monsieur Y (*Il faut de l'argent, beaucoup de l'argent*). The secret of these names was kept, but the diplomatic correspondence was made public, and created much wrath in Europe as well as in America. Moreover, American vessels were constantly attacked by France, and yet Congress refused

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to arm its own ships. At last the insults passed beyond bearing, and it was at this time that "Millions for defense, not one cent for tribute," first became a proverbial phrase, having been originally used by Charles C. Pinckney, the minister expelled from France.

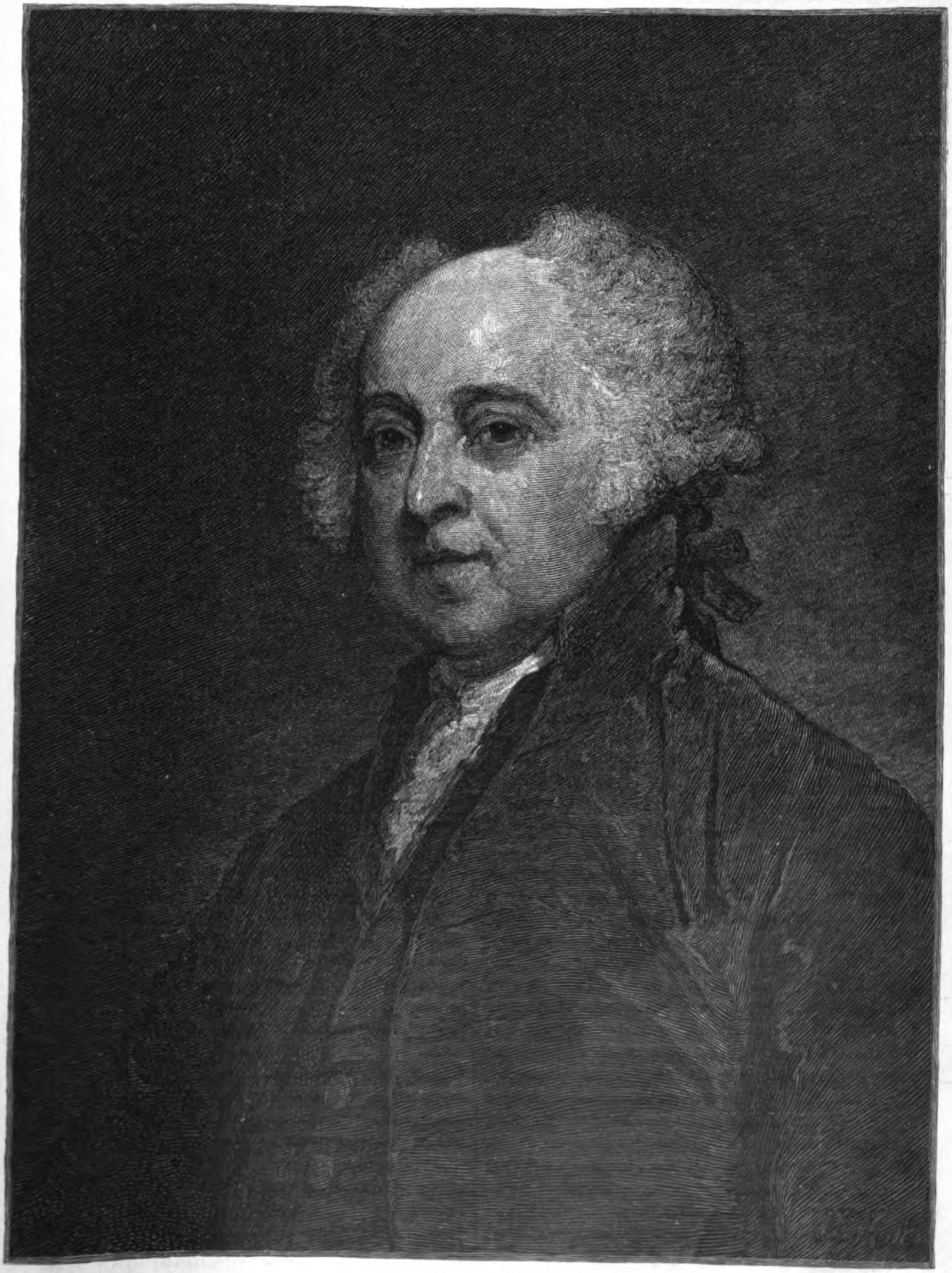
Then, with tardy decision, the Republicans yielded to the necessity of action, and the Federal party took the lead. War was not formally declared, but privateers were fitted out, and an army was ordered to be created, with Washington as Lieutenant-General and Hamilton as second in command. Treaties with France were declared to be no longer binding, and the result of it all was that France yielded. Talleyrand, the very minister who had dictated the insults, now disavowed them, and pledged his government to receive any minister the United States might send. The President, in the most eminently courageous act of his life, took the responsibility of again sending ambassadors; and did this without even consulting his cabinet, which would, as he well knew, oppose it. They were at once received, and all danger of war with France was at an end.

This bold act separated the President permanently from at least half of his own party, since the Federalists did not wish for peace with France. His course would have given him a corresponding increase of favor from the other side, but for the great mistake the Federalists had made in passing certain laws, called the "Alien" law and the "Sedition" law; the first of these giving the President power to order any dangerous alien out of the country, and the second making it a penal offense to write anything false, scandalous, or malicious against the President or Congress. It was held, most justly, that this last law was directly opposed to the Constitution, which had been so amended as to guarantee freedom to the press. Looked at from this distance, it seems like one of those measures which must inevitably destroy a party, and the Federalists certainly committed suicide when they passed it. It is certain that if it had stood, their own ablest newspapers four years after—Dennie's *Portfolio*, for instance—would soon have seen their proprietors imprisoned. These laws led to action almost equally extreme on the other side; the Republicans, powerless in Congress, fell back on their State Legislatures, and Kentucky and Virginia passed resolutions—drafted respectively by Jefferson and Madison—which went so near secession as to be quoted on that side at a later day. Kentucky distinctly resolved, in 1799, that any State might rightfully nullify any act of Congress which it might regard as unconstitutional.

Thus the bitterness grew worse and worse, till Adams dismissed from his cabinet the friends of Hamilton, calling them a "British faction." Hamilton, in turn, intrigued against him, and in 1800 the vote of South Carolina turned the scale in favor of the Republican electors. Jefferson and Burr, the two Republican nominees, had an equal number of votes—73; Adams having 65, Pinckney 64, and Jay 1. There was no choice, and the decision then went to the House of Representatives, which took six days to make its election, during which time the Constitution underwent such a party strain as has only once been equalled since that period. It ended in the election of Thomas Jefferson as President, and of Aaron Burr as Vice-President, and on March 4, 1801, they were sworn into office.

On the very day of his inauguration Jefferson took a step toward what he called simplicity, and what his opponents thought vulgarity. We know through an English traveller, John Davis, that, instead of driving with a coach and six to be inaugurated, the new President rode on horseback to the Capitol, without even a servant, tied his horse to the fence, and walked in. It was partly accidental—he was, at any rate, negotiating for a four-horse equipage in Virginia—but it was a characteristic accident. In the same way, thenceforward, instead of going with a state procession, at the opening of each Congress, to read his Message in person, as had hitherto been the custom, he sent it in writing. He would have no especial levees nor invited guests, but was accessible to any one at any hour. He was so unwilling to have his birthday celebrated that he concealed it as much as possible. These ways were criticised as those of a demagogue. The President was reproached with a desire to conciliate the mob, or, as it was then sometimes called—as, for instance, in Mrs. Adams's letters—the "mobility." His reason for sending a Message, according to that stout Federalist William Sullivan, was because a Speech could be answered, and a Message could

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JOHN ADAMS.

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not; although Sullivan asserts, in almost the next sentence, that Congress was utterly subservient to him, and it could therefore have made no difference. The discontinuance of formal levees is called by Sullivan "the abolition of all official dignity," and "descending to the lowest level."

Dennie's *Portfolio*, the best newspaper that had yet appeared in the United States, contained, August 18, 1804, among eulogies of the poems of Burns, and burlesques upon the early lyrical effusions of Wordsworth, an imaginary diary, supposed to have been picked up near the White House in the previous February. In this the President was made to say: "Ordered my horse—never ride with a servant—looks proud—mob doesn't like it—must gull the boobies. Adams wouldn't bend so—would rather lose his place—knew nothing of the world." In another place he describes himself as meeting a countryman who took him for a Virginia overseer, and who talked politics. The countryman asked him to name one man of real character in the Democratic party. The President, after some stammering, suggested Jefferson, on which the countryman burst into a broad laugh, and asked him to enumerate his virtues—would he begin with his religion, chastity, courage, or honesty?—on which the President indignantly rode away. "Had he been as little as Sammy H. Smith," he adds, "I think I should have struck him." Ever since Jefferson's career as Governor of Virginia, the charge of personal cowardice had been unreasonably familiar.

The fictitious diary also contains some familiar references to a certain "black Sally," a real or imaginary personage of that day whose companionship was thought discreditable to the President; also to the undoubted personal slovenliness of the Chief Magistrate—a point in which he showed an almost studied antagonism to the scrupulous proprieties of Washington. When Mr. Merry, the newly appointed British ambassador, went in official costume to be presented to the President at an hour previously appointed, he found himself, by his own narrative, "introduced to a man as the President of the United States, not merely in an undress, but actually standing in slippers down at the heels, and both pantaloons, coat, and under-clothes indicative of utter slovenliness and indifference to appearance, and in a state of negligence actually studied." The minister went away with the very natural conviction that the whole scene was prepared and intended as an insult, not to himself, but to the sovereign whom he represented.

Mr. Merry's inference was probably quite unjust. A man may be habitually careless about his costume without meaning any harm by it; and the pre-eminent demagogue of the French Revolution, Robespierre, always appeared exquisitely dressed, and wore a fresh bouquet every day. Yet all these points of costume or propriety were then far weightier matters than we can now conceive. The habits of the last century in respect to decorum were just receding; men were—for better or worse—ceasing to occupy themselves about personal externals, and the customary suit of solemn black was only just coming into vogue. The old *régime* was dying, and its disappearance was as conspicuous in England as in France, in America as in England. This is easily illustrated.

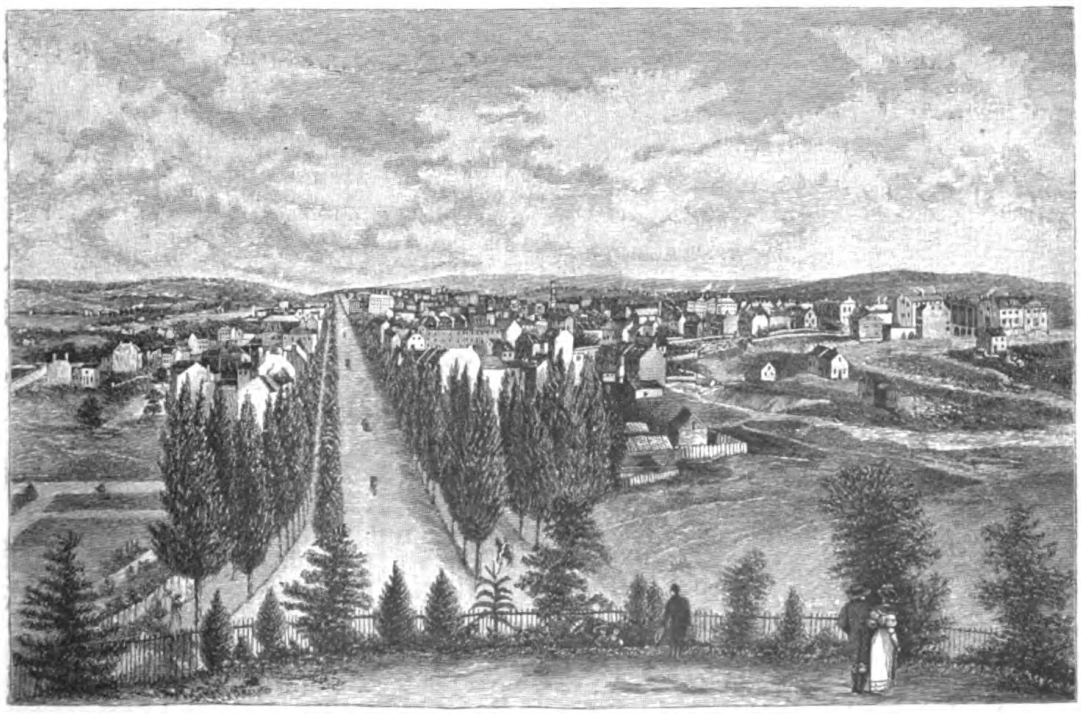
If we were to read in some old collection of faded letters a woman's animated description of a country visit paid to one who seemed the counterpart of Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley, we should naturally assume that the date and address of the letter must be very far away in space and time. Suppose that the narrator should tell us of a fine country house surrounded by lofty elms forming two avenues, the one leading to the high-road, the other to the village church. There are family portraits in the hall, a book-case containing the first edition of the *Spectator*, and a buffet of old plate and rare china. The guest remains over Sunday, and her host, wearing wig and cocked hat and red cloak, escorts her down the avenue of elms through the rural church-yard to the village church. At every step they pass villagers who make profound obeisance, and at the conclusion of the service the whole congregation remains standing until this ancient gentleman and his friends have passed down the broad aisle. Who would not fancy this a scene from some English hamlet in the days of Queen Anne? Yet it all took place in the present century, and in the quiet village of Harvard, Massachusetts, little more than thirty miles from Boston, and now only noted as the abode of a little Shaker community, and the scene of Howells's *Undiscovered Country*. The narrator was the late Mrs. Josiah

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Quincy, and her host was Henry Bromfield, elder brother of the well-known benefactor of the Boston Athenæum. He was simply a "survival" of the old way of living. He spoke of State Street as King Street, and Summer Street as Seven-star Lane, and his dress and manners were like his phrases. Such survivals were still to be found, here and there all over the country, at the precise time when Jefferson became President, and shocked Mr. Merry with his morning slippers, and Mr. Sullivan by opening his doors to all the world.

For the rest, Jefferson's way of living in Washington exhibited a profuse and rather slovenly hospitality, which at last left him deeply in debt. He kept open house, had eleven servants (slaves) from his plantation, besides a French cook and steward and an Irish coachman. His long dining-room was crowded every day, according to one witness, who tested its hospitality for sixteen days in succession; it was essentially a bachelor establishment, he being then a widower, and we hear little of ladies among its visitors. There was no etiquette at these great dinners; they sat down at four and talked till midnight. The city of Washington was still a frontier settlement, in that phase of those outposts when they consist of many small cabins and one hotel at which everybody meets. The White House was the hotel; there was no "society" anywhere else, because nobody else had a drawing-room large enough to receive it. Pennsylvania Avenue was still an abyss of yellow mud, on which nobody could walk, and where carriages were bemired. Gouverneur Morris, of New York, described Washington as the best city in the world for a future residence. "We want nothing here," he said, "but houses, cellars, kitchens, well-informed men, amiable women, and other little trifles of this kind, to make our city perfect."

Besides new manners, the new President urged new measures; he would pay off the public debt, which was very well, though the main instrument by which it was to be paid was the Treasury system created by Hamilton. But to aid in doing this he would reduce the army and navy to their lowest point, which was not so well. He pardoned those convicted under the Alien and Sedition laws, and he procured the removal of those officers appointed by President Adams at the last moment, and called "Midnight Judges," this being accomplished by a repeal of the law creating them. This repeal was an act which



WASHINGTON IN 1800.

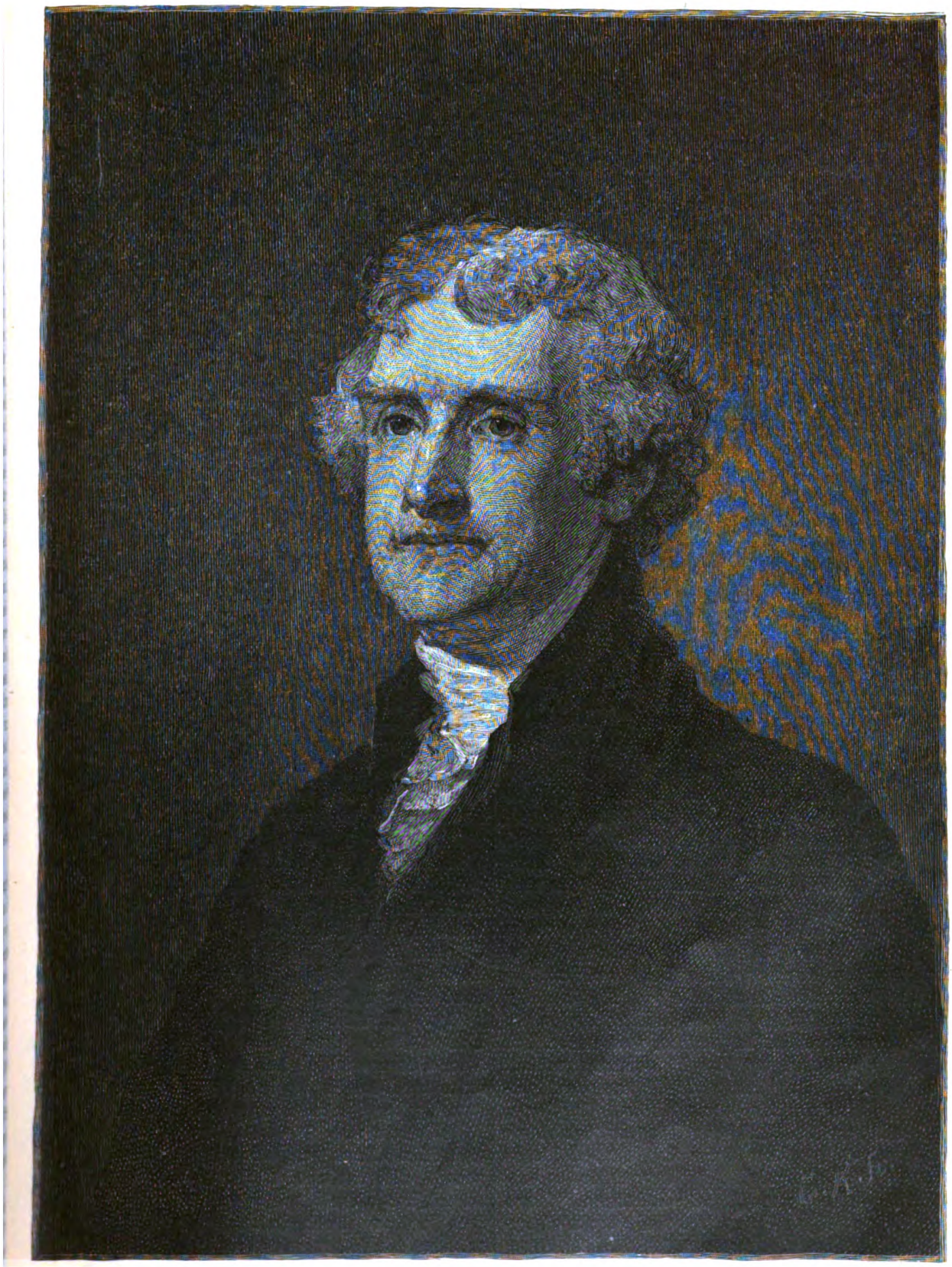
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seemed to the Federalists unconstitutional, and its passage was their last great defeat. Under Jefferson's leadership the period of fourteen years of residence necessary for naturalization was reduced to five years. He sent Lewis and Clark to penetrate the vast regions west of the Mississippi, and encouraged Astor to found a settlement upon the Pacific coast. The Constitution was so amended as to provide for the Presidential election in its present form. The President's hostility could not touch the Bank of the United States, as established by Hamilton, for it was to exist by its charter till 1811; the excise law was early discontinued; the tariff question had not yet become serious, the tendency being, however, to an increase of duties. Slavery was occasionally discussed by pamphleteers. The officials of the civil service had not grown to be a vast army: instead of fifty thousand, there were then but five thousand, and of those Jefferson removed but thirty-nine. Yet even this mild degree of personal interference was severely criticised, for party bitterness had not abated. Violent squibs and handbills were still published; peaceful villages were divided against themselves. The late Miss Catharine Sedgwick, whose father was Speaker of the House, says that in a certain New England town, where she lived in childhood, the gentry who resided at one end were mainly Federalists, and the poorer citizens at the other end were Democrats. The travelling agent for the exchange of political knowledge was a certain aged horse, past service, and turned out to graze in the village street. He would be seen peacefully pacing one way in the morning, his sides plastered with Jeffersonian squibs, and he would return at night with these effaced by Federalist manifestoes.

There were now sixteen States, Vermont (1791), Kentucky (1792), Tennessee (1796), having been added to the original thirteen. With these was soon associated Ohio (1802), and then no other was added until a vast acquisition of territory made it necessary. This was the territory of Louisiana, which was obtained by Jefferson through one of those strokes of glaring inconsistency which his opponents called trick, and his admirers statesmanship. Monroe had been sent to France to buy Florida and the island of New Orleans, but he went beyond his instructions, and offered fifteen millions for all the vast territory then called Louisiana, comprising all the continent west of the Mississippi River between the British possessions and what was then Mexico, and extending—though this fact has been questioned—to the Pacific Ocean. It was a most important movement, for its effect would be to save the United States from being hemmed in between English Canada and French Florida. But here was a test of those rigid doctrines with which Jefferson was identified—of State rights and the strict construction of the Constitution. If the resolutions which he had drawn up for the State of Kentucky were true, then the purchase of Louisiana was wrong, for it was the exercise of a power not given by the Constitution, and it strengthened the nation enormously at the expense of the original States. Jefferson sustained it simply on the ground that the people needed it, and if they did so, a constitutional amendment would set all right. In other words, he violated what he himself had declared to be law, and suggested that a new law be passed to confirm his action. The new law—in the shape of an amendment to the Constitution—was in fact prepared, but never even offered, inasmuch as the popular voice ratified the purchase. Thus a precedent was created—that of the annexation of new territory—which indorsed Jefferson's immediate policy, but was fatal to his principles. The acquisition of Louisiana was an immense help in bringing about just that which he had opposed, the subordination of the States to the nation.

These things would have made enough of party bitterness, but what added to it was that the parties still turned largely on European politics, and every fresh foreign newspaper added to the democratic flame. It was now France with which a treaty was to be made, and the debate ran almost as high as when Jay had negotiated with England, only that the arguments of the disputants were now reversed. But here, as in everything during Jefferson's first term, success awaited him. The French treaty was at length ratified; the Federalists were defeated all along the line. At the end of Jefferson's first term they were overwhelmingly beaten in the Presidential election, carrying only Connecticut and Delaware, with two electors in Maryland. Their unsuccessful candidates were Charles C. Pinckney and Rufus King; the successful ones were Thomas Jeffer-

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THOMAS JEFFERSON.

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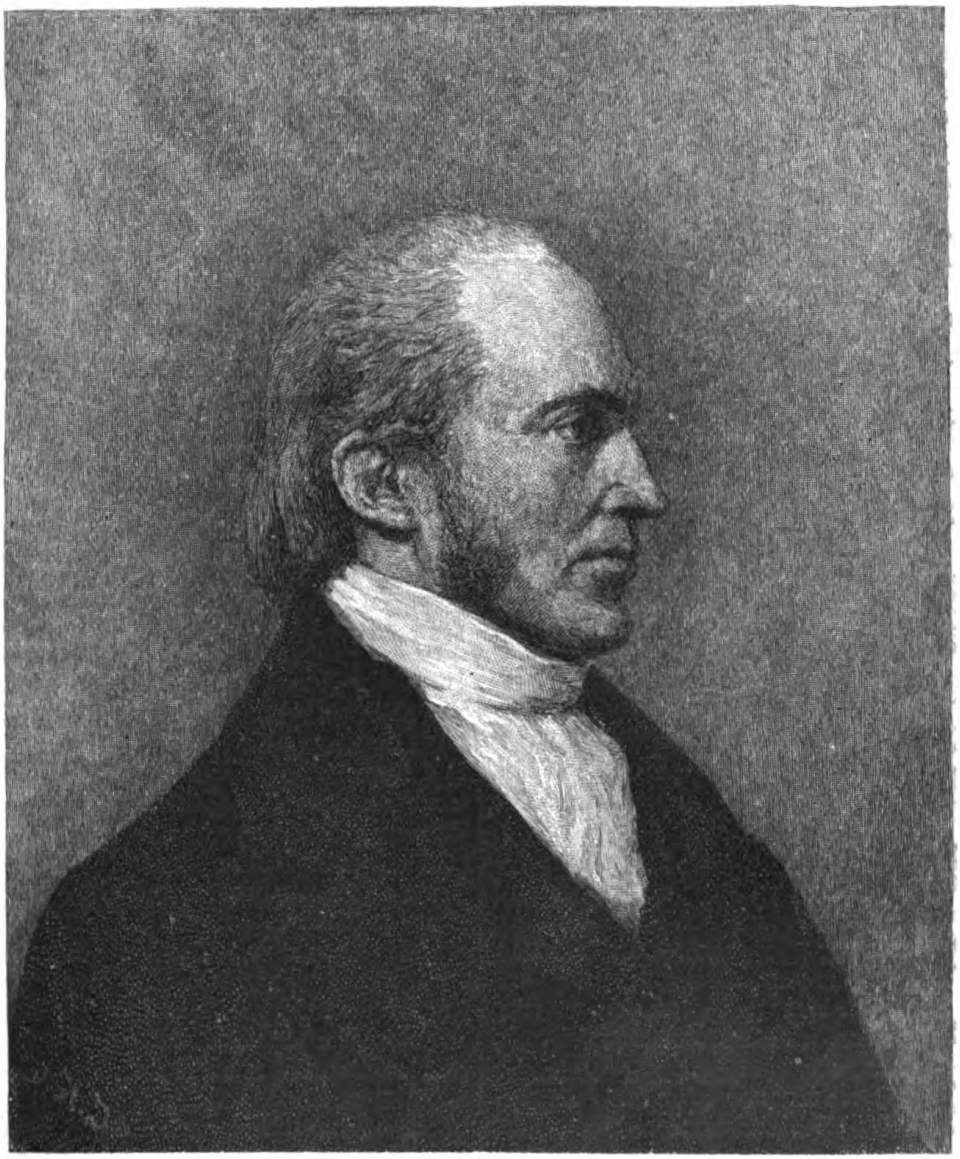
son of Virginia, and George Clinton of New York, the latter taking the place of Aaron Burr, the most brilliant and fascinating man of his time, who had now utterly fallen from all public respect by his way of life, had made himself odious by shooting Hamilton in a duel, and had narrowly escaped conviction for treason through his project of setting up a separate government at the Southwest. This having ignominiously failed, Burr was removed from the list of candidates, and Jefferson and Clinton were sworn into office March 4, 1805. They had behind them a strong majority in each House of Congress, and henceforth the Federalist party was only a minority, able and powerful, but destined to death.

Under the new administration the controlling effect of European strife was more and more felt in American affairs. Napoleon's "Decrees" and the British "Orders in Council" were equally disastrous to the commerce of the United States; and both nations claimed the right to take seamen out of United States vessels. "England," said Jefferson, "seems to have become a den of pirates, and France a den of thieves." There was trouble with Spain also, at New Orleans, and there was a proposition to exchange a part of Louisiana for East and West Florida. There was renewed demand for a navy, but the President would only consent to the building of certain little gun-boats, much laughed at then and ever since. They were to cost less than ten thousand dollars apiece, were to be kept on land under cover, and to be, like the boats of our life-saving service, hauled down to the shore only in case of threatened attack; with these the fleets which had fought under Nelson were to be resisted. Yet a merely commercial retaliation was favored by Jefferson; and an act was passed retaliating on England by the prohibition of certain English goods. A treaty with that nation was made, but was rejected by the President, and all tended toward increased bitterness of feeling between the two nations. In June, 1807, the British frigate *Leopard* took four seamen by force from the United States frigate *Chesapeake*. "Never since the battle of Lexington," said Jefferson, "have I seen this country in such a state of exasperation as at present."

Then came that great political convulsion, the Embargo Act, prohibiting all commerce with all foreign countries, and thus instantly crushing all foreign trade which the two great European contestants had left. It kindled all the fires of hostility between the Federalists and Republicans—who had now fairly accepted the name of Democrats, a name borrowed from France, and fairly forced on them by their opponents. It brought ruin to so many households that it might well be at least doubted whether it brought good to any. The very children of New England rose up against it, in the person of Bryant, who, when a boy of thirteen, wrote in opposition to it his first elaborate lay. It was believed by the Federalists to be aimed expressly at the New England States, yet John Quincy Adams, Senator from Massachusetts, supported it, and then resigned, his course being disapproved by his Legislature. He it was, however, who informed the President at last that the embargo could be endured no longer, and got it modified, in 1809, so as to apply only to England and France. Jefferson consented reluctantly even to this degree of pressure, but he wrote, looking back upon the affair in 1816, "I felt the foundations of the government shaken under my feet by the New England township"; and he always urged thenceforward that the town system organized the voice of the people in a way with which no unwieldy county organization, such as prevailed at the South, could compete. Yet all but the commercial States sustained the embargo, and the Federalist party was left a broken and hopeless minority. Jefferson, though pressed to be a third time a candidate for President, had wisely and patriotically declined. In the election of 1808, James Madison, of Virginia, had 122 votes, C. C. Pinckney 47, and George Clinton 6, Mr. Madison being therefore elected, while on the vote for Vice-President George Clinton had a smaller majority. The third Chief Magistrate of the United States thus retired to private life after a career which has influenced American institutions to this day more profoundly than that of any other President.

Jefferson was a man full of thoughts and of studious purposes; trustful of the people, distrustful of the few; a generous friend, but a malignant and unscrupulous foe; not so much deliberately false as without a clear sense of truth; courageous for peace, but shrinking and vacillating in view of war; ignorant of his own limitations; as self-confident in financial and

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AARON BURR.

commercial matters, of which he knew little, as in respect to the principles of republican government, about which he showed more foresight than any man of his time. He may have underrated the dangers to which the nation might be exposed from ignorance and vice, but he never yielded, on the other hand, to the cowardice of culture; he never relaxed his faith in the permanence of popular government or in the high destiny of man.

Meanwhile John Adams, on his farm in Quincy, had been superintending his haymakers with something as near to peace of mind as a deposed President can be expected to attain. He was not a person of eminent humility, nor is it usually agreeable to a public man when his correspondence ceases to be counted by the thousand, and his letters shrink to two a week. His high-minded wife, more cordially accepting the situation, wrote with sincere satisfaction of skimming milk in her dairy at five o'clock in the morning. Each had perhaps something to say, when Jefferson

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was mentioned, about "Cæsar with a Senate at his heels," but it did not prevent the old friendship with Cæsar from reviving in later life. Jefferson had written to Washington long before, that even Adams's "apostasy to hereditary monarchy and nobility" had not alienated them; Adams saw in Jefferson, as time went on, the friend and even political adviser of his son. Old antagonisms faded; old associations grew stronger; and the two aged men floated on, like two ships becalmed at night-fall, that drift together into port, and cast anchor side by side.

LOVE IS NOT ENOUGH.

I.

DR. CHARLES DINWIDDIE was speeding rapidly along the streets of St. Louis one October afternoon. To judge from his gait, the life of some one depended upon his haste. But there was no such patient in the perspective. Most heartily did this young practitioner wish there was. The fact is, the doctor was of the build of a greyhound, tall, slight, eager, one to whom it was much easier to go six miles an hour than it was to go one. The trouble is, that all the world fails to adjust itself to that grade of going; and, in turning a corner, Dr. Dinwiddie ran against a gentleman.

"My dear fellow," said the one so smitten, amid the rapid apologies of the other, "you are too cordial in your welcome."

The remark was made as quietly as if at the close of an after-dinner conversation, the speaker holding out his hand composedly as he did so. Evidently there was no drop of the greyhound blood in his case. To reason from the square solidity of his person, and of the lower part of his face, too, an English mastiff would have been nearer his type.

"John Berrian!" the other made reply, as effusive in face and tone and grasp of the hand as the other was sedate. "When did you come? Where are you stopping? How long will you stay? Why did you not write?" And it was clear that his friend could not have helped sincerely liking a man whose soul flushed so entirely into his greeting. Now John Berrian was not merely a person of the Saxon squareness of bone and build, to which allusion has been already made: he was a lawyer also. That is, he had been born into the possession of the bodily structure even as, let us say, the babe of a Saxon baron was born inside the rocky ramparts of its father's fortress; but, in necessity of being a lawyer, the man had, all unconsciously to himself, strengthened himself in his natural bulwarks, adding to his walls, as it were, a stone here, and a spadeful of flint there, almost every day of his life. Law is war, and an energetic lawyer is either defending, or assailing, or is—dead. The advantage with Dr. Dinwiddie in regard to this friend was that he had anticipated a large part of what John Berrian had got to be; that is, he had secured the friendship of the lawyer when they were classmates at college, and long before his friend became a lawyer. Although the doctor was one of the most pleasing of companions, he could by no means have formed any such friendship with him afterward. It makes a chaos of metaphors, too, but, in the primeval geologies, the foot-prints of birds were made in the mire before it had become rock, and Dr. Dinwiddie had made an eternal place for himself in John Berrian while that person was still a man, and before he had hardened into a lawyer.

"I am glad to see you, Dinwiddie." It was on this account that the new-comer said so after the very first greeting. There was a feeling as of vacation even in yielding himself to the old liking. "You look as young and as fresh, old fellow," he added, "as you did at college. Not a tone of your voice has altered, nor a hair of your head. How it brings back old days! I am glad to see you." And there was somehow the weight and estimate as of gold in the slow and deliberate way in which the word "glad" was spoken. "But where are we going?" he added; for Dr. Dinwiddie, his hand on his arm, had guided him through the crowds and across the streets for some distance, talking all the while.

"Where should we be going but to my house?" replied his friend. "And so you are settling yourself down to the law here in St. Louis! You could not do a wiser thing than to come to a great centre, after your village practice. With your big head, and broad back, and solid speech, and grave way of walking, we men at college—at least of our literary society, you know

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—always said you would be President. Do you remember that little Maginnis, Berrian? You were his model in your dark, set, stern sort of way. At least you were until every man he met got into the habit of asking him if he had the toothache. It is but a square or so further on: don't walk so slow. It is such a pleasure to have hold of you, and in this great city, too, where people care as much for one as if he was a gnat. Yonder is my house, and we will be just in time for our early tea. The trouble with me, Berrian, is insomnia—that is, I can not sleep—and we have tea as early as possible, so as to sleep better. That is one reason I walk as much and as fast as I can, trying, you see, to tire myself utterly down, so that I will have to sleep. This is the door: walk in."

If Dr. Dinwiddie had exhibited to his friend the balance-sheet of his income and expenditure, the lawyer would not have understood better how things were with his old classmate. The region to which they had come, the four-story, twenty-foot-front brick house, the mute importunity of the very sign in the basement window, the eager something in Dr. Dinwiddie's manner, the very hunger of his greeting of and grasp upon his friend, told the whole story in language as pathetic as it was plain. The new-comer was conscious of setting each foot down more firmly as he walked, as if he was finding himself being marched by his companion upon the declivity of a glacier, down, and to the doom at the end of which he had not the least intention of sliding. A sense of his own superiority, too, became almost as conscious to him as does dinner to a full-fed man; so that, as he took his seat in the dark little front parlor, while all of the old friendship remained, the entire lawyer was also present, and as much so as if he was in court. But even lawyers do not know everything. They are good enough gladiators as to every conceivable foe below and around them. Their mistake lies in being defended not at all from attack overhead, the universe all about, and especially from beneath, being so much more interesting to them, seeing they are qualified exclusively for that.

"This is my wife." Dr. Dinwiddie, as rapid in this as in all else, had hurried the lady in, and so introduced her. Now this advantage was to Mrs. Dinwiddie, besides a vast deal else, that her eyes being accustomed to the comparative darkness of the house, she saw and knew her guest while in the hall, and before she entered the parlor, whereas the lawyer was just from out of the brilliant sunshine. A woman, too, is quicker in such cases than even a lawyer.

"Mr. Berrian, I am happy to see you." Even at that moment the one spoken to was confounded at the smooth and perfect ease of the lady.

"Why, Gertrude—Miss Osborne—I beg your pardon—Mrs. Dinwiddie—" was all the man could gasp. "I had no idea—" he began, as he rose, and sat down, and rose again. Never in his life had Mr. Berrian felt more like Napoleon than when, on first entering, he took his seat and looked dimly around upon the scantily furnished apartment, and never had any Napoleon come quite so suddenly upon Waterloo.

"We have met before, my dear. I may say we are old acquaintances," the wife explained, in the quietest of ways, to her husband. "Mr. Berrian and myself were thrown together for some time when he was studying law. I had lost sight of him since he moved away and went into practice.—I am glad to see you, sir. I hope you have been well."

No woman could have done more, and so naturally and unintrusively, too, to set her husband's friend at ease. But even Napoleon did not get over Waterloo all at once. What made it worse was that men of Dr. Dinwiddie's excessive sensibility are sure, by reason of a certain magnetic mistaking, to say in such cases precisely the things they ought not to say.

"You are the same John Berrian," his host remarked, after his friend had acknowledged the previous acquaintance, and said how delighted he was to know that Dr. Dinwiddie had been so very fortunate, and all that, "exactly the same, with—now I look closely at you—with one exception. Pardon personalities, but your face, Berrian, was always like the bronze seal, medal, whatever it is, of the face of a Roman Emperor; but it looks as if somebody had fitted the stamp of the seal on again and hit it a tremendous blow: you are the same, only a great deal more so. The bronzing, too—it is as if somehow your very soul had got sunburned. How did it happen?"

"You must excuse my husband," Mrs.

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Dinwiddie adroitly interposed, with her swift woman's wit. "I tell him he ought to be an artist of some sort, possibly a poet, he is so full of his sensitive fancies."

"And I would have been if I had inherited a fortune," the husband replied. "No, I wouldn't. If I was rich I doubt whether I would do anything in particular beyond travelling, reading, loving my family, and one or two old friends like Berrian here—enjoying myself, in fact. I am a physician solely and only for the money."

"You must not believe him, Mr. Berrian," Mrs. Dinwiddie said, with a smile which was more earnest than merry; "you know him too well. Beyond necessary expenses, he cares nothing for money. And no man could be more devoted to his patients: the charity patients come miles out of their way to get him when he has once tended on them. It is that which exhausts him so—his sympathy is so ready."

"And has such a steady drain on it. But," continued the husband, "it does become terribly monotonous. Besides, if one could only sleep soundly of nights—"

"You ought to break the wire of his night bell, madam," said the visitor.

"Ah, it is not *that*, Berrian—" began the other; but, at a glance from his wife, he paused while she changed the conversation. The guest had so far become a lawyer again that he understood it all, and if all his thought, running under and parallel to the conversation, had been uttered, it would have been like this:

"You poor, handsome, poetic—I do not know what to call you. You ought to have more body or less soul. It does look as if a man should learn by this time to know, yes, and to *be*, more sensible. Your whole heart lies on the surface, just as it did in college, and such a pure and noble, yes, and deep nature, too. It's a wonder the very weather hasn't toughened your hide. You are the fellow that used to bore me at college about the Greeks, I remember—their splendid climate, their out-of-door life, their naked beauty, so supple and strong. It is a pity you do not, at least, wear thicker clothing; and that you, of all men, should have married *her*—"

But at this moment the tea bell rang, and a beautiful boy of eight years old, the duplicate in miniature of his father, ran into the room to emphasize the fact, going—the lawyer noticed even that—to his mother's side, and not his father's, as if by instinct made into habit. Any inference as to that was neutralized, however, when, a moment after, a charming girl, a year older, and exceedingly like her mother, came modestly into the room and to the side of her father. So keen were the trained faculties of the visitor, quickened by his relation to the parties, that he observed this: while the mother took her son Charley by the hand and led him with her, it was Gerty, the daughter, who drew her father along. Very slowly and sorely against himself the guest was beginning to understand. To understand, and even the faint glimmer thereof deepened his interest and his observation to an almost painful degree. There was something in keeping with all this when Dr. Dinwiddie, after they were seated at the tea table down stairs, said, "Gerty, dear," and the child said blessing. After which Mr. Berrian, who had been steadily summoning all his energies to do so, slowly lifted his eyes to his hostess as she asked about his taste in reference to coffee or tea, and, fastening his gaze upon her face, began, as he looked, to comprehend her and to—curse; yes, at least, began the process, which was to last a long time, and to deepen in sincerity every day, of very thoroughly cursing himself.

It was the same Gertrude Osborne he had known of old: dark eyes, regular features, oval face, gentle tones, quiet manners, with that singular sweetness of the lips, the subtle power of which eludes the pen of the poet as much as it does the brush of the painter or the chisel of the sculptor. Form is an excellent thing in its way, and it may be completely in the compass of the plastic hand of genius to mould and to make, but then life is a certain something quite different. The scientists consider themselves decidedly the Christopher Columbuses of this era, and even they have not as yet discovered Life—so, at least, as to step ashore upon it and tell us all about it; no wonder, then, that it can no more be put upon this page, in the instance of Mrs. Dinwiddie, than it can be delineated by anybody else. In this case, the life lay not so much in the power of the woman, and in reserve of power, as in the sweetness thereof.

"Any fool in a street car, in the waiting-room of a railway depot, would recognize it," was the way in which the anath-

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emas of John Berrian were taking unspoken shape as he sat at table; "and I was peculiarly a fool in not knowing her then. That is, my temperament runs toward suspicion and caution, as poor Dinwiddie's here does toward sympathy and affection and headlong heart; and yet? My special sort of weakness has lost me precisely what his sort of weakness has gained him—the one woman of all the world! Thank you, madam, I *will* take another cup of tea!" he added aloud; and had it been a cup of corrosive sublimate from her hand it would have been a little more welcome; for it is a great mistake to suppose stolid, solid, square-headed, weightily spoken men like this man have no feelings. A rhinoceros has as thick a skin and as horny a countenance as mortal could wish, and yet, when, the other day in the Zoological Gardens, the pet poodle-dog living with the rhinoceros was accidently crushed under its great foot and died, they say that the brute refused food two days; and it would be interesting to know whether its chief occupation during that time lay in mourning its favorite or in cursing itself.

"What was it, Gertrude?" That was all that Dr. Dinwiddie said, when their guest was gone, and after the children were asleep.

"Only this, my dear," his wife, who had been singularly silent since Mr. Berrian's departure, replied, "that, as I said, Mr. Berrian and I were a good deal together when he was studying law. He was freckled and awkward and very sober, as men of his kind always are when young. He thought I had no sense, you know; but I had sense enough, silly girl though I was, to know that he would develop into a strong man."

"Well?" asked her husband, but not quite so promptly as before.

"You know before you ask, Charles," his wife went on. "I was living in an obscure little town, and had seen nothing of young men. A more foolish and ignorant girl never lived, and I had a good deal of love to bestow on somebody, as I had no parents, brothers, nor sisters—"

"And you *did* love him?" interrupted her husband.

"I could have learned to love him, I do suppose, Charles," the lady said, steadily. "But—"

"Your cruel guardian interposed," her husband added for her, not very cheerily.

"It was with him Mr. Berrian read law, and he was anxious for it," his wife corrected him. "Being a lawyer, he saw that his student would take high rank in his profession. Oh no, my guardian was far from being opposed to it, although Mr. Berrian was poor."

"I understand, Gertrude. Go on. He knew that a young man of that sort would soon make himself rich," the husband said, and then added only one word, "Yes"; but, oh, how much of the essence of wormwood was condensed into the little word! None the less his wife was ready.

"Charles!" and there was even more of the essence of all antidote in the sweetness of that word. "Yes," his wife continued, "he did think so. And I do believe Mr. Berrian did sincerely desire to love me. I am satisfied he tried as heartily to do so as, under the circumstances, a man of his strong and deliberate character could. Perhaps he actually did." It was pardonable to Mrs. Dinwiddie's sex that she should add that much for herself. "I would not be surprised, Charles, from things I saw to-day, as well as then, if he had at least begun to love me. But he had too much self-control to yield to it."

"Yield to it!" There was a measure of surprise in the wondering eyes of the husband as he made the exclamation which was beautiful beyond words to his wife. "Why, Gertrude, what do you mean?" he asked, with a stupidity which was delicious to her.

"I was very young, Charles. I had read little, and had seen nothing. And I was so absurdly happy, too. The truth is, I neither knew nor cared any more about anything, or anybody, or myself even, than if I was a squirrel or a butterfly. I declare I don't think I had any more soul in those days than if I was a flower. I enjoyed myself, and was happy, and that was absolutely all. He thought me frivolous and foolish, and—"

"He was a thick-headed fool," suggested her husband.

"No, he was not," his wife said, with the simplicity of good sense. "I knew that he would be much more than he then seemed—knew it, because I am a woman. He could anticipate nothing about me, because he is a man. There are a pair of you," she added, with a laugh. "Mr. Berrian's leading trait is self-control, and he carried it too far. Your characteristic,

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darling, is self-sacrifice and surrender, and it is a thousand times nobler than his; but you also carry your temperament in that—give way to it, rather—too far."

"I do suppose I am like a planet that is all sea, nothing but storms and calms, ebbs and floods," her husband replied. "I love too much! You know how painfully I become interested in my patients. But all that is nothing—"

His wife understood him. Her husband had been trained in religion, his father having been a layman remarkable, as was his mother also, for fervent piety and work among the poor. A personal and passionate love for the One whom John so loved was the leading trait of Dr. Dinwiddie, and his distress was in being apparently repulsed and abandoned by the Person to whom he chiefly looked.

"Events happen to you as to all the universe besides," Berrian had often reasoned with him, "along the path of law. Our Maker presides and governs—yes, and with minute attention—but you must submit to Him. He is very great, as well as very good. Believe and wait." But this was to set up a Deity worse than of stone or gold; it was to worship a God of ice, and the impulsive physician indignantly refused to do so. "You think you are like John," said his friend, "but you are headlong Peter instead," and gave him up.

"It would have been a great deal better for you, Gertrude," Dr. Dinwiddie said, slowly, as he undid his neckerchief for the night, "if you had married Berrian. A terrible time you have had of it with me. I would to Heaven—"

"Dr. Dinwiddie," his wife said, laying a hand on either of his shoulders, and looking full into his eyes, and thinking them, as she did so, the most beautiful in the world, "I am to-night a very different woman from what John Berrian once supposed me to be—very superior to that, I know myself to be. And, Charles," she added, with a new color in her cheek, and a sparkle in her eyes of the light of earlier days, "I saw to-day that *he* knows it now. Well, all that I am now I owe to you, sir. You have been to me what that wandering knight was in the story to Undine—you have developed a soul in me. With all there is of it I love you for yourself, dear, and I love you over again for myself."

She faced him, a hand holding firmly upon each of his shoulders, and then very deliberately laid her complete womanhood upon his lips in a kiss which was also a sacrament. They went soundly asleep upon it. Every syllable she said was true, but then there was a great deal more which was also true, and along the same line of remark, true and terribly true. The husband knew it, but it was the weakness of the man that he shut his eyes to it, because it was so unpleasant to know, and hurried himself, so to speak, to sleep as soon as he could. Mrs. Dinwiddie knew it also—knew it perfectly—and yet she would have denied it to others as she did to herself, would have denied it had Ithuriel himself, with spear in hand, questioned her upon the subject. In some subtle fashion the visit of John Berrian renewed her very girlhood in her. The children wondered and rejoiced in her songs and smiles and kisses. "I feel, darlings," she explained to them, "as I used to do hundreds of years ago, when I was a blooming, silly girl, when I lived among the clouds and the berries, the birds and the beautiful mornings, the old times when I was a very happy girl and nothing else in the world."

II.

Mr. John Berrian settled himself in St. Louis, and went to work with a will. For years he had intended to do so, and had corresponded and made every possible provision in view of the step, and no man could have more thoroughly known what he was about than he did when he took at last his place at the St. Louis bar. It is wonderful what a power there is in the slow inertia of such a man. There is such a solid and steady assumption of things on the part of such that everybody yields as if to a law of nature; and there is not an atom of sensitive feeling or of shrinking in such a man when, as will sometimes occur, somebody or something turns up which refuses to yield. It was merely an opportunity for the heavy-built, strong-willed lawyer to put on more momentum. Not that he was ever brutal; he had the energy of silence, of patience, of the profound strategy which lies in unswerving persistence. No man more courteous, more free from giving anybody a reasonable ground against him, but none of all the legal fraternity more steadily mounted, and all the higher, upon the very billows of opposition. In a word, John Berrian, having neither wife nor child, gave himself to the gaining of money, reputation, power, as exclusively as a steam-ship

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gives itself to getting over the Atlantic to Liverpool. He was blessed with a strong digestion, not more of his food than of the toughest and most varied cases of law, and he so thrived and broadened upon it all, in money as in reputation, in forehead as in shoulders, that men began to get into the habit of yielding before him as ordained of nature, like an on-coming summer, so to speak, or ripening autumn. Even his personal enemies began to calculate upon Berrian as a future judge, Governor, United States Senator, or whatever other powerful antagonist he might sooner or later come to be.

And a man knows and enjoys such things even when he does not think about them. To such a degree did Berrian believe in himself that a visit from the prosperous lawyer was an event in the Dinwiddie household. So ruddy was the clean-shaven guest, not to say fair and portly, so hearty was his laugh, and free was he from care, and full of joke, that Charley and even Gerty accepted him like an installment in advance of Christmas. The whole family was the happier for his visit, and for days afterward.

The case of Dr. Charles Dinwiddie, on the other hand, can be best summed up in saying that it was the exact reverse of all this. Not that he was not more talented than his friend: everybody knew that he had brilliant talent, yet somehow it seemed as extravagant a thing for Dr. Dinwiddie to have as if it had been instead a superbly jewelled gold watch, let us say. Nor could any one have studied harder. Well qualified when he entered his profession, he had given himself to reading with the same almost fierce energy as to all else. Apart from the recreation which lay in loving and petting and being very dearly loved by his family, his one relaxation was his microscope, and he rigorously confined himself with that to the study of animal tissues, the coagulations of lymph and the like, the crystallizations of poisons, peering as deeply into nature and as widely as he could, and all in the interests of medicine. Nor was it possible for a man to give himself more sedulously to a patient. Rich or poor, that patient was to him for the time his one thought; cheerfully, patiently, unwearyingly, Dr. Dinwiddie tended upon the fevered brow, or the broken bone, or the loathsome disease. To that all agreed.

"That is the trouble with your friend," his wife would say to Mr. Berrian when he called in her husband's absence. "He gives himself so completely to a patient that his very interest exhausts him. If the person dies, he worries over the question of how it would have been had he pursued another treatment. But what hurts him most, Mr. Berrian, is when, after having done all he can, perhaps to a patient who can pay him nothing, and with the devotion of a brother, he is suddenly discharged. It *hurts* him so! He can not eat, can not sleep. He is so ardent in his affections that any repulse grieves him as if he was a girl." And it showed the difference between the wife and her husband that she should have used that illustration in speaking to Mr. Berrian, so completely had she forgotten herself in her husband.

"Pardon me, madam," her visitor hastened to say, "but, considering the brilliant ability of the doctor, he looks to and leans upon—no, I should say, trusts to—people beyond any one I ever met."

"Yes; he is so made," the wife replied, "that either he knows nothing whatever in regard to a person, or, when he does, that person becomes too much to him. It is almost a heart-disease," Mrs. Dinwiddie added, "he loves and trusts and looks to and depends on others so! Rather, it is the fault of his imagination: he considers people as being so very superior to what they actually are: and he never can get used to being coldly and badly treated; it astonishes and wounds him every time as if that was his first experience. He is what you have doubtless read, Mr. Berrian, of poets like Keats and Shelley."

"He is one of the purest and noblest men I ever knew, madam," the lawyer said; "one of the most loving and lovable of men. In money matters I happen to know him to be as unselfish as a child. Will you pardon me if I say that, with all his talent and mastery of his profession, he *is* a child. I have known him, Mrs. Dinwiddie, since he was a boy, and I can not see any change in him; and then he is what I fear I am not," the lawyer added, in a lower tone—"a devoted Christian." But that parlor was the only spot in the world in which the sturdy lawyer indulged in any sentimentality of that kind. There was a plenty of things outside of it to drag him away from the present and toward the future, but everything in that small brick house laid hold

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upon and drew him, and with yet greater power, toward the past, and toward all he was before he had so broadened and hardened himself toward the conquest of the world. True, John Berrian was ashamed of that little parlor when he was in the court-house; but then he was still more thoroughly ashamed of office and court when he was in the parlor. The past is purest and sweetest. Mrs. Dinwiddie never alluded, any more than did her husband, to their private matters in conversation with the lawyer or any one else. None the less did Berrian know that they were having a very severe struggle of it indeed. Once Mr. Berrian had managed to lay hold upon and dispose in advance of a suit that was about to be brought against his friend for a large debt. By what quirks and legal evasions it was done only a lawyer could, for a fee, describe to you. And the awful measure of what is elsewhere called lying, which a legal practitioner can at least witness unmoved, even take a part in, so far as a solemn silence at the time is concerned—a measure of this was illustrated curiously in the case that follows.

Mr. Berrian had called at Dr. Dinwiddie's after an absence of some weeks. He thought it a little curious at the time that Mrs. Dinwiddie did not come into the parlor during his whole stay. But the doctor was at home, and he understood her absence afterward.

"I must tell you," the doctor, after other talk, said at last, "of an extraordinary thing that has befallen me. My wife laughs at me for my trust in human nature, notwithstanding a good many sharp disappointments. Why, sir, a few weeks ago I received a letter from New Orleans inclosing a larger check than I like to say, and so arranged that I can find out nothing about it. All that was written was—Let me see; here it is," and the physician produced from the prescription-book taken from his breast pocket a paper which he laid in the hands of his friend.

"Humph!" the lawyer said, suspiciously, and then read it, and very coldly, too.

"Please accept the inclosed. It is from a sincere admirer of Dr. Charles Dinwiddie's noble nature, as well as his eminent ability as a medical man. From a grateful patient of old."

"You are sure the check was honored?" the other said, as he examined the paper critically, turning it over and over. "There is so much rascality in the world! I wish one of the scamps owing *me* would have a twinge of the same conscience. How are the children?" and the visitor went gravely off into a narrative of a peculiarly cool-blooded murder trial in which he was engaged. A St. Louis man had butchered his wife, as Dr. Dinwiddie knew from the papers, and Mr. Berrian had undertaken his defense. He laid before his friend the line of argument he proposed pursuing, his confident hopes of success. It all resulted in a very warm discussion as to the moral right of the lawyer to rescue such a brute from the gallows, which lasted until Mr. Berrian left.

"If he but knew how I disposed of the big fee I made that scoundrel pay me in advance!" the lawyer said to himself as he walked home. "But he never will find out. I made a bad botch of it in supposing *she* would not know instantly. She will never tell him, anyhow. Ah, Miss Gertrude Osborne, you are a thousand times stronger than your husband. Yes, you fool, and ten thousand times stronger than *you* are." After which compliment to himself the bronzed veteran of Themis, having got home, sat for an hour in his chair, thinking and thinking before he went to bed. None of his "cases" half so interesting as this. Yet that astute gentleman knew none of the details of the daily life at the Dinwiddies'. None the less, he could almost have noted it down, and truthfully too, in general, if not in particulars of date and exact circumstance. That very day Mrs. Dinwiddie had gone, with a woman's instinct that they were thinking, although only in their hearts, of dismissing her husband, to see the family in which was the daughter dying with consumption.

It was as delightful a visit as such a visit could be, and very short; nor was a word said about Dr. Dinwiddie; but, on the whole, after that the family preferred keeping their doctor to the chance of the patient's getting well in the care of some one else. Just before the anonymous assistance came, Mrs. Dinwiddie had managed that their landlord should call for his long-deferred rent when the doctor was out, and, in virtue of remaining so perfect a lady through a painful interview with a very coarse capitalist indeed, she had diverted that hurt at least from her husband's soreness. Dr. Dinwiddie took frequent occasion afterward to stigmatize

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warmly the manner in which his landlord had been slandered as a grasping scoundrel, and his wife sweetly assented to all he said of that individual as being a very gentlemanly person indeed. "I wonder, my darling, if it is not because he sees that *I* am a gentleman?" he said; and the Jesuit at the other end of the table did not even wince, and thought, "I shouldn't wonder," but, being too truthful for that, remarked, instead, "Everybody who knows you, dear, knows that." And there was the suit threatened against her husband for malpractice. The doctor was actually in the house, in his office in the basement, when the virago called to threaten him in regard to it. It was a case of charity practice, and well did the wife know how her husband would suffer from such treatment at the hands of those whom he supposed to be full of gratitude and love for his months of unpaid and untiring toil! Mrs. Dinwiddie had not planned any dealing with it before. To such a woman, with such an affection for her husband, there was something in the doing, when opportunity came, of all she did, as easy as is to an angel the curve it makes in flying. She happened to open the door, somehow, before the hostile visitor could ring; she had the blackmailing vixen in the parlor before she could say a word. She assumed that the wretch was as much a lady as herself from the outset. Only the Being who gives us what to say when the moment comes, whether we stand before kings or blackguards, knows how Mrs. Dinwiddie managed it; but when the intruder had got home again it was only to praise the doctor's wife as a "raal lady, if there iver was one," and suddenly to refuse to allow the affair to go on against their doctor. To the day of his death that physician knew nothing about his escape from that much of sleeplessness and acute suffering.

You might as well try to number the variations of a summer's breeze as to specify the deeds of this true wife. Somehow the bills never got to the husband's eyes, or the amounts for beef and bread, butter and gas, coal and coffee, broke in at least their first violence upon her bosom. Some women write poetry; she put as much genius into economizing. Ladies there are so charming as to conquer even the women they meet in parlors as well as the men; Mrs. Dinwiddie achieved her social successes over the Biddies and the Bridgets of the kitchen. Not a syllable of exasperated brogue ever marred the doctor's peace.

"Wherever I go," he said to his wife, "I hear perpetual complaint of the servants. I can see for myself what an awful trial some of them must be. How singularly we have been favored in our girls! They are so lady-like and obliging —this last, Emily, for instance, what a good servant she is!"

Mrs. Dinwiddie was hard put to it not to fib on this as on many like occasions. Had the doctor overheard the impudence which that same Emily had, an hour before, at least attempted to give her mistress, he would have hurried her out of the house in five minutes, to have been worried about it for five weeks afterward. His estimate of his very children would have been altered had it not been for those household wings which were not swifter to fly than they were careful to cover and to conceal, for the love which feeds its young is that also which broods. And oh, the stealthy tread and the hushing hand upon the children from their birth, and when they were sick, lest they should wake her husband! In the same way, why worry him about them when he was awake, unless, indeed, it was essential, the solemn fact being that, excellent physician as the doctor was, his wife was a far better, so far at least as her children and herself were concerned.

No wonder Mrs. Dinwiddie guarded her husband's sleep! Like all men of his temperament, he could not endure loss of sleep; added to long-continued trouble, it almost crazed him. They had suffered much before John Berrian came, but his coming seemed to be the beginning of ever-increasing troubles, which even the wife's almost omnipotent love could not prevent. Patients could not pay. New theories of medicine became popular, which Dr. Dinwiddie abhorred and denounced. Political influence deprived him of the charge of a hospital. A bank in which he had deposited failed. Houses which his wife owned in another city stood untenanted. An astute physician, in whose plausible manners the doctor had trusted, and with whom he had formed a temporary partnership, first seduced away his patients, and then slandered him. The richest family in his practice went to Europe. The details are not necessary, for afflictions cluster by a law as certain

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as that which groups grapes into a bunch, and whatever the color or size or covering of his clusters of Sodom, the deadly flavor was the same. As the years passed along, troubles and curiously complicated kinds of trial followed one upon another.

"It would seem, Gertrude," said the poor fellow, one morning, after a sleepless night, "as if an infernal skill was at work devising unheard-of forms of torture for us. And *why*? I can look back and say that I have as faithfully tried to do my full duty as I knew how. Day and night, in my office and with sick people, you know how I have worked."

"Dear Charles!" said his wife, looking with unutterable love at her husband as he walked up and down with haggard face. It was miles upon miles of such walking she had seen him do during the last year or two, but she could give only the same consolation as so often before. "Events will change; there is a Providence, dear; only let us wait. It is good both to hope and quietly to wait for the salvation of—"

"Gertrude," said her husband, "you said so how many months ago. I believed in your belief in God, rested on you in all you hoped and prophesied about Providence. You know, darling, your own faith has almost failed, even while you try so bravely to believe. We try to be good, and to do all the good we can, and what is the use? We teach our children to pray, and oh, how you and I have prayed! and what good does it do?" and very much more to the same wild effect, walking up and down like a caged leopard, pouring out the bitter soul which had fermented in him all night, the yeasty froth of which, so to speak, had been upon his lips, too, off and on, during the miserable night.

And this was the way in which Gertrude Osborne had developed, by marrying him, from a beautiful girl, overflowing with health and happiness, into the woman she was. In truth, it was from her husband that she had got, as she said, her soul, by being patient when he was impatient, hopeful when he despaired, believing in God and in him when he seemed, and forever, to have lost all faith in both. The amazing growth and expansion of one who had been comparatively an insect with tinted wings into an angel of God was by long process such as this. It had been gradual, or it would have killed her, but it had been a process very long continued now, and ever increasing in severity, and at times utterly beyond her strength to endure. Had it not been for her ever-increasing love, too, for her husband—and surely the very substance and essence of the soul is love—she would long ago have broken down.

That explains it all. In most things Dr. Dinwiddie was all that a woman most admires and respects and loves. It was not that he was handsome, but that he was what is meant by the vulgarized phrase, a gentleman: pure and true, unselfish, generous, and loving, full of all refined instincts, as energetic in his daily work as he was in every sense equipped for it. If he could but have hoped and believed against every disaster! Even, if that was impossible, if he could have kept his face clothed with—if it were only a mask of gladness—content at least! Or, if that demanded more strength than he possessed, if he could but have held his tongue!

"I would not talk so, Gertrude," he would say after such outpouring of despair as blanched her cheeks to hear, "if I did not know your excellent sense, and I need it so. We have been so frank with each other, too, that I have not a thought from you. And just look at it!" and he would go over the weary story of all his struggles, of all the ever-varying accumulation of disasters, until, wrought up by his own eloquence, he would give way to the white heat of blasphemy, to be quenched only for the time by her tears. Possibly the next day a break would come in the clouds, and he would be ten years younger, full of gratitude to God and to her, radiant with hope.

That was the way this woman was developed, as an athlete is, by lifting and bearing great loads. There was fibre as of oak, elastic metal in her as of finest steel, or she could not have survived it. With him, turned away from his troubles, and as by force to his studies and his patients, there was, if only temporary, diversion from trouble. To her there was none: sewing and thinking, caring for her children and thinking, entertaining callers and thinking; shopping, managing her servants, economizing—the strain of steady thinking never ceased. In spite of herself it whitened her cheek, hollowed temples and eyes, relaxed tone and muscle. It was not the terrible trouble; it was the way the trouble told on her husband. Shameful as it may be to say, she was as a woman drowning who had also to bear

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up her husband, as well as children, above the surf rolling over her, billow on billow. Ah, how she clung to God, knowing that the man she loved had lost his last hold on God, save as he clung to her, clinging to the last Being in all the universe to whom she could cling!

The end came at last. There happened to be a summer in St. Louis which was a very Herod in its slaughter of children, and no physician in the city had a wider practice, especially among that large class of parents up in fifth-story tenement-rooms whose babies burn with fever and die in cradles and cribs within two feet of the cooking-stove. Unless a miracle had been wrought, Dr. Dinwiddie could not have survived the unpaying yet unceasing work, any more than could the poor innocents the close air and the African heat. He was broken down in all except heart long before he at last yielded, and when, one morning, he found it beyond his power to get out of bed, it was to lie there until he died. And it was strange to see how, as by some long and exquisitely tempering operation, the process of affliction had qualified husband and wife to endure even to the end, when it came at last.

"We have had a terrible time of it, Berrian," the dying physician said to his friend, sitting so florid and strong by his bedside. "You see what a wreck I am. It is an effect which has had its cause, I assure you. I have tried very hard. For my life I can not see how I could have tried harder to do my best. You know the lines,

> 'Whom unmerciful disaster,
> Following fast and following faster'—

I have forgotten the rest. No, I do not understand! There seems to me to be nothing but Nature—no Person of infinite tenderness anywhere; none, at least, that I can induce to hear or care for me. Nothing but Nature, and Nature nothing but a steady storm, with now and then a flicker of sunshine. I wish I had been strong like you. If I could but have continued, notwithstanding all, to believe in God—"

"Why, man," the lawyer remonstrated, "your Maker could have sent you no angel better than your wife. How could He come to you as a pitying Father and Saviour more visibly than He does in her?"

"You are right," said the dying man, "little as you know of her sense and sweetness, her million tender devices and loving words. Had I not leaned on her so, I would have been stronger. Oh, Berrian, if I could have been a man who was less of a woman and more of a man! I tell you, sir," he said, lifting a feeble hand, "God does not, will not, treat us as if we were babies. He demands that we shall be men. If I could but have resisted yielding to despondency from the outset, could have banished the first shadow from my face, have strangled the earliest syllable of doubt from my lips, have trodden down the very beginning of gloom in my inmost soul! I have been weak! weak! *weak!* It is too late now. Thank God, my life is insured for her, and heavily insured. I love you, darling," and he turned to his wife, weeping silently on the other side of his bed, "and Heaven knows how dearly I love the children; but I am glad to die. I am not fitted, somehow, for a world like this—a butterfly in the arctic zone. Don't be too proud of your strength, Berrian. There is a wonderful variety of men, as of everything else, in this vast, vast world. Who knows?—I may be better fitted for the other world than you are. Surely money and brains and iron nerves are not the most valuable things in the whole universe. My weakness has been my sin, and my sin, Gertrude, has been against God, and against God in you!"

III.

Months had passed since the funeral. Mrs. Dinwiddie had stood almost calmly beside the coffin, looking upon the face of the dead. Her husband had always remained young, even during the years of storm; and now he seemed, as he lay asleep at last, no older than the day they were married. She stooped and kissed the lips whose bitter complaints had never at least been against her. Such grief stuns beyond all power of reasoning as well as of feeling. Had the hosts of sympathizing friends who had crowded around the dead and herself shown but a small part of that esteem while the dead needed them, it would have saved them their tears around the coffin to-day. But the widow went through all the proprieties with that mechanical sense which continues in the body when its sources in brain and heart seem dried up forever. And then came the reaction—weeks of illness, months of weeping night and day. Then the slow ceasing of the sharpness of sor-

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row, its edge dulled against the doing of household duties, and in and by the doing thereof. Like her husband, the widow had that hunger for being loved which, by its very nature, characterizes the heart that is capable of greatly loving. Unlike him, she could quietly wait for a wider and more congenial world for that. Until those tropical realms are entered she could content herself during this world's winter beside her own fireside and with her children.

And they repaid her love. Gertrude, the daughter, had always been like her mother, only less to her father in virtue thereof than the mother; and Mrs. Dinwiddie had no fears about her. It was to Charles, the duplicate of his father, that she and her daughter devoted themselves; and by developing something other than his emotional nature—his body and his intellect rather—that he should be a strong man, pure and good, loving and true; but all this toward being strong.

"Don't depend on others, Charley; depend upon yourself. Help others, but never wait for them to help you. Loving is of any use"—it was thus she would talk to him—"only so far as it urges us on to know and to do. Never whimper and complain—"

"No, Charley," his sister would add; "it is a meaner and weaker way of swearing."

"Be a man, Charley," his mother would conclude, her hand on his shoulder, "because we are women, and we have no one but you."

It may have been because the boy was so much with John Berrian that he profited by such admonitions. Whenever the lawyer could make a pretense of it, his ward, Charley—for so the will of Dr. Dinwiddie had made the boy—was off with him, hunting, fishing, boating, even riding a circuit or two with the lawyer, who had now become a judge. It was his intercourse with the family which alone kept Judge Berrian from becoming too stern, old bachelor that he was; for the extreme in his peculiar direction was as bad as that of his old classmate in his. Reputation, large wealth, the sense of power—all this was substantial fare to the judge; but all that deserved the name of enjoyment he found in the society of Mrs. Dinwiddie and her children.

"I would not have it otherwise if I could," he said to her, after she had consented to become his wife. "I was a fool in making the mistake I did about you when you were a girl; you could no more have helped growing into a noble woman than a bud can help blooming out in due time into a rose. But you never could have been the woman you are, had you married me then. It is because things were as they were that you are to-day the queen of all women to me. I am far inferior to him in everything, Gertrude; but there is one thing I desire above all, and that is *rest*. You never would guess what I value you most for. It is something more than beauty and sense, than character and sweetness, Gertrude."

"You flatter me, John, and you did not do that when I was a child," the other replied, looking at him with serious eyes.

"No; but I am telling you the truth now," he answered. "In some way it is by you that I am held to—to the Being that made me. Do you know, I am like him whom we both love so well in this, that at times it does seem to me too as if this world was wholly left to itself. To him it looked as if its Creator had turned it over to unpitying Nature, nothing but sun or storm, as the seasons pleased. It is worse with me: God seems to have abandoned the world to men, and, as a general rule, to men who are either wicked or weak. The world cares less and less about what Christians or anybody else say; all it cares for is what a man or a woman *is*. I ought to have some experience of the world by this time. You, Gertrude, are the only person alive in and by whom I can be made to believe."

There is little else to be added, for all the romance was ended with the marriage of these two. No children were born to them, and Charles and his sister were almost as much to the judge as they were to his wife. There are few wealthier families in St. Louis. They have carriages and horses, and summer residences and trips to Europe, and all the hosts of friends consequent thereupon. Mrs. Berrian has been safe for several years now from such terrible pains as she once endured, but whether she has had pleasures as great as she used to enjoy, who can say? She has the habit of having her coachman drive her out to the cemetery very often, when the weather is pleasant, and sometimes when it is not, and she spends a much longer time than one would have thought at the grave of Dr. Dinwiddie.

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A NEW-WORLD LEGEND.

Of the many beautiful fancies
With Indian legend wrought,
The bridal of Winds and Waters
Enfolds the happiest thought.
It grew as the forest blossoms,
Without touch or tint of art,
A greenwood spray of living truth
Fresh out of Nature's heart.

In the East, that realm of story,
Where even the gods were born,
Was the fairest of all the wigwams,
The lodgings of the Dawn;
Behind its rose-red curtains,
In his lonely majesty,
Dwelt the viewless one, the Heart of Heaven,
Soul of the azure sky.

He saw the new world lying
Barren and drear and cold,
Nor voice nor prayer uplifted
To the morning's gate of gold.
He spoke, and four strong Brothers
From his breath had instant birth,
Who came as gods with rushing wings
To each corner of the earth.

Of keen and boundless vision,
And swifter than eagles are,
One made his lodge with the daybreak
Just under the morning star.
Jewels of glistening amber
Fastened his garment's fold,
And his head was crowned with tossing plumes
Yellow as burnished gold.

One flew to the glowing southland,
His garments all of red,
And feathers of lurid crimson
Drooped darkly on his head.
The third to the land of sunset
Sped with the fading light,
And his lodge was curtained with ebon shades
For the slumber couch of Night.

The last to the ice-world hastened,
The realm of the Lord of Death;
Snow-white were his strong, keen pinions,
And pitiless cold his breath.
Then to and fro unceasing,
Wilder and fiercer still,
Roamed over the earth these four great Winds,
Each seeking his own rude will.

Then murmured the Heart of Heaven:
"Though strong these Brothers be,
They can not ripen the spring-time,
Blossom, nor fruit, nor tree.
I must give them loving helpers,
Who with wiser, gentler hand,
Will guide their aimless power to bring
New life to the waiting land."

"Come forth, O Falling Water!"
Then a shining one had birth,
And in bright Cascade swift springing
She took her place on earth.
"Come forth, O Beautiful Water!"
And the great blue Lake was seen,
With dripping lilies lifted up
On her breast of azure sheen.

"And thou, O Water of Serpents!"
In sinuous, gliding grace
Went forth the queenly River
Unto her chosen place.
Then called he the youngest, the fairest:
"Step softly, Water of Birds!"
And the silver-footed Brook stole out,
Singing songs that had no words.

Ah! wondering, rejoicing,
Were the fierce Brothers four.
The North Wind sung his greeting
Close to the blue Lake's shore.
The East Wind's trumpet music
With the Cataract's voice was blent;
And the West Wind down the River's tide
His passionate whispers sent.

Long under the forest branches,
Swift-footed, playful, shy,
Fair Water of Birds evaded
The South Wind's glowing sigh.
But he gave her the wildwood roses
And violets for her wreath,
And a murmur at last of sweet response
Stole on her perfumed breath.

Glad was the watching Father,
The soul of the bending sky,
When he saw this happy wooing
From his hidden lodge on high.
The cloud-birds clapped their pinions
Loud over crag and plain,
And the wine they poured for the bridal cheer
Was the bountiful, sparkling rain.

Now ever in happy union
The Winds and the Waters live.
Blossom, and fruit, and harvest,
And wealth of the maize, they give.
And when from invisible beakers
Dashes the midsummer rain,
They are keeping the feast of their bridal day
With the wine of heaven again!

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WILL CARLETON.

THE inclination of a large part of the human race to write poetry, and the very general disinclination of the rest of mankind to read poetry, is one of those phenomena of life and mind which await the coming philosopher. In the department of poetic productiveness the law of supply and demand has seemingly little force. We never hear of corners and shorts in the markets of Parnassus; and a strike among the verse-makers would be a surprise to the world: perhaps it would also be a relief. It is pathetic to consider how many young persons—and persons, alas! no longer young—are at this moment assiduously searching the crannies of their brains for available rhymes, or carefully counting syllables on their fingers, in the construction of metrical language which no mortal, not even the much-enduring editor, will in all human probability ever peruse. Do you flatter yourself, O child of the Muses, that it is anything more than a glance your pretty jingle receives from the arbiter of your destinies before it goes down into that gulf of oblivion under his table termed a waste-basket? To his practiced eye a glance is assurance enough that you have contributed nothing to the world's entertainment. He, too, is tolerably well aware that the world does not care for poetry; and I sometimes suspect that those brief articles he prints in lines of irregular length, having capital letters at one end and rhyming words at the other, are thrown in more for their effect to the eye on the magazine page than for any poetic charm they may have for the mind.

Nor is this neglect of poesy confined to the prosaic reader. For all I can hear, poets themselves do not waste much time over one another's productions. "I never read magazine verses," a well-known versifier said to me the other day; "in fact, I can't read much poetry anyway, except my own: I have to read that." I replied that it seemed to me a poet should be fond of poetry. But he shook his ambrosial curls: "No," he said; "a man can't really be much interested in what isn't interesting. The truth is, poetry, or what passes for poetry, is awfully dull." Fortunately, it is not dull to the writers of it; and is it not consoling to think that each of the countless host of verse-makers before mentioned is sure of at least one admiring reader?

"What passes for poetry!" Perhaps that is the key of the difficulty. But it will not open all the locks. Librarians inform me that Milton and Byron and Wordsworth remain undisturbed on their shelves: only the student of literature now and then brushes off their accumulating dust. Even Mrs. Browning, lately so popular—Mrs. Browning, with a freedom of poetic diction and an affluence of imagery hardly equalled since Shakespeare—has fallen into neglect. Those people who have libraries must keep the classics in their alcoves; so the works of standard poets still have a sale. But publishers will tell you that the newest songs of the foremost singers find in this decade no such demand as was certain to greet a volume of Tennyson or Longfellow or Whittier a very few decades ago. Young people scarcely read poetry at all, which seems a strange and sorry fact to such of us as in boyhood or girlhood delighted in "Tam o' Shanter" or "Christabel," and knew by heart whole cantos of "The Lady of the Lake."

Undoubtedly one cause of this state of things is the increasing influence of prose fiction, which supplies the mind at a cheap and easy rate with the imaginative element it craves. But are not the poets themselves partly to blame that their constituency has gone over almost in a body to the story-tellers? Poetry is forever dear to the hearts of men; but what if, in lieu of the substance, we get only the echo of an echo, the shadow of a shade? Thought-subtlety, word-melody, feeds no human soul, and much of what "passes for poetry" nowadays is little else; it has been growing more and more bloodless and attenuated until it appears, like some sea-birds, mostly feathers and wings, with no body to speak of; it lives in the clouds. The diction of the average modern poet is against him. Instead of expressing clearly and forcibly his thought, if he is so fortunate as to have thought to express, his language hangs before it like voluminous loose floating gauze, often prettily colored, but baffling and wearisome to the reader seeking to grasp something not wholly phantasmal. Then there is the awkward backing around for the rhyme and metre, which even the masters of verse

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do not always avoid; the use of stale, conventional forms of expression, and that refuge of weaklings, the poetic license—all so foreign to our fresh modern speech! No wonder the discouraged reader cries out impatiently, "If this is poetry, I've had enough of it!" and turns to the writer who knows how to express himself in straightforward, honest fashion.

Thus the prejudice which a multitude of dull singers have helped to raise tells almost equally against the few who are not dull. Since so many rills of Helicon are found to have miry bottoms, or no bottoms at all, travellers resolve to shun the rills of that region altogether. To this general statement, however, there are exceptions, as there are to most rules. There *are* poets who are *read*. Now and then comes along a poem so full of music and meaning that it causes even the editorial countenance to shine; and here and there a verse-writer succeeds early in convincing the public that he at least has something of human interest to say, in terms not too vague or metaphysical.

So much said, not many more words seem necessary to account for the popularity of Will Carleton. He has had the good fortune to appear at a time when readers were ready for a reaction against the inanities and over-refinements of contemporaneous poetlings. He has not scattered his powers by going much outside of the field which he occupies almost alone. His human sympathies, his homeliness, his humor, even some of his faults of rude diction and defective taste, have been in his favor. The arrows of criticism will find weak spots in his armor. He is indeed no Achilles, vulnerable only in one heel, but exposed to attack in many poetical feet. The critics may sneer at him, and demonstrate easily enough that he is not a Wordsworth or a Keats, who were likewise sneered at in their day for not being somebody else. He is nevertheless an established fact, a writer unlike any other past or present, which is saying much, and one whose books have a wider circulation than those of any other living poet, excepting, of course, the few masters who in their lifetime have become classics. For which reasons a brief account of the man and his writings may well occupy us for a page or two.

It is not much more than a dozen years ago that the publication of "Betsey and I are Out" announced the appearance of a new poet in the West. It was first printed in the Toledo *Blade;* and young authors who have their laurels as well as their living to gain may be consoled to learn that it was sent to that paper as a gratuitous contribution. The writer was so little known that he did not deem it wise to diminish the chances of his venture by freighting it with a fixed price. Its success was immediate and phenomenal. It was copied into newspapers all over the country; public readers took it up, and it was soon heard recited more or less badly from every lyceum platform; and while people were inquiring, "Who is the author?" individuals never heard from before or since coolly stepped forward and claimed it. Fortunately there were more than one of them, and they claimed too much; they could not all have written it, except on some such theory as that which attributes the works of a more illustrious Will to an association of small writers who pooled their wits to make a great one.

"Will Carleton" proved to be no delusive pseudonym, but the real name of the author, of whom more was to be heard anon. He was then a little more than twenty-five years old, having been born on his father's farm, near Hudson, in Lenawee County, State of Michigan, in 1845. He came of old English stock, twice transplanted, once to New England, and again to the West, or what was the West forty or fifty years ago. His father, a native of New Hampshire, was one of the early pioneers of Michigan, or "the Michigan," as it was then called. With his own hands he cleared the land for the farm, where he passed the remainder of his life, and where his five children were born. He died soon after he had seen the only one of them who survives—the one in whom many hopes must have centred—achieve a reputation. He was a man of sterling worth, and a useful and influential citizen. The mother, likewise of English stock, and a fit companion for such a husband, is still living. Will Carleton was bred up to the usual life of a farmer's boy, but his desire for knowledge soon took him out of the rank and file of that average numerous class. It incited him, while still in the district school, to study Latin, algebra, and geometry at home, and afterward to walk five miles daily through Michigan snows and mud for the privilege of attending a high school. What could be done with a hard-working farm-

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er's limited means to forward his education, the father did ungrudgingly; but at sixteen the boy began to help himself by teaching, and often afterward resorted to that handy occupation to defray the expenses of his college course. He chose the career of a journalist, and with this in view entered Hillsdale College in 1865. Graduating in 1869, he joined the editorial staff of an agricultural paper in Chicago, and later became editor of the Detroit *Weekly Tribune*.

Meanwhile something deeper and wiser than the boyish choice was shaping his course and preparing him for his real vocation. Emerson says, "Do not choose," meaning that we are to let the lords of life choose for us. What they—the spiritual forces of society and the times, conspiring with individual genius—chose for Will Carleton was something different from the editorial work which was the height of his early ambition.

During his "Junior" vacation, in the summer of 1868, he wrote at Aurora, Illinois, a poem for the political campaign, entitled "Fax." For an impartial test of its merits, and perhaps also to save himself from humiliation in case of failure, he first read it to an audience in a neighboring town where he was unknown. Only about a dozen persons were present, and it was noticeable that, instead of competing for front seats, they exhibited some wariness in keeping near the door, from which escape from too heavy an infliction of poetry might be possible without disturbing the meeting. So far from quietly stealing away, however, they remained to tender the reader a vote of thanks, and the result was that the poem was not only repeated the next night to a crowded house, but became widely popular throughout the campaign. Such was the beginning of his work as a lecturer and reciter of his own poems, which before long began to absorb a large share of his time and energies, and has continued to do so to the present time. At his graduation, in 1869, he delivered his poem, "Rifts in the Clouds," which was favorably received by the people and press of the State; and he wrote for Decoration-day, 1870, "Cover them Over," which has been recited or sung on Decoration-days all over the country ever since.

Meanwhile he printed some short poems in newspapers; but it was not until the appearance of "Betsey and I are Out," early in 1871, that he became extensively known. That popular poem was reproduced with illustrations in *Harper's Weekly*, to which he shortly afterward contributed its sequel, "How Betsey and I Made Up," which, unlike most sequels, was not a weak imitation of the original, but a continuation of the story, written with the same humor, sincerity, and force. From that time his reputation was so secure that he himself could not check it by writing carelessly or writing too much. "Betsey" was quickly followed up—perhaps too quickly—by other pieces of a similar character, and the result was a collection of them, with some of his earlier productions, in the volume entitled *Farm Ballads*, published, with popular illustrations, in 1873. This was Will Carleton's first book, with the exception of a thin volume of boyish poems printed at his own expense several years before, but now long out of print, the last of the edition being "exhausted," he tells us, by the Chicago fire.

He had already, in 1872, retired from editorial work, in order to devote himself to authorship, study, and travel. *Farm Ballads* met with an enormous sale for a volume of poems; and in 1875 it was followed by *Farm Legends*, a similar collection, which, while presenting fewer striking points than its predecessor, contained many characteristic pieces, and was hardly less successful. A year later appeared *Young Folks' Centennial Rhymes*, which bears evidences of having been written in haste, and has hardly more than the poor excuse of timeliness for having been written at all. In 1881 followed the third of the "Farm" series, *Farm Festivals*, comprising several of his best ballads and tales in verse, together with some not so good, the whole connected by a sort of machinery which could have been spared—narrative verse that reminds one of the patches of clay used to stop the chinks between timbers of an old-fashioned backwoods house.

The leading poem of the *Farm Ballads*, and the one which served to give the book its sudden and immense popularity, is the two parts of "Betsey": a truly dramatic composition, the story being told by the principal personage, who lets us fully into his own character, and also gives a vivid picture of that other important personage, his wife. He comes to the lawyer, it will be remembered—for who has not read

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the poem?—with a request that he will draw up papers for a legal separation between him and Betsey, they having "agreed together" that they "can't never agree." There is no preponderating fault on either side, but

"We've been a-gathering this for years, a little at a time."

There was a difference of creed in the first place:

"We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed the thing at tea,
And the more we arg'ed the question, the more we didn't agree."

Then other causes of difference arose, and neighbors came in "to help the thing along";

"And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the winter and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then I won't at all."

But now comes out the man's real tenderness and generosity of nature, which we can see has been veiled from Betsey by many exasperating briers of faults; he will give her half of everything, and more than half, for she has deserved it by years of faithfulness. She has nursed him in sickness, and kept his house neat and comfortable;

"And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarrelled, and told each other facts."

He will carry the paper to her, then sell out and go away; but when he dies he wishes to be brought home, and laid under the maples which he planted years ago;

"And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me,
And, lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree;
And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we quarrelled here."

In the second part he returns and relates to the lawyer how, as he thought over the trouble on his lonely way home that night, his resentment weakened, while his recollection of all Betsey's goodness and kindness became strong, till he grew miserably sick of the whole business, and concluded that he had been most to blame.

But he was proud and obstinate.

"And I set my teeth together, and vowed I'd see it through."

After eating the excellent supper which he finds awaiting him, or trying to eat it, he gave her the paper to read.

"And after she'd read a little she give my arm a touch,
And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin' her too much;
But when she was through, she went for me, her face a-streamin' with tears,
And kissed me for the first time in over twenty years."

So they made up their quarrel.

"And she said in regards to heaven, we'd try and learn its worth
By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on earth."

Such are the homely elements of this simple and natural poem, which, without any strong imaginative strokes, or the least apparent effort for effect, goes home to the heart with a directness which many poets of loftier strain might well study and emulate.

In "Over the Hills to the Poor-house," also one of the *Farm Ballads*, the supposed speaker portrays her own character with the same dramatic fidelity which we have noticed in "Betsey," although the story itself is not by any means so agreeable, nor the treatment so genial. We see the old woman of seventy, full of grief, and burning with a sense of her wrongs, but with a heart too tough to break, "trudging her weary way" to the poor-house, leaving behind her the home of the once favorite son, which has grown too small for his old mother since he took to himself a smart young wife.

"She was somewhat dressy, an' hadn't a pleasant smile;
She was quite conceity, and carried a heap o' style;
But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know;
But she was hard and proud, and I couldn't make it go."

Yet while she is far from admitting that it is so, the whole tone of her complaint, with here and there a partial glimpse she gives us into her character, shows us that the grim old mother-in-law must have been herself somewhat hard to live with. This is skillfully managed, however, and our pity for the outcast is not lessened by the suspicion that there are causes in herself why she is not welcome in the home of her children. It is altogether a firmly drawn, truthful, consistent picture, the effect of which hardly needed to be softened

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by its companion piece, "Over the Hills from the Poor-house." In this turns up the bad stick of the family—

"Splintered all over with dodges and tricks,
Known as 'the worst of the deacon's six'"—

who frankly tells us what a scapegrace he has been:

"An' when, one dark an' rainy night,
A neighbor's horse went out of sight,
They hitched on me as the guilty chap
That carried one end of the halter strap:
An' I think myself that view of the case
Wasn't altogether out of place."

Yet, when he hears that his old mother is in the poor-house, he has a "resurrection straightway," having been thought dead by the family; he hastens to take her out and restore her to her old home, which he has first bought and fitted up for her, "as of old," to be as much a surprise to her as his resurrection and the reformation of his character, the whole being brought about in a manner almost too lightly magical to be in keeping with the hard realism of the first part of the poem.

The most ambitious of Mr. Carleton's efforts, as it is one of the longest, is "The First Settler's Story," in *Farm Festivals*. The opening lines remind one somewhat of Lowell's "Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line," and the humorous tone of them does not prepare us for the tragedy that follows; but the story is strong and affecting, nevertheless. The life of the young couple in the lonely clearing, refreshingly novel at first, but soon growing wearisome and monotonous, the gradual change which creeps over the wife, pining for society, yet trying to hide from her husband that she pines, its effect on him, stirring at first his pity and affectionate concern, then by degrees his impatience, and finally his anger and contempt—all this is told by the man himself with those natural and truthful touches which appeal to every heart:

"I looked on her with daily lessening favor,
For what I knew she couldn't help, to save her....
Then there'd a misty, jealous thought occur,
Because I wasn't earth and heaven to her....
Some kind caress, some little petting ways,
Commenced a-staying in on rainy days."

Then came the unjust word, spoken in wrath, which could never be recalled, and which destroyed her life and his peace. A strong and affecting story, as we have said, containing, like the most of Mr. Carleton's productions, a useful lesson, and abounding in those expressive homely metaphors his pen is constantly dropping, of which the line we have italicized is a felicitous example.

The same qualities of humor and truth and tenderness, half hidden under a quaint and often rough exterior, appear in Mr. Carleton's other works, and notably in his best. In quiet, effective touches and thoroughness of workmanship he has done nothing finer than "Our Travelled Parson," known to the readers of this Magazine, and reproduced in *Farm Festivals*. There is all through it a twinkle of most gentle laughter, which is sometimes hardly distinguishable from the twinkle of "tears looking out of window," the exquisite blending of humor and pathos showing how near the two are akin. The announcement to the old parson that he is to be sent abroad by his people for the restoration of his health, worn out in their service, his return, rotund and ruddy, and the way he repays their kindness by bringing back Europe and Palestine to them in his sermons—all this is in Mr. Carleton's happiest manner.

"There wasn't any subject to explain in all creation
But he could go to Europe and bring back an illustration;
So we crowded out to hear him, quite instructed and delighted;
'Twas a picture-show, a lecture, and a sermon, all united;
And my wife would rub her glasses, and serenely pet her Test'ment,
And whisper, 'That 'ere ticket was a splendid good investment.'"

But after a while his hearers rather tire of travel, and desire to settle down at home—

"To develop home resources, with no foreign cares to fret us,
Using house-made faith more frequent—but our parson wouldn't let us....
He slighted our soul-sorrows, our spirits' aches and ailings,
To get the cargo ready for his regular Sunday sailings....
And 'I wish to all that's peaceful,' said one free-expressioned brother,
'That the Lord had made one cont'nent, an' then never made another'....
And the sinners got to laughing; and that fin'ly galled and stung us
To ask him, Wouldn't he kindly once more settle down among us?"

Heart-broken to find himself and his favorite topics become a weariness to his flock, the good old soul droops, and be-

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WILL CARLETON.

fore long sets off on another and longer journey,

"In that wonder-land whence tickets are not issued for returning."

This beautiful and tender poem has a beautiful and tender close, as is fitting; and after carefully re-reading it we are inclined to rank it as the most nearly perfect piece which the author has produced.

In "Eliphalet Chapin's Wedding" he has shown what he can do in a broadly comic vein. But for a few of those loose ends which are often left to annoy us in even his best work, "Eliphalet" would as

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surely be a source of lasting satisfaction as he is of present mirth. The author knows well the value of the humorous under-statement, and has never used it more effectively than here. Eliphalet yokes his oxen and starts off to marry and bring home his wife, but meets with mishaps—first, his wedding garments parting "in an inconvenient place."

"But he pinned them up, with twinges of occasional distress,
Feeling that his wedding wouldn't be a carnival of dress:
'Haw, Buck!
Gee, Bright!
Derned pretty mess!'
No, Eliphalet was not strictly a spectacular success."

It is the world of the comic we are in, and we have only laughter for the poor wight's misfortunes, even when the doors of his affianced are slammed in his face; and yet the author might have forborne to tell us that she eloped that day with "a swarthy Indian buck." There is nothing comic in that; our feelings are rather shocked by it; and it is one of those things which the offended artistic sense is prone to lay up against an author.

That his pages are plentifully strewn with faults of this nature, and with others more or less serious, it must in frankness be confessed. His verses, when not lifted by the inspiring influence of his theme, have a sad tendency to degenerate into something very like doggerel, and, ceasing to be funny, become flat. Annoyed by the discords, of which he seems to be unconscious, we find ourselves constantly wishing that he would tighten up his strings. By far too large a part of his poetry is the product of his industry rather than of his genius; and yet one feels that he has not been industrious enough in perfecting the outward form of his most vital creations. When, in the "Centennial Rhymes," he makes the British General Gage say to the Boston boys,

"If to spoil your peace they do not cease,
I will punish my soldiers sore,"

we are depressed, but not much disturbed, since so much of the book is pitched in that key. But the bad lines in his good poems are more conspicuously out of place, as when he allows the "First Settler" to say of his young wife:

"With no desire *my glory for to rob*,
She used to stan' around and boss the job:"

which exhibits an incongruous mixture of the backwoods idiom, employed in the poem, and that feeble inverted diction used by no living creature on this planet except your manufacturer of weak conventional verse. Certainly no first settler, either in word or work, puts the cart before the horse in that ineffectual fashion. Phrases are often forced out of their natural order by strong writers with striking effect, but when this is too obviously done for the mere sake of rhyme and metre, and done often, the expression never gaining thereby, but always losing in force, a want of power is betrayed which causes the heart to sink. License of that sort, miscalled "poetical," and the use of such abbreviations as *'neath* and *ne'er* and *o'er*, though regarded by some as the proper ear-marks of poetry, which might fail of recognition without them, are growing less and less common with vigorous writers, and are beginning to be discarded altogether by some as unfitting the fresh modern treatment of living modern themes. They are especially out of place in dialect pieces, for though we may agree that a rough or uncultured character shall speak in rhyme and rhythm, we demand the exercise of such art as shall make his utterance seem to flow naturally into those channels without sacrificing its idiomatic consistency; and when he falls into such expressions as,

"*Givin'* was *somethin'* he *ne'er* would learn;"
"I held my own opinion, and *Betsey another had*;"
"Which often *a han'some pictur' to a hungry person makes*;"
"And now I'm mostly done, my story's *o'er*,"

a reader need not be morbidly sensitive to feel that there is a flaw somewhere.

However, the author of *Farm Ballads* is to be judged not by his faults, but by his merits, which shine through them like clear flame through some indispensable smoke. He is young yet, and we shall look to see the flame grow stronger and brighter, and the smoke more and more evanescent, in the work that awaits him in, as we trust, a long and happy and laborious future. Whole choirs of poets may be named who can weave pretty fancies and sing pleasant songs, to one who has his rare gift of finding the springs of universal human interest in the commonest subjects, and of touching at once the sources of smiles and tears. His range is not extensive: the character-sketch, having something of a story involved, treated in

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a naturalistic way, with a quaintness and geniality all his own—this is the province in which his powers appear unique and strong, and in this he has every inducement to concentrate them. Let us hope that he will not henceforth give too much time to "platform work," but that his recent marriage and settlement in the East (Brooklyn, Long Island) will incite him to fresh poetical activity.

HINTS ON DOMESTIC DECORATION.

HALLECK'S saying, "There is nothing so disheartening as any approach to contemporary fame," is recalled by the extraordinary exertions that have of late been made to form the popular taste in decorative art. The extravagance, and the incongruity with our habits and customs, of much that has recently been done in the name of art, often make a reaction seem probable that shall express itself by intolerance of luxurious splendor.

Ideas in art are, according to circumstances and individual capacity, plastic, chromatic, musical, literary, etc., etc.; and while two individuals may receive widely different impressions from the same occurrence, or may form distinct ideas under similar circumstances, artistically speaking the circumstances or the occurrence are of no sort of importance, while the individual impression is the foundation of art. It is very difficult for a painter to believe that everything can not be represented by means of his specialty; for a sculptor, that he can not model on any idea; but the success of the artist's every effort must largely depend on the relation between his idea and his process.

How much bad poetry could have been readable prose, and how many dreary pictures could be forcibly preached! The literary artist has one great advantage over his brothers of the brush and chisel, that he has only one process; his choice of form may, of course, be happy or unfortunate, but there is no further responsibility; the same pen, ink, paper, and type will always serve.

Decorative artists are more hemmed in by technical considerations than any others, from the necessity of availing themselves of all processes, while their work is in its nature based upon that of others, which they may modify more or less, but must accept as controlling all they attempt. They are forced to acknowledge that in interior decoration, even of ordinary living apartments, they are at the mercy of the architect—but not more so than he is at theirs.

In most rooms, as we find them, some treatment is necessary to modify a defect in proportion, because even where the question has been well considered in the building, the floor joists must be set on one level, and this is determined by the most important rooms on each floor, leaving the other rooms in faulty proportion of length and width to height. The most universally recognized rule for determining the height of a room is the sum of half the width and the square root of the length. The adoption of this rule results in bringing the angle formed by the ceil-

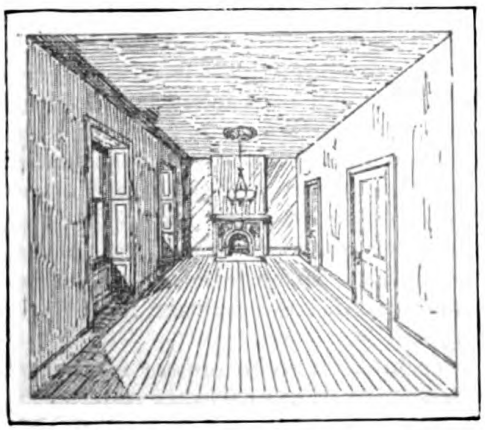


FIG. 1.

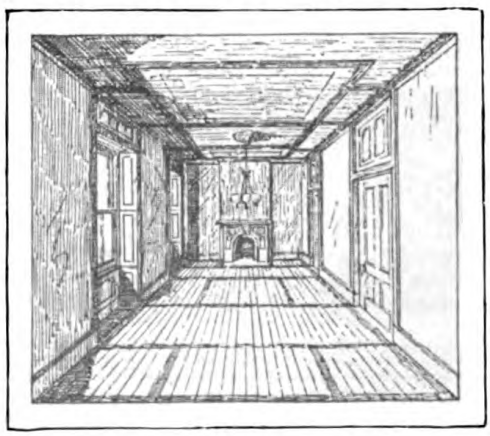


FIG. 2.

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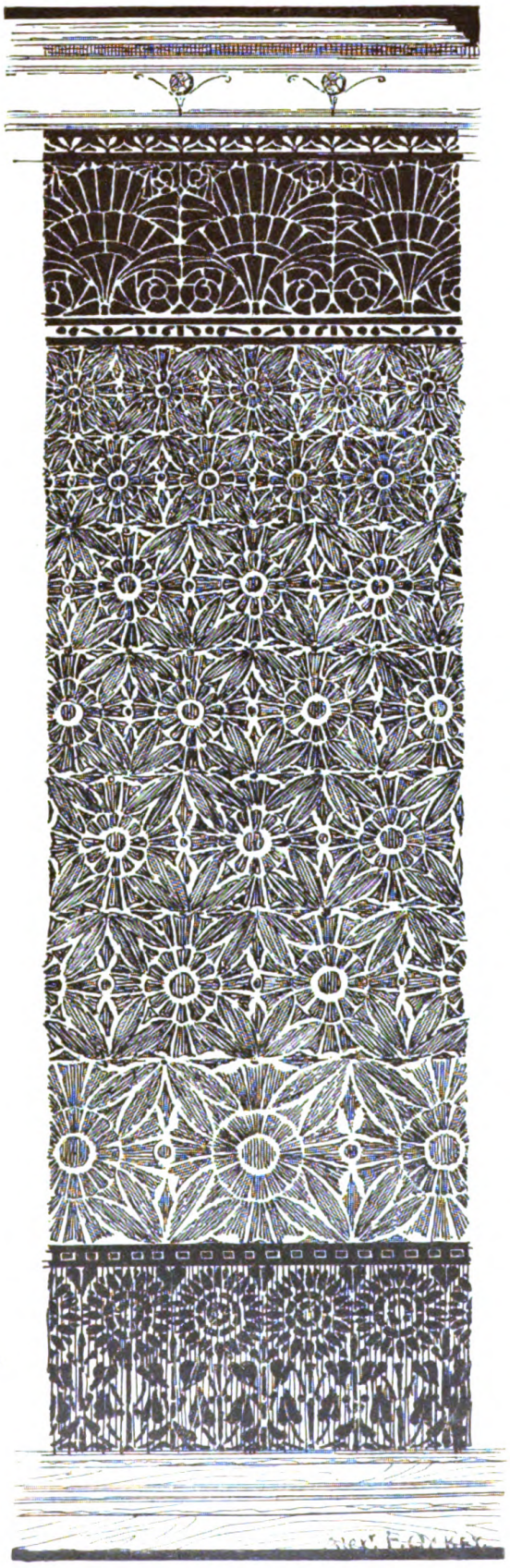


FIG. 3.

ing and wall just within the angle of vision of a person standing in the centre of the room without raising the eyes; but of course the rule can only be strictly observed in one room on each floor, unless a double tier of joists is set above the smaller rooms, or unless it is possible to have the floors of rooms in the same story on different levels, either course involving difficulty and expense. There is no defect in proportion that can not be modified in more than one way; that is to say, to assert that a room is too high is equivalent to saying that it is either not wide enough or not long enough, or both; so that in treating a room with a view to modifying its apparent proportion, the treatment that is most convenient may be made to answer the purpose in almost any instance; to apparently shorten a room being the same as to apparently increase its width and height, to apparently widen it being the same as decreasing the length and height, and so on. Thus six remedies are at hand, one or two of which will suffice, under any circumstances, to make a room appear higher, lower, wider, narrower, longer, or shorter.

To make a room appear *higher*, the plane surface of the ceiling should be decreased by the mouldings of the cornice, by panels, or, in the absence of these, by bands of color performing the same office. A vertical system of line should be adopted in mural decoration, and the mantel should be low.

To make a room appear *lower*, exactly the opposite treatment should be adopted; that is, to increase the plane ceiling, adopt a horizontal system of mural decoration, with a dado and a high mantel.

To make a room appear *wider* is accomplished to a certain extent by making it appear lower; but where this is undesirable, or where it is insufficient, the effect can be reached by adopting a mural decoration on a graduated scale of form, decreasing upward, so that *two* or more patterns at the top similar to those at the foot are found to occupy the same space as *one* at the foot, and this effect can be much increased by a gradation of color upward from dark to light.

To make a room appear *narrower* is accomplished to a certain extent by making it appear higher; but where this is undesirable or insufficient the effect can

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be obtained by adopting a strongly drawn large pattern in strong color for mural decoration.

To make a room appear *longer* is to an extent accomplished by making it appear lower and narrower; but where these are undesirable or insufficient, the effect may be obtained by decreasing the scale and strength of color of the mural decoration adopted at the ends.

To make a room appear *shorter* is accomplished to an extent by making it appear wider and higher; but the effect can be achieved by increasing the scale and strength of color of the mural decoration adopted at the ends.

Any of these effects can be modified or increased by the treatment of the floor surface, whether by carpets, rugs, painted boards, or by parquet flooring, lines running across a room, or rugs laid down at intervals, having the effect of shortening, and consequently to an extent of heightening and widening, a room. Lines running in the length increase this dimension, and to an extent reduce the height and width. A polished floor increases the apparent height of an apartment by reflecting all vertical lines and prolonging them.

These are the main devices for modifying proportion without actual alteration, and the extent to which any should be used must depend upon the degree of the defect. In many instances serious defects may be cured by a little judicious carpentry, such as increasing or decreasing the height or width of doors or windows. Where the windows are too high, or where it is desirable to continue an unbroken horizontal line, a transom bar may be introduced in the window-frame, affording an opportunity for stained-glass lights above, and the usual sashes or casements below.

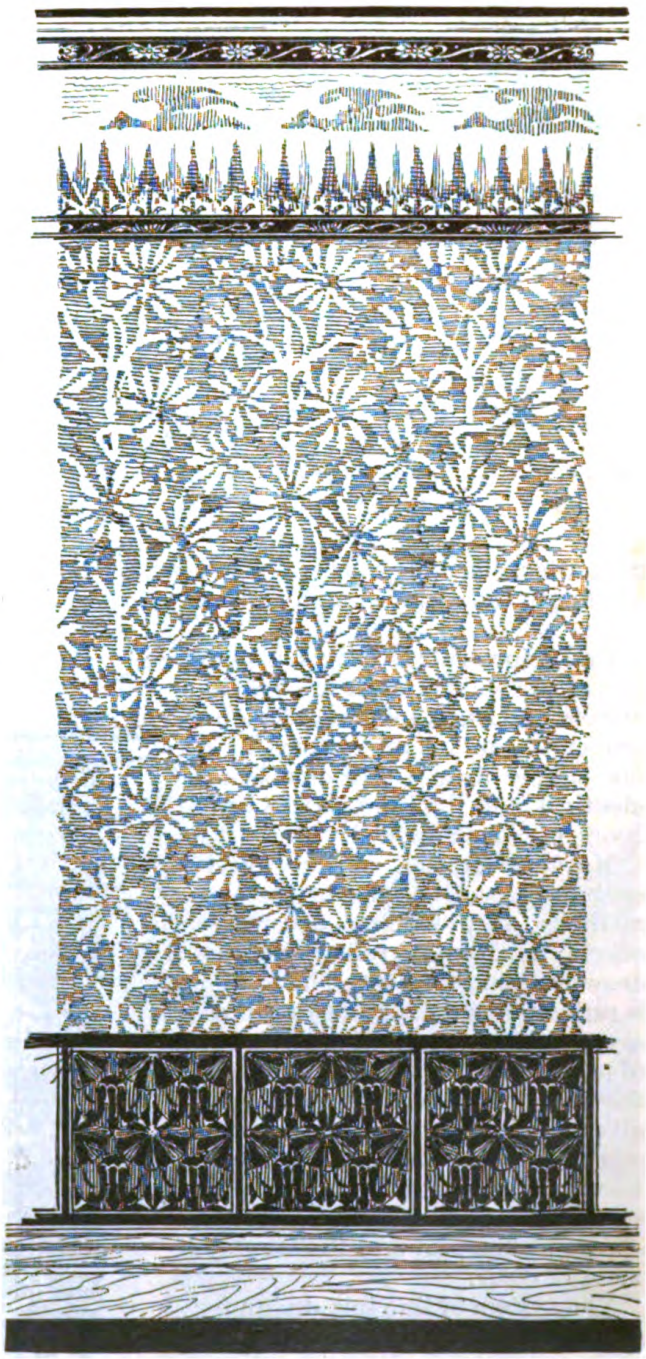


FIG. 4.

The panelling of doors may be also made to assist any scheme, long unbroken panels having the effect of increasing the height of the door, and a number of horizontal panels having the opposite effect.

The mantel and fire-place is usually the most difficult problem, and if it is of the stock pattern, and can not be removed and replaced, there seems to be little hope of doing anything better than lighting a good fire, whose cheerful blaze may at-

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FIG. 5.—MURAL DECORATION WITH ONE SQUARE STENCIL.

tract attention, and as far as possible make one forget the cast-iron arch and cold thin slabs.

Fig. 1 represents an ordinary room just as the builder left it, with all its defects, and Fig. 2 suggests some improvement in its proportions by a few simple lines, the rooms being identical, and the lines, panels over doors, etc., being added.

Mural decoration can be considered in respect to each of the two methods of producing decorative effects; *i.e.*, forms in relief and forms drawn on flat surfaces. The former is rather beyond the scope of this essay, as in general the question is one of paint, wall-papers, and stuffs, and these become sufficiently various for all domestic purposes with the aid of color. The fundamental question, however, is one of distribution of space, and drawing as a basis for the choice of material and the employment of color.

The system of line in a design for mural decoration should be in furtherance of the modification of proportion required, and in many instances the treatment of the wall surface will be sufficient in itself to modify the proportion. The general tendency of a design in wall-paper, fabric, or paint may be vertical, horizontal, or merely graceful and flowing, and any one of these characteristics may be embodied in an infinite variety of design. This principle being determined, the next in order is whether in the case under consideration it is desirable to preserve an effect of flat surface upon which the design is described, or to destroy this effect by suggesting depth, the last treatment tending to enlarge the room, while the first defines its limits. Fig. 3 is a design of this last description, and the gradation of form in scale tends to increase the apparent width of the room. Fig. 4 is a design that is intended to be neutral in its effect upon the proportion of a room, the strong dado and deep frieze tending to counteract the vertical tendency of the main surface. At the same time the strength of the dado as compared with the frieze would have a widening effect, which, however, could be counteracted, if desirable, by the treatment adopted in texture or nature of surface and in color.

It is not always possible to purchase wall-paper embodying the system of line

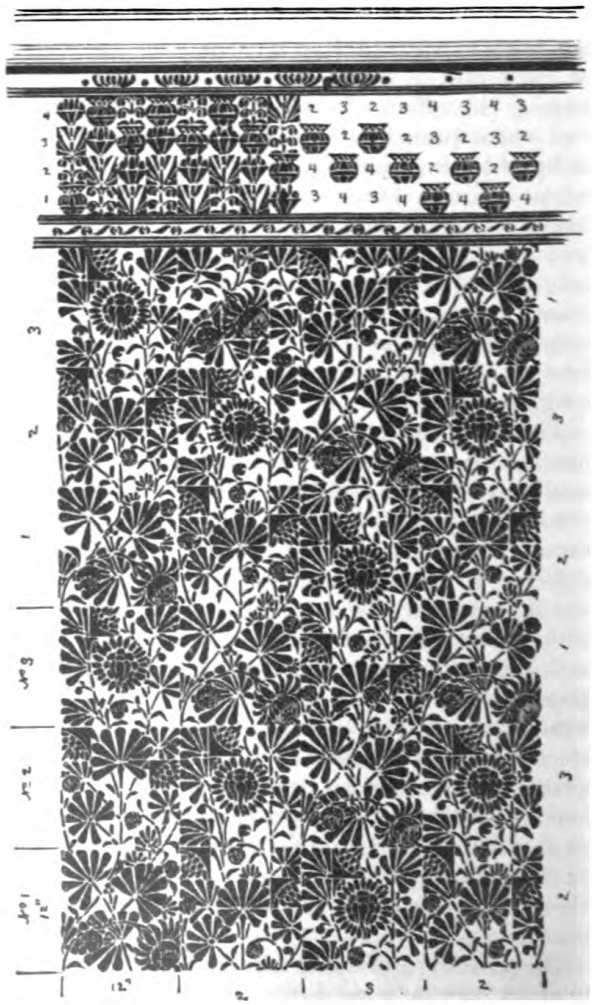


FIG. 6.—MURAL DECORATION EXECUTED BY STENCILLING.

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requisite, and in such cases two alternatives remain: to cover the wall with some fabric (an expensive resource), if the desired pattern can be found, or to paint on the wall such a design as to realize the desired effect. This can be done in various ways, the least expensive of which is by stencilling in oil or water-color, oil having the advantages of lasting longer and of being washed without injury, as well as being more easily repaired than paper or fabric.

Stencilling is the cheapest kind of decoration except the cheaper sorts of wall-paper, and almost any effect can be achieved by stencilling that is possible in any decoration produced by reduplicating a form or forms to cover a surface. Any simple form, if reduplicated and reversed, as the half or the quarter of a pattern, must result in a complete system capable of infinite extension. There are forms of which this is obviously untrue, as, for instance, of the square and the circle. Fig. 5 illustrates the theory in showing a pattern resulting from reduplicating and reversing one stencil. Fig. 7 also shows a stencil pattern producing an elaborate design, though of course stencilling implies the employment of only one color besides that of the background, which is laid on in a flat tint over the whole surface before the stencilling is applied. Fig. 6 is a treatment produced by three stencils, not reversed, but reduplicated at such intervals as to produce a second and larger system than that in the stencil, and this idea is capable of great variety with the same stencils.



Fig. 7.—Silk Damask Pattern (Italian), Sixteenth Century.

One of the nicest questions in mural decoration is that of texture or nature of surface, the choice in this respect lying between the extremes of the hard, polished, or reflecting, and the soft, velvet, or dead surface, and there are few instances where either can be used to advantage except occasionally as part of an elaborate scheme, to give value by contrast. The effect of either is so dependent on the light as to make it very uncertain from hour to hour or day to day. The gloss that pertains to silks, satins, oil-polished woods, and to a stippled painted wall is another matter, as also the flat lustreless

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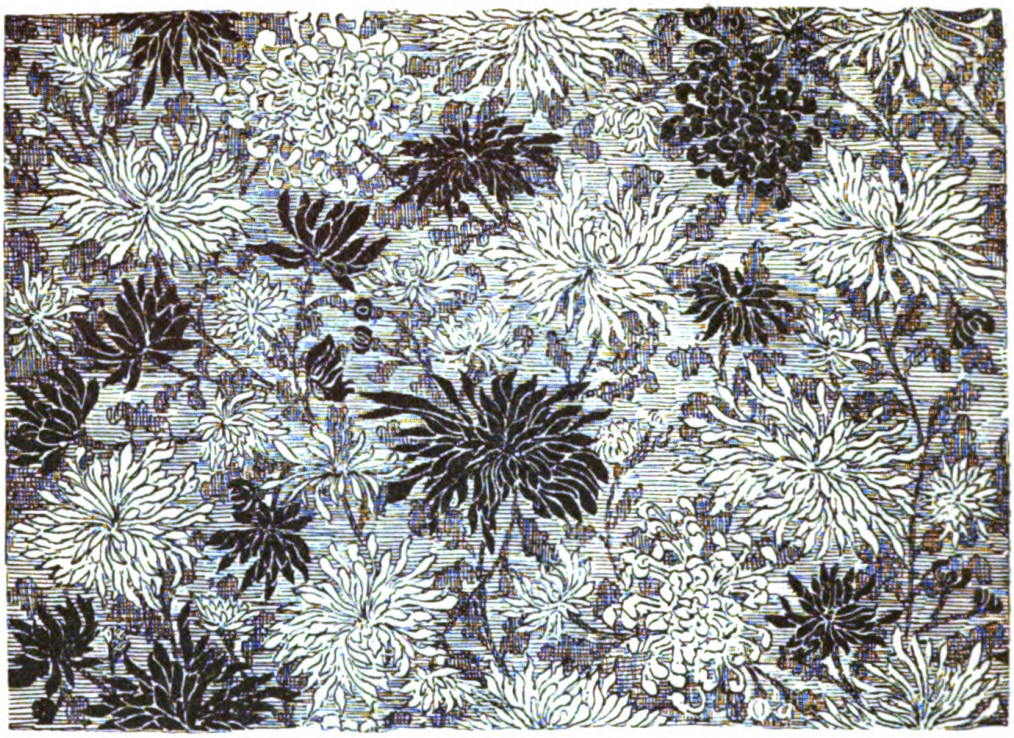


FIG. 8.—FROM A JAPANESE WALL-PAPER.

surface of most wall-paper and of many fabrics.

In some instances the best attainable effect may be achieved by covering the wall with some one color of the proper texture in paint, paper, or fabric, and contrasting this with an elaborate frieze or dado, or both, for it should be remembered that the absence of ornament is as important to decorative effect as its application. Purity, simplicity, repose, and breadth are in one sense synonymous with monotony both in form and color. A style that inclines to ornament for its own sake, and that sacrifices the contrast of plain surfaces to ornamented ones, or the contrast of simple form to complex, defeats its aim. A surface covered with complex ornament achieves monotony without repose if there is no adjacent plain surface to contrast it with, and so a simple broad design requires the opposition of some intricacy in design to give value to its simplicity.

The realistic portrayal of natural objects in a scheme of decoration is generally unsatisfactory, because it is difficult to divest them of association, and they consequently do not readily lend themselves to a general effect, besides, any repetition being monotonous. A conventionalized natural object—that is, a typical suggestion of one—is often valuable because it is in form and color under control, while for some purposes a subservient association of ideas is unobjectionable.

In some styles natural objects play an important part in decoration; but in these styles—the French and Italian rococo, for instance—the natural objects seldom stand on their own merits, but are used to convey a distinct idea in accordance with the occupation of the apartment. The figure of a nude woman is always presented, together with such accessories as to give her a mythological character, as a nymph, a Venus, or a Bacchante, so that she is made to accord with the general scheme, and does not recommend herself merely as a more or less interesting specimen of humanity. Realistic flowers and fruits are also largely employed, but always in garlands, festoons, and cornucopias, in order to give them an artificial character, the peculiar growth of the bush, vine, or tree never being suggested. In fact, the rococo decoration, as far as it portrays the same objects, is the opposite of the Japanese, which is at once more realistic and more conventional than any other style. That is to say, that in making use of any natural object for decorative purposes the Japanese succeed in al-

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tering its form and color in accordance with any scheme, without ever losing the peculiar characteristic for which it was selected. The beauty of the recent designs in paper-hangings and fabrics seems to result from the importation of Persian and Japanese goods. These styles, though widely different in many respects, have a sort of family resemblance. Figs. 8 and 9 are Japanese designs, and the similarity of method is apparent. Figs. 10 and 11 are Persian. Fig. 12 is a recent importation of raw silk fabric. Fig. 13 is an English paper-hanging lately manufactured. These two designs are as fully Japanese and Persian as possible, and show the indispensable advantage to the decorator of thorough knowledge of style, not that he may copy, but that his familiarity with the various systems in their innumerable combinations of form and color may enable him to conceive his results with certainty under any given conditions.

Color in all decorative work is at once the question most under control and most difficult to determine satisfactorily, especially when the existence of certain curtains, carpets, upholstery, or all of them must be considered in the treatment of the walls, ceiling, and wood-work; and when these existing things are at war among themselves as to color, the problem is still more troublesome; but in such instances our wall, ceiling, and wood-work must be made to establish the necessary relations by analogy or contrast, or both, unity of expression in the whole scheme being the first desideratum. However hopeless such a problem may appear, harmony can be achieved with knowledge and application of the laws of color, whose principles can be briefly stated without attempting to discuss the inexhaustible subject further than is necessary in this relation.

Color is, scientifically speaking, a property of light, which fact makes texture or nature of surface of the utmost importance, as also the quality of the light it is exposed to. The direction, quantity, and even color of artificial light are usually under control, as we can have side lights or centre lights, or both, if desirable; can determine their height above the floor, and by the form of the globes or shades, and by reflectors or sconces, can control the direction. The choice of the material and color of the globes or shades makes it possible to achieve almost any effect complementary to the scheme of decoration adopted; but it is the compromise between the effect by daylight and that by

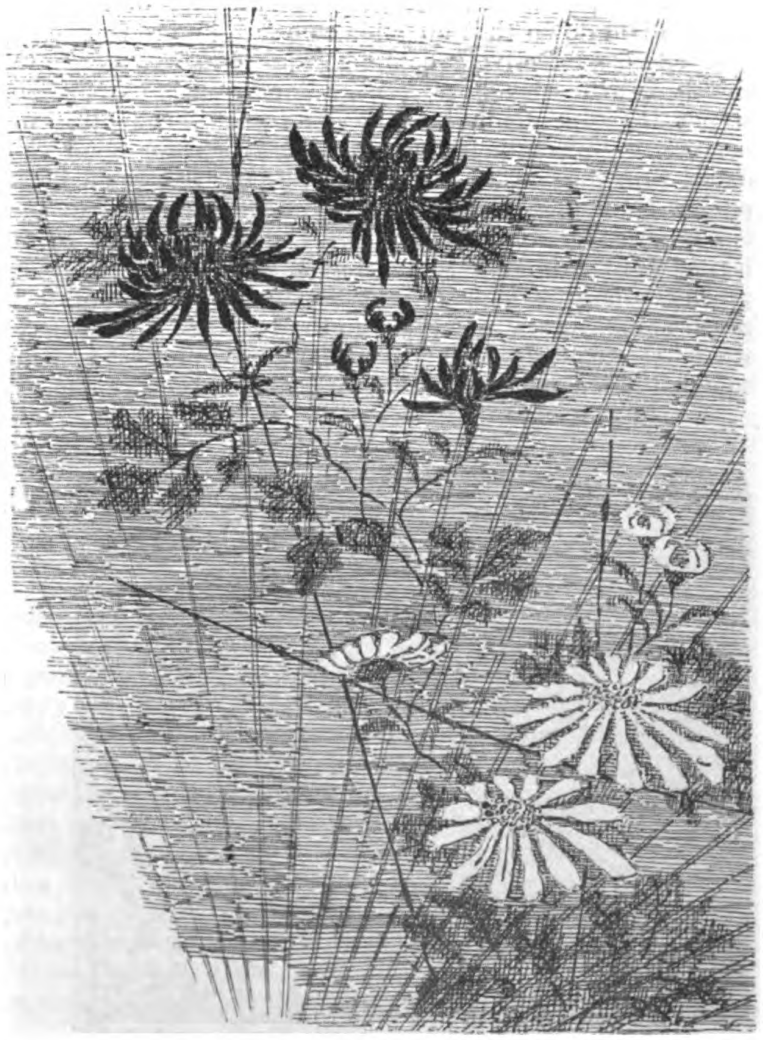


FIG. 9.—JAPANESE PAINTING ON SILK.

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FIG. 10.—FROM A PERSIAN EMBROIDERY.



FIG. 11.—FROM A PERSIAN EMBROIDERY.

artificial light that makes the nicest discrimination in color contrast necessary. Of the three primary colors, red, yellow, and blue, yellow is the strongest, and when used in equal quantity and intensity will predominate. A general rule may be laid down that no color composition can be effectively complete unless the three primaries are present. For instance, if the predominant tone of a composition is purple, yellow must be introduced in some way to make the effect of purple fully appreciated, because purple is composed of red and blue, and yellow is the third primary; so in a generally green composition some red must be used, green being yellow and blue, and red restores the equilibrium. In an orange composition some blue is necessary, for the same reasons. The relative quantity and intensity of this third color is a question of tone, which, though capable of exact definition in any particular instance, must always remain more or less a matter of feeling, with which one person is more fully endowed than another. However, there are many known facts that, when appreciated, save the trouble of experimenting in regard to the effect of one color upon another in juxtaposition—the effect of what is called simultaneous contrast. For instance, a clear yellow may be made to take on a greenish hue by contrasting it with orange, because the eye supplies the absent primary, blue. So a blue may be made to assume a purple cast by being contrasted with a green, because the eye supplies the absent primary, red. The relative quantity and intensity of the colors of a composition are called the values, and if these are true—that is, so balanced as to realize to the uttermost the desired effect—the whole composition could be translated into another tone of color and still retain these values; as, for instance, a sunset that appears to us in values of reds and yellows would retain all its contrasts and effects if seen through a green or blue glass. In short, the aim of the colorist is not so much to produce a certain effect by employing certain colors, as to produce a certain effect by em-



FIG. 12.—ENGLISH RAW SILK FABRIC.

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FIG. 13.—AN ENGLISH WALL-PAPER.

ploying any colors that the nature of a case may force upon him. When he is obliged to consider the effect of existing things upon his work, it is in making stubborn fact his auxiliary that he shows his skill.

The combination or disposition of such furniture, pictures, and ornaments as by inheritance, by gift, or by purchase have been accumulated is for many people the only opportunity for practicing decorative art, and these accumulations are generally of so varied a character as to make any attempt to include them all in one scheme result in the effect of a curiosity shop at best. The huddling together of objects designed for various purposes by various races and in many ages must always result in the predominance of the strongest forms and colors, almost necessarily to the disadvantage of the more delicate objects. We can not readily divest things of their associations, and to appreciate the value of an object its surroundings should be harmonious. A Satsuma vase standing on a cabinet of the time of Francis I. would not be nearly as effective as a vase by Cellini would be in the same position. We can at least group what we have so that the objects may assist each other, and in such dispositions the traits must be borne in mind. Symmetry is a desideratum only in some styles; the most beautiful things are not found in pairs. Resemblance is as indispensable to contrast as difference. The most important effect in interior decoration is a pervading harmony, an effect that it is possible to accept as a whole, and this can only be accomplished by the closest attention to detail, with a preconceived plan and clearly defined scheme, in proportion, in drawing, in style, in color, all relatively considered.

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THE POETRY OF THE DEAF.

EDGAR ALLAN POE, in his essay on *The Poetic Principle*, defines the "poetry of words" as "the rhythmical creation of beauty."

"Contenting myself," he says, "with the certainty that music, in its various modes of meter, rhythm, and rhyme, is of so vast a moment in poetry as never to be wisely rejected — is so vitally important an adjunct that he is simply silly who declines its assistance—I will not now pause to maintain its absolute essentiality."

If this *dictum* of so great a master of the music of verse is accepted, the declaration that poetry may be fully appreciated, and even produced, by those bereft of the sense through which alone music can be enjoyed, presents an apparent absurdity.



JOHN CARLIN.

It is no easy matter, if indeed it be at all possible, for us who possess the sense of hearing to place ourselves in the position of those who dwell for a lifetime in a world of silence. The constitution of their minds lacks absolutely an element that forms a part of ours, from the baby days when the mother's lullaby soothes to sleep, to the hour when (whether the creation of the imagination, or something more real, who can tell?) the song of angels thrills the soul of the dying saint.

It is not likely that the interesting questions in mental science as to what is the difference between the normal mind and that in which the sense of hearing has not existed will ever be fully answered. But it is evidently impossible that the congenitally deaf should have any proper idea of sound, and hence of music.

Hardly more likely does it seem that those whose hearing was destroyed in early childhood can retain the memory of sound to a degree sufficient to enable them to become musical composers, even in the poetic sense. And yet the interesting fact appears that the deaf, in no inconsiderable numbers, have essayed to mount on the wing of poetic expression: to what extent and with what success it is the purpose of this paper to show.

In the first number of the *American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb*, a quarterly publication commenced in 1847, and which is now the leading periodical of its kind in the world, the editor introduces a poem by a deaf-mute, with the following note:

"How shall he who has not now and who never has had the sense of hearing, who is totally without what the musicians call an 'ear,' succeed in preserving all the niceties of accent, measure, and rhythm? We should almost as soon expect a man born blind to become a landscape painter as one born deaf to produce poetry of even tolerable merit. Accordingly, such cases are very rare. Indeed, among the thousands of educated deaf and dumb persons in this country and in Europe, we know of but one example of the kind. We refer to John Carlin, a former pupil of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and now a miniature painter of decided merit in New York city. At our request Mr. Carlin has communicated the following article for publication in our annals. It is published precisely as it came from his own hand. We have not felt ourselves at liberty to add, subtract, or change the position of a single word."

THE MUTE'S LAMENT.

BY JOHN CARLIN, M. A.

I move, a silent exile on this earth;
As in his dreary cell one doomed for life,
My tongue is mute, and closed ear heedeth not;
No gleam of hope this darkened mind assures
That the blest power of speech shall e'er be known.
Murmuring gayly o'er their pebbly beds
The limpid streamlets, as they onward flow
Through verdant meadows and responding woodlands,

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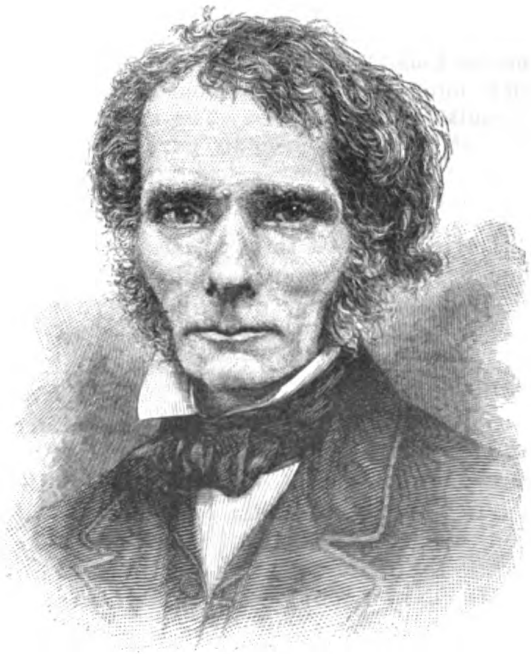
Vocal with many tones—*I hear them not.*
The linnet's dulcet tone, the robin's strain,
The whip-poor-will's, the lightsome mock-bird's cry,
When merrily from branch to branch they skip,
Flap their blithe wings, and o'er the tranquil air
Diffuse their melodies—*I hear them not.*
The touches lyric of the lute divine,
Obedient to the rise, the cadence soft,
And the deep pause of maiden's pensive song
While swells her heart with love's elated life,
Draw forth its mellow tones—*I hear them not.*
Deep silence over all, and all seems lifeless;
The orator's exciting strains the crowd
Enraptured hear, while meteor-like his wit
Illuminates the dark abyss of mind—
Alone—left in the dark—*I hear them not.*
While solemn stillness reigns on sacred walls,
Devotion high and awe profound prevail,
The balmy words of God's own messenger
Excite to love, and troubled spirits soothe—
Religion's dew-drops bright—*I feel them not.*
From wearied search through long and cheerless ways
For faithless fortune, I, lorn, homeward turn;
And must this thankless tongue refuse to breathe
The blest word "mother," when that being dear
I meet with steps elastic, full of joy,
And all the fibres of this heart susceptive
Throb with our nature's strongest, purest love?
Oh! that this tongue must still forbear to sing
The hymn sublime, in praise of God on high;
Whilst solemnly the organ peals forth praises,
Inspired and deep with sweetest harmony!
Though sad and heavy in the fate I bear,
And I may sometimes wail my solitude,
Yet, oh! how precious the endowments He,
T' alleviate, hath lavished! and shall I,
Thankless, return His kindness by laments?
O Hope! How sweetly smileth Heavenly Hope
On the sad drooping soul and trembling heart!
Bright as the morning star when night recedes,
His genial smile this longing soul assures
That when it leaves this sphere, replete with woes,
For paradise, replete with purest joys,
My ears shall be unsealed, and I shall hear,
My tongue shall be unbound, and I shall speak,
And happy with the angels sing forever.

Mr. Carlin is still living in New York, enjoying a vigorous old age, and recently, in compliance with a request from the writer for information as to the manner in which he came to write verses, furnished the following statement:

"I was born deaf, and have since been so. I was graduated from the Pennsylvania Institution in 1825, at the tender age of twelve years, after four years' schooling. I was never taught articulation. I am still profoundly dumb; and, being totally deaf, I have no idea of vocal sounds.

"During my youth and early manhood I took delight in reading Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope. While studying art under Delaroche at Paris, I illustrated in outlines 'Paradise Lost,' and also Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, a poem in prose. Notwithstanding my ignorance of the rules of versification, I scribbled verses. Ever desirous to be a good poet, I made strenuous endeavors to discover where and how to master the art of poetry, and in every endeavor I failed. My pen danced on, the poetic flow of my imagination having found an outlet in discordant verses, which demonstrated that I was still ignorant of the secret of poesy.

"All hearing persons to whom I showed my attempts at poetry were unable to explain fully where the difficulty lay, and, by reason of my congenital deafness, and the subsequent inability of my ear to catch and con long and short syllables intonated in strictly poetic feet, either iambic or trochaic, dactylic or anapestic, I was convinced that I could never be what I so ardently desired—a correct writer of verses. But when I made a professional sojourn at Springfield, Massachusetts, in the winter of 1842, I had the good fortune to become acquainted with the Rev. Dr. W. B. O. Peabody, and took the first opportunity to lay my case before him, with one of my efforts for his critical perusal. He soon saw my deficiency in the knowledge of regular rhythm, and, after careful reflection, he definitely opened my eyes to the right way to my goal, by directing me to study Walker's *Pronouncing Dictionary*, and also his *Rhyming Dictionary*, a book which contains all the fundamental principles of poetry. Besides, he gave me hints about poetizing correctly.



JAMES NACK.

"Long and patiently I plodded in the way pointed out to me by that good man, treasuring in my sensorium as many accented sylla-

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MRS. MARY TOLES PEET.

bles as I could, that they might be easily called to mind at any time without my having to consult the dictionaries. The advice which Bryant, the poet, personally gave me—'Read the best English poets'—has proved a valuable guide in poetical composition."

During the last thirty years Mr. Carlin has produced a considerable number of short poems, many of which have been copied widely in the newspapers. One, entitled "A Scene on Long Island Sound," in blank verse, is to be found in *The American Reader*, published by A. Dekalb Farr, and is remarkable for a certain majesty of movement, which shows how fully Mr. Carlin has overcome the most serious difficulties growing out of his deafness.

The following, as a specimen of our author's composition in rhyme, is, however, all we have room for in this article:

TO THE FIRE-FLIES.

Awake, ye sparklers, bright and gay,
  Still nestling in your lair!
The twilight glories fade away,
  And gloom pervades the air.
Come, then, ye merry elves of light,
Illuminate the tranquil night,
While low and high ye blithely fly,
Flitting meteors 'neath the sky.

The twinkling stars appear anon,
  Shine feebly from on high;
The humble glow-worms hasten on
  To bear them company.
O come, ye lustrous sylphs of night,
Display with them your fairy light,
While low and high ye blithely fly,
Flitting meteors 'neath the sky.

The trees are hushed, the streamlet's still,
  The frogs their vigils keep;
The nodding grain on yonder hill
And flowers together sleep.
O rise, ye sprightly flies of fire,
This slumbering scene with life inspire,
While low and high ye blithely fly,
Flitting meteors 'neath the sky.

The old folks doze, the maidens fair
  Their wooing swains delight;
Then rise ye from your wat'ry lair
  To cheer the solemn night.
O sparklers, in the hour of dreams
Fling merrily your witching gleams,
While low and high ye blithely fly,
Flitting meteors 'neath the sky.

In recognition of his high attainments as a writer, and of his earnest devotion to letters, Mr. Carlin was invited to deliver an address at the public inauguration of the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington, D. C., in June, 1864, and was on that occasion made a Master of Arts, this being the first instance of the conferring of a degree by the new college; and he still enjoys the distinction of being the only *deaf-mute* poet the world has ever known.

Of all other deaf poets—that is to say, those who lost their hearing in childhood, and hence have retained some memory of sound—the wonder is only less in degree, as compared with the congenitally deaf, that they can, after long years of complete silence, give utterance to their thoughts and feelings in strict accord oftentimes with the rules of "meter, rhyme, and rhythm." And the marvel is the greater when it is known, as is the case with several persons presently to be alluded to, that hearing was lost long before the mind had received any appreciable poetic influence from without.

The peculiar mental condition of those to whom sound is only a memory is well expressed in verse by two of their own number.

The following is from the pen of Professor Amos G. Draper, of the faculty of the college at Washington, who became totally deaf at the age of ten years:

They are like one who shuts his eyes to dream
  Of some bright vista in his fading past;
  And suddenly the faces that were lost
In long forgetfulness before him seem—
Th' uplifted brow, the love-lit eyes whose beam
  Could ever o'er his soul a radiance cast,

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Numberless charms that long ago have askt
The homage of his fresh young life's esteem;
For sometimes, from the silence that they bear,
Well up the tones that erst formed half their joys—
A strain of music floats to the dull ear,
Or low, melodious murmur of a voice,
Till all the chords of harmony vibrant are
With consciousness of deeply slumb'ring pow'rs.

Miss Angie A. Fuller,* who lost hearing at the age of thirteen, and was educated in part at the Illinois Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, has written a number of very creditable short poems, from one of which, "The Semi-Mute's Soliloquy," the following extract will be of interest in connection with Mr. Draper's sonnet:

No sound! no sound! an alien though at home,
An exile even in my native land;
A prisoner too, for though at will I roam,
Yet chained and manacled I oft must stand
Unmoved, though sounds vibrate on every hand.

No sound! no sound! yet often I have heard,
Echoing through dear memory's sacred hall,
The buzz of bees, the rare song of a bird,
The melody of rain-drops as they fall,
The wind's wild notes, or Sabbath bells' sweet call.

No outward sound! yet often I perceive
Kind angel voices speaking to my soul
Sweetly consoling charges to believe
That this life is a part and not the whole
Of being—its beginning, not its goal;

No sound! except the echoes of the past,
Seeming at times, in tones now loud, now low,
The voices of a congregation vast
Praising the God from whom all blessings flow,
Until my heart with rapture is aglow.

In our own country several are found besides those already referred to who may justly claim to be recognized as deaf poets. Most prominent among these is James Nack, who died in New York September, 1879, at the age of seventy-one.

Mr. Nack lost his hearing in his ninth year, entered the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb as a pupil within a few months after this event, and remained there four years. His first publication was a volume of poems, written between his fourteenth and seventeenth years, entitled *The Legend of the Rocks, and Other Poems.*

One of the leading reviews of that day speaks of the volume in terms of most enthusiastic praise, calling the author an intellectual wonder, and ranking his writings above the productions of Chatterton, and those of Byron in his earlier years.

In 1839 Mr. Nack published a volume entitled *Earl Rupert, and Other Poems;* in 1850, *The Immortal, a Dramatic Romance;* and in 1859, *The Romance of the Ring, The Spirit of Vengeance, and Other Poems.*



"HOWARD GLYNDON."

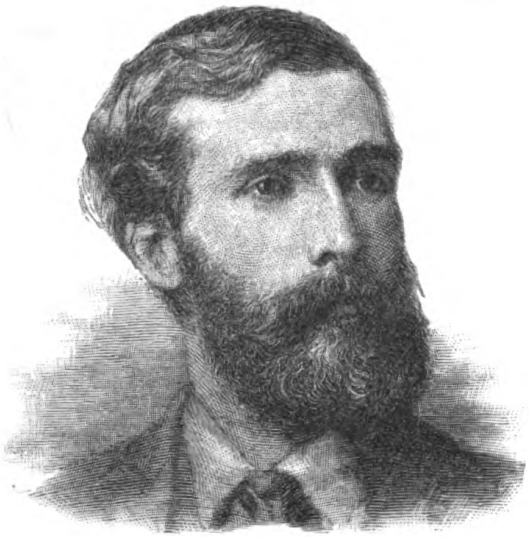
The following may be taken as a specimen of his style in his miscellaneous pieces:

THE RINGLET.

Though to thee this little tress
Brings no thought of loveliness,
Nothing that my eye can meet
For that eye hath charm as sweet;
Nor such witchery is spread
By the locks on beauty's head,
Whether their dishevelled dance
Floats in wild luxuriance,
Or their gently waving rings
Fall in sunny glistenings,
Or in their ambrosial wreath
Violets and roses breathe,
Or, in regal band controlled,
They entwine with gems and gold—
Whether their light clusters through
Peeps the laughing eye of blue,
Or the shade of raven wing
O'er the eye of night they fling.
Know, if thou wouldst have me tell
Whence it hath derived a spell
Far all other charms above,
'Twas her first fond gift of love.

* Miss Fuller, who resides in Savanna, Illinois, is now nearly blind. But in spite of her disabilities she has recently published a volume of poems, entitled *The Venture.*

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WILLIAM L. BIRD.

By a singular coincidence, during the year that brought deafness to James Nack, the same affliction befell another boy of equal age who was destined to attain prominence as a writer and as a poet.

John R. Burnet, born in northern New Jersey in 1808, made totally deaf by disease in 1817, published, in 1835, *Tales of the Deaf and Dumb, with Miscellaneous Poems.* This book attracted great attention, and was successful both as a pecuniary venture and in a literary point of view. During the thirty years following its publication Mr. Burnet was a frequent contributor to the periodical press of the country, articles from his pen appearing in the *Biblical Repository*, the *North American Review*, the *American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb*, and other journals.

In 1871 Mr. Burnet received the degree of Master of Arts from the Deaf-Mute College at Washington, which, in the language of one of the Reports of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, "honored itself in honoring this the most eminent of the semi-mute scholars in this country."

We have room in this paper for only a few lines of Mr. Burnet's, which we take from a piece entitled

THE BATTLE OF TRENTON,
December 26, 1776.

Great Washington rides through the silent ranks,
  Speaks cheering words, then turns to hide a tear;
That so much hope is left he renders thanks,
  And breathes for victory a silent prayer.

He gives the word—*Embark!* A few frail boats
  Are freighted with the last hope of the free;
And with these fragile vessels sinks or floats
  Thy cause forever, weeping Liberty!

Row on! brave sons of Freedom; prove your might;
  Push through the crashing ice and dashing surge!
A mighty stake lies on your strength this night;
  With oar and pole and axe your course still urge!

Though chill the sleet your limbs—oh, do not quail!
  Though last your toil for hours—oh, do not tire!
A holy cause rests on you; if you fail,
  The world's last hope of Freedom must expire.

Howard Glyndon is a name not infrequently appearing in our current magazines and literary newspapers as the author of pieces in prose and verse. Probably few persons are aware that this writer is a lady who has been totally deaf from early childhood. Her primary education was conducted in the Missouri Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, from which she graduated in 1857. She took leave of her teachers and classmates in a poetical address of considerable literary merit, which was published in the *American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb*, together with an



LAURA BRIDGMAN

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article in prose under her real name, Laura C. Redden. Her ambition was to succeed in literary pursuits, and many who were in Washington twenty years ago will remember her as an attractive lady with a voice hardly rising above a whisper; fragile and very youthful in appearance as she was then in years, but exhibiting an earnestness and independence which gave promise of the success that has since crowned her labors.

Miss Redden (now Mrs. Edward W. Searing) was an acceptable correspondent of many daily and weekly journals while she remained in Washington, and in 1865 she published, under the patronage of some of our most distinguished public men, a volume of poems, entitled *Idyls of Battle*, which added to her growing reputation. In 1873 she published another volume, *Sounds from Secret Chambers*, in which may be found much that is beautiful in thought and expression. From this volume we take the following, entitled:

WHICH IS BEST?

What if I saved from trampling feet
The drooping plumes of a wounded bird,
And tended its hurt with a gentle hand
Till its new life stirred?

What if it nestled against my cheek,
And tamed its shyness upon my breast,
Until I believed that it loved me more
Than its old-time nest?

And if some day, when I prized it most,
It should leave my hand with a sudden spring,
And cleave the blue of the summer sky
With a freshened wing,

And never pause at my pleading call,
Never come back to my desolate breast,
And forget I had saved its life, and forget
I had loved it best—

Should I never open my arms again
To any helpless or suffering thing?
Never bind up the bruised heart,
Nor the broken wing?

Better a thousand times to bear
A blow in place of an earned caress,
Than to turn aside into selfish ways,
Or to pity less.

Better the long-abiding pain
Of a wrongèd love in its sufferance meek
Than the hardened heart and the bitter tongue
And the sullen cheek.

Mrs. Mary Toles Peet is the author of a considerable number of short pieces in verse, all of which are graceful and finished in style and full of poetic feeling. Mrs. Peet lost her hearing at the age of thirteen, and was for two years a pupil, in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, of him whose wife she afterward became, Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, the well-known principal of that institution.

In the year 1853, not long after the death of the founder of deaf-mute education in America, Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, LL.D., the deaf and dumb of the whole country contributed of their means for the erection of a monument to their great benefactor on the grounds of the parent school, at Hartford, Connecticut.

The occasion of the unveiling of this monument was commemorated by Mrs. Peet in lines the following quotation from which will illustrate her modes of thought and expression:

THE GALLAUDET MONUMENT.

No flaunting banners wave,
No pomp surrounds his grave,
No arch triumphal blazons forth his name;
More fitting pile we raise
For one whose brightest days
Were given to deeds worth a far nobler fame.

Plain monumental stone,
Whereon the summer's sun
And autumn moonbeams silently will lie,
O'er thee soft gales of spring
May float with unseen wing,
And mingle here with the mute pilgrim's sigh.

And while we linger round
This consecrated ground,
Perchance, as starbeams mirrored in the wave,
His spirit, lingering near,
May be reflected here
In silent hearts, inspiring works of love.

Among the students of the College for Deaf-Mutes at Washington, compositions in verse are not uncommon, and there are those of their number who will no doubt be hereafter known as poets.

Besides Professor Draper, already alluded to, one other graduate of the college deserves mention as a writer of verse. William L. Bird, of Connecticut, graduated from the college in 1870. He served for a short time as a clerk in the Census office, taught for a year the most advanced class in the Virginia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Staunton, whence he removed to Hartford, Connecticut, to take a position as instructor in the school where his early education was conducted.

Mr. Bird lost his hearing in the seventh year of his age, after having attended school as a hearing child for a single session. In his tenth year he became a pupil of the institution at Hartford, where he remained until he entered college in 1866.

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Giving the brightest promise of a successful and useful life as a teacher and as a writer, he was suddenly stricken with a mortal disease, and died in 1879 at his post in Hartford.

Mr. Bird published no verses during his lifetime, but among his papers ample evidence was found that he was a true poet, and he undoubtedly would have been known as such had his life been spared. In proof of which the following lines will, we believe, be accepted:

THE OCEAN.

I stand alone
On wave-washed stone
To fathom thine immensity.
With merry glance
Thy wide expanse
Smiles, oh! so brightly upon me.
Art thou my friend, blue, sparkling sea?

With your cool breeze
My brow you ease,
And brush the pain and care away.
Your waves, the while,
With sunny smile,
Around my feet in snowy spray
Of fleecy lightness dance and play.

So light of heart,
So void of art,
Your waves' low laugh is mocking me.
I hear their voice—
"Come, play, rejoice;
Come, be as happy as are we:
Why should you not thus happy be?"

Alas! I know
That, deep below,
And tangled up in sea-weeds, lies,
Where light dares not
Disturb the spot,
He who alone can cheer my eyes.
O sea! why wear this sparkling guise?

Last, but not least, we may include in our catalogue one who is not only deaf, but dumb and blind. For it is a fact that Laura Bridgman, the mere mention of whose name touches a chord of sympathy in every heart, has lately, in the evening of her days, given expression to her reflections in a form that is highly poetic, even though her lines do not follow the modern models of versification.

Several incidents of recent occurrence in the life of this remarkable woman, most influential among which, no doubt, was the death, six years ago, of her benefactor and devoted friend, Dr. Howe, have seemed to give a poetic turn to the current of her thought and feeling. And the following can hardly be read without emotion when one remembers the deep shadows under which the writer has walked and dwelt all the days of her earthly pilgrimage.

HOLY HOME.

Heaven is holy home.
Holy home is from everlasting to everlasting.
Holy home is summerly.
I pass this dark home toward a light home.
Earthly home shall perish,
But holy home shall endure forever.
Earthly home is wintery.
Hard is it for us to appreciate the radiance of holy home because of the blindness of our minds.
How glorious holy home is, and still more than a beam of sun!
By the finger of God my eyes and my ears shall be opened;
The string of my tongue shall be loosed.
With sweeter joys in heaven I shall hear and speak and see.
What glorious rapture in holy home for me to hear the angels sing and perform upon instruments!
Also that I can behold the beauty of heavenly home.
Jesus Christ has gone to prepare a place for those who love and believe Him.
My zealous hope is that sinners might turn themselves from the power of darkness unto light divine.
When I die, God will make me happy.
In heaven music is sweeter than honey, and finer than a diamond.

The earliest specimen of poetry by the deaf is to be found in a rare and interesting work entitled *Vox Oculis Subjecta*, by Francis Green, of Boston, published anonymously in London in 1783. The lines are given as the composition of a pupil of Braidwood, the first teacher of deaf-mutes in Great Britain, and appeared in 1768. They are as follows:

ON SEEING GARRICK ACT.

When Britain's *Roscius* on the stage appears,
Who charms all eyes, and (*I am told*) all *ears*,
With ease the various passions I can trace,
Clearly reflected from that wondrous face,
Whilst true conception with just action joined
Strongly impress each image on my mind.
What need of sounds, when plainly I descry
Th' expressive features and the speaking eye?—
That eye whose bright and penetrating ray
Doth Shakespeare's meaning to my soul convey.
Best commentator on great Shakespeare's text!
When *Garrick* acts *no* passage seems perplext.

The most voluminous writer of poetry among the deaf is Mrs. Touna, better known under her assumed name of Charlotte Elizabeth. She became totally deaf at nine years of age, no sound of any kind ever reaching her afterward. She was, however, acutely sensitive to vibrations, whether conveyed through the air or through a solid medium. In this way the vibrations from an organ or from the sounding-board of a piano gave her great

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pleasure, and from her recollection of Handel's music she took great delight in it.

On one occasion, when she had reached the age of twenty-three, a new country-dance was played. The tune was called the "Recovery," the rhythm of which is very peculiar. She was as usual at her station, with her hands on the sounding-board, when some friends expressed a doubt as to the possibility of her forming any idea of the tune. She sat down at once, and wrote a song which followed the tune in all its changes with absolute precision.

There is a piece of Mrs. Touna's beginning

"No generous toil declining,"

which is quite difficult to read as poetry until the reader is made familiar with an old song entitled "A rose-tree in full bearing," to which it is perfectly adapted.

Besides many short poems and her numerous well-known prose works, Mrs. Touna published four separate volumes of poetry—*The Convent Bell; Izram, a Mexican Tale; Osric, a Missionary Tale;* and *The Garden, with Other Poems.**

Among the prose writers of the world who became deaf in childhood, the place of highest rank will without question be accorded to John Kitto, the famous Bible commentator.

His published poetical compositions cover only some three hundred lines, in his interesting work on the *Lost Senses.* By way of apology for their introduction, Kitto earnestly disclaims any desire to be recognized as a poet, but his specimens plainly indicate that he might have gained distinction as a writer of verse had he devoted himself to poetry with half the interest he showed in his prose works.

The reasons for his indisposition to attempt the writing of poetry appear in the conviction he expresses that deafness is an insuperable obstacle to rhythmical composition.

"For want of oral guidance in hearing others speak," he says, "it is next to impossible that the deaf man should have that knowledge of quantity and rhythm which is so essential to harmonious verse. He would also be unsafe in his rhymes, for rhyme lies in assonances which can often only be determined by the ear, and verse will require words which one who became deaf in early life will never have heard. It is therefore not wonderful that the deaf-mutes and those who have become deaf in childhood never do attempt to contend with difficulties which seem absolutely insuperable. I am utterly ignorant of any verse—for I will not venture to call my own such—written by any persons under such circumstances. With those who become deaf after adult age has been attained the case may be different, although I am not aware of any poetry which even such persons have given to the world."

Kitto follows this expression of what seems rather a surprising ignorance by an interesting description of the way in which he learned to read poetry, and how he was led at length in early life to attempt to express his thoughts in rhyme and meter. All along insisting on the impossibility of his being able to compose in correct verse, he concludes by saying: "And as there is no other way of settling the question which has been mooted, I will venture to introduce a few specimens. If the reader can discover the formal errors, the bad rhymes, the halting, hopping, stumping feet, which I am unable to detect, then my proposition is demonstrated; but if he can make no such discoveries, it must be admitted with some qualification. But I must earnestly stipulate that the reader shall bear in mind the single experimental purpose for which these lines are introduced."

That Kitto's poetry is better than his reasoning will be proved by the following:

ALTERNATIVES.

Were all the beams that ever shone
  From all the stars of day and night
Collected in one single cone,
    Unutterably bright,
  I'd give them for one glance of heaven
  Which might but hint of sin forgiven.

Could all the voices and glad sounds
  Which have not fallen on my sense
Be rendered up in one hour's bounds,
    A gift immense,
  I'd for one whisper to my heart
  Give all the joy this might impart.

If the sweet scents of every flower—
  Each one of which cheers more than wine—
One plant could from its petals pour,
    And that were mine,
  I would give up that glorious prize
  For one faint breath from paradise.

A volume of poems, entitled *Day-Dreams of the Deaf*, was published in

* The incidents relating to Mrs. Touna are taken from a sketch of her life by her husband, in the *North British Review.*

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London in 1858, from the pen of William Henry Simpson, who had been some years previously a teacher in the school for deaf-mutes on the Old Kent Road, London. Simpson lost his hearing in boyhood, after having learned to read, and continued his education in the school where he was afterward an instructor. In an introductory note to his poems he quotes Kitto's reference to the "insuperable difficulties" that stand in the way of the writing of poetry by the deaf, "at the risk," as he adds, "of laying myself open to the charge of vanity, for the purpose of introducing some of my own compositions to public notice, being unwilling that the statement (proceeding as it does from one whose dictum, right or wrong, must of necessity carry weight with it, from the similarity of his own case to that on which he writes) should pass unnoticed, while I had it in my power to correct an erroneous impression."

Some of Simpson's verses are little more than "machine poetry," while others show skill in rhythmical writing as well as feeling.

The following song is perhaps a fair specimen of his most pleasing efforts:

Old Time is a good old man,
What though his step be not gay.
He trudges along as well as he can,
He trudges along still with equal span,
With his scythe in his hand,
And his time-piece of sand,
And his single lock glossy and gray.

Full many the joys he bears,
Full many the griefs he brings,
Yet thinketh he naught of the load of cares
Contained in his wallet, nor wots who shares,
But indifferent smiles
On the world and its wiles,
On beggar's lot or the fate of kings.

The years in their flight he measures,
As round his dial they climb:
But we, alas! scarce value his treasures,
We're thinking now of the season's pleasures,
When our cares we lay by,
When we banish each sigh
For the song and the dance at Christmas time.

Hail, then, December, though old and hoary!
Fresh fagots pile on the bright fire,
And listen awhile to the comical story.
The year's departure, let's crown with glory.
By the embers' bright glow,
We'll defy frost and snow,
While the whistling wind joins in the choir.

One piece of Simpson's, which was widely quoted in the newspapers at the time of its publication, will be of interest to Americans even at this day. It is entitled, "Lines on Reading the Narrative of Frederick Douglass, an Escaped American Slave." We will not occupy space for the entire poem, but will transcribe a few stanzas that will serve as a specimen of the whole.

He told his wrongs in simple strain,
Unmix'd with aught of guile:
Of sad days spent in toil and pain,
Uncheer'd by kindly smile;
How long he bore the galling chain,
The badge of bondage vile.

And all for what? His skin was dark,
His soul was therefore base!
By nature, feature, born the slave
Of all the white man's race.
Thus argued pious heads and grave,
With eloquence and grace.....

Back to thy native land and tell
How England loves the slave,
How million hearts responsive swell
Against each servile knave,
Who still his fellow-man would sell,
Yet Heavenly favors crave.

Lift up, lift up thy voice and win
Many to freedom's cause;
Rest not till all thy kith and kin
Live under equal laws;
Blot from thy land one cursed sin,
And win the world's applause!

Passing from England to the continent of Europe, we find several deaf poets, most prominent among whom is Pélissier, totally deaf from early childhood, and for many years a teacher of deaf-mutes in the famous institution founded by the Abbé de l'Épée in Paris more than a century ago. M. Pélissier published a volume of poems in 1844, which gained high praises from the critics.

Edward Morel, the editor of the *Annales de l'Éducation des Sourds-muets et des Aveugles*, reviews the book at length, and pronounces Pélissier a true poet, commending most warmly the marvellous skill with which he expresses his thoughts in accordance with the rules of rhyme, rhythm, and meter. Morel quotes a specimen of Pélissier's verse with the following warm introduction:

"Lisez cette strophe de Pélissier dans son invocation à sa muse, et dites moi si l'on pourrait croire que c'est la lyre d'un poëte privé de l'ouïe et de la parole, qui a produit ce chant mélodieux."

Viens égayer ma vie,
Muse, je t'y convie.
Couronne moi de fleurs!
Pour comble de faveurs,
Ah! daigne me sourire.
Soit qu'en proie au délire

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Je chante dans mes vers
Le roi de l'univers,
Soit qu'ivre d'harmonie,
Aux hauteurs du genie,
Faible et novice, encor
J'ose prendre l'essor.

In 1855 a small volume of poems was published at Toulouse, written by a former pupil of the school for deaf-mutes in that city, by the name of S. B. Châtelain. Professor Léon Vaïsse, for many years director of the Institution for Deaf-Mutes at Paris, pronounces Châtelain's work "very good verse," of equal value, probably, with Pélissier's.

Châtelain was the son of a captain in the French army; he suffered from delicate health all his life, and became entirely blind before his death, which occurred a few years since.

Urbain Borie, born at Sarlat, France, in 1846, and who lost his hearing at five years of age, has written some twenty poems, a number of which have been published. Borie was for eight years a teacher in the Paris Institution for Deaf-Mutes, and now fills a position as clerk in a lawyer's office.

The following piece, published in 1878, received honorable mention at a meeting of poets presided over by Victor Hugo.

LA RÉPUBLIQUE.

Un enfant gisait sur la terre,
Presque nu, sans abri, sans pain;
Le malheureux cherchait sa mère;
Sa voix l'appelait, mais en vain.
Dans le pays de sa naissance,
Nul n'eut pitié de sa douleur.
Le pauvre enfant venait en France
Pour mettre fin à son malheur.

"Qui m'aidera dans ma misère?"
Disait-il: "je me sens mourir."
Une voix répond: "Moi, ta mère;
Mon bonheur est de secourir;
Viens donc au foyer domestique;
En vrai fils tu seras traité;
Enfant, je suis la République,
Je suis la paix, la liberté.

"Enfant, écoute-moi: mon chaume,
Je l'ouvre à tous les malheureux,
Des pauvres je suis le royaume,
Le travail seul y fait les preux;
Et sans l'orgueil du diadème
Mon droit toujours est respecté;
Car partout on recherche, on aime
La bienfaisante liberté.

"Enfant, aux lieux qui t'ont vu naître
Tu diras en parlant de moi:
'J'ai vu régner l'ordre sans maître,
Le peuple respecter la loi;
Au travail sans cesse il s'applique;
Sa devise est fraternité;
J'ai vu la sainte République
Le bonheur par la liberté!'"

The only deaf writer of verse in Europe remaining to be noticed is Frithiof Carlbom, born in Eskilstuna, Sweden, in 1835.

Carlbom lost his hearing at about five years of age; was received as a pupil by the Royal Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Stockholm in 1844, remaining there four years. After four years of private instruction at home, he entered the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in 1852, where he remained until 1863. Here he received six silver medals, and in the competition for the royal prize medal in 1863 he gained the *accessit*. The same year he was made principal of the "Silent School"—a day school for deaf-mutes in Stockholm, of which he still has charge.

Mr. C. Kierkegaard-Ekbohrn, the principal of the Royal Institution for Deaf-Mutes at Bollnäs, to whom we are indebted for the facts concerning Carlbom, says of him: "He has not written more than a small collection of lyrical poems, and some songs and verses for different occasions. His versification is fine, and he is here, especially by the deaf and by us teachers, regarded as a genius. As an instructor of our deaf brethren he is admirable; one of the most skillful teachers in our country."

For the benefit of students of Scadinavian literature, we will insert a specimen of Carlbom's verse:

UPPÅL.*

Bort jordiska minnen,
Bort sorger och smärta!
Jag afkastar bojan, som trycker min själ.

Bort töcken, försvinnen!
Kom lugn till mitt hjerta!
Kom engel, befria materiens träl.

Låt fri ifrån gruset
Min tanke sig svinga,
Som förr till den Allgodes saliga verld!

Ack låt mig åt ljuset,
Åt kärleken bringa
Min flämtande lampa förr'n veken är tärd.

Åt hvem blef väl gifvet
Sitt öde ransaka?
En lag blott vi vete: "Till jord åter blif!"

Din skänk utaf lifvet
Tag gerna tillbaka!
Blott döden mig för till ett söllare lif.

HEAVENWARD.

Away all earthly thoughts,
Away sorrows and pain!
I throw off the fetters that depress my soul.

* A young Swede, who became deaf in his twelfth year, and is now a student in the college at Washington, has made the following literal translation of Carlbom's verses.

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Away shadows, vanish!
Come quiet to my heart!
Come, angel, liberate the slave of matter.

Let, free from earth, my thought
Itself heavenward swing,
To the blest world of the ever kind Father!

Oh! let me toward light,
Let me toward love bring
My flickering lamp, ere the wick is consumed.

Indeed, to whom was granted
His own fate to descry?
But one law we know: "Return again to dust!"

Thy gift of life to me
Fain take back unto thee!
Death alone can bring me to a happier land.

Translated by Olof Hanson.

It would be foreign to the purpose of this article to attempt to criticise from a literary point of view the verses we have quoted, or to give any estimate of their value respectively as literary productions. We leave this to the reader, contenting ourselves with having made what we believe to be a unique collection of writings by representatives of a peculiar and most interesting class of persons—a class hitherto commanding little attention in the world of letters, but destined, we feel assured, with the increasing advantages afforded it, to contribute in the future its due share to the aggregate of intellectual production.

THE DRAINAGE OF THE EVERGLADES.

THE first proposal to drain the overflowed lands of South Florida was made in 1847 by Hon. J. D. Westcott, based upon the reports of General W. S. Harney, who had explored the Everglades in the Indian wars, and General Thomas S. Jesup, who had thoroughly scouted the valley of the Kissimmee and the region west and south of Peace Creek. Mr. Buckingham Smith, in the same year, made an interesting report to the Secretary of the Treasury upon the practicability of the scheme. Upon the strength of this and confirmatory reports of the army and navy officers, an act of Congress, August 12, 1848, granted the swamp and overflowed lands to the State of Florida, on condition of draining the same, the act being incorporated in a general law dedicating the proceeds from the sales of such lands, in any State where they lay, after the expense of drainage was paid, to purposes of internal improvement and education.

But Indian hostilities delayed active operations for ten years, and the outbreak of the civil war remanded the enterprise to the study of theorists. The slow percolation of population into South Florida, accelerated by the investment of Hon. W. M. Randolph, of Louisiana, and Hon. H. S. Sanford, ex-Minister to Belgium, in the county of Orange, which abuts upon the drainage area, was followed by the building of the South Florida Railroad, from the new town of Sanford, on the upper waters of the St. John's, to Orlando, the thriving county seat. Under Mr. James E. Ingraham's administration the road was pushed through to Lake Tohopekaliga, the summit reservoir or source of Kissimmee River. Practical and economical interests revived the study of the theorists. Careful surveys of engineers of steamboat, railway, and canal companies were re-enforced by those of the United States Topographical Corps, under an act of Congress, and the general features of the country were mapped. These, however, were disconnected, and pertaining to other interests or enterprises. Under a charter of incorporation from the State, March 5, 1879, Mr. James M. Kramer, civil engineer of the Drainage Company, entered upon a more thorough and practical survey of the area subject to drainage south and west of Peace Creek, or south of Township 25, and west of Range xxvii., including the valley of the Kissimmee and the great basin of the Okeechobee and the Everglades.

Of this region the agent of the State, Mr. S. L. Niblack, says, in his report, June 27, 1882, that the water of Lake Okeechobee does not overflow the country around the lake, except on the south, where it spreads out over the Everglades, and that the flooding of the flats of the Kissimmee River is caused by the rain-fall. In the dry season, from October to May, these vast prairies are partially drained, and pastured with thousands of wild cattle, which feed on the rich, nutritious grasses. The extent of the area south of latitude 28° thus subjected to periodic inundation from the rain-fall is estimated by Mr. Kramer at 1000 square miles in excess of the combined areas of the States of Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Delaware. The problem submitted to the engineers, therefore, was simply to relieve this vast territory, of

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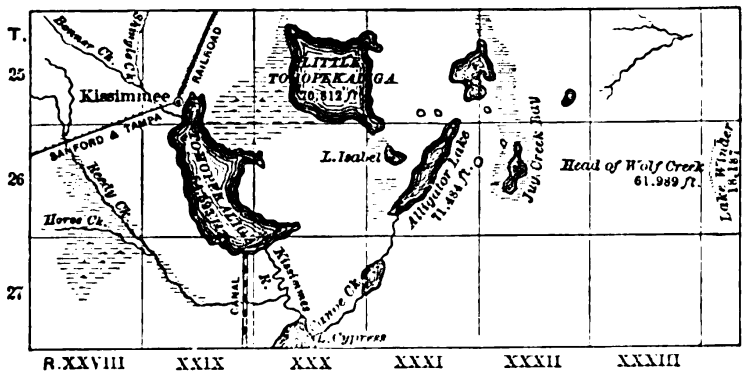
which a large proportion is not subject to inundation, but is susceptible of immediate cultivation, of the surplus water of the rainy season. This, from estimate of observations extended over eight years at Punta Rassa, near Charlotte Harbor, is annually an average of three feet eight and a half inches. In the interior the average is probably in excess of this. This quantity, distributed over a season from May to September, through sunshiny or windy forenoons and rainy evenings, is not abnormal. Any soil properly drained and aerated will rapidly absorb and utilize its daily proportion before the rainy afternoon follows. The cause of this superficial accumulation lies in the physics and topography of South Florida, and complicates the engineering problem, but without rendering it more difficult. Indeed, when it is understood, the practicability of drainage by parts becomes easy and simple in solution.



From an average elevation of two hundred feet above the sea, on the 30° 30′ parallel of latitude, the peninsula slopes by a slow, easy descent to the keys. But this incline, fifty miles wide by three hundred long, is broken into longitudinal and transverse sections of terraces. The St. John's, gathering its waters into a chain of lakes about the twenty-eighth parallel, flows north along the eastern flanks of the interior table-land, from a maximum elevation of twenty feet above the sea, to the Atlantic, near Jacksonville. A depression of a maximum elevation of eighty-seven feet above the sea divides the long slope of the interior table, in the latitude of Lake George, extending up the irregular valley of the Ocklawaha and across to the Wicassisa, emptying into the Gulf. South of this the land rises again to an elevation of one hundred and forty-six feet above the sea on the sand-hills west of Orange. This ridge, holding Lake Apopka between its arms, latitude 28° 40′, extends south sixty miles, rising, above Lake Buffum, in Polk County, to an elevation of one hundred and sixty-three feet. From this ridge and the terraces of lakes about it the Ocklawaha and the Wekiva flow north and east; the Withlacoochee north and west; the Charley Apopka and Peace Creek south and west; and the Kissimmee and Blue Jordan, a swamp river, south into Okeechobee. The rivers east of the ridge discover the peculiar terrace form of the topography; that is, the water, seeping down, pools and fills a shallow trough at the foot of the ridge, from which it overflows into a lower terrace, pooling again, and thus successively develops the chain of linked lakes exhibited by the St. John's.

The western valley shore of this river below Lake Monroe, 10.976 feet above the sea, is less than three miles wide. Sanford is fourteen feet higher; and Belair Grove, three miles inland, forty feet higher. So, going west from Lake Winder, ninety miles up the St. John's, and 18.737 feet above the sea at Charlotte Harbor, the head of Wolf Creek, ten miles in the interior, is at an elevation of 61.989 feet; and Lake Conway, on the highest terrace of Orange County, one hundred feet above the sea, having no visible outlet, seeps through

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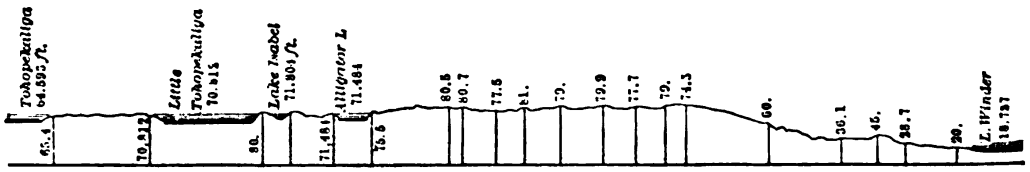
MAP OF THE TOHOPEKALIGA SUMMIT LEVEL.

swamp and marsh to Little Tohopekaliga, a fall of twenty-nine feet in less than ten miles. These various examples of river marsh or upland lake indicate that the terrace form of the topography of South and East Florida is not a local incident, but a general characteristic. Of this simple explanation of that accumulation of superficial water the engineer avails himself in order to drain these terraces successively. Otherwise, if the flooding of the prairies was caused by the overflow of a single grand reservoir of the valley at Okeechobee, the drainage would be accomplished by enlarging its outlets. Over these the long rain cloud from May to September unburdens its fruitful showers, filling and overflowing terrace over terrace, from each of which the freshet falls, not into the single channel of one mighty river, but down broad, shallow valleys, overspreading the wild pastures that fringe the central basin; and, combining with its gathered volume of increase, stays the slow drainage and evaporation mayhap from season to season. When this occurs, and the redoubled freshets of each successive terrace unite with the combined volume of the Kissimmee River in Lake Okeechobee, the overburdened banks give way to the impetuous floods, which in 1841, '48, '55, '62, '69–'70, and '74 drowned the palm groves of the Caloosahatchee.

But when the dynamics of this system of terraces is understood, it becomes a key to the solution of the problem of drainage. The engineer is not left to the alternative of reducing the volume spread over twenty thousand nine hundred square miles at once. He can proceed from terrace to terrace, reclaiming the higher ones by successive descent, step by step, while the drainage of the central basin proceeds as an independent operation. This can be best illustrated by the maps. The one above includes the region west from Lake Winder, on the St. John's, Township 26, Range xxxv., and extends westward six townships. The general elevation of this table above the sea at Charlotte Harbor is 66.82 feet. The highest basin is the small lake in Township 26, Range xxxii. The summit ridge is in Range xxxiii. The general contour of the terrace is represented by the topographical chart below, reduced from the surveys of Assistant-Engineer W. G. Williamson, of the United States Topographical Corps. It does not represent an air-line, but the depression of lake surfaces, after crossing the divide between the valley of the St. John's and the summit level. The distances from Lake Winder and the elevations above the sea at Charlotte Harbor are given in the following table.

	Distance from Lake Winder in Miles.	Elevation above the Sea at Charlotte Harbor in Feet.
Lake Winder	00.0	18.787
Head of Wolf Creek	10.11	61.989
Alligator Lake	28.40	71.484
Isabel Lake	31.41	71.804
Little Tohopekaliga	37.32	70.812
Tohopekaliga	52.98	64.593
Cypress Lake	58.81	64.593
Hatchenaha	66.81	60.235

Neither of these represents the topography in its general character, until we understand that, as the Tohopekaliga sum-



SECTION OF TOHOPEKALIGA SUMMIT LEVEL.

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mit level is a terrace of the high table-lands of Orange and Polk counties, it is itself divided into subterraces sixty feet above the sea, extending like a flare edge from the head of Wolf Creek (61.989 feet) to Lake Hatchenaha (60.235 feet).

The lake surface of this summit level is fifty-three square miles, but swamp and "bay" (the word applied in Florida to slough and water-grass meadows) amplify the area to 250 square miles. It is 45.856 feet above the valley of the St. John's, and is succeeded on the south by the lower terrace of the Kissimmee lake and river.

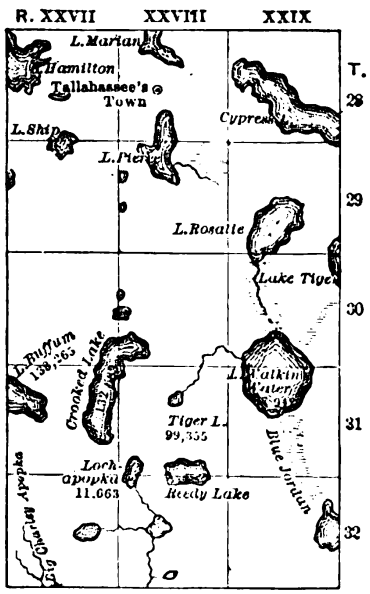
The fall from the summit level to the escarpment of Wolf Creek and Lake Hatchenaha, or Turkey Lake (to render the Indian into English), is nearly five feet in three and a half miles. A canal forty feet wide and six feet deep was projected, and has been completed, connecting the latter with Tohopekaliga. This furnishes a fall of nearly two feet to the mile. Omitting the figures, it is calculated the discharge of such a current will require an area of rain-fall in this region over three thousand square miles, independent of evaporation, to keep it supplied. A most important function of such an aqueduct is its service as a catch basin for the supersaturated soil.

The Drainage Company was reorganized in 1881, under the presidency of Mr. Hamilton Duston, who had previously invested heavily in the reclamation and settlement of South Florida. The preliminary surveys under Mr. Kramer were completed in the summer of 1882, and Captain Rose, an experienced engineer, organized his company, and built the hull for his dredge in the raw woods on Lake Tohopekaliga. The patent (Allan's) is on the continuous ladder principle. A chain of buckets, suspended from an upright of forty feet, is drawn under a drum at the extremity of an arm extending forty feet horizontally from the foot of the upright, and over an incline to its top. The whole has some resemblance to a figure 4, having a short foot resting on the bow of the scow. The chain of buckets revolves over the drum, sinking their steel scoops in the soft ooze and muck, to ascend over the incline to the top of the 4, where they are met by a washer from the two-inch nozzle of a force-pump as each bucket falls over, with a jerk, discharging its contents on a sluice-gate, at right angles to the keel, extending beyond the edge of the cutting, and building its levees as it progresses. The long arm swings on the stem of the 4 from side to side, controlled by levers, so that each bucket sinks beyond the previous one, digging or cutting a swath of thirty-seven feet, as a mower swings his scythe. A tow-rope over a drum, attached to a stake properly set for the width and rectilineal edge of the cutting, controls the progress by means of levers. The huge crane swings; the timbers groan; steel and iron rattle and clang; the cough of the engine is broken by shouts of the men up to their waists in water; the anvil clinks; the sharp word of command cracks like a cow-whip; the constant stream of black ooze pours over the sluices; and as the huge iron and steel megatherium, like its prototype, toils deep in the marsh, behind it is the clean-cut edge and levees of the new canal. The scow on which these operations are conducted is a stern-wheel steamboat, having a narrow cabin for the accommodation of the men, and a smithy. Only white labor is employed.

The scenery is like its prototype of the coal period, a sea of maiden cane embroidered with bay and cypress where Reedy Creek and the tortuous Kissimmee cross the watery prairie. Here we find ferns, and pig-weed six inches in stem, and wearing a huge flower like a hat; while saffron, morning-glory, jasmine, water-lily, sparkle among the green of vines and the gray of tillandsia. The ardor of vegetation is everywhere magnificent in its richness and variety of color and tones. The drainage has already reclaimed nearly 400,000 acres, acknowledged by grants under the contract, chiefly in this summit level.

The terrace of Orange County south of Township 25 abuts upon the superior table-land of the adjacent area in Township 29, Range xxx. This territory, as indicated by the range lines on the map, lies southwest of that which we have examined, which it overlaps. It includes an area of 576 square miles, containing numerous small bodies of water, arranged on ascending subsidiary terraces as we go west from Lake Kissimmee. The average elevation above the sea at Charlotte Harbor is 106 feet. In the vicinity of Lake Buffum the high peak of the sand-hills divides the waters of Peace Creek and Charley Apopka from the water-shed of the Kissimmee Valley. The larger lakes,

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MAP OF THE LAKE BUFFUM SUMMIT LEVEL.

in order from the north, are Pierce, Rosalie, Walk-in-Water, Kotsa, Crooked, Buffum, Reedy, and Lochapopka. It includes the farm lands proper of the Tallahassee Indians, removed south of Micanopy half a century since, of which a remnant survives.

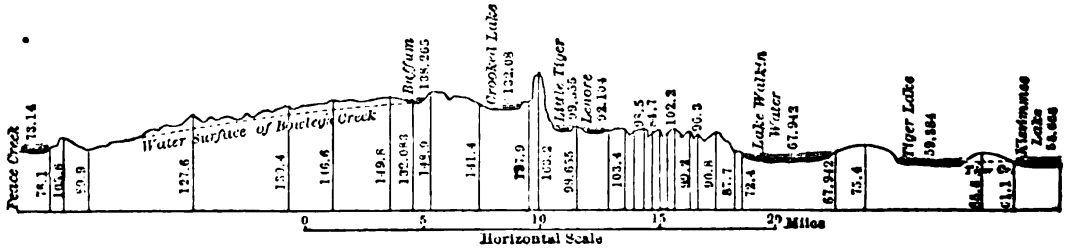
The topographic chart below, reduced from Mr. W. G. Williamson's report, exhibits a cross section of the pools and narrow longitudinal valleys into which the region is subdivided. The following table gives the heights and distances:

	Distance from Lake Kissimmee in Miles.	Height above the Sea at Charlotte Harbor in Feet.
Tiger Lake.....	2.01	59.384
Walk-in-Water ..	5.51	67.942
Lake Lenore.....	16.76	92.104
Lake Little Tiger.	18.18	99.355
Crooked Lake....	21.73	132.683
Lake Buffum	26.16	138.265

The engineering in this region is reduced to the drainage of the long accumulation of surface water by the gradual filling of its outlets by vegetation. It is entirely apart from the relation of the adjacent terraces to the system; but the chart shows its peculiar adaptation to practical irrigation by means of locks and dams. The planter and fruit-grower may here, as in Orange County, be made independent of the weather by these small adjacent bodies of water situated on different levels.

In the angle between the regions mapped, Townships 29 of Ranges xxx. and xxxi., lie the beautiful lake and valley of the Kissimmee, extending eastward to the St. John's. Nothing appears more striking to the observant explorer than the sharp distinction in nature between adjacent territories through which he passes. As he goes southward from Lake Kissimmee he leaves behind the prevailing characteristics of high pine level, hummock, and prairie of crab-grass. Before him, like a sea, rolls the lustrous pale yellow cane, having a long silky plume, through which the river winds, inextricable errors involute, like a labyrinth. In the remote horizon is the bronze fringe of red bay, the deep green of live-oak, tufts of palm, or the tawny fronds of the pine, melting into the kaleidoscope of cloud-land, by which the trained eye distinguishes at a glance elevation above the water. On that sallow or gamboge ground-work the courses of streams embroider an arabesque in green willow and custard-apple. The heavens are opened, tinged with iridescent hues, like the nacre of a shell; the abundance and plumage of wild fowl increase. The deer feed with a "shocking tameness," wild turkey seem domesticated, and fish are taken without trouble or skill.

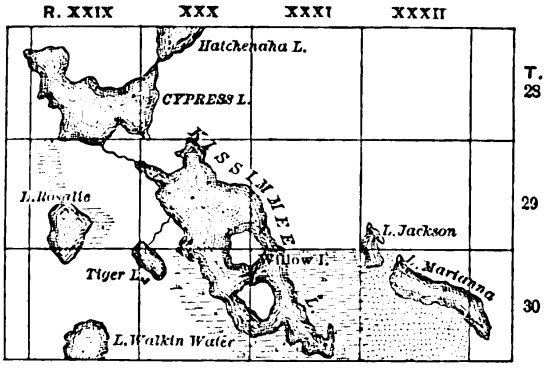
A low swell of the ground, rich in crab-grass, extends south, by Fort Drum, Range xxxv., Township 34, to the vicinity of Fort Van Swearingen, and the heads of Taylor and Cow creeks, which empty into the Okeechobee. Of this Mr. Niblack, in his report to the State Board, June 27, 1882,



SECTION OF THE LAKE BUFFUM SUMMIT LEVEL.

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says, "Within this limit there is, in the vicinity of Fort Drum, a pine ridge, five miles in length and one-half to three-quarters in width, that might with light drainage be cultivated." There is, he adds, a ridge about Fort Davenport, west of the Kissimmee, T. 29, R. xxvii., four or five miles wide, extending south to Lake Istokpoga, T. 36, R. xxx., said to be barren and uninhabitable. All the rest, according to Mr. Niblack's report, is subject to overflow.

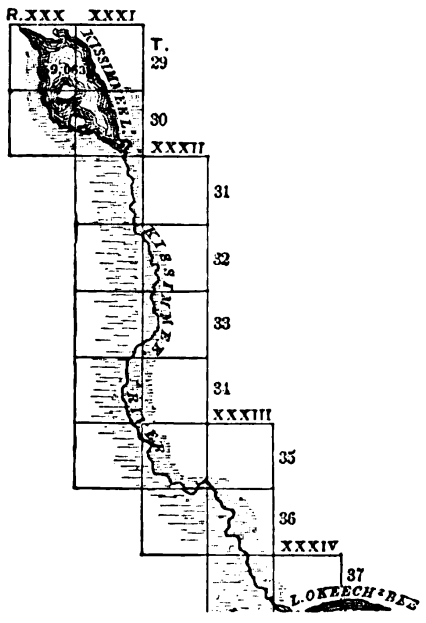


LAKE KISSIMMEE.

But on an excursion in probably the more favorable season of December, 1882, the writer found pine levels and arable land quite down to the vicinity of Okeechobee. The most singular curiosity of his exploration was a swine-herd brought up in that wild, trackless region, and yet whom no curiosity, or the chance wandering of his herds, had led to the mouth of the Kissimmee, a few miles below. He had "had no 'casion for to go thar," and he never went. I fancy it was a more vigorous race than the swine-herd held these watery fastnesses for forty years against the combined army and navy.

Nothing could appear more queenly and magnificent than Lake Okeechobee as we came upon it. The closing day was drawing the soft veils of dusk over the pinnate and pointed foliage set clear against the dying lights.

The river is one hundred and twenty feet wide at the mouth, flowing with a mean velocity of two feet per second, ten feet deep, discharging 207,360,000 cubic feet every twenty-four hours. On an estimated evaporation of one-eighth of an inch per day, the exhalation would aggregate 290,400,000 cubic feet, or 83,040,000 in excess of the inflow of the Kissimmee. Hence it is estimated that in only abnormal conditions the great lake overflows its margins. But these estimates do not include the inflow from other terraces, which fill the valley of Fish-eating Creek on the west, and Cow Creek and Taylor's Creek on the north and east, whose combined volume will probably counterbalance the normal evaporation of three-eighths of an inch per day.

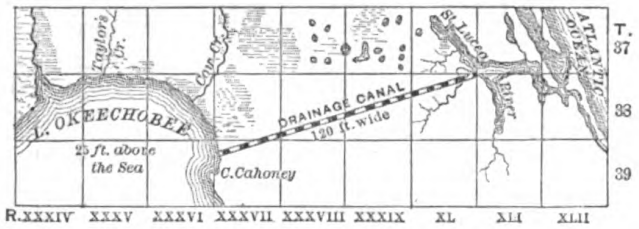


VALLEY OF THE KISSIMMEE.

To control this, a proposed canal from Cahoney Bay, in Okeechobee, to the St. Lucea, is to be cut one hundred and twenty feet wide and ten feet deep, having a fall of one foot per mile, with a mean velocity of 3.86 lineal feet per second, capable of lowering the estimated thousand square miles of surface four feet in a season.

It would require too much space to distinguish the botanical characters of vegetation in this virgin area; but the economy of nature is exhibited in the increase of leaf surface by atmospheric nutrition, displayed in gigantic ferns, palms, and the massing of delicate pinnate foliage in the bay, cypress, and their congeners, like the refinement of art in nature. These, shining, pointed, or darkly varnished in the willow and custard-apple, show a thousand tones and shades of green, which catch the lights and shadows in innumerable angles and surfaces, developing an extraordinary brilliance and softness. The great basin is a shallow pool on the oolitic limestone, in a frame of saw-grass,

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MAP OF OKEECHOBEE DRAINAGE CANAL.

whose pale straw-color is brought out against the distant vaporous, velvety bronze and green of the red bay. It sits on a stool twenty-five feet above the sea, and five feet above the terrace of the Everglades. We crossed under a high wind, December 9, from the Kissimmee to the mouth of the Drainage Canal.

The axe-men had penetrated the fringe of custard-apples, and revealed through the opening the welcome pillar of smoke of the dredge. The stratification as developed in the cutting beginning from the bed-rock is clay and marl under white sand, overlaid by a deep bed of muck. The depth and rankness of this superficial deposit are extraordinary. It needs no scientific acumen to discover that the successful drainage of such a deposit will develop an area of fertility unrivalled even by the loamy bottoms of the Mississippi.

A canal twenty-two feet wide, having an average fall of one foot to the mile, connects Okeechobee with Hiokpochee, and this is connected with Lake Flirt by a second canal through the soft chalk rim of the outer basin. Curiously Captain Menge, engineer of the dredge, found here the remains of an old cut of the Spaniards, showing that even the project of drainage of Governor Westcott was not the first.

An earlier United States survey makes the fall from Fort Thompson, at the southern extremity of Lake Flirt, to Charlotte Harbor, less than two feet. This would make a descent from the chalk ridge of the outer basin of Okeechobee—a distance of ten miles—two feet to the mile. It was found necessary to dam at that point in order to get water to float the dredge-boat.

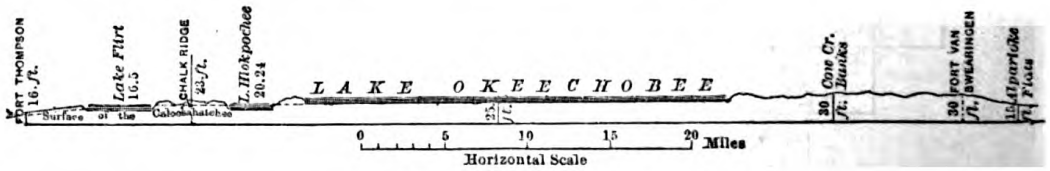
South of Fort Thompson is the beautiful current of the Caloosahatchee, flowing between high banks, terraced in the characteristic manner of the topography.



CHARLOTTE HARBOR AND THE VALLEY OF THE CALOOSAHATCHEE.

This feature, peculiar to all river valleys, indicates the manner in which the grand trowels of nature have built up the watershed of all South Florida. Here in the soft marl or loam are exhibited everywhere the escarpments seen in the harsher features of parallel roads in the geology of more northern latitudes. In that is the explanation of the overflowed lands of Florida, and the key to their successive drainage, terrace by terrace, to the Everglades.

Again the scenery has changed. The tall silken plumes of the saw-grass and



SECTION OF BASIN OF LAKE OKEECHOBEE.

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bamboo-like cane give way to forests of live-oak, palm, myrtle, and mangrove islands. In the valley of Peace Creek are found the bones of huge pachydermata of the swamp epoch. In the groves and gardens, among fig and olive, grow the date, betel-nut, cocoa, and cabbage-palm. The sugar-cane tassels, and ratoons, or grows from one planting, from seven to sixteen years. Cotton becomes perennial. When our little party first penetrated from Orange County by interior waters to the Gulf, it was all raw, wild, unknown; but since then a little steamer has gone through the Drainage Canals down the Caloosahatchee, and in another season the Northern tourist can explore the described region, and pronounce for himself upon the accuracy of the proposed theory, and the character of the land reclaimed.

THE OLD TOWN COUNCILLOR.

A GENRE STUDY BY A LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

GRÄFENBERG, the favorite among the many charming suburban resorts of the Düsseldorf pleasure-seeker, lies at the base of the low range of hills of the same name. It is about four miles distant from the city by a level and almost perfectly straight *chaussée*, as the road, that is rapidly assuming the aspect of a boulevard, is called. In my time it was a well-kept turnpike, with but few scattered dwellings upon it, bordered for the last half-mile by a double row of magnificent old Norway firs, sole remnants of the ancient *Teutoburger Wald*—the forest that formerly spread over the greater part of Westphalia. There are those still living who remember when there was yet enough remaining of it to shelter wolves and bears, wild boars, and droves of untamed horses. At present the hills are densely studded with trees of comparatively recent growth—pines intermingled with beeches, oaks, and white-ringed birches—fiscal property for the most part, but of late years indented here and there with farm or villa; while the "*Hardt*," not long since a breezy moor, where sportsmen hunted foxes and hares amid the gorse and heather, is now crowned with the city's reservoir, and is gradually being covered with edifices.

The village nestles in a little valley, and consists principally of humble taverns surrounded by gardens where beer foams, and the fragrance of May-wine lingers around cozy tables in little arbors, or under the grateful shade of graceful lindens. Here in the summer afternoons come the prosperous burghers with their families to enjoy "*im kühlen Gründe*" their luncheon and coffee, while the children seek wild flowers and weave garlands of green leaves. Here lovers sigh and wander, or sit passively locked in mutual embrace, with the blissful indifference to, or unconsciousness of, public observation which marks the conduct of the German engaged pair. Gay Uhlans and hussars dash up with clang of spur and sabre, empty a "*Pulle*" (a flask of champagne), or drain a "*Reiterschnapps*," and disappear at a gallop up the road, strewn with pine needles, soft as a carpet. Here sit over their beer noisy groups of artists, chaffing the rustic waitresses who serve them, and drawing upon the table illustrations of their conversation by a finger dipped in the brown puddles of their beverage. Here come strolling musicians—pathetic-faced Italians with anxious, careworn monkeys, and burly Tyroleans yodling and thrumming the zither. In short, the whole scene is that of a perennial picnic in "a land where it is always afternoon."

But life is not always, even here, a careless comedy, and the dark green forest has sometimes witnessed far different dramas. The "*Wolfs-Schlucht*" (the Wolf's Glen) has more than once in the early morning echoed the sharp bark of pistols, and the hope of some noble family been brought bleeding from the "field of honor" to breathe his last in the way-side inn. Tragedies of a still darker character have taken place; but the violets and wood-anemones, the leaves and berries, return in their season, and in winter as in summer the air is fragrant with the balsam odors of the pines.

In this out-of-the-way spot it was once my good fortune to live, not for a week or a month only, but for several happy years, during the course of which I had the opportunity of making the acquaintance, at least by sight and name, of most

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of the ever-changing visitors. There was one among them, however, and he the most constant of all, with whom I never got beyond a polite but very distant greeting. He was always referred to only by his title, but that was being constantly uttered.

"*Marie! der Herr Stadtrath kommt!*" or, "Lieschen! is the Stadtrath's coffee ready?"

In all seasons and weathers, in heat or cold, rain or shine, the quiet, dignified, taciturn gentleman had arrived, with the regularity of the hour-hand itself, punctually at two o'clock in the afternoon, in advance of the throng; had sipped his coffee and smoked his cigar at the table religiously reserved for him by a window in the inn parlor, had paid his reckoning, and gone away silent and solitary as he had come.

His clothes, his hat, his umbrella, were always the same, or at least they never varied in fashion and material. He gave no orders, for his wants were known and anticipated. He was never seen to speak to a living being, and he deigned no reply even when the hostess herself dropped him a courtesy as she placed his steaming Mocha before him with a cheery, "*Grüss Gott! Herr Stadtrath.*"

He was already past the middle age of life when I first encountered him, but his visits had begun when he was a young man—a "*Herr Assessor*" or "*Herr Referendar*" only. This had happened twenty years before, and during all this time he had never failed but on two occasions to make his diurnal appearance. The first of these absences was hardly remarked, and whatever curiosity it excited was soon abated by the announcement in the official column of the *Anzeiger*—the little evening paper—of his marriage. It was supposed, however, that now that he was *rangé*, he would take his *Tässchen*—his little cup—at home, or that, if ever, when he returned, a second would be necessary; but on the morrow, as the clock struck two —"*Mutter! der Herr Stadtrath kommt—und allein.*"

Yes, alone as usual, neither more cheerful nor depressed than before. He drank his "portion," smoked his cigar, and when the other guests had begun to assemble, went away.

Years went by, and for the second time the hour arrived without the man. The event was epoch-making in the household, and the occasion of much interchange of conjecture. Was he ill, perchance?

No. The next afternoon found him again in his accustomed seat. The same inscrutable face, a little grayer in hue; the same dark green coat and alpaca umbrella; the same wide-brimmed hat, but it had crape upon it. The Frau Stadtrathin was dead.

It was during this period of his widowerhood that I knew him—I mean that I saw him almost daily for three years, at the end of which time I paid a flying visit home to America.

Another twelvemonth had nearly elapsed before I found myself once more on the familiar *chaussée*, vainly attempting to hurry the pace of my phlegmatic *droschke*, impatient to greet my old friends in the village again. As we passed—a quarter before two—the bridge over the Düssel, where the fir avenue began, I recognized a figure and an umbrella I had seen before, slowing wending their way in company on the side path under the drooping branches. The one was a little thinner, the other a trifle more obese.

"*Guten Tag, Herr Stadtrath!*" I cried, with some effusiveness in the tone, for he was such an old acquaintance he seemed almost a friend.

He raised his hat in silence.

After the first greetings were over, my garrulous old hostess began her budget of news, with scarcely a comma even by way of punctuation: The brindle cow had a calf; Lux (the old Spitz dog) had gone mad and had to be poisoned; Banker Baufonds was bankrupt and had run off to America; Major Haudegen had left the Hussars and was in a Garde regiment at Pottsdam; the Princess Marie God bless her! had stopped only yesterday with her *Bräutigam* the Count of Flanders at the door and had taken coffee and she would be a Queen some day *nicht wahr?* and Luisa *ach die arme!* was in prison at Geresheim—yes poor thing she had killed her baby and hid it under the mattress and the *Forstknecht* (under-forester) ought to be in jail with her if all were known; and the Herr Stadtrath had staid away another day just after Pfingsten—he had married again and "*ach was!*"

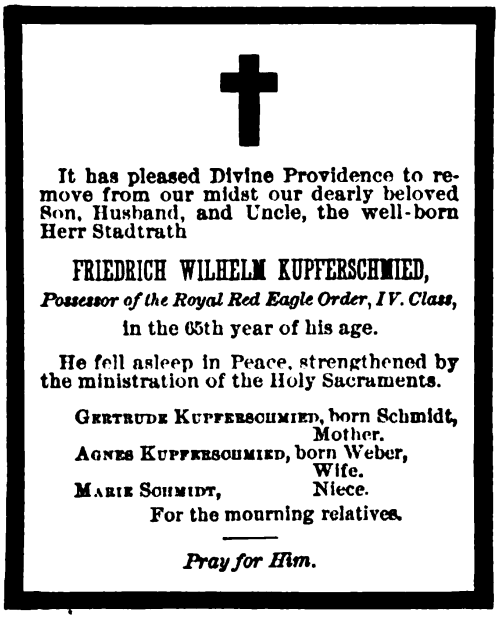
"*Marie! der Herr Stadtrath kommt.* Hurry with his coffee!"

Very soon I had fallen into my old life, and saw the old gentleman almost every

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day for the next three months. It was autumn again, and the visitors came fewer every afternoon, and the shadows fell earlier in the valley. One day there was a flutter in the family. The Stadtrath had remained away again. The next afternoon went by without his re-appearing, and the next. It was *unerhört*—quite incomprehensible!

On the fourth day the *Anzeiger* contained, among other advertisements, this announcement in a black border:



It has pleased Divine Providence to remove from our midst our dearly beloved Son, Husband, and Uncle, the well-born Herr Stadtrath

FRIEDRICH WILHELM KUPFERSCHMIED,

Possessor of the Royal Red Eagle Order, IV. Class,

in the 65th year of his age.

He fell asleep in Peace, strengthened by the ministration of the Holy Sacraments.

GERTRUDE KUPFERSCHMIED, born Schmidt, Mother.
AGNES KUPFERSCHMIED, born Weber, Wife.
MARIE SCHMIDT, Niece.

For the mourning relatives.

Pray for Him.

WITH HUSKY-HAUGHTY LIPS, O SEA!

WITH husky-haughty lips, O Sea!
Where day and night I wend thy surf-beat shore,
Imaging to my sense thy varied strange suggestions,
Thy troops of white-maned racers racing to the goal,
Thy ample smiling face, dash'd with the sparkling dimples of the sun,
Thy brooding scowl and murk—thy unloos'd hurricanes,
Thy unsubduedness, caprices, willfulness;
Great as thou art above the rest, thy many tears—a lack from all eternity in thy content
(Naught but the greatest struggles, wrongs, defeats, could make thee greatest—no less could make thee),
Thy lonely state—something thou ever seek'st and seek'st, yet never gain'st,
Surely some right withheld—some voice, in huge monotonous rage, of freedom-lover pent,
Some vast heart, like a planet's, chain'd and chafing in those breakers,
By lengthen'd swell, and spasm, and panting breath,
And rhythmic rasping of thy sands and waves,
And serpent hiss, and savage peals of laughter,
And undertones of distant lion roar
(Sounding, appealing to the sky's deaf ear—but now, rapport for once,
A phantom in the night thy confidant for once),
The first and last confession of the globe,
Outsurging, muttering from thy soul's abysms,
The tale of cosmic elemental passion,
Thou tellest to a kindred soul.

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NATURE'S SERIAL STORY.

IV.

WHEN Amy awoke on the following morning she was almost dazzled, so brilliant was the light that flooded the room. Long, quiet sleep and the elasticity of youth had banished all depression from mind and body, and she sprang eagerly to the window that she might see the effects of the storm, expecting to witness its ravages on every side. Imagine her wonder and delight when, instead of wide-spread wreck and ruin, a scene of indescribable beauty met her eyes! The snow had draped all things in white. The trees that had seemed so gaunt and skeleton-like as they writhed and moaned in the gale were now clothed with a beauty surpassing that of their summer foliage, for every branch, even to the smallest twig, had been incased in the downy flakes. The evergreens looked like old-time gallants well powdered for a festival. The shrubbery of the garden was scarcely more than mounds of snow. The fences had almost disappeared; while away as far as the eye could reach all was sparkling whiteness. Nature was like a bride adorned for her nuptials. Under the earlier influences of the gale the snow had drifted here and there, making the undulations of her robe, and under the cloudless sun every crystal glittered, as if over all had been flung a profusion of diamond dust. Nor did she seem a cold, pallid bride without heart or gladness. Her breath was warm and sweet, and full of an indefinable suggestion of spring. She seemed to stand radiant in maidenly purity and loveliness, watching in almost breathless expectation the rising of the sun above the eastern mountains.

A happy group gathered at the breakfast table that morning. Rest of mind and thankfulness of heart had conduced to refreshing repose, and the brightness of the new day was reflected in every face. Burt's ankle was painful, but this was a slight matter in contrast with what might have been his fate. He had insisted on being dressed and brought to the lounge in the breakfast-room. Webb seemed wonderfully restored, and Amy thought he looked almost handsome in his unwonted animation. Dr. Marvin exclaimed, exultingly:

"Miss Amy, you can begin the study of ornithology at once. There are bluebirds all about the house, and you have no idea what exquisite bits of color they are against the snow on this bright morning. After breakfast you must go out and greet these first arrivals from the south."

"Yes, Amy," put in Leonard, laughing, "it's a lovely morning for a stroll. The snow is only two feet deep, and drifted in many places higher than your head. The 'beautiful snow' brings us plenty of prose in the form of back-aching work with our shovels."

"No matter," said Webb; "it has also brought us warmth, exquisitely pure air, and a splendid covering for grass and grain that will be apt to last well into the spring. Anything rather than mud and the alternate freezing and thawing that are as provoking as a capricious friend."

"Why, Webb, what a burst of sentiment!" said Burt.

"Doctor, the bluebirds seem to come like the south wind that Leonard says is blowing this morning," Mrs. Clifford remarked. "Where were they last night? and how have they reached us after such a storm?"

"I imagine that those we hear this morning have been with us all winter, or they may have arrived before the storm. I scarcely remember a winter when I have not seen some around, and their instinct guides them where to find shelter. When the weather is very cold they are comparatively silent, but even a January thaw will make them tuneful. They are also migrants, and have been coming northward for a week or two past, and this accounts for the numbers this morning. Poor little things! they must have had a hard time of it last night, wherever they were."

"Oh, I do wish I could make them know how glad I'd be to take them in and keep them warm every cold night!" shy Johnnie whispered to her mother.

"They have a better mother than even you could be," said the doctor, nodding at the little girl.

"Have all the bluebirds a mother?" she asked, with wondering eyes.

"Indeed they have, and all the other birds also, and this mother takes care of them the year around — Mother Nature, that's her name. Your heart may be big enough, but your house would not begin

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"AMY WAS SOON BUSY SKETCHING THEM."

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to hold all the bluebirds, so Mother Nature tells the greater part of them to go where it's warm about the 1st of December, and she finds them winter homes all the way from Virginia to Florida. Then toward spring she whispers when it is safe to come back, and if you want to see how she can take care of those that are here even during such a storm as that of last night, bundle up and come out on the rear sunny piazza."

There all the household soon after assembled, the men armed with shovels to aid in the path-making in which Abram was already engaged. Burt was placed in a rocking-chair by a window that he might enjoy the prospect also. A charming winter outlook it was, brilliant with light and gemmed with innumerable crystals. To Amy's delight, she heard for the first time the soft, down-like notes of the bluebird. At first they seemed like mere "wandering voices in the air," sweet, plaintive, and delicate as the wind-swayed anemone. Then came a soft rustle of wings, and a bird darted downward, probably from the eaves, but seemingly it was a bit of the sky that had taken form and substance. He flew past her and dislodged a miniature avalanche from the spray on which he alighted. The little creature sat still a moment, then lifted and stretched one wing by an odd coquettish movement while it uttered its low musical warble.

"Why," exclaimed Amy, "he is almost the counterpart of our robin-redbreast of England!"

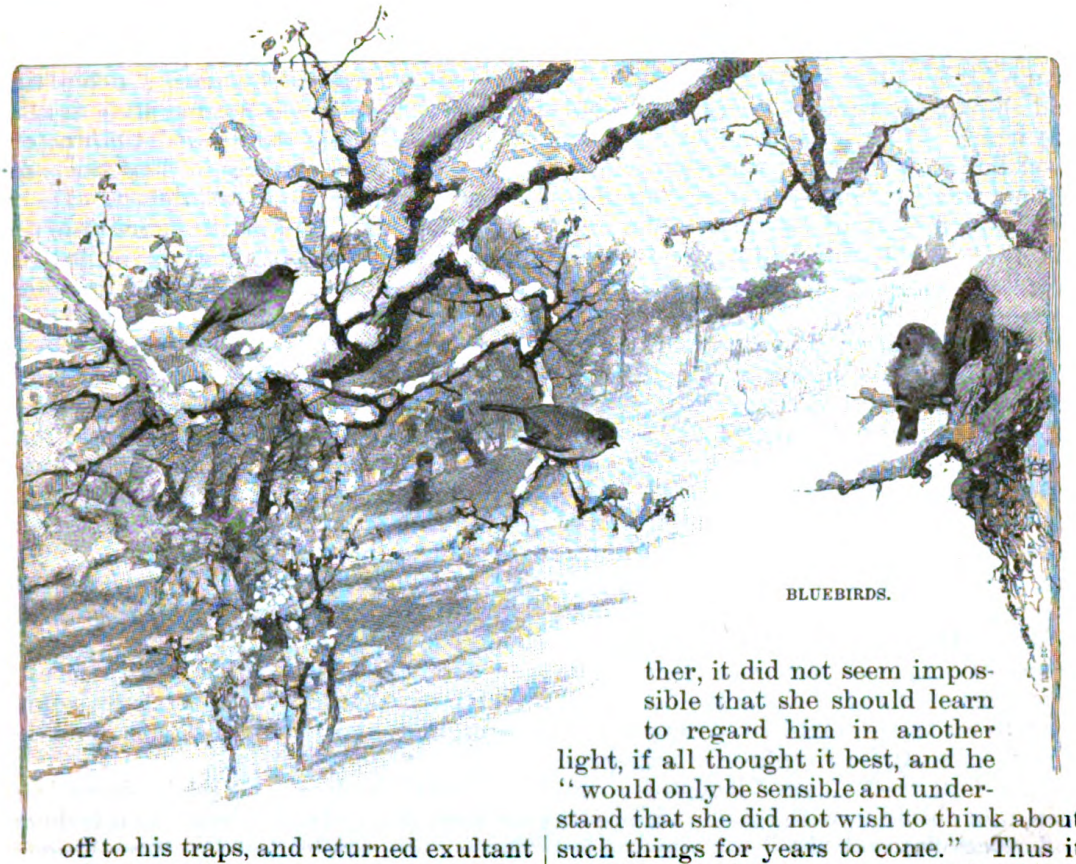
"Yes," replied Dr. Marvin, "he resembles your English redbreast closely both in appearance and habits, and our New England forefathers called him the 'blue robin.' To my taste the bluebird is the superior of the two, for what he lacks in stronger and more varied song he makes up in softer, sweeter notes. And then he is so beautiful! You have no blue birds of any kind in England, Amy. It seems to require our deeper-tinted skies to produce them. Ah, there comes his mate. You can tell her by the lighter blue of her plumage, and the tinge of brown on her head and back. She is a cold, coy beauty, even as a wife; but how gallant is her azure-coated beau! Flirt away, my little chap, and make the most of your courting and honey-moon. You will soon have family cares enough to discourage anybody but a bluebird;" and the doctor looked at his favorites with an exulting affection that caused a general laugh.

"I shall give our little friends something better than compliments," said Mr. Clifford, obeying his hospitable instincts, and he waded through the snow to the sunny side of an evergreen, and there cleared a space until the ground was bare. Then he scattered over this little plot an abundance of bread-crumbs and hay seed, and they all soon had the pleasure of seeing half a dozen little bobbing heads at breakfast. Johnnie and Alf, who on account of the deep snow did not go to school, were unwearied in watching the lovely little pensioners on their grandfather's bounty—not pensioners either, for, as the old man said, "They pay their way with notes that I am always glad to accept."

The work of path-making and shovelling snow from the doors and roofs of the out-buildings went on vigorously all the morning. Abram also attached the farm horses to the heavy snow-plough, to which he added his weight, and a broad, track-like furrow was made from the house to the road, and then for a mile or more each way upon the street, for the benefit of the neighbors. Before the day was very far advanced, the south wind, which had been a scarcely perceptible breath, freshened, and between the busy shovels and the swaying branches the air was full of glittering crystals. The bride-like world was throwing off her ornaments and preparing for the prose of every-day life; and yet she did so in a cheerful, lightsome mood. The sunny eaves dropped a profusion of gems from the melting snow. There was a tinkle of water in the pipes leading to the cistern. From the cackle in the barn-yard it appeared that the hens had resolved on unwonted industry, and were receiving applause from the oft-crowing chanticleers. The horses, led out to drink, were in exuberant spirits, and appeared to find a child's delight in kicking up the snow. The cows came briskly from their stalls to the space cleared for them, and were soon ruminating in placid content. What though the snow covered the ground deeper than at any time during the winter, the subtle spirit of spring was recognized and welcomed not only by man, but also by the lower creation!

After putting Burt in a fair way of recovery, Dr. Marvin, armed with a shovel to burrow his way through the heavier drifts, drove homeward. Alf floundered

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BLUEBIRDS.

off to his traps, and returned exultant with two rabbits. Amy was soon busy sketching them previous to their transformation into a pot-pie, Burt looking on with a deeper interest in the artist than in her art, although he had already learned that she had not a little skill with her pencil. Indeed, Burt promised to become quite reconciled to his part of invalid, in spite of protestations to the contrary, and his inclination to think that Amy's companionship would be an antidote for every ill of life was increasing rapidly, in accordance with his hasty temperament, which arrived at conclusions long before others had begun to consider the steps leading to them.

Amy was still more of a child than a woman; but a girl must be young indeed who does not recognize an admirer, especially so transparent a one as Burt would ever be. His ardent glances and compliments both amused and annoyed her. From his brothers she had obtained several hints of his previous and diversified gallantries, and was not at all assured that those in the future might not be equally varied. She did not doubt the sincerity of his homage, however; and since she had found it so easy to love him as a brother, it did not seem impossible that she should learn to regard him in another light, if all thought it best, and he "would only be sensible and understand that she did not wish to think about such things for years to come." Thus it may be seen that in one respect her heart was not much more advanced than that of little Johnnie. She expected to be married some time or other, and supposed it might as well be to Burt as to another, if their friends so desired it; but she was for putting off submission to woman's natural lot as long as possible. Possessing much tact, she was able in a great measure to repress the young fellow's demonstrativeness, and maintain their brotherly and sisterly relations; but it cost her effort, and sometimes she left his society flurried and wearied. With Webb she enjoyed perfect rest and a pleasing content. He was so quiet and strong that his very presence seemed to soothe her jarring nerves. He appeared to understand her, to have the power to make much that interested her more interesting, while upon her little feminine mysteries of needle and fancy work he looked with an admiring helplessness, as if she were more unapproachable in her sphere than he could ever be in his, with all his scientific facts and theories. Women like this tribute to their womanly ways from the sterner sex. Maggie's wifehood was made happy by it, for by a hundred little

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things she knew that the great stalwart Leonard would be lost without her. Moreover, by his rescue of Burt, Webb had won a higher place in Amy's esteem. He had shown the prompt energy and courage which satisfy woman's ideal of manhood, and assure her of protection. Amy did not analyze her feelings or consciously assure herself of all this. She only felt that Webb was restful, and would give her a sense of safety, no matter what happened.

Some days after Burt's adventure, Dr. Marvin made his professional call in the evening. Mr. Alvord, Squire Bartley, and the minister also happened in, and all were soon chatting around Mr. Clifford's ruddy hearth. The pastor of this country parish was a sensible man, who, if he did not electrify his flock of a Sunday morning, honestly tried to guide it along safe paths, and led those whom he asked to follow. His power lay chiefly in the homes of his people, where his genial presence was ever welcomed. He did not regard those to whom he ministered as so many souls and subjects of theological dogma, but as flesh-and-blood men, women, and children, with complex interests and relations; and the heartiness of his laugh over a joke, often his own, and the havoc that he made in the dishes of nuts and apples, proved that he had plenty of good healthful blood himself. Although his hair was touched with frost, and he had never received any degree except his simple A.M., although the prospect of a metropolitan pulpit had grown remote indeed, he seemed the picture of content as he pared his apple and joined in the neighborly talk.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Leonard, "Amy and I have been indulging in some surmises over a remark you made the other day about the bluebirds. You said the female was a cold, coy beauty, and that her mate would soon be overburdened with family cares. Indeed, I think you rather reflected on our sex as represented by Mrs. Bluebird."

"I fear I can not retract. The female bluebird is singularly devoid of sentiment, and takes life in the most serious and matter-of-fact way. Her nest and her young are all in all to her. John Burroughs, who is a very close observer, says she shows no affection for the male and no pleasure in his society, and if he is killed she goes in quest of another mate in the most business-like manner, as one would go to a shop on an errand."

"The heartless little jade!" cried Maggie, with a glance at Leonard which plainly said that such was not her style at all.

"Nevertheless," continued the doctor, "she awakens a love in her husband which is blind to every defect. He is gallantry itself, and at the same time the happiest and most hilarious of lovers. Since she insists on building her nest herself, and having everything to her own mind, he does not shrug his blue shoulders and stand indifferently or sullenly aloof. He goes with her everywhere, flying a little in advance as if for protection, inspects her work with flattering minuteness, applauds and compliments continually. Indeed, he is the ideal French beau very much in love."

"In other words, the counterpart of Leonard," said Burt, at which they all laughed.

"But you spoke of his family cares," Webb remarked: "he contributes something more than compliments, does he not?"

"Indeed he does. He settles down into the most devoted of husbands and fathers. The female usually hatches three broods, and as the season advances he has his hands, or his beak rather, very full of business. I think Burroughs is mistaken in saying that he is in most cases the ornamental member of the firm. He feeds his wife as she sits on the nest, and often the first brood is not out of the way before he has another to provide for. Therefore he is seen bringing food to his wife and two sets of children, and occasionally taking her place on the nest. Nor does he ever get over his delusion that his mate is delighted with his song and little gallantries, for he keeps them up also to the last. So he has to be up early and late, and altogether must be a very tired little bird when he gets a chance to put his head under his wing."

"Poor little fellow! and to think that she doesn't care for him!" sighed Amy, pityingly; and they all laughed so heartily that she bent her head over her work to hide the rich color that stole into her face—all laughed except Mr. Alvord, who, as usual, was an attentive and quiet listener, sitting a little in the background, so that his face was in partial shadow. Keen-eyed Maggie, whose sympathies were deeply enlisted in behalf of her sad and taci-

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turn neighbor, observed that he regarded Amy with a close, wistful scrutiny, as if he were reading her thoughts. Then an expression of anguish, of something like despair, flitted across his face. "He has lavished the best treasures of his heart and life on some one who did not care," was her mental comment.

"You won't be like our little friend in blue, eh, Amy?" said old Mr. Clifford; but with girlish shyness Amy would not reply to any such question.

"Don't take it so to heart, Miss Amy. Mr. B. is never disenchanted," the doctor remarked.



CHICKADEES.

"I don't like Mrs. B. at all," said Maggie, decidedly; "and it seems to me that I know women of whom she is a type—women whose whole souls are engrossed with their material life. Human husbands are not so blind as bluebirds, and they want something more than housekeepers and nurses in their wives."

"Well," said Squire Bartley, who had relapsed into a half-doze as the conversation lost its practical bent, "between the birds and boys I don't see as we shall be able to raise any fruit before long. If our boys hadn't killed about all the robins round our house last summer, I don't think we'd 'a had a cherry or strawberry."

"I'm afraid, squire," put in Webb, quietly, "that if all followed your boys' example, insects would soon have the better of us. They are far worse than the birds. I've seen it stated on good authority that a fledgeling robin eats forty per cent. more than its own weight every twenty-four hours, and I suppose it would be almost impossible to compute the number of noxious worms and moths destroyed by a family of robins in one season. They earn their share of fruit."

"Webb is right, squire," added the doc-

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tor, emphatically. "Were it not for the birds, the country would soon be as bare as the locusts left Egypt. Even the crow, against which you are so vindictive, is one of your best friends."

"Oh, now, come, I can't swallow that. Crows pull up my corn, rob hens' nests, carry off young chickens. They even rob the nests of the other birds you're so fond of. Why, some State Legislatures give a bounty for their destruction."

"If there had only been a bounty for killing off the legislators, the States would have fared better," replied the doctor, with some heat. "It can be proved beyond a doubt that the crow is unsurpassed by any other bird in usefulness. He is one of the best friends you have."

"Deliver me from my friends, then," said the squire, rising; and he departed, with his prejudices against modern ideas and methods somewhat confirmed.

Like multitudes of his class, he observed in nature only that which was forced upon his attention through the medium of immediate profit and loss. The crows pulled up his corn, and carried off an occasional chicken; the robins ate a little fruit; therefore death to crows and robins. They all felt a certain sense of relief at his departure, for while their sympathies touched his on the lower plane of mere utility and money value, it would be bondage to them to be kept from other and higher considerations. Moreover, in his own material sphere his narrow prejudices were ever a jarring element that often exasperated Webb, who had been known to mutter: "Such clods of earth bring discredit on our calling."

Burt, with a mischievous purpose illuminating his face, remarked: "I'll try to put the squire into a dilemma. If I can catch one of his boys shooting robins out of season, I will lodge a complaint with him, and insist on the fine;" and his design was laughingly applauded.

"I admit," said Mr. Clifford, "that Webb has won me over to a toleration of crows, but until late years I regarded them as unmitigated pests."

"Undeserved enmity comes about in this way," Webb replied. "We see a crow in mischief occasionally, and the fact is laid up against him. If we sought to know what he was about when not in mischief, our views would soon change. It would be far preferable to have a little corn pulled up than to be unable to raise corn at all. Crows can be kept from the field during the brief periods when they do harm, but myriads of grasshoppers can not be managed. Moreover, the crow destroys very many field-mice and other rodents, but chief of all he is the worst enemy of the May-beetle and its larvæ. In regions of the country where the crow has been almost exterminated by poison and other means, this insect has left the meadows brown and sear, while grasshoppers have partially destroyed the most valuable crops. Why can't farmers get out of their plodding, ox-like ways, and learn to co-work with Nature like men?"

"Hurrah for Webb!" cried Burt. "Who would have thought that the squire and a crow could evoke such a peroration? That flower of eloquence surely grew from a rank, dark soil."

"Squire Bartley amuses me very much," said Mrs. Clifford, from the sofa, with a low laugh. "He seems the only one who has the power to ruffle Webb."

"Little wonder," thought Amy, "for it would be hard to find two natures more antagonistic."

"It seems to me that this has been a very silent winter," the minister remarked. "In my walks and drives of late I have scarcely heard the chirp of a bird. Are there many that stay with us through this season, doctor?"

"More than you would suppose. But you would not be apt to meet many of them unless you sought for them. At this time they are gathered in sheltered localities abounding in their favorite food. Shall I tell you about some that I have observed throughout several successive winters?" Having received eager encouragement, he resumed: "My favorites, the bluebirds, we have considered quite at length. They are very useful, for their food in summer consists chiefly of the smaller beetles and the larvæ of little butterflies and moths. Many robins stay all winter. It is a question of food, not of climate, with them. In certain valleys of the White Mountains there is an abundance of berries, and flocks of robins feed on them all winter, although the cold reaches the freezing-point of mercury. As we have said, they are among the most useful of the insect destroyers. The golden-crested kinglet is a little mite of a bird, not four inches long, with a central patch of orange-red on his crown. He breeds in the far north, and wintering here is for him like going to the south. In sum-

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she returned and covered her brood. She uttered no cries or complaints, but devotedly interposed her little form between what must have seemed terrific monsters and her young, and looked at the human ogres with the resolute eyes of self-sacrifice. If she could have known it, the monsters only wished to satisfy their curiosity, and were admiring her beyond measure. Chickadees are exceedingly useful birds, and make great havoc among the insects.

"Our next bird is merely a winter sojourner, for he goes north in spring like the kinglet. The scientists, with a fine sense of the fitness of things, have given him a



SNOW-BUNTING AND BUTCHER-BIRD.

mer he is a fly-catcher, but here he searches the bark of forest trees with microscopic scrutiny for the larvæ of insects. We all know the lively black-capped chickadees that fly around throughout the winter in flocks. Sometimes their search for food leads them into the heart of towns and cities, where they are as bold and as much at home as the English sparrow. They also gather around the camps of log-cutters in the forest, become very tame, and plaintively cry for their share in the meals. They remain all the year, nesting in decayed logs, posts, stumps, and even in sides of houses, although they prefer the edge of a wood. If they can find a hole to suit them, very well; if they can't, they will make one. Their devotion to their young is remarkable. A nest in a decayed stump was uncovered, and the mother bird twice taken off by hand, and each time

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name in harmony, *Troglodytes parvulus*, var. *Hyemalis*."

"What monster bird is this?" cried Amy.

"It is about as big as your thumb, and ordinary mortals are content to call it the winter wren. He is a saucy little atom of a bird, with his tail pointing rakishly toward his head. I regret exceedingly to add that he is but a winter resident with us, and we rarely hear his song. Mr. Burroughs says that he is a 'marvellous songster,' his notes having a 'sweet rhythmical cadence that holds you entranced.' By-the-way, if you wish to fall in love with birds, you should read the books of John Burroughs. This little mite of a creature, like the hermit-thrush, fills the wild, remote woods of the north with melody, and has not been known to breed farther south than Lake Mohunk. The brown creeper and the yellow-rumped warbler I will merely mention. Both migrate to the north in the spring, and the latter is only an occasional winter resident. The former is a queer little creature that alights at the base of a tree and creeps spirally round and round to its very top, when it sweeps down to the base of another tree to repeat the process. He is ever intent on business. Purple finches are usually abundant in winter, though not very numerous in summer. I value them because they are handsome birds, and both male and female sing in autumn and winter, when bird music is at a premium. I won't speak of the Carolina wax-wing, *alias* cedar or cherry bird, now. Next June, when the strawberries and cherries are ripe, we can form his intimate acquaintance."



GOLDFINCHES.

"We have already made it, to the cost of both our patience and purse," said Webb. "He is one of the birds for whom I have no mercy."

"That is because you are not sufficiently acquainted with him. I admit that he is an arrant thief of fruit, and that, as his advocate, I have a difficult case. I shall not plead for him until summer, when he is in such imminent danger of capital punishment. He's a little beauty, though, with his jaunty crest and gold-tipped tail. I shall not say one word in favor of the next bird that I mention, the great northern shrike, or butcher-bird. He is not an honest bird of prey that all the smaller feathered tribe know at a glance, like the hawk; he is a disguised assassin, and possessed by the very demon of cruelty. He is a handsome fellow, little over ten inches long, with a short, powerful beak, the upper mandible sharply curved. His body is of a bluish-gray color, with 'markings of white' on his dusky wings and tail. Three shrikes once made such havoc among the sparrows of Boston Common that it became necessary to take much pains to destroy them. He is not only a murderer, but an exceedingly treacherous one, for both Mr. Audubon and Mr. Nuttall speak of his efforts to decoy little birds within his reach by imitating their notes, and he does this so closely that he is called a mocking-bird in some parts of New England. When he utters his usual note and reveals himself, his voice very

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properly resembles the 'discordant creaking of a sign-board hinge.' A flock of snow-birds or finches may be sporting and feeding in some low shrubbery, for instance. They may hear a bird approaching, imitating their own notes. A moment later the shrike will be seen among them, causing no alarm, for his appearance is in his favor. Suddenly he will pounce upon an unsuspecting neighbor, and with one blow of his beak take off the top of its head, dining on its brains. If there is a chance to kill several more, he will hang his prey, like a butcher, on a thorn, or in the crotch of a tree, and return for his favorite morsel when his hunt is over. After devouring the head of a bird he will leave the body, unless game is scarce. It is well they are not plentiful, or else our canary pets would be in danger, for a shrike will dart through an open window and attack birds in cages, even when members of the family are present. In one instance Mr. Brewer, the ornithologist, was sitting by a closed window with a canary in a cage above his head, and a shrike, ignorant of the intervening glass, dashed against the window, and fell stunned upon the snow. He was taken in, and found to be tame, but sullen. He refused raw meat, but tore and devoured little birds very readily. As I said before, it is fortunate he is rare, though why he is so I scarcely know. He may have enemies in the North, where he breeds; for I am glad to say that he is only a winter resident. It gives one a genuine sense of relief to turn from this Apache, this treacherous scalper of birds, to those genuinely useful little songsters, the tree and the song sparrow. The former is essentially a Northern bird, and breeds in the high arctic regions. He has a fine song, which we hear in early April as his parting souvenir. The song sparrow will be a great favorite with you, Miss Amy, for he is one of our finest singers, whose song resembles the opening notes of a canary, but has more sweetness and expression. Those that remain with us depart for the north at the first tokens of spring, and are replaced by myriads of other migrants that usually arrive early in March. You will hear them some mild morning soon. They are very useful in destroying the worst kinds of insects. A fit associate for the song sparrow is the American goldfinch, or yellow-bird, which is as destructive of the seeds of weeds as the former is of the smaller insect pests. In summer it



BLUE JAYS.

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is of a bright gamboge yellow, with black crown, wings, and tail. At this time he is a little olive-brown bird, and mingles with his fellows in small flocks. They are sometimes killed and sold as reed-birds. They are brilliant singers.

"The snow-bird and snow-bunting are not identical by any means; indeed, each is of a different genus. The bunting's true home is in the far North, and it is not apt to be abundant here except in severe weather. Specimens have been found, however, early in November, but more often they appear with a late December snow-storm, their wild notes suggesting the arctic wastes from which they have recently drifted southward. The sleigh tracks on the frozen Hudson are one of their favorite haunts, and they are not often abundant in the woods on this side of the river. Flocks can usually be found spending the winter along the railroad on the eastern shore. Here they become very fat, and so begrimed with the dirt and grease on the track that you would never associate them with the snowy North. They ever make, however, a singular and pretty spectacle when flying up between one and the late afternoon sun, for the predominant white in their wings and tail seems almost transparent. They breed at the extreme North, even along the Arctic Sea, in Greenland and Iceland, and are fond of marine localities at all times. It's odd to think that the little fellows with whom we are now so familiar start within a month for regions above the arctic circle. I once, when a boy, fired into a flock feeding in a sleigh track on the ice in the river. Some of those that escaped soon returned to their dead and wounded companions, and in their solicitude would let me come very near, nor, unless driven away, would they leave the injured ones until life was extinct. On another occasion I brought some wounded ones home, and they ate as if starved, and soon became very tame, alighting upon the table at meal-times with a freedom from ceremony which made it necessary to shut them up. They spent most of their time among the house plants by the window, but toward spring the migratory instinct asserted itself, and they became very restless, pecking at the panes in their eagerness to get away. Soon afterward our little guests may have been sporting on an arctic beach. An effort was once made in Massachusetts to keep a wounded snow-bunting through the summer, but at last it died from the heat. They are usually on the wing northward early in March.

"The ordinary snow-bird is a very unpretentious and familiar little friend. You can find him almost any day from the 1st of October to the 1st of May, and may know him by his grayish or ashy black head, back, and wings, white body underneath from the middle of his breast backward, and white external tail feathers. He is said to be abundant all over America east of the Black Hills, and breeds as far south as the mountains of Virginia. There are plenty of them in summer along the Shawangunk range, just west of us, in the Catskills, and so northward above the arctic circle. In the spring, before it leaves us, you will often hear its pretty little song. They are very much afraid of hawks, which make havoc among them at all times, but are fearless of their human—and especially of their humane—neighbors. Severe weather will often bring them to our very doors, and drive them into the outskirts of large cities. They are not only harmless, but very useful, for they devour innumerable seeds and small insects with their larvæ.

"Dear me! I could talk about birds all night."

"And we could listen to you," chorussed several voices.

"I never before realized that we had such interesting winter neighbors and visitors," said Mrs. Clifford, and the lustre of her eyes and the faint bloom on her cheeks proved how deeply these little children of nature had enlisted her sympathies.

"They are interesting, even when in one short evening I can give but in bald, brief outline a few of their characteristics. Your words suggest the true way of becoming acquainted with them. Regard them as neighbors and guests, in the main very useful friends, and then you will naturally wish to know more about them. In most instances they are quite susceptible to kindness, and are quite ready to be intimate with us. That handsome bird, the blue jay, that is so wild at the East, is as tame and domestic as the robin in many parts of the West, because treated well. He is also a winter resident, and one of the most intelligent birds in existence.

"Indeed, he is a genuine humorist, and many amusing stories are told of his pranks. His powers of mimicry are but

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slightly surpassed by those of the mocking-bird, and it is his delight to send the smaller feathered tribes to covert by imitating the cries of the sparrow and other hawks. When so tame as to haunt the neighborhood of dwellings, he is unwearied in playing his tricks on domestic fowls, and they —silly creatures!—never learn to detect the practical joke, for, no matter how often it is repeated, they hasten panic-stricken to shelter. Wilson speaks of him as the trumpeter of the feathered chorus, but his range of notes is very great, passing from harsh grating sounds, like the screeching of an unlubricated axle, to a warbling as soft and modulated as that of a blue-bird, and again, prompted by his mercurial nature, screaming like a decisive fish-wife. Fledgelings will develop contentedly in a cage, and become tame and amusing pets. They will learn to imitate the human voice, and almost every familiar sound. A gentleman in South Carolina had one that was as loquacious as a parrot, and could utter distinctly several words. In this region they are hunted, and too shy for familiar acquaintance. When a boy, I have been tantalized almost beyond endurance by them, and they seemed to know and delight in the fact. I was wild to get a shot at them, but they would keep just out of range, mocking me with discordant cries, and alarming all the other game in the vicinity. They often had more sport than I. It is a pity that the small boy with his gun can not be taught to let them alone. If they were as domestic and plentiful as robins, they would render us immense service. A colony of jays would soon destroy all the tent-caterpillars on your place, and many other pests. In Indiana they will build in the shrubbery around dwellings, but we usually hear their cries from mountain-sides and distant groves. Pleasant memories of rambles and nutting excursions they always awaken. The blue jay belongs to the crow family, and has all the brains of his black-coated and more sedate cousins. At the North, he will lay up in winter a hoard of acorns and beech mast like a squirrel. An experienced bird-fancier asserts that he found the jay 'more ingenious, cunning, and teachable than any other species of birds that he had ever attempted to instruct.'

"One of our most beautiful and interesting winter visitants is the pine grosbeak. Although very abundant in some seasons, even extending its migrations to the latitude of Philadelphia, it is irregular, and only the coldest weather prompts its excursions southward. The general color of the males is a light carminal red or rose, and if only plentiful, they would make a beautiful feature in our snowy landscape. As a general thing, the red tints are brighter in the American than in the European birds. The females, however, are much more modest in their plumage, being ash-colored above, with a trace of carmine back of their heads and upon their upper tail coverts, and sometimes tinged with greenish-yellow beneath. The females are by far our more abundant visitants, for in the winter of '75 I saw numerous flocks, and not over two per cent. were males in red plumage. Still, strange to say, I saw a large flock of adult males the preceding November, feeding on the seeds of a Norway spruce before our house. Oh, what a brilliant assemblage they made among the dark branches! In their usual haunts they live a very retired life. The deepest recesses of the pine forests at the far North are their favorite haunts, and here the majority generally remain throughout the year. In these remote wilds is bred the fearlessness of man which is the result of ignorance, for they are among the tamest of all wild birds, finding, in this respect, their counterpart in the American red cross-bill, another occasional cold-weather visitant. For several winters the grosbeaks were exceedingly abundant in the vicinity of Boston, and were so tame that they could be captured in butterfly nets, and knocked down with poles. The markets became full of them, and many were caged. While tame they were very unhappy in confinement, and as spring advanced their mournful cries over their captivity became incessant. They can be kept as pets, however, and will often sing in the night. Mr. Audubon observed that when firing at one of their number, the others, instead of flying away, would approach within a few feet, and gaze at him with undisguised curiosity, unmingled with fear. One very severe stormy winter the grosbeaks fairly crowded the streets of Pictou. A gentleman took one of these half-starved birds into his room, where it lived at large, and soon became the tamest and most affectionate of pets. But in the spring, when its mates were migrating north, nature asserted herself, and it lost its familiarity, and filled the house with its

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piteous wailings, refused food, and sought constantly to escape. When the grosbeaks are with us you would not be apt to notice them unless you stumbled directly upon them, for they are the most silent of birds, which is remarkable, since the great majority of them are females."

"That is just the reason why they are so still," remarked Mrs. Leonard. "Ladies never speak unless they have something to say."

"Far be it from me to contradict you. The lady grosbeaks certainly have very little to say to each other, though when mating in their secluded haunts they probably express their preferences decidedly. If they have an ear for music, they must enjoy their wooing immensely, for there is scarcely a lovelier song than that of the male grosbeak. I never heard it but once, and may never again; but the thrill of delight that I experienced that intensely cold March day can never be forgotten. I was following the course of a stream that flowed at the bottom of a deep ravine, when, most unexpectedly, I heard a new song, which proceeded from far up the glen. The notes were loud, rich, and sweet, and I hastened on to identify the new vocalist. I soon discovered a superb red pine grosbeak perched on the top of a tall hemlock. His rose-colored plumage and mellow notes on that bleak day caused me to regret exceedingly that he was only an uncertain and transient visitor to our region.

"We have a large family of resident hawks in this vicinity; indeed, there are nine varieties of this species of birds with us at this time, although some of them are rarely seen. The marsh-hawk has a bluish or brown plumage, and in either case is distinguished by a patch of white on its upper tail coverts. You would not be apt to meet with it except in its favorite haunts. I found a nest in the centre of Consook Marsh, below West Point. It was a rude affair. The nests of this hawk are usually made of hay, lined with pine needles, and sometimes at the North with feathers. This bird is found nearly everywhere in North America, and breeds as high as Hudson Bay. In the marshes on the Delaware it is often called the mouse-hawk, for it sweeps swiftly along the low ground in search of a species of mice common in that locality. It is said to be very useful in the southern rice fields, since, as it sails low, it interrupts the flocks of bobolinks or rice-birds in their depredations. Planters say that one marsh-hawk accomplishes more than several negroes in alarming these greedy little gourmands. In this region they do us no practical harm. Our most abundant hawk is the broad-winged, which will measure about thirty-six inches with wings extended. The plumage of this bird is so dusky as to impart a prevalent brownish color, and the species is distributed generally over eastern North America. Unlike the marsh-hawk, it builds in trees, and Mr. Audubon describes a nest as similar to that of the crow—a resemblance easily accounted for by the frequency with which this hawk will repair crows' nests of former years for its own use. I shot one once upon such a nest, from which I had taken crows' eggs the preceding summer. I had only wounded the bird, and he clawed me severely before I was able to capture him. I once took a fledgeling from a nest, and he became very fond of me, and quite gentle, but he would not let any one else handle him. On another occasion, when examining a nest, the male bird flew to a branch just over it, uttering loud, squealing cries, thence darted swiftly past me, and so close that I could feel the rush of air made by his wings; then he perched near again, and threatened me in every way he could, extending his wings, inclining his head and body toward me, making meanwhile a queer whistling sound. Only when I reached the nest would the female leave it, and then she withdrew but a short distance, returning again as soon as I began to descend. The devotion of these wild creatures to their young is often marvellous. Mr. Audubon describes this hawk as "spiritless, inactive, and so deficient in courage that he is often chased by the little sparrow-hawk and kingbird." Another naturalist dissents emphatically from this view, and regards the broad-winged as the most courageous and spirited of his family, citing an instance of a man in his employ who, while ascending to a nest, was assailed with great fury. His hat was torn from his head, and he would have been injured had not the bird been shot. He also gives another example of courage in an attack by this hawk upon a boy seeking to rob its nest. It fastened its talons in his arm, and could not be beaten off until it was killed. Perhaps both naturalists are right. It is brave and fierce when its home is dis-

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turbed, and lacks the courage to attack other birds of its own kind. At any rate, it has no hesitancy in making hawk-love to chickens and ducklings, but as a rule subsists on insects and small quadrupeds. It is not a very common winter resident, but early in March it begins to come northward in flocks.

"Next to the broad-winged, the sharp-shinned is our most abundant hawk, and is found throughout the entire continent from Hudson Bay to Mexico. It usually builds its nest in trees, and occasionally on ledges of rocks, and as a general thing takes some pains in its construction. Its domicile approaches the eagle's nest in form, is broad and shallow, and made of sticks and twigs lined thinly with dried leaves, mosses, etc. A full-grown female —which, as I told you once before, is always larger than the male among birds of prey — measures about twenty-six inches with wings extended. It is lead-colored above, and lighter beneath. You can easily recognize this hawk by its short wings, long tail, and swift, irregular flight. One moment it is high in the air, the next it disappears in the grass, having seized the object of its pursuit. It is capable of surprisingly sudden dashes, and its pursuit is so rapid that escape is well-nigh hopeless. It is not daunted by obstacles. Mr. Audubon saw one dart through a thicket of briers, strike and instantly kill a thrush, and emerge with it on the opposite side. It often makes havoc among young chickens, and in one instance came every day to a poultry-yard until it had carried off over twenty. It does not hesitate to pounce down upon a chicken even in the farmer's presence; and one, in a headlong pursuit, broke through the glass of a greenhouse, then dashed through another glass partition, and was only brought up by a third. Pigeons also are quite in its line. Indeed, it is a bold red-taloned freebooter, and only condescends to insects and the smaller reptiles when there are no little birds at hand. During the spring migration this hawk is sometimes seen in large flocks.

"The American goshawk is the next bird of this family that I will mention, and I am very glad to say that he is only a winter resident. He is the dreaded blue hen hawk of New England, and is about twenty-three inches long, and forty-four from tip to tip of wings. One good authority says that for strength, intrepidity, and fury he can not be surpassed. He will swoop down into a poultry-yard and carry off a chicken almost before you can take a breath. He is swift, cunning, and adroit rather than heedless and headlong, like the sharp-shinned hawk, and although the bereaved farmer may be on the alert with his gun, this marauder will watch his chance, dash into the yard, then out again with his prey, so suddenly that only the despairing cries of the fowl reveal the murderous onslaught. In western Maine this hawk is very common. A housewife will hear a rush of wings, cries of terror, and can only reach the door in time to see one of these robbers sailing off with the finest of her pullets. Hares and wild-ducks are favorite game also. The goshawk will take a mallard with perfect ease, neatly and deliberately strip off the feathers, and then, like an epicure, eat the breast only. Audubon once saw a large flock of blackbirds crossing the Ohio. Like an arrow a goshawk darted upon them, while they, in their fright, huddled together. The hawk seized one after another, giving each a death-squeeze, then dropping it into the water. In this way he killed five before the flock escaped into the woods. He then leisurely went back, picked them up one by one, and carried them to the spot selected for his lunch. With us, I am happy to say, he is shy and distant, preferring the river marshes to the vicinity of our farm-yards. He usually takes his prey while swooping swiftly along on the wing."

"Have we any hawks similar to those employed in the old-time falconry of Europe?" Webb asked.

"Yes; our duck or great-footed hawk is almost identical with the well-known peregrine falcon of Europe. It is a permanent resident, and breeds on the inaccessible cliffs of the Highlands, although preferring similar localities along a rocky sea-coast. There is no reason to doubt that our duck-hawk might be trained for the chase as readily as its foreign congener. It has the same wonderful powers of flight, equal docility in confinement, and can be taught to love and obey its master. I have often wondered why falconry has not been revived, like other ancient sports. The Germans are said to have employed trained hawks to capture carrier-pigeons that were sent out with missives by the French during the siege of Paris. In a few instances the duck-hawk

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has been known to nest in trees. It is a solitary bird, and the sexes do not associate except at the breeding season. While it prefers water-fowl, it does not confine itself to them. I shot one on a Long Island beach and found in its crop whole legs of the robin, Alice's thrush, cat-bird, and warblers. It measures about forty-five inches in the stretch of its wings, and its prevailing color is of a dark blue.

"The pigeon-hawk is not very rare at this season. Professor Baird describes this bird as remarkable for its rapid flight, its courage, and its enterprise in attacking birds even larger than itself. This accords with my experience, for my only specimen was shot in the act of destroying a hen. He is about the size of our common flicker, or high-holder, which bird, with robins, pigeons, and others of similar size, is his favorite game. The sparrow-hawk is rare at this time, and is only abundant occasionally during its migrations. The red-shouldered hawk is a handsome bird, with some very good traits, and is a common permanent resident. Unless hunted, these birds are not shy, and they remain mated throughout the year. Many a human pair might learn much from their affectionate and considerate treatment of each other. They do not trouble poultry-yards, and are fond of frogs, cray-fish, and even insects. Occasionally they will attack birds as large as a meadow-lark. They have a high and very irregular flight, but occasionally they so stuff themselves with frogs that they can scarcely move. Wilson found one with the remains of ten frogs in his crop.

"Last among the winter residents I can merely mention the red-tailed hawk, so named from the deep rufus color of its tail feathers. It is a heavy, robust bird, and while it usually feeds on mice, moles, and shrews that abound in meadows, its depredations on farm-yards are not infrequent. It is widely distributed throughout the continent, and abundant here. It is a powerful bird, and can compass long distances with a strong, steady flight, often moving with no apparent motion of the wings. It rarely seizes its prey while flying, like the goshawk, but with its keen vision will inspect the immediate vicinity from the branch of a tree, and thence dart upon it. It is not particular as to its food. Insects, birds, and reptiles are alike welcome game, and in summer it may be seen carrying a writhing snake through the air. While flying it utters a very harsh, peculiar, and disagreeable scream, and by some is called the squealing hawk. The social habits of this bird are in an appropriate discord with their voices. After rearing their young the sexes separate, and are jealous of and hostile to each other. It may easily happen that if the wife of the spring captures any prey, her former mate will struggle fiercely for its possession, and the screaming clamor of the fight will rival a conjugal quarrel in the Bowery. In this respect they form an unpleasing contrast with the red-shouldered hawks, among whom marriage is permanent, and maintained with lover-like attentions. Thus it would appear that there are contrasts of character even in the hawk world; and when you remember that we have fifteen other varieties of this bird, besides the nine I have mentioned, you may think that nature, like society, is rather prodigal in hawks. As civilization advances, however, innocence stands a better chance. At least this is true of the harmless song-birds.

"I have now given you free-handed sketches of the great majority of our winter residents, and these outlines are necessarily very defective from their briefness as well as for other reasons. I have already talked an unconscionably long time; but what else could you expect from a man with a hobby? As it is, I am not near through, for the queer little white-bellied nut-hatch, and his associates in habits, the downy, the hairy, the golden-winged, and the yellow-bellied woodpeckers, and four species of owls, are also with us at this season. With the bluebirds the great tide of migration has already turned northward, and all through March, April, and May I expect to greet the successive arrivals of old friends every time I go out to visit my patients. I can assure you that I have no stupid, lonely drives, unless the nights are dark and stormy. Little Johnnie, I see, has gone to sleep. I must try to meet some fairies and banshees in the moonlight for her benefit. But, Alf, I'm delighted to see you so wide-awake. Shooting birds as game merely is very well, but capturing them in a way to know all about them is a sport that is always in season, and would grow more and more absorbing if you lived a thousand years."

A bent for life was probably given to the boy's mind that night.

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THE DELIVERANCE OF LEYDEN.

[1574.]

LONG, long the Lord His counsel keeps, and long withholds His hand,
While weary weeks and months go by, and sad-eyed watchers stand;
But not in vain their yearning gaze deliverance awaits:
The winds and waves obey His will—the ships are at the gates!

Oh, fair at first old Leyden lay upon the ancient Rhine,
Whose willow-shaded waters mirrored all the lordly line
Of bridge and boat and soaring spire, proud home and crowded street,
And, far above the Roman tower, the blue sky smiling sweet.

But all that fatal summer Leyden languished in the grasp
Of the stern and haughty Valdez, ever tightening clasp on clasp;
All about her frowned his ramparts, scowled his cannon, thronged his men,
Iron heel on fruitful garden, Spanish steed on Holland fen.

Far away the faithful Orange, racked with fever, bowed with grief,
But, with courage high and dauntless, on his sick-bed planned relief:
In his heart the starving city was the burden that he bore,
Ever scheming how each Beggar might vanquish foemen four.

Within the walls the burghers' store still faded day by day;
Two months with food, another month without, had passed away;
Their meat and then their bread had gone, and every hope had failed,
Save a four days' hoard of malt-cake, and hearts that never quailed.

In darkness walks the pestilence, destruction wastes at noon,
In every house there lies one dead; all fear to follow soon;
Starvation leers from many an eye, and famine sucks the breath
Of tottering wife and dying child, and hero marked for death.

One only hope, one strong ally, for dying Leyden waits:
The Prince's hand may yet command the massive ocean gates.
The dikes! the outer dikes! he breaks their walls, and bids the sea
Go drown the camps of Valdez, and the captive city free.

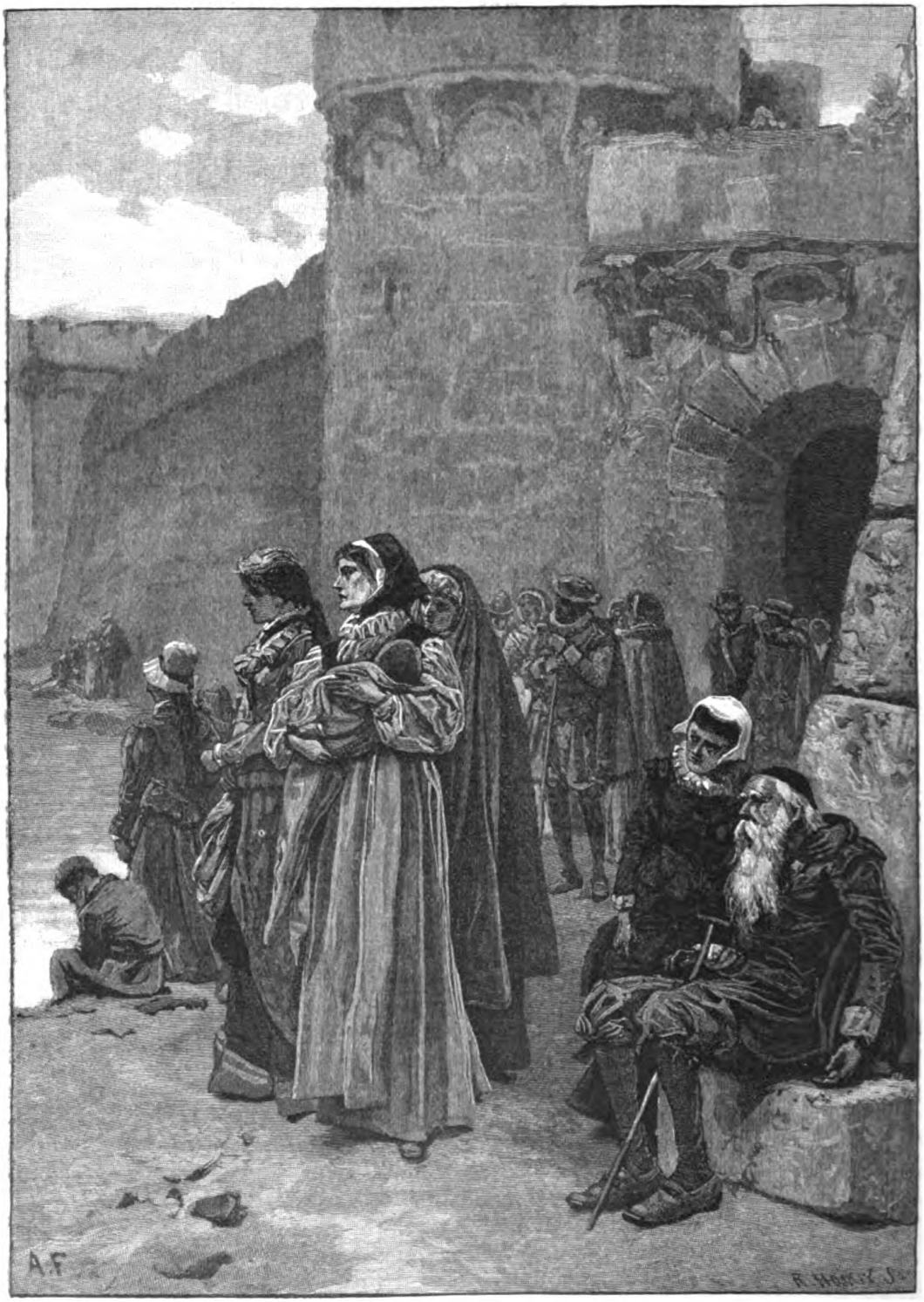
Two hundred boats he fills with food; the waters slowly rise;
And joyfully and longingly men watch the western skies.
The swarming troops of Valdez fear a more than human power
As they see the crawling waters stealing upward every hour.

But not as yet the burghers' new-born hopes shall be fulfilled—
A little longer must they wait ere fateful fears be stilled.
"Go to your tower, ye Beggars," the taunting Spaniard calls,
"And tell us if ye see the waves before your very walls."

As dike by dike and fort by fort relief comes struggling near,
The starving city trembles first with hope and then with fear;
A week has passed, and still in shallow water lies the fleet,
And still the half-won victory is shadowed with defeat.

But now the mighty winds of God spring fiercely from the sky;
O'er moor and dike, on surging wave, the eager fleet rides high.

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"WHILE WEARY WEEKS AND MONTHS GO BY, AND SAD-EYED WATCHERS STAND."

At midnight, in the tempest and the terror of the sea,
Half drowned beneath the blood-stained tide, the stricken Spaniards flee.

Long, long the Lord His counsel keeps, and long withholds His hand,
While weary weeks and months go by, and sad-eyed watchers stand;
But not in vain their yearning gaze deliverance awaits:
The winds and waves obey His will—the boats are at the gates.

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THE PICTURE.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

I AM now seventy, and learning something every day; especially my ignorance. But fifty-two years ago I knew everything, or nearly—I had finished my education. I knew a little Greek and Latin, a very little vernacular, a little mathematics, and a little war: could march a thousand men into a field, and even out of it again—on paper. So I left Paris, and went home to rest on my oars.

Months rolled on. I still rested on my oars—rested on them so industriously that at last my mother, a very superior woman, took fright at my assiduous inactivity, and bundled me out of the boat.

She had an uncle who loved her, and indeed had reared her as a child. She wrote to him, concealing neither her maternal pride nor her maternal anxieties. He replied, "Send the boy here; and if he is anything like you, he shall be my son and successor." He was a notary, and had a good business.

In due course the diligence landed me far from home, at a town in Provence. A boy and an ass were waiting for me. On these beasts of burden I strapped my effects, and the quadruped conducted us by a bridle-road through groves and by purling streams to a range of hills, at whose foot nestled my uncle's villa, lawn, garden, and vineyard. The contrast was admirable. The hills, with their rocky chasms, were bold, grand, and grim, and the little house clothed with flowering creepers, the velvet lawn watered twice a day, and green as emerald, and the violet plums peeping among the olive-colored leaves, were quietly enchanting. "Oh!" thought I, "what a bower for a hard notary!"

The hard notary met me with open arms, embraced me, held me out, gazed at me, said, in a broken voice, "You are very like your darling mother," and embraced me again. I was installed in a pretty bedroom with a bay-window, curtained outside by a magnolia in full bloom; pigeons cooed outside every morning an hour before breakfast, leaves glistened with dew, and flowers diffused sweet smells.

Next day my uncle took me into the town to his office, and introduced me to his managing clerk as his partner and successor. He left me under charge of this worthy whilst he pursued his real vocation, bric-à-brac. He was so unfortunate as to pick up a great bargain, a vile old jug; he itched to be home with it; so I had no time to master my new business that day.

The good curé dined with us, and my uncle presented us both to him, jug and nephew—especially jug; but the curé was impartial, and took a gentle interest, real or fictitious, in us both. He was a man of learning and piety, and had seen strange and terrible things in France; had known great people and great vicissitudes, though now settled in a peaceful village—"*post tot naufragia tutus.*" He was a gentle, amiable soul, a severe judge of nothing but cruelty and deliberate vice, and a most interesting companion if you chose: by which I mean that he had neither the animal spirits nor the vanity which make a man habitually fluent; but if you could suspend your own volubility and question him, a well of knowledge.

My uncle had two servants—Catherine, a tall, gaunt woman; tanned, hollow-eyed, and wrinkled; and Suzon, a pretty, rosy, bright-eyed maid. Her my uncle ignored; Catherine was his favorite, a model of industry, fidelity, and skill; besides, she resembled antique mugs, etc., whereas little Suzon was more like modern porcelain, Provence roses, and such like ephemeral things. Suzon was always in the background, Catherine always to the fore. She cooked the dinner; yet she must put on an apron and a cap of the past and wait upon us, even when the curé or a stray advocate from Paris was our guest, and Suzon would have done us credit. Ere long this latter arrangement became grievous to me, for I fell in love; and this gaunt creature came between me and the delight of my eyes. It was my first attachment. I had seen a good many pretty girls, and danced with them; but I thought them frivolous, and they took me for a pedant. I was a poet, and aimed high. Accordingly I fell in love—with a picture—or with the goddess it represented.

My uncle's dining-room combined the

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salon and the salle à manger. It was very long and broad, and the round table devoted to meals could be placed in any part of the room. Eight could dine at it, yet there was room for it in the great bay-window, and it ran smoothly upon little wheels instead of casters: so did all the chairs, ottomans, fauteuils, and sofas. Chinese vases five feet high, and always filled with flowers, guarded the four corners of the room; vast landscapes were painted on the walls, and framed in panels of mellow oak; many pieces of curious old plate glittered on the sideboard; a large doorway with no door, but an ample curtain of blue Utrecht velvet, led into a library of choice books splendidly bound, many of them by antique binders, the delight of connoisseurs. Over the mantelpiece of the dining-room hung a picture in an oval frame, massive, and carved with great skill and simplicity; this frame had been chipped in places, and there was a black-looking hole on the right border, and some foreign substance imbedded.

The picture was a portrait (life size) of a young lady resplendent with youth and beauty, the face oval and forehead pure, the lips and peeping teeth exquisite, and the liquid gray eyes full of languor above and fire below, that arrested and enchanted. The dress had no doubt been selected for pictorial effect; for the waist was long and of a natural size, and the noble bare arms adorned only with dark blue velvet bands, which set off the satin skin.

Soft sensations and vague desires thrilled me as I gazed on this enchanting picture, and I longed and sighed for the original.

The gaunt Catherine at dinner-time kept getting between me and my goddess, and I hated the sight of her, and said she purposely interposed her hideousness between me and that divine beauty. But now, having had fifty years to consider the matter, I think she stood behind her master's chair whether there was a love-sick dreamer at table or not, and was intent on her duties, not my dreams.

After I had thoroughly absorbed this lovely creature's perfections, and satisfied myself that her character was as noble, arch, and lovable as her features, I found it difficult to go on living without ever hearing her enchanting voice, or kissing her hand, or, at all events, some portion or other of her dress. So I asked my uncle timidly for her name and address.

The answer was discouraging: "How should I know? I bought her for the frame, you may be sure: it is what the fools call rococo; *that* means admirable."

"And so it is, now I look at it," said I; "but oh, uncle, what is that compared with the divine effigy!"

"Divine fiddlestick!" said he. "Look at her little finger, all out of drawing!"

Here was a notary against whom it could not be urged, *de minimis non curat lex.* Why, I could hardly help laughing in his face.

"Her little finger!" I cried. "Look at her lips, her teeth, her eyes—brimful of heaven!"

"That inspection I leave to you, young man," said my uncle, calmly; "but I should like to know what that black mark *in the frame* is."

"And so you shall, uncle," said I, with the ready good-nature of youth; and thereupon I jumped on a chair, and from the chair alighted like a bird on the mantelpiece, and my uncle ejaculated and trembled—for the wood-work, not me. I examined the hole in the frame, and found a substance imbedded. I took out my penknife, nearly fell on my uncle's head, recovered myself with a yell, cut a small slice off the substance, and reported: "Uncle, it is lead—a bullet, a big one. There, now, O base world! Ah, sovereign beauty, your charms have well-nigh cost your life. Some despairing lover, whom she esteemed, but could not love, or, likelier still, some rival crushed under her charms, has committed this outrage. Oh! oh! oh! There are some golden hairs attached to the bullet. Horrible! horrible!"

"Malediction on the fools!" cried my uncle. "Why could they not fire at the daub, and spare the frame?" He added, more composedly, that evidently some mob had attacked the house during the troubles, and one of the savages had fired at it out of pure ruffianism.

"No, no," said I; "that does not account for these golden hairs. Oh, uncle, who is she? I will travel all France if necessary. Do but tell me where I can find her."

"How can I tell what church-yard she lies in? Why, it is fifty years since such frames were made in this now tasteless country."

"Cruel uncle, do not say so," cried I, in piteous accents. "Ah, no; they found a quaint old frame to act as a foil to her youth and beauty. I will copy her. I

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will make an etching of her: I am rather skillful in that way. I will send impressions all round France; I will solicit information. I shall find her. She is single; she has not found her peer in my sex. Is it likely she would? I will surround her with homage; I will tell her how I pined for her and sought her, and found her first because I loved her best; I will throw myself at her feet; I will kiss the hem of her sweet robe. I will— Gone!"

Gone he was in mid-tirade, with his hands in his pockets: he escaped my juvenile eloquence, and I heard him whistling.

I loved her all the more, and lived for our first rapturous meeting.

In due course another idle attempt was made to refrigerate my immortal love; this one came from that old hag Catherine. I used to set my easel after breakfast, and work nearly all day reproducing the beloved features. One afternoon I could not stop for anything. Catherine came in and pottered about, laying the cloth for dinner. That was hard, but I thought it harder when suddenly her voice jarred upon my amorous soul with a calm observation:

"Is not that a waste of time?"

I looked up, amazed at such an interference.

"I mean," said she, "that we do not need another picture of *her*."

"*You* don't, I dare say; female beauty is not to your taste; but the world requires a great many pictures of this peerless creature; and the world shall have them, whether you like it or not." Catherine shrugged her shoulders, and said the world could do very well without them. "And for my part," said she, "I can not think what you see so admirable in that face."

"Look at it without envy, hatred, or malice, if you can, and then you will see."

Thus brought to book, the grim creature folded her arms and gazed on the portrait in a dignified and attentive manner that surprised me. "I find it is beautiful," said she, calmly.

"What a discovery!"

"The beauty of youth, and health, and rather good features."

"What a concession!"

"But I search in vain for the beauty of the soul. With youth should go modesty and humility; but here I see vanity and self-sufficiency."

"And I see only a noble pride, tempered with such sweetness and archness. There, instead of running her down to me, when you might as well blacken the morning star, I should be truly grateful to you if you would help me find out where she lives. Alive she is; my heart tells me so. Death, more merciful than envy, has spared those peerless features."

Catherine stared. "Who is she?—why, what does that matter to you? She is old enough to be your grandmother: look at the frame."

"Malediction on the frame! You are as bad as my uncle. He bought her for the frame. *She* is not old; she never will be old; such beauty is immortal. Now tell me, my good Catherine. I dare say you have lived in this district all your life—Gone!"

It was too true; the servant, like the master, had escaped my enthusiasm, and left me to my theories. But I painted on, and loved my idol in spite of them all, and held fast my determination to discover her by publishing her features from Havre to Marseilles.

One day my uncle received a very welcome letter. It announced a visit from an old fellow-collegian of his, a highly distinguished person, a statesman, an ambassador, and peer of France—the Comte de Pontarlais. This thrilled me with excitement and curiosity. I had never sat at the same table with an ambassador. Only I feared our way of living would seem very humble, and, worst of all, that Catherine would wait at table, and get between his Excellency and our one peerless gem, the portrait of my divinity.

I was all in a flutter as the hour drew near, and looked out for a carriage with out-riders, whence should emerge a figure striped with broad ribbon and emblazoned with orders.

Arrived with military precision an elderly gentleman on a mule, with a small valise carried by a peasant. He was well dressed, but simply; embraced my uncle affectionately; and they walked up and down the grass arm in arm, to be as near one another as possible, since they met so seldom. From the lawn they entered the library; and I was going thither somewhat shyly to be presented, when Suzon met me in wild distress.

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"Oh, Monsieur Frédéric! what shall we do? Here's Catherine been ailing this three days and scarce able to get about, and the master ordered a great dinner, and she *would* cook it, and not fit to stand, and she fainted away, and now she is lying down on her bed more dead than alive."

"Poor thing!" said I. "Well, you must get a woman into the kitchen, and you put on your best cap and wait."

"Since *you* order it," said Suzon, demurely, and lowered her eyelashes. Now this extreme deference had not been her habit hitherto.

Encouraged by this piece of flattery, I added: "And please stand behind *my* chair to-day instead of my uncle's. It is not that I wish to give myself importance—"

"The idea!" said Suzon.

"—but that—ahem!—his Excellency—"

"I understand," said Suzon: "you wish *me* to have a good look at him—and so do I."

So may a man's best motives be misinterpreted by shallow minds.

The next moment I entered the library, and was presented blushing to his Excellency. He put me at my ease by his kindliness and quiet, genial manner. To be sure, such men have a different manner for different occasions. He had long studied with success the great art of pleasing. Under this charming surface, however, I could see a calm authority, and in those well-cut features Voltairian finesse.

By-and-by Suzon announced dinner, and I took that opportunity to say that poor Catherine was very ill, and his Excellency would have much to excuse.

His Excellency interrupted me. "My young friend, trust to my experience. Company is spoiled by service; the fewer majestic and brainless figures stand behind our chairs, the better for *us*. The most delightful party I can remember, everything was on the table, or on a huge buffet, and we helped ourselves and helped each other. Why, the very circumstance loosened our tongues, that Formality would have paralyzed. We puffed all the dishes, to which we invited our fair convives; and told romantic stories about them, and not a word of truth." Thus chatting, he entered the salle à manger, and was about to take the seat my uncle waved him to, when he suddenly started back with an ejaculation, not loud but eloquent, and his eyes fixed upon the portrait of my idol.

The very next moment he turned them with a flash of keen and almost suspicious inquiry upon my uncle; then quietly seated himself at the table; and his host, good man, observed nothing.

For my part I was trembling with curiosity all dinner-time, and longing to ask the great man if he had seen some living beauty who resembled that portrait. But I was too shy. My eyes kept travelling from him to the portrait and back, but I said nothing. However, his quick eye must have detected me, for, after dinner was over, and Suzon ordered to make the coffee, his Excellency, who was peeling a pear very carefully, looked steadily at *me*, and said, "May I ask how that portrait came here?"

"Oh yes, monsieur le Comte," said I. "My uncle bought it in a bric-à-brac shop."

My uncle hastened to justify his conduct—it was the frame which had tempted him. "However," said he, "the picture, incorrect as it is—just look at that little finger!—has found a rapturous admirer in my nephew there, who, you may have remarked, is very young."

"It has," said I, stoutly. "It reflects her beauty and her expression, and no bad picture does that. I'd give the world to find out the artist, for then he would tell me where I can find the divine original."

"That does not follow," said the Count, dryly; "these fair creatures keep in one place during the sitting; but in the course of the next forty years or so they consider themselves at liberty to move about like the rest of us."

"Oh, of course," said I; "but such beauty must leave traces everywhere. I am sure, if I knew who painted the picture, I could find the original."

"I will put that to the test," said his Excellency. "Come, now—I painted the picture."

I bounded off my chair with the vivacity of youth, and stood staring at our guest with all my eyes. "You!" said I, panting.

"Astonishing!" said my uncle. Then, calmly, "That accounts for the little finger."

"For shame, uncle!" said I. "It's a masterpiece. Ah, sir, you must have been inspired by— Who is she? Who was she?"

"She was my betrothed."

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CHAPTER II.

I STARED at the speaker, first stupidly, then incredulously; then with growing conviction that the marvellous revelation was nevertheless true; then my uncle and I by one impulse turned round and looked at the picture with a fresh gush of wonder; then we turned back to the Count again and glared; but found no words.

At last I managed to stammer out, "Betrothed to *her*, and not married!"

"Strange, is it not?" said the Count, with a satirical shrug. "Permit me," said he, with ironical meekness, "to urge in my defense that I have not married any one else."

I said I could well understand that.

"Pooh!" said my uncle; "he has been taken up with affairs of state."

"That is true," said his Excellency; "yet, to be frank, my celibacy is partly due to that fair person. She administered a lesson at a time of life when instruction, deeply engraved, remains in the mind forever."

"Tell us all about it," said my uncle, "if it is not a sore subject."

"Alas, my friend," said Monsieur De Pontarlais, "after forty years, what subject is too sore to handle? Even the tender poets versify their youthful groans. I will tell the whole story—not to you, on whom it will be comparatively wasted, but to my young friend opposite. He is evidently fascinated by my fair betrothed, and her eye enchains him—as it once did me."

I blushed furiously at this keen old man's sagacity, but stood my ground, and avowed the rapturous interest I felt in a creature so peerless.

Then came to me a bewitching hour. An accomplished old man told us a thrilling passage of his youth with every charm and grace that could adorn a spoken narrative. The facts struck so deep that I can reproduce them in order; but the tones, the glances, the subtle irony, the governed and well-bred emotion—where are they? They linger still like distant chimes in my memory, and must die with me.

"I was born," said M. De Pontarlais, "when parents married their children, and the young people had hardly a voice. At ten years of age I was betrothed to Mademoiselle Irène, only daughter of the Marquis de Groucy, my father's fast friend. Between that period and my coming of age great changes took place in France, and a terrible revolution drew near. But my father made light of all plebeian notions; so did his friend; and, indeed, if they had listened to anything so absurd as the new cry of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity seemed to them, it would not even then have occurred to them to depart from the rights of nature; and was it not one of those rights that parents should christen, educate, confirm, and marry their children when and how they thought proper?

"Accordingly, at twenty-one years of age, my parents sent me into this very province to marry and make acquaintance with Mademoiselle De Groucy. The Marquis, a tall military figure, bronzed by the suns of Provence, met me with his gun slung at his back. He embraced me warmly, and his dogs barked round me with the ready cordiality of sporting dogs. I felt at home directly.

"The Marquis and I dined *en tête-à-tête;* I was anxious to see my bride, but she did not appear. After dinner we adjourned to the salon, but she did not appear. I cast timid glances toward all the doors; the Marquis observed, and rang a bell, and ordered coffee and his daughter. The coffee came directly, and whilst we were sipping it a female figure glided in at the great door, and seemed to traverse the parquet by some undulating movement which was quite noiseless, though everybody else clattered on the floor at that epoch.

"Instead of the high shoes, bare neck, and short slight waist of the day, she was in rational shoes, and a loose dress of Indian muslin that moved every way with her serpentine figure, and veiled without hiding her noble arms and satin bust. As she drew nearer her loveliness dazzled me. I rose and bowed respectfully. Her father apologized for this model of symmetry and beauty.

"'Be pleased to excuse her dress,' said he. 'It is my fault: they came roaring at me with news of a wild boar, and I forgot to tell her who was coming to-day.'

"I said I did not pretend to judge ladies' dresses, but thought the costume beautiful. I suppose my eyes conveyed that I knew where the beauty lay. The young lady edged quietly away, and put her father a little between us; but there was no tremor, nor painful blushing shyness.

"Afterward, at her father's order, she poured me out a cup of coffee with the

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loveliest white hand I had ever seen, and though reserved, she was more self-possessed than I was.

"The Marquis invited me to a game of piquet. I was off my guard, and consented. The beauty saw us fairly engaged, then glided out of the room, leaving me a little mortified with myself as a wooer; for at twenty-one years of age nature prevails over custom, and we desire to please our bride even before we marry her.

"Next day M. De Groucy, who was a mighty sportsman, invited me to join him; but, with some hesitation and confusion, I said I was very desirous to pay respect to my fiancée, and to show her how much I admired her already.

"My host thanked me gracefully in his daughter's name, intimated that in his day marriage used to come first and then courtship, but said I was at liberty to reverse the order of things if I chose; it would all come to the same at the end.

"On this understanding I devoted myself to wooing my beautiful betrothed. She gave me no direct encouragement; but she did not avoid me. She was often in her own room; and out of it she was generally guarded by a stately gouvernante, one Mademoiselle Donon. But this lady had the discretion to keep guard a few yards off, and I treated her as a lay figure. These encounters soon destroyed my peace of mind, and filled all my veins with an ardent passion for the peerless creature whose dead likeness hangs there; and it really is a likeness; but where are the prismatic changes that illumined her mobile features? And all of them, even scorn and anger, were beautiful; but each softer sentiment divine.

"Unfortunately, whilst she set me on fire, she remained quite cool; though she did not avoid me personally, her mind somehow evaded mine on nearly every topic that young people delight in. She listened with polite indifference to all my descriptions of Paris and its gayeties; and when I assured her she would be the acknowledged belle of that brilliant city, she said, quietly, that it would not compensate her for the loss of her beloved mountains; and she turned from me to the window and fixed a long, loving look upon them that set me yearning for one such glance.

"She rarely contradicted me, but that must have been pure indifference; for she never doubted about anything: I soon found out that trait in her character.

"One day a local newspaper related a popular outrage in our neighborhood. The rude peasants in their political ardor had sacked and destroyed a noble château.

"'Where will this end?' said I. 'Will revolutionary madness ever corrupt the simple primitive people one meets about this château?'

"'Why, it is done already,' said my host. 'Emissaries from Paris, preachers of anarchy, are wriggling like weasels all through the nation, with books and pamphlets and discourses teaching the common people that all titles are an affront to the ignoble, and all hereditary property a theft from those who have no ancestors. (Wait till a peasant gets a landed estate, and then see if his son will resign it to the first beggar that covets it.) Why, I caught two of their inflammatory treatises in this very house. By the same token, I sent them to the executioner at Marseilles, with a request that he would burn them publicly, and charge me his usual fee for the extinction of vermin.'

"During this tirade Irène changed color, and seemed to glow with ire; but she merely said, or rather ground out between her clinched teeth, 'Nothing will stop the march of free opinion in France.'

"'I am afraid not,' said her father. 'Still, I have some little faith left in charges of cavalry and discharges of grape-shot.'

"'A fine argument!' said she, haughtily.

"I was so unlucky as to suggest that it was one the virtuous citizens who had just sacked the neighboring château would probably understand better than any other. The father laughed his approval, but the daughter turned on me with such a flash of furious resentment that I quailed under her eye; it glittered wickedly. Nothing more was said, but from that hour I learned that my glacier was inflammable.

"It was not long before I received another lesson of the same kind. I happened to remark one day that Mademoiselle Donon, the gouvernante, as I have called her, must have been a handsome woman in her day. 'Handsome?' said the Marquis; 'there was not such a figure and such a face in the country-side; and the late Marquise used to urge her to marry, and offered her a handsome dowry to wed one of her rustic admirers; and I offered to lick him into shape, and employ him in the house; but poor Donon, accustomed to good society and French, could never

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bring her mind to marry a rustic, and patter *patois*.'

"'What blind vanity!' said Irène. 'Those rustics are free men, and she is a menial. Such a husband would have elevated her, in time, to his own level.'

"'Ay,' said the Marquis; 'this is the cant of the day. But learn, mademoiselle, that in such houses as ours a faithful domestic is not a menial, but a humble friend, respecting and respected. And Donon is an intelligent and educated woman; she would have really descended in the scale of humanity if she had allied herself to one of these uneducated peasants.'

"Mademoiselle De Groucy made no reply, but her whole frame quivered, and she turned white with wrath. White? She was ghastly. I looked at her with surprise, and with a certain chill foreboding. I had seen red anger and black anger, but this white-hot ire, never; and all about what? Her theories contradicted somewhat roughly by her father; but theories which, I concluded, she could only have gathered from books, for she rarely went abroad except to mass, and never without her duenna. Looking at her pallid ire, and the white of her eye, which seemed to enlarge as she turned her head away from the Marquis in her grim determination not to reply to him, I could not help saying to myself, 'I'm not her father, and husbands are apt to provoke their wives: this fair creature will perhaps kill me some day.' I felt all manner of vague alarms at a character so cold, so fiery, so profound, so unintelligible to me, and asked myself then and there whether it would not be wise to withdraw my claims to her.

"But I could not. Like the bird that flutters round the dazzling serpent, I was fascinated by the beautiful, dangerous creature, and neither able nor honestly willing to escape.

"Meantime the grand and simple character of my father-in-law won my heart, and I used now and then to go out shooting with him—for his company, not the sport. One day he shot a hare running by the edge of a precipice; she rolled over, and lay in sight of us on a ledge of rock, but at a depth of eighty feet at least, and the descent almost perpendicular. The Marquis ordered his dogs by name to go down and fetch up the hare. They ran eagerly to the edge to oblige him, and barked zealously, but did not like the commission. We were about to abandon our prey in despair, when suddenly there appeared on the scene a gigantic peasant with a shock head of red hair so thick and stiff and high that his cap seemed to be perched on a bundle of carrots. Close at his heels, with nose inserted between his calves, came a ragged lurcher. This personage looked over the edge of the ravine, saw our difficulty, grinned, and with perfect *sang-froid* proceeded to risk his life and his cur's for our hare. He made an oblique descent, with the help of certain projections and shrubs, the dog sliding down at his heels, and on an emergency fixing his teeth in the man's loose trousers, till they reached a part where the descent was easier. Then the lurcher started on his own account, and with great dexterity scrambled down to the hare, and scrambled up with her in his mouth back to his master.

"But now came a very serious question: how were they to get back again? I felt really anxious, and said so; but the Marquis said: 'Oh, don't be afraid; this fellow is the athlete of the district; wins all the prizes; they call him the champion. He will get out of it somehow.' The man hesitated a moment for all that. But he soon hit upon his plan. He took the hare up, and held her by the skin of her back with teeth the size of ivory chess pawns; then he put his dog before him, and slowly, carefully driving the points of his thick boots into every crevice, and grasping with iron strength every ledge or tuft that offered, he effected the perilous ascent; but it was no child's play. The perspiration trickled down his face, and he panted a little.

"I offered him a three-franc piece (none of them left now), but he declined it rather cavalierly, and busied himself with putting the hare into the Marquis's game-bag. He was so generous as to add a little wooden figure he took out of his bosom. But this contribution was not observed by the Marquis—only by me—and I was pleased, and still more amazed, by this giant's simplicity.

"On our return we were met in the hall by Irène and her gouvernante; and the Marquis, when he took the hare out of the game-bag, told her how it had been recovered for him by the champion and his dog.

"'What is the name of that colossus that wins all the prizes?'

"'Michel Flaubert,' said the young lady.

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"'Ay, Flaubert, that's his name—a vaurien that wrestles, and dances, and poaches, and won't work. No matter; he saved my hare, he and his cur. I will buy that cur if he will sell him. What have we here?' And he drew out the little wooden figure. We all inspected the crude image. 'It is a sportsman,' said the Marquis, 'leaning on his gun. He will blow his own head off some day.'

"Mademoiselle Donon opined it was a saint, and begged the Marquis not to part with it; it would bring him good luck.

"'You are blind,' said Irène; 'it is a shepherd leaning on his staff.' And she put out her white hand, took the hideous statuette, and put it into her pocket. I said she did it great honor.

"'No,' said she; 'I only do it justice. You who despise the simple art of a self-taught man, what can you do that you have not been taught?'

"'I can love, for one thing,' said I. And Mademoiselle De Groucy colored high at that, but tossed her head. 'And in the matter of art, if I can not cut little dolls that resemble nothing in nature, I can paint a picture that shall resemble a creature whose loveliness none but the blind will dispute.'

"'Oh, indeed,' said she, satirically; 'and pray what creature is that?'

"'It is yourself.'

"'Me!'

"'Yes. Do me the honor to sit to me for your portrait, and I am quite content you shall compare my work with the sculpture of the illustrious Flaubert.'

"'A fair challenge!' cried the Marquis, joyously. 'And I back the gentleman.'

"'Oh, of course,' said his daughter. 'But the day is gone by for despising our fellow-creatures.'

"'I despise no honest man,' said I. 'But so long as education and refined sentiments go with birth, you will be superior in my eyes to any peasant girl, and why not I to a peasant?'

"The Marquis stopped me. 'Why waste your time in combating moonshine? My daughter knows these rustics only in landscapes and revolutionary pamphlets. Oh, I forget!—she has seen them in church; but she never heard them, far less smelled them. Ye gods! when that Flaubert toiled up the precipice and brought me my hare, it was like a kennel of foxes.'

"At that Mademoiselle De Groucy left the room with queenly dignity. She was invincible. Her way of retiring put us both in the wrong, especially me, and I made a vow to connive at her theories in future. What did they matter, after all? But I had gained one great point this time: I was to paint her picture. I foresaw, as a lover, many advantages to be gained by that, and I lost no time in buying and preparing the canvas. The best-lighted room for the purpose proved to be Irène's boudoir; so I was introduced into that sanctum, and for some hours every day had all the delight of a painter in love. I directed her superb poses; I had the right to gaze at her and enjoy all her prismatic changes. She was reserved and full of defense, but not childishly shy. She could not be always on her guard, so ever and anon came happy moments when she seemed conscious only of her youth and her beauty. Then a tender light glowed through her limpid eyes, and she looked at me with that divine smile which my hand, inspired by love, has rendered better perhaps than a skillful artist would have done whose heart was not in the work. The picture advanced slowly but surely. The Marquis himself one day spared his partridges and sat with us. He was delighted, and said, 'This portrait is mine, since I give you the original'; and he ordered a magnificent frame for it directly.

"The portrait was finished at last, and my courtship proceeded with a certain smoothness; only I made no very perceptible advances. I never contradicted her republican theories; indeed, I was so subdued by her grand beauty I dared not thwart her in any way. Yet somehow I could not find out her heart; it evaded me. Often she seemed to be looking over my head at some greater person or grander character. I remember once in particular that I sat by her side on the veranda. After many attempts on my part the conversation died, and I was content to sit a little behind her, and watch her grace and beauty. She leaned her swan-like neck softly forward, her white brow just touched the flowering creepers, and she seemed in a soft reverie. I, too, contemplated her in quiet ecstasy. Suddenly she blushed and quivered, and her lovely bosom rose and fell tumultuously. I started up, and looked over to see who or what it was that moved her so. Instinct then told me I had a rival, and that he was in sight.

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"I looked far and near. I could see no rival. It was the usual sleepy landscape: a few washer-women at the fountain hard by, a few peasants dispersed over the background.

"For all that, my mind misgave me, and at last I opened my heart to my friend the Marquis. I told him I was discouraged and unhappy; his daughter's heart seemed above my reach.

"'Fiddle-de-dee!' said he. 'It all comes of this new system; courting young ladies before marriage spoils them. They don't know all they gain by marriage, so they give themselves airs.'

"'Ay,' said I; 'but that is not all: I have watched her closely, and there is some one her heart beats for, though not for me.'

"'Nonsense!' said he; 'there is not a gentleman she would look at in the district. I know them all.'

"'But, monsieur,' said I, 'perhaps some prince of the blood has passed this way, or some great general, or hero, or patriot, and she has given him her heart; for she looks above me, and does not disguise it.'

"'She has seen no such personage,' was the reply. 'Ask Donon, who never leaves her.'

"'Then,' said I, 'it must be some imaginary character too lofty for poor me to compete with; for an idol she has.'

"'Humph!' said the Marquis. 'That is possible.'

"'She reads pernicious books,' said I. 'I found her reading the *Nouvelle Héloïse* in her boudoir.'

"M. De Groucy lost his composure directly. 'The *Nouvelle Héloïse*,' said he; 'and did you not fling it out of the window?'

"I confessed I dared not. I dared do nothing to offend her.

"The Marquis bestowed a look of pity on me, and left the room all in a hurry, and I awaited his return in no little anxiety. He came back in about half an hour, which he must have spent in ransacking his daughter's library. He re-appeared with the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, a philosophic History, by I forget whom, a discourse on Superstition (vulgarly called Religion), by D'Alembert, and one or two works tending to remove the false distinction civilization had invented between *meum* and *tuum* and the classes of society. The Marquis showed me the books, and then invited me to follow him. He went first to the kitchen, and made the cook brand these *chef-d'œuvres* of modern sentiment with a red-hot iron. Then he had them carefully packed in a box and sent to the executioner at Marseilles for public conflagration.

"Having thus eased his mind, he reviewed the situation more calmly. 'My son,' said he, 'you have tried your new-fangled system, with the result that might have been expected. You approach the girl cap in hand, and she gives herself airs accordingly. Now we will try ancestral wisdom. Next Sunday I shall publish your banns in the church, and this day week (Wednesday) you will marry her; and on Thursday you will find her obliging; on Friday, affectionate; on Saturday, cajoling. Saturday *afternoon* she will probably make the usual attempt to be master—they all do. You will put that down with a high hand, and from that hour she will respect and love you with all the loyalty of her race.'

"His confidence inspired me. His affection and partisanship affected me deeply. I threw myself into his arms, and I remember I said, 'If she would only love me as much as I love you—' And then my tongue faltered.

"The Marquis patted me tenderly on the head with his huge hand—he was a man of great stature—and said, 'She shall adore you. Leave that to me.'

"I am bound to admit that so much of the programme as depended on him was carried out to the letter. The very next Sunday we all went to mass in state; and after the service the priest read out from the altar with a loud voice:

"'Are betrothed this day, the high and excellent Seigneur Grégoire, Viscount of Pontarlais, and the high and excellent damsel Irène de Groucy,' etc. There was an angry murmur from the crowd: they objected to our titles. The Marquis shrugged his shoulders with unutterable scorn at that, and said, aloud, 'Monsieur le Vicomte, do me the honor to give your hand to your bride, and pass out before the rest of us.'

"I came forward with a beating heart. Mademoiselle De Groucy was pale, and trembled a little—she was evidently taken by surprise; but she put her hand in mine without a moment's hesitation, and we marched down the aisle, and through the western door. But once outside the place, the people flocked round us, and there

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were some satirical murmurs, at which the Marquis changed color, and his eyes flashed contemptuous ire. But presently a band of about twelve broke through the mass, headed by that very peasant who had rescued our hare for us; and he came cap in hand, and begged the Marquis to preside at the wrestling and shooting for prizes which were to take place that afternoon.

"I think, had it been any other applicant, the offended gentleman would have refused; but he remembered his hare, and the fellow's good services, and gave a cold consent. Then we turned to go home, but the crowd once more embarrassed us, and it was not a friendly crowd. My blood got up, and taking my betrothed under my arm, I prepared to force a passage; but she slipped from me like an eel, and said, imperiously, 'Flaubert, clear the way.' The giant, on this order, stepped in front of us, and shoved the other peasants out of the way, right and left, as if they had been so much dirt. As soon as we were clear, he turned on his heel with as utter a contempt for those who were not his *equals* in brute strength as ever a French noble showed for those who were not his equals in birth and breeding.

"We walked home, mademoiselle in front, haughtily, as one whom no such trifles could disturb; but the Marquis sombre and agitated. He put his hand on my shoulder and said: "We have almost been insulted. This will end in bloodshed. I shall prepare the defense of my castle. You said a good thing the other day: grape-shot is an argument the *canaille* can understand. Meantime we honor that village with no more visits. Your wedding will be celebrated in my private chapel.

"I looked anxiously to see how my betrothed received this. She said nothing; but somehow her whole body seemed to hear it. After breakfast I entered her boudoir, and found her trimming a scarf of many colors with gold-lace. It was in the worst possible taste, but I dared not say so. I asked, with feigned admiration, whom it was to adorn.

"'You, if you can earn it,' said she, dryly. 'It is for the victor in the sports; the swiftest runner, the strongest wrestler. You have only to eclipse these despised peasants in such manly exercises, and I shall have the honor of placing it on your shoulders.'

"I saw she was bent on mortifying me, and perhaps drawing me into a quarrel; so I remembered Wednesday was near, and said, as pleasantly as I could: 'Do not think I share our father's violent prejudices. I desire to be just to all men. There is much to admire in the hardy, honest sons of toil. But neither are the gentry fit subjects of wholesale contempt. The peasant who carves a figure which one critic takes for a shepherd, another for a sportsman, and another for a saint, could not paint your picture to save his life, and a polite duel with glittering rapiers demands more true manhood than a wrestling bout.'

"My words, I knew, would not please her, so I made the tone so humble and conciliatory that she vouchsafed no reply.

"Then I sat down beside her, and asked her to forgive me if I esteemed a little too highly that class she belonged to and adorned. None the less should her *opinions* always be respected by me. Then I added: 'Why should we waste our time on such subjects? For my part, I am too happy to dispute. Oh, if I was only more worthy of you! and if I but knew how to make you love me a little, now that you have accepted me publicly as your betrothed—'

"'Say "*my espouser*,"' said she, calmly. Then I remembered that in Rousseau's volume of poison that pedantic, sensual hussy applies this term to the two suitors she despises. I was stung with the scorpion jealousy, and my old suspicion revived and maddened me. 'Ah!' said I, haughtily, 'and who is the St. Preux for whom you mortify me so cruelly? If he is worthy of you, how comes it he is afraid to show his face?'

"'Be assured,' said she, with sullen dignity, 'I shall never marry any one of whom I am ashamed.'

"'Of that I am sure,' said I; 'and if ever St. Preux appears and comes between my betrothed and me, it will be an honor to me to cross steel with him, and a greater still to kill him, which I shall do, as sure as Heaven is above us.' At that time I was an accomplished swordsman.

"'Oh,' said she, 'then you would marry me against my will?'

"'No,' said I, staggered by so direct a blow; 'but I would not go back from my troth plighted at the altar; would you? The conversation is taking such a turn that I think monsieur the Marquis de Groucy is entitled to share in it.'

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"She turned pale, but recovered herself in a moment. 'That is unnecessary,' said she. 'I am sorry if I have offended you.' She drooped her head with infinite grace, and when she raised it she smiled on me and said: 'I am flattered by your affection. You have the prejudices of your class, but not their vices. Let us be friends.' She held out her white hand. I fell on my knees and kissed it devotedly.

"'Oh, how I adore you!' I sighed; and my eyes filled with tenderness. Even hers seemed to dwell on me with a gentler expression than I had ever seen before in them.

"But just as I was making friends with her so sweetly, came a cruel interruption."

These words were scarcely out of the narrator's mouth when what I thought a cruel interruption occurred. The curé came in dripping. My hospitable uncle had his outer garment removed, and a pint of old Burgundy spiced and heated, and in his warm hospitality would have resigned the story altogether.

But that was intolerable to me. As soon as I could with decency I said, timidly, "Monsieur le curé loves a good story as well as anybody."

"That I do," said the curé, with such zeal that I could have hugged him. And in short, after a few polite speeches, and a reminder from me as to where he had left off, Monsieur De Pontarlais resumed; and it struck me at the time that he was not sorry to have one more intelligent and attentive auditor, for indeed the good curé seemed to drink in every word.

"Well, gentlemen, my courtship was interrupted by a summons to visit the sports. As to the running and the shooting, I remember only that it was nothing to boast of, and that the prize for the latter was won by that red-headed giant, and that he came to the Marquis, cap in hand, and received a pewter mug.

"Then came the wrestling. Two rustics, naked to the waist, struggled together with more strength than skill. One was thrown, and retired crest-fallen. Another came on, and threw the victor. Each bout occupied a long time. The sun began to sink, and your humble servant to yawn.

"My betrothed was all eyes and enthusiasm, though the sight was more monotonous than delicate; but the Marquis pitied me, and said: '*You* are not bound to endure all this. The result is known beforehand. After two dozen encounters, a victor will be declared, and then "the champion" will throw *him* with considerable ease: the champion is that red-headed giant Flaubert. He will come forward and go down on one knee, and my daughter will bestow this scarf on him.—Brought your smelling-bottle, child, I hope?—Then on other occasions I used to feast them all; but after their insolence at the church door—insolence to you, monsieur mon gendre—I shall admit only the champion Flaubert and his guard of honor, twelve in number. Pierre has his orders: if the rest try to force their way, he will let the portcullis down on their heads. They have all been told that, *and why*.'

"Well, I did not care to see my betrothed put that scarf upon the champion, so I strolled away, and wandered about the château. An irresistible curiosity led me to that part of the building in which Mademoiselle De Groucy slept. Her bedroom was in a large tower looking down upon the parterre, which was, like the hanging garden of Babylon, full thirty feet above the plain the castle stood on; for, indeed, it was a castle rather than a château. I entered her bedroom with a tremor of curiosity and delight; it was large and lofty; the bed had no curtains, and was covered with a snowy sheet: nothing more. Spartan simplicity was seen in every detail. The picture, framed as you see it now, rested on two huge chairs; and at this my heart beat. On a table by the side of the looking-glass I discovered the quaint little figure Flaubert had bestowed upon the Marquis along with the famous hare. 'Well,' thought I, looking at that monstrosity and at my picture, 'that is a comparison she is welcome to make.' I was ashamed of my curiosity, and soon retired. I went and sat in her boudoir. Her work was about; there were many signs of her presence; a delicate perfume mingled with the scents of the flowers. I sat at the open window. Voices murmured in the château, but outside all was still. Soft dreams of coming happiness possessed me; I leaned my head out of window and drank the evening air, and thought of Wednesday and the life of bliss to follow. I was calm, and for the first time ineffably happy.

"The sun set; the castle was still; no doubt even the limited number of visitors admitted by the Marquis had retired; still

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I remained there in a delicious reverie. Presently in the darkness I thought I saw a figure pass along close to the wall, and stop at the tower a little while. Then it suddenly disappeared, so that it was most likely a shadow. Shadow or not, I was going to be jealous again, when my betrothed entered the room gayly, and invited me to supper.

"'You must not abandon us altogether,' said she, and she beamed so, and her manner was so kind and caressing, that I was in the seventh heaven directly. She gave me her hand of her own accord, and I conducted her to the salle à manger.

"'Oh, you have found him, have you?' said the Marquis, gayly. 'That is lucky, for I have the appetite of a wolf.'

"A noble repast was served in honor of our betrothal, and we did honor to it. I forget what was said, but I remember that for the first time Irène allowed her gifts to appear. What animation! what grace! what sparkling wit without ill-nature! what inimitable powers of pleasing, coupled for once with the desire to please. Oh, marvellous inconsistency of woman!

"Her father was fascinated as well as I, and embraced her warmly when she retired, with a sweet submissive apology to me, saying that the day, though delightful, had been a little fatiguing.

"Her father and I remained, and instead of our invariable piquet, were well content to sing her praises, and congratulate ourselves.

"The subject was inexhaustible, and I am sure we had sat together more than an hour, when a great murmur of voices was heard, and Mademoiselle Donon came in with a terrified air to say that there was a tumult outside.

"'More likely a serenade on this festive occasion,' suggested the Marquis. But at that moment the great bell of the church began to peal. It was the tocsin.

"'Are we on fire,' cried the Marquis, 'and don't know it?'

"I ran to the window, threw it open, and looked out. I saw flaming torches moving toward the castle from various parts, and heard angry murmurs.

"'Sir,' said I, in no little agitation, 'they are going to attack us, as they did that other château.'

"De Groucy smiled grimly. 'All the worse for them if they do. I had the draw-bridge raised at dusk, and we have plenty of ammunition.'

"Here a servant came in with a face of news.

"'What is the matter?' asked the Marquis.

"'They have not the sense to say,' replied the man. He was the master of the hounds. 'I hailed them through the grating, and asked them to declare their grievance. But the fools kept roaring "The champion! the champion!" and not another word could I get out of them. Do they think we have taken the blackguard prisoner?'

"'Stuff!' said the Marquis; 'that is a blind. Load all the muskets with ounce bullets this instant.'

"The man retired to execute this order.

"'But, sir,' said I, 'may not the champion have been shut in when you raised the draw-bridge? I thought I saw a figure on the parterre, groping his way about in the dark.'

"'No, no,' said the Marquis. 'If any one had been shut in by accident, he would have come to the postern, and the janitor would have let him out. Any stick to beat a dog! any excuse to insult or pillage their betters!—that is the France we live in now. So be it. Not one of the *canaille* shall enter the place alive.'

"'I am at your orders,' said I, catching fire.

"All these, you must understand, were hurried words, spoken as we marched, the Marquis leading the way, up the great staircase. At the head of it, Pierre and Guillaume met him with the loaded muskets and ammunition, and he then said to me:

"'You wonder, perhaps, to see me so calm, with women under my charge, and wild beasts howling outside. But I am a soldier, and know what I am about. This castle is simply impregnable to foes of that kind except at one spot, the small postern, and that is bound with iron. Should they batter it down, the aperture is small; we three can kill them all, one at a time; and at daybreak I will hand the survivors over to Captain Beaumont, who will be here with a squadron of mounted carabineers. The worst of it is, Vicomte, I must disturb your betrothed, for it is only from her window we can fire upon the postern.'

"He led the way to his daughter's room, and we naturally drew back. In the passage adjoining, a cold wind blew on us, and a small but massive door with gigantic bolts was found to be ajar.

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"The Marquis turned round on us, astonished, and for the first time showed anxiety. He said, in a low, unsteady voice:

"'Who has opened this passage?'

"'Does it lead to the parterre?' said I, and began to fear some strange mystery.

"'It did,' said he, 'but I condemned it ten years ago.'

"'Full that, sir,' said Pierre; 'twas I nailed it up, by your orders. I wish I knew the traitor who has taken out the nails and drawn the bolts back.'

"The Marquis's cheek was pale and his eyes flashed. 'To the portcullis, Pierre and Guillaume,' said he; 'and if any stranger comes to it from the house, kill him without a word. You and I, son-in-law, can defend the postern.'

"Our forces thus separated, he went on to his daughter's room, and knocked gently; there was no reply. He knocked louder; there was no reply.

"'She is asleep,' said he; 'I will go in and prepare her.'

"Then I drew back, out of delicacy.

"He took out a pass-key and opened the door.

"There was a man in his daughter's room.

"That man was 'the champion.'

"'The champion' stood motionless, and looked quite stupefied.

"Mademoiselle De Groucy, quick as he was slow, darted before him with extended arms to protect him; but the next moment cried, 'Fly, fly for your life!' The moment she made way for him to fly, the Marquis levelled his musket, and fired at his head with as little hesitation as he would at a wild boar."

Editor's Easy Chair.

NOTHING is more significant of the change of public sentiment in regard to what is called "the nobility" than the manner in which the "elevation" of Mr. Tennyson to the peerage has been received. The suggestion was heard at first with incredulity and contempt. Then it was learned with extreme amazement that the poet did not object to be made a peer. The press of both countries—for in England and America Tennyson is equally honored—broke out into appeals and deprecations. Caustic parodies of Lady Clara Vere de Vere appeared both in New York and London. Many of the articles were expressions of sincere pain, as if in becoming a lord Tennyson also became a lost leader, and Browning's poem was quoted as in some way applicable to his fellow-poet:

"Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat."

The striking point in the whole excitement was the honest grief and surprise that a man so famous and honored as a poet should be willing to cover the pure gold of his own name with the tawdry gilding of a title. Disraeli, it was said, the last signal instance of an ennobled man of letters, was essentially a charlatan, a Cagliostro, besides being a conspicuous politician and Parliamentary figure. But Tennyson, the singer of "Locksley Hall," of "Clara Vere de Vere," of "In Memoriam," and the "Idyls," if he is willing to become a lord, have we not all been mistaken? Must we not revise our opinion, and acknowledge that his song was not sincere? This was the question which the more ardent asked, and which revealed the secret of the grieved surprise; and the grief and surprise were by no means confined to this country, where we may be supposed to be hostile to titles, as it were, *ex officio*, in virtue of being Americans and republicans.

Of course it was all a matter of sentiment. Nobody, probably, honestly believed either that the poet had changed or that he had been always misapprehended; that he loved a coronet for its own sake, or that he held any less now than forty years ago the truth of his own musical and familiar lines:

"Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Those words, indeed, could have been honestly written and that faith honestly held by the wearer of a hereditary coronet; and a poet susceptible to the charms of the traditions that survive in a historic society may have received with pleasure the acknowledgment of the coronet and of the Norman blood that the singer of the simple faith and of the nobility of goodness was quite as good as they, and as worthy of the same kind of distinction.

At least there is no doubt of the sincere wish of the Queen, the fountain of honor, to testify in the most honorable and evident manner her high regard for one of the men who will make her reign illustrious in the annals of England. A patent of nobility has been always considered in England to be the highest official recognition of the highest service to the country. Titles, indeed, were cheap under George the Third, and they were often,

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as at the time of the union with Ireland, titles of absolute dishonor. But the counterfeit coin does not debase the genuine. It was at that very time, or just after, that Nelson went into battle with the hope of "a peerage or Westminster Abbey." If a seat in the House of Lords has been often the price of scandalous transactions, it has been also the reward of the greatest heroism and public service.

Yet there is no doubt that the refusal of a peerage for such services has always been in the popular mind as agreeable as the acceptance. The elder Pitt was "tumbled upstairs" into the House of Lords as the Earl of Chatham. His great powers happily overbore his title, and he is historically identified with it. But neither Mr. Gladstone nor John Bright could accept a peerage without a distinct loss of popular prestige. The acceptance would be held to argue culpable disregard of the honor which their undecorated names have acquired. This feeling is even stronger in the instance of Tennyson, because the decoration has no relation whatever to the kind of distinction which he has achieved. There would be an evident incongruity in conferring the order of the Star of India upon an eminent superintendent of Sunday-schools in Scotland.

There is a general consciousness of congruity or incongruity between the nature of the service and the character of the reward, which was very happily expressed by Sir Henry Taylor. If, he said, a peerage be the fitting public recognition of illustrious services of every kind, it is obvious that Wordsworth, the first English poet of the century, should have been made a duke as well as Wellesley, the first English soldier. Everybody, however, would have felt the impropriety of conferring a dukedom upon Wordsworth, while in the case of Wellesley the ducal coronet was as universally felt to be a proper reward. We do not assert the justice or injustice of the feeling. But if it were unfitting to make a great poet for that reason a duke, it will naturally seem to be unfitting that he should for the same reason be made a baron.

Tennyson's title, however, is not without precedent. In 1837, when Lord Melbourne was Prime Minister, Bulwer was made a baronet for his literary distinction, and Herschel for his eminence in science. Bulwer, indeed, was already in Parliament, and had written a political pamphlet which was very serviceable to the Whigs, but his baronetcy was a tribute to the author, not to the politician. His later peerage was the reward of political service, as was that of Macaulay. Tennyson's is the most signal instance of a purely literary man ennobled solely for literary distinction. But a peerage makes a man and his descendants British legislators for life; and unless he has a taste for such pursuits, and a disposition to engage in them, it is doubtful whether he ought to accept a distinction which implies political responsibility.

Nothing, however, is plainer than that if a man is to be made a peer because of literary genius and fame, Tennyson, of all living Englishmen, is the one to be selected; and unless it be assumed that his acceptance involves recreancy to principle, and discredits the teaching of his life—which is a preposterous suggestion—his acceptance is wholly a question of taste. Meanwhile nothing is more certain than that it is Alfred Tennyson, not Baron Tennyson d'Eyncourt, who will be known to posterity as one of the great English poets of the nineteenth century.

THE Easy Chair recently replied to a sarcastic correspondent who declined to believe that papers offered to a magazine are judged by their merit. The satirist apparently held this opinion for the reason that articles which he considered puerile are sometimes published, and apparently, also, because an occasional typographical error appears in a magazine. We omitted, however, to mention one consideration which will certainly seem reasonable even to the writer who is disappointed by the result of his venture. It is this, that even an excellent article enters into competition with excellence already selected and accumulated. Now as no magazine can possibly accommodate all the good things that are sent to it, is it not evident that the word "unavailable" describes precisely the fact of the situation? It is not chosen as a milder form of the word "rejected," but it expresses the truth that, meritorious as the paper may be, it is not available, and for the same reason that a good clerk is not available for a situation which a good clerk already fills.

In this kind of competition both the first comer and the practiced and recognized writer naturally and properly take precedence of the later comer who is not manifestly superior. And the Easy Chair states this the more persistently because great injustice is done to the editorial management of every important magazine by the notion that the acceptance of articles goes by personal favor or by the interest of a clan or clique. The singular success of *Harper's Magazine* for a generation would have been impossible had it been conducted upon any system of mutual admiration, as those words are generally understood. It has never been the organ nor the arena of any special group of writers, and it has been made up, number by number, with absolute impartiality.

Even the Easy Chair, to which many contributions are addressed, has sometimes received by the mails of a few days enough excellent verse to supply the monthly requirements of the Magazine for more than a year, to say nothing of the lively and interesting prose offerings. The return of such manuscript surely means only that even this Magazine is subject to the limitations of time and space. With equal certainty it does not mean that the ar-

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ticles are unworthy of publication, nor even that they are not as excellent as some which have already appeared, or which may be now in hand.

Here, for instance, comes a paper upon a subject which has been treated in another paper which was accepted some months ago, for which the illustrations have been prepared, and which is already in type as part of a number of the Magazine, in which no single paper can be disturbed or changed without deranging the entire number. When the Magazine declines the late comer as unavailable, does it evade, or equivocate, or shuffle, or deceive, or do anything whatever except tell the truth in the most truthful manner?

Probably every magazine sometimes recognizes a familiar article upon other pages than its own. But it does not therefore feel that it has let slip an angel unawares. On the contrary, if it be a magnanimous Maga, it rejoices that some one of its "esteemed contemporaries" was able to introduce so excellent a paper to public attention—a pleasure which it could not itself enjoy. In the same generous spirit, the author of the article will spare himself any feeling of triumph and cock-crowing, as if the publication of his paper were proof of the dullness of a magazine which could not recognize diamonds when it had them in its hand. For what did the magazine say? Simply that it regretted its inability to use the gems, because its necklaces and bracelets and tiara were already complete.

Doubtless the writers themselves who offer contributions to a magazine have little conception of the immense literary production of the country, and of the consequent enormous competition. The great multitude of papers and periodicals, the universal habit of reading, the intellectual quickness of the people, and the cultivated habit of literary expression stimulate a supply of poetry, tales, essays, and sketches whose volume is known only in editorial offices. And, in the good old familiar words of deprecatory prefaces, the Easy Chair will not have written in vain if it shall have shown the skeptical reader and writer that when his paper is returned to him by a magazine as unavailable, it is not because of its want of merit, nor because the writer is not of the interior circle of favorites, nor because it has not been read, nor because he is not famous, nor for any other fanciful pretext, but solely for such reasons as have been stated—that it is, in one painful word, unavailable.

THE remonstrance against public comment upon Tennyson's acceptance or refusal of a peerage as a gross impertinence opens the whole question of the proper limits to be observed in the discussion and description of the private character and lives of famous contemporaries while still living. The Easy Chair once heard Mr. Parton severely censured by one of the most celebrated of American authors for alluding in his article upon Mr. Webster to the fact that the great statesman sometimes drank too much wine. The celebrated author himself had been the subject of as much personal gossip as any man of his time, but never was there a suggestion of anything that was not sweet and pure and manly in his character or conduct.

His argument was that the public interest in Webster was based wholly upon his great intellectual powers and his public services, and that it was most impertinent to speak of his personal habits. We might as well be told, he said, how often Mr. Webster changed his linen or washed his hands. Indeed, there would be no end to this kind of story, he insisted, should it be tolerated by respectable writers. Must we have in detail the amours of George Sand and Robert Burns, the occasional tipsiness of William Pitt, and the pompous vanity of his father, Lord Chatham? If we begin, where shall we stop? If we may say that Mr. Irving wore a wig, and that somebody else was pecuniarily mean, is there anything that will not be said, and will not biography sink into contemptible gossip?

The protest was not unnatural—not as justified by Mr. Parton's paper, which was an admirable portraiture of Mr. Webster—but in an age when interviewing has developed a taste for mere personal details and scandal to which unscrupulous journalism does not hesitate to pander. But it forgot the universal and instinctive interest which attaches to the personality of eminent men. It is this which leads the pilgrim to Stratford, and looks with interest upon the grave of Ben Jonson, or the glass of Burns, or Dante's stone, or the fountain of Vaucluse, or Abbotsford, or Sunnyside. It is surely this detailed, familiar, pursuing picture of the doings and sayings, the habits and prejudices and faults, of Dr. Johnson, which makes the charm of the famous and immortal biography written by a man of very limited mental comprehension, and whose most signal quality was his microscopic observation of personal details. Could we spare Boswell's Johnson? Should we spare Cromwell's wen or Alexander's crooked neck?

Forty years ago there was a noted and popular portrait painter in New York, Mr. Ingham, whose works adorned the annual Academy exhibition, and who, in the judgment of many connoisseurs of that day, contested the palm with Henry Inman. The characteristic of his works was a certain soft, ivory smoothness, and one day as the Easy Chair, then a mere footstool, was looking with a friend at the exhibition, the friend laughed before a portrait of a sweet old lady, and said, gayly, "Fortunately for them, all Ingham's old ladies lived before wrinkles came into fashion." Ingham's fame, alas! is already fading; and if Boswell had written as Ingham painted, we should not have had our Ursa Major, but some

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smoothed and sweetened monster whom the world ne'er saw.

There was great surprise and resentment, some time after the publication of Sparks's *Washington*, when it was discovered that, with the best possible intention, the editor had touched Washington's occasionally uncertain spelling with the brush of Ingham, and had smoothed it into correctness. The feeling of resentment was just, for it was essentially a demand for the truth. The correction, moreover, was felt to be unjust both to Washington and to the reader, as implying that the General must be perfect even in spelling, and that the reader would be ashamed of him if he tripped in his orthography.

The censure of Parton seemed to be due to the same error that led the painter to smooth out the wrinkles and the editor to correct the spelling. Such portraiture never would show us men as they actually were. If Ingham had ever seen Raphael's portrait of Pope Leo X., he would never have sand-papered the faces that he painted; and if Mr. Sparks could have pondered such a historical picture as Carlyle's Cromwell or Frederick, he would have permitted Washington to spell for himself.

Despite the natural reluctance to see the defects of great men faithfully delineated, it is still true that no artist, whether in literature or in any other form, can propose to himself a better standard than the truth. If Mr. Parton undertook to give his reader an accurate conception of Webster, not as a lawyer, nor an orator, nor a politician exclusively, but as a man, his failure to allude to serious faults would be virtually to tell a falsehood. It would be a gross misrepresentation. Genius and great service do not release men from the obligations and the penalties of the moral law, nor from the condemning record of their derelictions. Nor can a man or woman whose genius and performance command public attention avoid the interest which attaches to every person and every spot and every event with which they are associated. Their eccentricities of dress and manner and conduct will inevitably be noted and described, and no reproof of the report as shameful and unpardonable will destroy the curiosity which asks whether the personality of the poet harmonizes with the impression of his poetry.

The life of the preacher does not affect the truth of the doctrine that he preaches. But if we wish to know what manner of man the preacher may be, it is no answer to say that it is enough that he preaches well. It is because we know that to be true that we wish to know the man also. The conclusion, therefore, is not to be avoided that if a biographer assumes to tell us of the man, he must tell the truth; and if his life was loose, irregular, immoral, or noble, unselfish, temperate, and well-ordered, he must treat us as men able to hear the truth. He must neither smooth the wrinkles nor correct the spelling, but tell the truth. In portraiture it must be the truth interpreted by the imagination, and in biography the truth treated with sympathy, intelligence, and proportion. Dr. Franklin, for instance, would not forfeit his great and just fame if some passages of his life were told instead of being whispered.

It is the fate of the most scholarly accomplished American woman to be known only by the tradition of her personal friends and their memoirs of her, and not in any adequate manner by her own works, for the literary remains of Margaret Fuller give no satisfactory impression of the woman herself. Mrs. Howe has just written a brief and admirable biography which will serve to remind the present generation of readers of one of the most striking figures in the American intellectual life of forty years ago.

Unfortunately the current and false impression of Miss Fuller as a typical blue-stocking, an unfeminine and arrogant Amazon, and pretentious *précieuse*, is perpetuated in Lowell's "Fable for Critics," where Miss Fuller appears as Minerva; and a certain self-conscious tone and want of simplicity and fluency in her writing does not remove this impression. In fact, however, probably those who knew and liked her most read her writings least. The richness, profusion, wit, and wisdom of her conversation, her keen and delicate observation, her delightful, rollicking, and abounding humor, her lofty character, integrity, and unselfishness, her broad and accurate knowledge and critical insight, made her so charming a companion, so lofty, true, and stimulating a friend, that her formal literary work seems to her friends meagre and unsatisfactory.

She was nobly unselfish, but so intent upon turning every opportunity to the best account that she was often plainly impatient of pretense and shallowness, and grudged the golden hours to charlatans of every degree. But she was in no sense austere except in her devotion to duty. If Minerva was as fond of fun, could see as shrewdly the amusing aspect of things, and laugh as heartily and intelligently as Miss Fuller, then Minerva was a much less prim body than she is painted. Indeed, if Miss Fuller were able, although some very clever people are not able, to imagine accurately the kind of person that many excellent persons supposed her to be, nothing could have given her more intense amusement. "If I were the kind of man that you fancied me to be," wrote an author to a correspondent who confessed his former dislike, "I should have despised myself as heartily as you despised me."

Miss Fuller's "magnetism," as Mrs. Howe points out, opened the hearts of men and women; she received the most intimate confidences of the noblest persons, and she repaid them a thousandfold. Her influence was a moral tonic. She strengthened, refined, and

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stimulated those who knew her best, and without making the least demand upon them in return. She set for others as for herself the highest standards, and her perpetual impression was that of loftiness of life. Indeed, in the transcendental renaissance of forty and fifty years ago, women may well feel that they were fitly represented among the remarkable group of men by this remarkable woman. Her studies were as wide and deep as those of many of the leaders of the movement. Her humane sympathies and aspirations were not less, her character was as lofty, and her life as true.

Personally she was plain and not of a graceful carriage, although Dr. Hedge, who knew her as a girl, remembers her as not ungraceful. She dressed always neatly, and never oddly. Her manner was peculiar. Certain looks and movements seemed like mere tricks, and there was sometimes a peremptory tone in her address and a half haughtiness of bearing which was very disconcerting to those, whether men or women, who wished to be seen to scorn blue-stockings and men-women. Never was there so little of a man-woman as Margaret Fuller; and had she possessed the personal beauty which Hawthorne gave to his Zenobia, a character in many aspects plainly studied from Miss Fuller, she would have been universally irresistible.

It was the fortune of the Easy Chair to be one of the few who had known her—as a boy knows a woman—in her last days in New England as Margaret Fuller, to know her also in the last romantic, pathetic days in Italy as Madame Ossoli. In the sunny Piazza Santa Maria Novella in Florence, near the church to which Cimabue's Virgin was brought in proud and joyful procession, he saw her and her husband and child. She was then thirty-nine years old, her husband perhaps ten years younger, a tall, slight, dark, quiet, gentlemanly man, fondly devoted to her, and plainly proud, as well he might be, of his wife. There was a gentle deference in his manner toward her which was very touching, and on that long vanished summer morning the little happy household on the third floor would be a very beautiful picture in memory except for the feeling at the time that the future, depending chiefly upon that brave and steady but not strong woman, was necessarily doubtful, and for the tragedy which was so soon to obliterate it from the earth.

It is hard to think that a woman so admirable and remarkable must be only a name to her countrymen, and a name growing necessarily less and less significant. It is vain, indeed, to plead for a mere name against oblivion. But it is something to assure those who look at the name of Margaret Fuller with sympathy and curiosity and wistful wonder, that, although she left no adequate monument of her powers, she was a woman whom the best loved most, and who was a purifying and ennobling influence in every life with which she was associated.

THE contest of nightingales at the two opera-houses in New York during the winter was constant and interesting, but it was also, probably, disastrous to the managers. The Italian opera has reached a point in its history where it has passed from the realm of art into that of society. This has been long the situation in Europe, and the spectator at the Metropolitan Opera-house in New York, upon an evening of full and fashionable attendance, sees that it is equally true of the American city. It has become a part of mere social display, like exquisite porcelain and rare wine. The thing is not valued for itself, but as a stamp and sign of a certain social standing. The Italian opera is no more a matter of art than an assembly or a Patriarchs' ball is a matter of proper society. They are both pageants at which appearance is sought, not, in the first case, from any interest in art, nor, in the last, from a desire of actual social intercourse, but simply for the purpose of classification among the *élite*, or the exclusive, or "society," or "fashion."

This tendency is emphasized by the new Metropolitan house, where the open balcony is superseded by tiers of boxes, as in La Scala at Milan and the San Carlo at Naples. The boxes are merely private parlors with a large open and curtained window toward the stage. In the foreign capitals social calls are made in the opera-box, not at the house, and the interest of an evening is this kind of social intercourse, to which the performance is secondary. Such is our rapid progress in manners that on a crowded evening at the new temple of song the lorgnettes are turned in every direction except toward the stage, and the murmur of the boxes threatens to silence that of the melodious scene. This tendency is fostered by the great size of the new house, in which effective singing must be very difficult. The acoustic quality is good, but the space is so large that the voice necessarily loses its effect.

By some curious fatality none of the singers have aroused such enthusiasm as in other years. Madame Nilsson is mentioned with respect, but with courteous vagueness it is hinted that her Marguerite, beautiful and charming as it is—is yet—in the French phrase—of a certain maturity. Madame Patti, whose airy and exquisite roulades were so highly relished last year, is wonderful and inimitable as ever—but—perhaps—it is a little familiar now, and—just a *soupçon*—mechanical. Madame Gerster, unparalleled Amina that she is, with her lark-like warbling and clear soaring trills of melody—must—perhaps—remember that Amina can not be Marguerite, and that clear-trilling larks are—after all—only—larks.

Last year Madame Scalchi took the town with a tornado of delight, and divided the honors and the enthusiasm with the *prima donna assoluta*, the great Patti herself—but

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this year—alas! said Wycherley, how changed am I from that glowing portrait! And Campanini—the generous, the popular, the kind-hearted, who would not quarrel, and who would always sing—is it a cold?—or the cruel space?—or a temporary huskiness—a passing cloud?—or must the fruit some time lose a hue of its bloom, and the flower the least richness of its fragrance?

Or, indeed, is it not at all upon the stage, but wholly in front? Is it the mere fickleness of favor, the artists not being in the least degree changed, and only the public a little sated? Or does the rapid development of the opera as a mere luxury, and its amazing cost, operate as a prohibitory tariff upon the lovers of music, and prevent their attendance? If the nightingale will not sing except for five thousand dollars an evening, the sympathetic manager can only wring his hands and lament that he must virtually exclude so vast a host of true lovers, who make the genuine enthusiasm of an audience, and are not afraid to express it.—

"'I weep for you,' the walrus said;
'I deeply sympathize.'
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes."

Or, again, are the very foundations of things shaken, and is the taste for Italian opera changing, even declining? The day is not very remote in the past when Rossini's *La Gazza Ladra* was heard with delight by the innocent taste of New York. The Easy Chair recalls the performance, the pleasure, and the exceedingly queer magpie which performed its doubtful flight amid the tittering apprehension of the kindly audience. The hand-organs ground out the pretty melodies. The young ladies ventured bravely upon the great *bravura*. The *jeunesse dorée* hummed gayly and smiled intelligently. Rossini was *el gran maestro*. There were Grisi and Mario and Lablache and Tamburini singing in Paris. The good American went abroad to hear the matchless quartette, to see Taglioni and Cerito, and the Coliseum, of course, and the papal benediction. But now?

Well, now the papers say that *La Gazza Ladra* is absurd, and that Rossini is a shallow old charlatan in music; and this winter poor old Mario, long voiceless, died in Rome, and Grisi and Lablache are but names of over-estimated singers, and Patti is a curious but interesting relic of an extinct style—a kind of vocal dodo—and Italian opera is tum-ti-tum music, and Handel is ludicrous, and melody came in with the fall, and, like all other original sin, is to be rigorously repressed. Is it surprising that the contest of nightingales has not been prosperous, and that the belated fogy who is guilty of humming a tune asks whether the great institution itself of Italian opera is not doomed, and whether our children will know more of Lucia and Amina than we of the absolutely forgotten and unknown characters of Handel's operas?

Editor's Literary Record.

IN many respects the *Life, Letters, and Literary Remains* of the late Lord Lytton,[1] by his son, the present Lord Lytton, is a unique work, widely differing in its plan and execution from biographies as ordinarily written. The reasons for this departure from the customary methods are to be found, primarily, in the dual character, as regarded from its literary and its personal and social sides, of the man whose life was to be delineated, and in the abundance and peculiar nature of the materials confided by him to his biographer, coupled with the expressed or implied understanding that they were to be incorporated, either wholly or in part, in a memoir that was to be prepared illustrative of his life and character. But besides the necessity imposed upon the son by his pious desire to carry out the wishes of his father, the method that has been pursued by the biographer was evidently not altogether uncongenial to his own literary tastes and tendencies, and although at a first glance it may seem somewhat complicated and confusing to the reader, as one grows familiar with it this difficulty vanishes, and its advantages become apparent.—At his death Lord Lytton left behind him a large mass of unpublished manuscripts. One of these was an autobiographical sketch, written after he had attained his fiftieth year, and giving an extended account of his ancestry on both sides, and the particulars of his own life and education, from his birth till, in his twenty-second year, he was on the threshold of an important epoch of his life, just entering into the world with high aspirations, with an ardent ambition not yet directed to any fixed purpose, with a heart that had already been wrung by a sorrow so great that it was to cast its shadow over many of his after-years, and, indeed, was never wholly dissipated, and with a decided bent toward literature as a means for giving expression to his feelings and imaginings, and to the higher politics, as a possible serious vocation in the distant future. This sketch has the charm of all good autobiography, but is superior to many of the best of its kind in the fullness and viv-

[1] *The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer* (Lord Lytton). By his Son. With Portraits and Illustrations. Library Edition. Volume I. (containing Volumes I. and II. of the English Edition). 12mo, pp. 604. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to. Part I., Autobiography, pp. 80. Part II., Biography, pp. 86. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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idness of its recollections of the incidents of the author's very early childhood; in the courageous frankness with which it discloses generations of family secrets, and uncovers generations of family skeletons; in the candor and vivacity with which it chronicles his demeanor and experiences, severally, at home, at school, with his various tutors, and in college; in the brief but touching revelation it makes of his first love romance and its pathetic climax; in the exquisite grace and tenderness with which it delineates the girlhood, young womanhood, and early married life of his mother; and in its graphic episodes—each of which reads like a chapter in one of his own romances—of life and adventure among robbers, gypsies, and other doubtful characters who hung on the skirts of English society. Wherever the autobiography is dark or problematical, or when the allusions to persons and incidents are fragmentary and unsatisfactory, the biographer takes up the thread of the relation, and supplies the missing links in supplementary notes and chapters; and in these latter he traces, and by the aid of the unfinished or unpublished manuscripts confided to him more fully reveals, the early manifestations of the literary instinct in his father, and his first essays in authorship, sometimes giving an analytical outline of the latter, and at others reproducing them in their entirety. This last feature of the supplementary chapters of the autobiography will doubtless be the subject of some sharp criticism, on the ground not only that the introduction of these lengthy effusions interrupts the continuity of the narrative, but that they are immature, and from the literary stand-point intrinsically worthless, as their author himself evidently thought when he left them unfinished, or withheld them from publication. The force of this criticism will be greatly diminished, however, if we reflect that the arrangement of these intercalary chapters is such that they may be easily skipped by an impatient or exacting reader. On the whole, we think the biographer determined wisely when he resolved to include these productions, since they reflect transitional stages in the literary life of the author, and exhibit some of its most characteristic phases; and further, because, like all his imaginative writings, they are rich in autobiographic touches revealing his tastes, his personal characteristics, and his mental, moral, and literary habitudes at the time when they were written. The biography proper takes up the recital where the author of the autobiography dropped his pen, and carries us through the two following years of his single life, his courtship, and the period of his tentative unprofessional authorship, of which the sole permanent relic is the morbid romance *Falkland;* through the years of his early married life, which witnessed his estrangement from and subsequent reconciliation with his mother, and his adoption of authorship as a professional means of livelihood, comprising the four years from his twenty-third to his twenty-seventh, during which, besides having performed much literary drudgery for periodicals, annuals, and the more sober and exacting reviews, he had produced *Pelham*, *The Disowned*, *Devereux*, and *Paul Clifford*, and had gained a solid footing on the ladder of literary renown; and it concludes with his editorial management of *The New Monthly Magazine* and his entry into Parliament at the age of twenty-eight, leaving the story of his life, as Chaucer left "the story of Cambuscan bold," but half told. It is seldom that a more difficult task has been imposed upon a biographer than that which Lord Lytton encountered in the preparation of this work—difficult not merely because of the troubles, dilemmas, perplexities, and arduous labor that are inherent in all biography, or because of the embarrassment which attends the choice, selection, and due subordination of its materials, or because of the tax it levies upon the judgment, the candor, and the discrimination of the biographer, or because of the severe test to which it subjects his capacity for condensation, intellectual analysis, and delineation of character; but also, and above all, difficult because of the supreme delicacy of a portion of the ground necessary to be traversed in writing the life of his father. Doubtless the task was imposed upon him by his father, accompanied by the explicit injunction that "by no one else should any biography of him be written," because he knew that the filial piety of their son would impel him to treat the story of the unhappy married life of his father and mother with a more tender reserve as to the mother, while doing full justice to the motives and conduct of the father, than would be possible to any other biographer. That portion of Bulwer's life, it is true, is not yet reached in the volume under notice, but it is often foreshadowed with consummate delicacy in the pictures which the biographer gives of the courtship and early married life of the young couple, and of the estrangement from his grandmother which it precipitated. Both are spoken of in terms that indicate no conscious partisanship, whether of partiality or prejudice, and the acts of each, so far as the biographer has seen fit to disclose them, are weighed tenderly, lovingly, and with gentle impartiality. Lord Lytton has traced the brilliant early years of his father's literary career with great minuteness and dignity of style, touching with the earnestness of a lively sympathy, but with strict candor, upon the peculiarities of his temperament, his virtues and foibles, his demeanor in his family and among his friends, and revealing with entire frankness his ruling personal and intellectual traits and characteristics. The more purely biographical narrative is interspersed with criticisms and analyses of Bulwer's works as they appear, with graphic delineations of the effect produced by authorship upon his character and demeanor, and with admirable sketches

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of all those personal happenings and social and other surroundings which were influential in giving form to the conceptions that he afterward embodied in his novels. In this manner the biographer has literally and very effectively illustrated the life of his father by his works, and his works by his life. Of course it can not be foreseen how far the life of the man will be modified by later events that must have severely strained his ardent and sensitive nature. By many it has been surmised that in after-life these exasperating events gave his disposition a morbid and unwholesome twist—though his later, which are his best and most cheerful novels, would seem unmistakably to indicate the reverse. Be this as it may, if we regard the man as he is pictured in this inthralling volume, first by his own hands as he was in his early youth, and afterward by the hand of his accomplished son as he appeared in the brilliant morning of his young manhood, his character was one of exceptional loftiness and nobility, as interesting and as rich in golden promise as that of any of his own most brilliant creations.

When Dr. Schliemann had completed his excavations on the hill of Hissarlik (or site of ancient Troy) in 1879, and early in 1881 had published his great work, *Ilios*, containing the results of his researches, and establishing the identity of Hissarlik and ancient Troy, he supposed that he had settled the Trojan question forever, and it was expected that he would rest from his active labors in the field. But the zeal and enthusiasm which first incited and afterward stimulated his researches still burned vigorously within him, and impelled him to revisit the scenes of his successful explorations and discoveries; and, besides, notwithstanding the confident tone of his *Ilios*, there were evidently some lingering doubts in his mind as to the entire conclusiveness of all his discoveries, and the complete tenability of all the hypotheses he had built upon them. As soon, therefore, as the record of his ten years of laborious research and exploration was published he determined to revisit the Troad, with the purpose of clearing up some obscure points of the Homeric geography, and of determining what other, if any, sites of ancient habitation on the Troad, besides Hissarlik, demanded or would reward archæological investigation. This visit was made in May, 1881, and resulted in a journey in the Troad, projected in eleven different directions, in the course of which he conclusively established, that besides the five prehistoric settlements and the Lydian city whose ruins and débris are below the remains of the classical period in Hissarlik, besides also the two prehistoric cities at Besika and Hanaï Teph, and besides the three towns dating from the ninth to the fifth century B.C., on the Bali Dagh, Eski Hissarlik, and on Fulu Dagh, there were once on the Plain of Troy, which is only eight miles long and less than half as broad in its widest part, eleven flourishing cities, all of which were probably autonomous, and of which five coined their own money, and one (Ilium) had at least seventy thousand inhabitants; further, that whilst it is known for certain that at Hissarlik the accumulation of prehistoric ruins, fourteen meters deep, is succeeded by a layer of Hellenic ruins and débris two meters deep, there is in the whole Troad, between the Hellespont, the Gulf of Adramyttium, and the chain of Ida, no site containing prehistoric ruins except at Hanaï and Besika, and that, with the exception of Assos, now being explored by American investigators, no excavations, with a view to finding interesting antiquities of the classical time, are possible anywhere in the Troad, except perhaps some spots in Alexandria Troas. On his return from this journey, the results of which seem to have whetted his antiquarian ardor, Dr. Schliemann determined upon a renewed exploration of the ruins at Hissarlik; and after numerous preliminary difficulties, which were encountered and overcome with characteristic patience and pluckiness, and which are described with great minuteness and vivacity in his new volume, *Troja*,[2] he began his investigations in March, 1882, and continued them for five months, with results which have obliged him to revise some of his former conclusions, not, indeed, regarding the position of Troy or the fact that it had existed on the site at Hissarlik, for of these there could be no question, but respecting the *extent* of the sacred city. As has been already intimated, scarcely had he completed his former investigations before he was assailed by doubts as to the absolute correctness of his conclusions in this particular. He could not reconcile the evidence of the greatness and extent of ancient Troy, contained in the writings of the early poets and the most ancient historians and scholars, with the fact, which his previous investigations at Hissarlik seemed to have established, that it was in reality only a very little town or small fortified borough—so small that it could hardly have contained three thousand inhabitants. And it was to clear up and settle these doubts that the new investigations and excavations were prosecuted, of which his new work, *Troja*, gives the graphic and minute details. Without following the indefatigable explorer at every step of his deeply interesting excavations and identifications, or in all his amusing, perplexing, irritating, and elating personal experiences, we shall merely state their results briefly, and as far as practicable, in Dr. Schliemann's own words—premising that

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[2] *Troja*. Results of the Latest Researches and Discoveries on the Site of Homer's Troy, and in the Heroic Tumuli and Other Sites, made in the Year 1882. And a Narrative of a Journey in the Troad in 1881. By Henry Schliemann, Hon. D.C.L., Oxon., etc. Preface by Professor A. H. Sayce. With 150 Woodcuts and 4 Maps and Plans. 8vo, pp. 434. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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his new discoveries seem fully to resolve the doubts which had assailed him, and show conclusively by the evidence of the ruins at Hissarlik, and of the numerous objects hidden in them and brought to light by the spade, that the buried ancient city was a powerful and extensive one, fully corroborating the accounts of it preserved in ancient poems and other writings. In his recapitulation of the results of this latest exploration, Dr. Schliemann asserts, with the calmness of conviction, as follows: "I have proved that in a remote antiquity there was in the Plain of Troy a large city, destroyed of old by a fearful catastrophe, which had on the hill of Hissarlik only its Acropolis, with its temples and a few other large edifices, whilst its lower city extended in an easterly, southerly, and westerly direction, on the site of the later Ilium; and that, consequently, this city answers perfectly to the Homeric description of the site of sacred Ilios." Thus much as to the *extent* of Troy. He then disposes of the claims of the other sites which have been severally put forward by other antiquarians as the site of Troy. "I have, further," he says, "once more brought to naught the pretensions of the small city on the Bali Dagh, behind Bounarbashi, to be the site of Troy, inasmuch as I have shown that it belongs to a much later time, and that it can not be separated from the strongly fortified city on Eski Hissarlik which, at a distance of only a few hundred yards from it, crowns a lofty hill on the opposite side of the Scamander, having been built simultaneously with it, and having been, together with it, the key to the road which leads through the valley of the Scamander into Asia Minor. I have further proved that the accumulation of ancient ruins and débris, which exceeds sixteen meters in depth on the hill of Hissarlik, is quite insignificant on the Bali Dagh, as well as at Eski Hissarlik and on Mount Fulu Dagh, and amounts to nothing in the only two places in the Troad where the most ancient human settlements ought to have existed. I have proved that the most ancient remains on all these sites, scanty as they are, belong most probably to the period between the ninth and the fifth centuries B.C., and that there is no trace among them of prehistoric pottery." Finally, Dr. Schliemann concludes the summary of his explorations in 1882 by the statement of some minor but highly interesting identifications and discoveries, as follows: First, that the tumulus attributed by Homer and the tradition of all antiquity to Achilles, and one of the two tumuli attributed to Antilochus and Patroclus, can not claim a higher antiquity than the ninth century B.C., that is to say, the Homeric age; second, that the tumulus to which tradition pointed as the tomb of Patroclus probably belongs to the age of the second city of Hissarlik (Ilium); third, the discovery of a large tumulus at the foot of Cape Sigeum, which was known in antiquity, and was probably attributed by tradition to the hero Antilochus, but which has not come under the notice of any modern explorer, and is indicated on no map of the Troad; and fourth, the establishment of the interesting architectural facts that in the remote antiquity to which the walls of Troy belong, not only the walls of the city, but even the walls of the large edifices, were made of raw bricks, and were artificially baked *in situ* after having been completely built; and that the *antæ*, or *parastades*, which in later years fulfilled only a technical purpose, had then two important constructive purposes, namely, to consolidate and secure the front faces of the lateral walls, and to render them capable of sustaining the ponderous weight of the superincumbent cross-beams and the terraced roof. Dr. Schliemann's minute account of his daily vicissitudes and of the various steps in his excavations, more especially of those that resulted in the uncovering of the ruins, objects of art, utensils, pottery, and remains of every kind, which were the mute witnesses on which he relied to wrest her secrets from hoar antiquity, is one of profound interest to the antiquarian and archæologist, and scarcely less so to the intelligent general reader. The volume has not a dry or tedious page. It is enriched with a scholarly preface by Professor Sayce, outlining the success of Dr. Schliemann as an excavator, and showing the new light that has flowed from his discoveries, the gains to prehistoric archæology that have resulted from them, the confirmations of ancient traditions and writings they have supplied, and the geographical, historical, philological, and archæological problems they have solved or contributed to render more clear and exact. And, in accordance with his usual method, Dr. Schliemann has collected in the Notes and Appendices a large body of valuable and erudite material bearing upon and corroborative of special related subjects of importance discussed in the text. Among these is Dr. Schliemann's narrative of his journey in the Troad in 1881, to which we have referred in the early part of this notice; a dissertation, by Professor Virchow, on the bones collected during the excavations of 1882, in the first and most ancient prehistoric city at Hissarlik; two dissertations by Karl Blind, respectively, on Virchow's "Old Trojan Tombs and Skulls," and on the "Teutonic Kinship of Trojans and Thrakians"; a memoir on the "Site and Antiquity of the Hellenic Ilion," by Professor Mahaffy; and a letter by Professor Virchow in answer to the objections urged by the critics of Dr. Schliemann's *Ilios*, supporting the Doctor's conclusions as to the antiquity of the earliest Greek settlement at Hissarlik.

IN 1875, Professor Julius Köstlin, of the University of Halle-Wittenberg, published a large work in two volumes, entitled, *Martin Luther; His Life and Writings*, which received the hearty commendation of Protestant schol-

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ars, and, indeed, of scholars and critics generally; but, on account of the largeness of the scale on which it was projected, it became comparatively little known outside of their circles. The work comprised, along with a biography, extended criticisms, analyses, explanations, and illustrations of the subject-matter of the great Reformer's various writings. Since the completion of this work, Professor Köstlin has been engaged in the preparation, from its materials, and from other new and important matter that has rewarded his later researches, of a *Life of Luther*[3] which should be more exclusively biographical in its form, and thus, and also by the reduction of the volume of its critical and polemical material, be better adapted for educated and intelligent non-professional readers. The new volume is now published in an English dress, and is an altogether admirable biography, both in its matter and its manner. Professor Köstlin gives us a noble portraiture of Luther, and his delineation of his character as a man, a priest, a lover of learning, and an ardent and fearless reformer, is compact and vigorous, and as discriminating as it is sympathetic. After a careful and deeply interested perusal of the work, we are prepared to join in the hearty encomium pronounced upon it by a capable critic who is seldom easily placated, Mr. James Anthony Froude. It is, indeed, a life of Luther which deserves the name, a picture which leaves little to be desired, a memoir which enables us to hear the very heart-throbs of the man. It introduces us to every phase of Luther's active and militant life. It carries us with him through his hard but not altogether joyless peasant life in childhood and at school; through his ardent university life; through his self-denying career as a monk; through the mental disquietudes and struggles that terminated in his breach with Rome, and in his long and unflinching conflict with her mighty power. It carries us with him into his study while he is engaged in the translation of the Bible into the vernacular, in the composition of the simple but noble hymns that stirred the national heart and the national conscience only less than the inspired word, and while forging the red-hot iron of controversy which gave religious liberty and the right of private judgment to the world. Finally, to use Mr. Froude's sententious verdict: "A student who has read these six hundred pages attentively will have no questions to ask. He will have heard Luther speak. He will have seen him in the pulpit. He will have seen him in kings' courts and Imperial Diets. He will have seen him at his own table, or working in his garden, or by his children's bedside. He will have seen, moreover —and it is a further merit of this most excellent book—a series of carefully engraved portraits, from the best pictures, of Luther himself, of his wife and family, and of all the most eminent men with whom his work forced him into friendship or collision." Mr. Froude might have added that this excellent volume also gives engravings of Luther's simple-hearted but sterling parents, a number of fac-similes of Luther's manuscripts, many of which are of great personal and historical interest, and a series of fac-similes, slightly reduced, of the title-pages of some of his most celebrated and most characteristic tracts, pamphlets, and books.

[3] *Life of Luther*. By JULIUS KÖSTLIN. With Illustrations from Authentic Sources. Translated from the German. 12mo, pp. 590. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

IF Americans of this generation were asked what they know of Albert Gallatin — where he was born, in what State he was reared and underwent his early political training, in what period of our history he flourished, to what political party he was attached, what public positions he filled, what services he rendered the State and nation, and in what specialty of political economy and administration he excelled — their reply, if impromptu, would betray a degree of ignorance bordering upon the absolute. Nor is this ignorance to be wondered at greatly if we consider the perfunctory and superficial manner in which our history is popularly read, and the inattention with which all but those more striking and salient passages that make an impression on the feelings or the imagination, or that have an intimate bearing upon current issues of the day, are commonly regarded. Many causes have conspired to produce this inattention to the character, career, and services of Mr. Gallatin, and have contributed to the prevalent ignorance that we have assumed. He came upon the stage at that comparatively late day when the heroic had given way to the practical and prosaic. He was not an actor in those exciting and pregnant events which precipitated and attended the Revolutionary war, and resulted, first, in the loose confederation of States which achieved our independence, and afterward in that "more perfect Union," under the Constitution, which made us a nation. His services were less resplendent than, and have been overshadowed by, those of the early patriots, soldiers, and statesmen of the republic, and they were rendered at a less critical time. Then, too, the nature of his services, and the processes he employed in devising and effectuating the political theories and policies he espoused, were so complex, so purely abstract and intellectual, as to tax the powers of comprehension of the average readers of history very severely, and to make them averse or unequal to their due consideration. And finally, he lived in a period when the public or political arena was becoming more and more densely crowded; and naturally he suffers from that inevitable levelling effect of a crowd which resolves all who are not of gigantic stature, or who do not occupy a near or a commanding posi-

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tion, into an undistinguishable mob. Mr. Gallatin was not an intellectual giant, nor did he ever fill a position so lofty that the mere eminence would make men conspicuous who were greatly his inferiors in knowledge and ability, and would even give dignity to mediocrity. None the less was he a great man—great in the practical bent and the versatility of his mind; great in vigorous common-sense, in invincible tenacity of will, and in unblemished purity of purpose; great in the comprehensiveness and minuteness of his knowledge, and especially great in his thorough mastery of and practical familiarity with the laws of finance and their experimental application in the administration of national affairs. Nor was his knowledge of political economy confined to the single department of finance, but it embraced the whole field of that intricate science, and it also comprehended the fields of government and administration, legislation and diplomacy, and made large incursions upon the provinces of ethnology and natural science. If Mr. Gallatin failed to reach the most exalted station that could possibly be attained by an American citizen, this much is certain, that the stations which he did reach were not inferior to any in their influence and far-reaching consequences, and were filled by him with consummate ability. An opportunity is at length afforded for our countrymen to become better acquainted with this once eminent but now half-forgotten statesman, by a thoughtful and well-considered as well as chastely written outline[4] of his life and public career, which has been prepared by Mr. John Austin Stevens for the "American Statesmen Series," and has suggested the above reflections. Mr. Stevens's careful and elaborate study of Mr. Gallatin's life and services is a substantial contribution to our political history—affluent of suggestive and interesting material for the consideration of mature political thinkers, and specially deserving of the close attention of those among our sober-minded and intelligent young men who are inspired by an honorable ambition for distinction in public life. To such as these last, the career of Mr. Gallatin, as vigorously traced by Mr. Stevens, supplies an impressive lesson of what may be accomplished, without the adventitious aids of wealth or of family or social influence, by concentrated and patient attention, and by persistent and unwearied application, coupled with strict integrity of life, genuine singleness of purpose, and the maintenance of lofty ideals of usefulness, duty, and virtue. Mr. Gallatin's opportunities were only such as are open to every American youth, native or adopted, and they will find the record of his public and private life to be invaluable for the example it presents and the incitements and encouragements it suggests. We can think of no more instructive study for young men intending to enter political life than that of the various steps of Mr. Gallatin's career as a youthful and friendless Swiss emigrant and settler; as a citizen of the State of his adoption, whose influence steadily grew from small beginnings, and as steadily broadened and deepened, extending from the neighborhood to the township, and from the township to the county, until it embraced the entire commonwealth; as a member of the Legislature, whose practical shrewdness was quickly recognized, and whose large stores of laboriously acquired knowledge were constantly drawn upon by his colleagues; as a member of Congress, whose steadiness and ability in debate and wisdom in council were felt and admitted by friend and foe; as Secretary of the Treasury under Jefferson and Madison; whose financial ideas and methods have left an indelible and beneficent impression upon our national system of finance; as minister successively to France and England, whose services to the country at a critical period were inestimable; as a candidate of the old Jeffersonian Republican party for the second highest office in the gift of his countrymen, whose candidature was unsought, and unstained by trick or manœuvre; and as a private citizen who for many years after his retirement from public life, having lived down the passing obloquies and excitements of the hour, exerted a powerful and wholesome influence on society, on science, on finance, and on general politics.

[4] *Albert Gallatin.* By JOHN AUSTIN STEVENS. "American Statesmen Series." 16mo, pp. 419. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

OF all the poets, Shakespeare is the richest in the folk-lore of his age and country. There is scarcely an act in any of his dramas, wherever their scene may be laid—whether in Venice or Verona, at Messina or Vienna, at Rome or Athens, in Sicily or Bohemia, amid the "still vex'd Bermoothes," or in France, Scotland, Wales, or England—but is enriched by it. By a combination of favoring circumstances it happened that in Shakespeare's day the folk-lore of England was an epitome of the folk-lore of the entire continent of Europe, though far the larger proportion of it was indigenous, or was so modified by its transplantation upon English soil as to have almost entirely lost its exotic character. While, therefore, much of the folk-lore that Shakespeare has wrought with exquisite effects into his dramas derived its original forms from Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Germany, France, Italy, and Switzerland, from Oriental sources, and from the legends of ancient Greece and Rome, it had become distinctively English in its features, and was preserved from any appearance of incongruousness by the common elements to be found in its originals. But prominent as is the place it fills, and delightful as are the effects it produces in Shakespeare's plays, it still requires for its full appreciation and enjoyment a much greater degree of familiarity with the general subject than is possessed by most readers, more espe-

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cially as it relates to that portion of the folk-lore of England which is essentially English, and had its rise in the imagination, the superstitions, and the social, domestic, and rural life of the people of England in the age of Elizabeth, and during the two preceding centuries. There have been numerous works on folk-lore, both general, and specially illustrative of Shakespeare's plays, which are highly esteemed by scholars; but none of them have been quite adapted for popular use. This popular want has at length been most satisfactorily ministered to by a volume on *The Folk-lore of Shakespeare*,[5] which the general reader will soon learn to keep within easy reach while reading the works of our great dramatist. The work is worthy of a place beside Sir Henry Ellis's standard edition of *Brand's Popular Antiquities*, and fully supplies the one great deficiency of that useful publication.

EVENTS that are occurring in the Soudan, and that are likely to happen there in the near future, impart an accidental interest to Mr. F. L. James's *Wild Tribes of the Soudan*.[6] Intrinsically the book is one of slight merit. It is neither a particularly vivacious book of travel and adventure, nor an instructive chronicle of original research. As an account of travelling and sporting experiences it is greatly inferior to many of its kind. Its personal incidents and situations are described in a monotonous and commonplace manner. An eagerness for sport in a field hitherto comparatively new and unappropriated by Englishmen led the author and his party to penetrate the district inhabited by the Basé, or Kumana, a tribe of whom little is known, and whose people are more uncivilized and more nearly allied to the pure negro than any other in that quarter of Africa. Of these not very interesting people the author gives some superficial and mildly entertaining information, when he can tear himself away from his chronicle of the slaughter of lions and hippopotami, panthers and hyenas, ostriches and crocodiles, and other more ignoble game, or when he takes a respite from the record of his not very heroic squabbles with sheiks and guides, or of his more exciting conflicts with other unfriendly or jealous or greedy natives. The chief interest and value of his book reside, as we have intimated, in its accidental relation to and its really excellent maps of that portion of Upper Egypt between Nubia and Abyssinia geographically known as the Soudan, which is the theatre of the war between the hordes of the False Prophet and the Egyptians. It was over precisely this ground that Mr. James and his party tramped or rode back and forth in pursuit of game from early in December, 1881, till the middle of April, 1882, and his description of the people and productions of this region, its roads and caravan routes, its rivers and water-courses—in fine, of its topography, conformation, facilities for intercommunication, and avenues to the adjacent districts of Egypt north of the Soudan—is perhaps the fullest, most minute, and most accurate, as it undoubtedly is the most recent, that is available to the general reader.

A LITTLE volume on physical culture, entitled *Sound Bodies for our Boys and Girls*,[7] has just issued from the press of Messrs. Harper and Brothers, which was arranged and designed primarily by its author, Mr. William Blaikie, as a manual for school use, and is admirably suited to that end, but should not be limited to it. The simplicity and practical good sense of its directions, the freedom of its exercises from all risk, the inexpensiveness of the outfit that is required, and the ease with which its methods may be applied by any judicious parent, or elder brother or sister of fair intelligence, so as to impart grace and vigor to the frame, render it no less appropriate and valuable for home and family than for school use. Unlike most advocates of systematic physical culture, Mr. Blaikie does not run into unreasonable extremes as to the amount of time to be appropriated to it, or the objects to be attained by it. His aim is not to train boys and girls to become or to contract a taste for being mere gymnasts or athletes, but to make them erect, graceful, vigorous, and healthy men and women, with sound minds and sound bodies, at the cost of a small amount of time, periodically and methodically devoted, in the intervals between other studies and occupations, to the few simple and easily executed exercises that he prescribes. It will need only a cursory examination of Mr. Blaikie's capital little manual to convince any intelligent parent or teacher that his simple and sensible lessons may be easily practiced by the youngest and most delicate children and youths of both sexes, with the certainty of eradicating many physical habitudes and many acquired physical defects which stand in the way of health and vigor, and of developing each limb, and indeed every muscle of every limb, so as to insure the perfection of bodily grace and strength to the entire frame.

THOSE of our readers who have enjoyed Colonel Richard M. Johnston's relishing *Dukesborough Tales* and other stories will turn with pleasant anticipations to the more continuous novel, *Old Mark Langston*,[8] that has just

[5] *Folk-lore of Shakespeare*. By Rev. T. F. THISELTON DYER, M.A., Oxon. 12mo, pp. 558. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[6] *The Wild Tribes of the Soudan*. An Account of Travel and Sport chiefly in the Basé Country. Being Personal Experiences and Adventures during three Winters spent in the Soudan. By F. L. JAMES, M.A. 8vo, pp. 272. New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.

[7] *Sound Bodies for our Boys and Girls*. By WILLIAM BLAIKIE. With Illustrations. 18mo, pp. 168. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[8] *Old Mark Langston*. A Tale of Duke's Creek. By RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON. 18mo, pp. 338. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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flowed from his facile and genial pen. Like his former tales, this is a story of what may be termed Southern provincial life. Its scene is laid in and around the quaint little town of Dukesborough, in Georgia, with which, and its equally quaint denizens, we have already been made delightfully familiar by his former sketches; and it introduces us to some new and characteristic features of that unique locality, and to some new and equally characteristic specimens of its unique men and women. The story is not confined as exclusively as his former tales to those who might exclaim, with Hamlet, "I am native here, and to the manner born," but a new and exotic element is introduced, upon which much of its movement hinges and its interest centres, in the form of some new-comers from an adjacent Southern State, and even from far-off Vermont. Although it is pervaded by a triple love romance, in which these new-comers bear a prominent and exciting part, and abounds in engaging incidents and situations, its plot is so complex, and the parts borne by its actors are so full of entanglement and vicissitude, as to defy an outline or analysis. It is enough to say that the love story is of the hearty, downright, and good old-fashioned kind, thoroughly sweet and pure, and while verifying for the ten-thousandth time the old adage that "the course of true love never did run smooth," yet most happy in its *dénouement*. Spirited and attractive as it is as a love story, it is not in this, however, that its greatest charm resides. Colonel Johnston is essentially a humorist, and he has the humorist's propensity to be on the watch for, and the humorist's faculty for discerning, whatever is quaint, or odd, or whimsical, or droll, or idiosyncratic in life and character, and for depicting it with serio-comic fidelity and a gusto that is infectious. The novel is opulent in felicitously aggravating character-drawings; and his long-spun versions of the garrulous colloquies and preachments of some of the originals of his picture, and of their gossipy babblements — underneath all of which there always runs a vein of fine morality, true delicacy, and sound common-sense—are rich in irrepressible fun and perennial drollery.

THE anonymous author of a fresh and vigorous tale entitled *The Bread-Winners*[9] discloses a phase of American society rarely depicted in American novels, and very different from any that is described in the natty performances of Mr. Henry James, Jun., and writers of his school. Instead of dissecting the social butterflies that skim through the atmosphere of our fashionable watering-places, or flit here and yon in the air of the Old World resorts so much affected by some of our countrymen and countrywomen, leaving a mild and insipid sensation in their wake wherever their wings may float them, the author of this spirited tale has penetrated a deeper stratum of our social atmosphere, and delineates with genuine but crude power the creatures who there moil and fume and fret and conspire. The story has for its suggestive motive the conflict between capital and labor which is beginning to be waged in our country; and some of its most impressive scenes are drawn from incidents connected with one of the forms of association, by means of which some agitators among the working classes have sought to throttle capital and make it yield to their demands. The author gives a striking and highly suggestive picture, illustrated by a number of vigorous character portraits, of the manner in which individuals belonging to the legitimate organizations of industrious and worthy artisans, combined for a lawful and laudable purpose, may be converted by artful and evil-minded agitators into dangerous malcontents—the more dangerous because organized—and be pushed on to the commission of criminal and destructive or even murderous acts. The scene of the story is laid in one of our Western railway centres—Buffalo, perhaps, or Cleveland — and the sketch which it gives of an unsuccessful strike, and of the deeds of violence that attended it, till it was suppressed by the prompt and vigorous action of the hero of the tale, is prophetic of the dangerous possibilities that may ripen into eventualities when the masses shall have become more wretched, more desperate, more perfectly organized, and more ably and more resolutely led.

THE remaining novels and tales of the month that deserve especial mention for the varied and wholesome entertainment they afford are: *Thirlby Hall*,[10] by W. E. Norris; *Annan Water*,[11] by Robert Buchanan; *An April Day*,[12] by Philippa Prittie Jephson; *To Leeward*,[13] by the author of *Mr. Isaacs; The Surgeon's Stories —Times of Charles XII.*,[14] by Z. Topelius; *Floyd Grandon's Honor*,[15] by Amanda M. Douglas; *Round the Galley Fire*,[16] by W. Clark Russell; and *The Mate of the "Daylight," and Other Stories*,[17] by Sarah Orne Jewett.

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[9] *The Bread-Winners.* A Social Study. 18mo, pp. 319. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[10] *Thirlby Hall.* A Novel. By W. E. Norris. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 114. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *Annan Water.* A Romance. By Robert Buchanan. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 59. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[12] *An April Day.* A Novel. By Philippa Prittie Jephson. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 33. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[13] *To Leeward.* By F. Marion Crawford. 16mo, pp. 411. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[14] *The Surgeon's Stories—Times of Charles XII.* By Z. Topelius. Translated from the Swedish. 16mo, pp. 349. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg, and Co.

[15] *Floyd Grandon's Honor.* By Amanda M. Douglas. 12mo, pp. 411. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

[16] *Round the Galley Fire.* Sea Stories. By W. Clark Russell. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 45. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[17] *The Mate of the "Daylight," and Other Stories.* By Sarah Orne Jewett. 18mo, pp. 254. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 21st of January.—Both Houses of Congress took a holiday recess from December 24 until January 7. On the day of adjournment Speaker Carlisle announced the House committees.—On January 7 the House adopted the rules of the previous session.—A bill appropriating $1,000,000 for the improvement of the Mississippi River was passed by the Senate January 11, and the House January 17.—Senator Edmunds was re-elected President *pro tem.* of the Senate January 14.

Henry B. Payne was elected United States Senator from Ohio January 15. Judge E. K. Wilson was elected, January 18, United States Senator from Maryland, to succeed James B. Groome.

The Louisiana Democratic State Convention, December 20, renominated Governor McEnery.

The public debt of the United States was decreased during the month of December $11,743,337. Since June 30, 1883, the decrease has been $53,049,483.

The number of immigrants landing at Castle Garden during the year 1883 was 388,342, against 454,747 the previous year.

The New York State Legislature was organized January 1. Mr. Titus Sheard was elected Speaker of the Assembly, over Mr. Frank Rice, Democratic candidate. Governor Cleveland in his Message shows that the total State debt on September 30 was $5,978,301 81, the reduction during the year $407,054 49, the available surplus at the beginning of the fiscal year $4,249,567 97, and that an extraordinary reduction in the tax rate can be safely made for the coming year. The Governor believes that the burdens of taxation could be greatly lightened by placing real and personal property on the same footing, and abolishing all deductions for debts.

The New Jersey Legislature convened January 8. B. A. Vail was elected President of the Senate, and Mr. Stoney Speaker of the House.

Five men were killed and eighteen wounded in an anti-Orange riot at Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, December 26.

The French forces captured Sontay and burned the citadel December 16, with a loss of four officers and seventy-seven men.

Hiephema, King of Anam, abdicated his throne, and Kieuphua, a lad of fifteen, was crowned his successor on December 2.

The Spanish ministry resigned January 17, and on the next day the following new cabinet was announced: President of the Council, Señor Canovas del Castillo; Minister of Foreign Affairs, Señor J. de Elduayen (Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1880); Finance, Señor F. Cos-Gavon (Minister of Finance in 1880); Interior, Señor F. Romero y Robledo (Minister of the Interior in 1880); Justice, Señor Francisco Silvela (Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1879); Commerce and Agriculture, Señor Pidal y Mon; War, General Quesada y Matheus, Marquis de Miravalles; Marine, Admiral Antequera; Colonies, Count Tajada Valdosera.

The Egyptian ministry resigned January 7, because of the advice given the Khedive by England in relation to the Soudan rebellion.

DISASTERS.

December 16.—Steamer *St. Augustin*, from Manila for Liverpool, burned in the Bay of Biscay.

December 18.—Two more Gloucester fishing vessels given up as lost, with twenty-two men. This makes seventeen vessels and 209 lives lost in the Gloucester fisheries during the year.

December 23.—Fifteen students in a Jewish school in Galata, Turkey, burned to death.

January 2.—Twenty-five men killed by a collision on the Grand Trunk Railway near Toronto, Canada.

January 5.—Twenty-six nuns and pupils in the Roman Catholic convent at Belleville, Illinois, burned to death.

January 11.—Seven men killed and twelve injured by an explosion of fire-damp in the Ferfay coal mine at Arras, France.

January 14.—Crew of two hundred supposed to have been lost by the wreck of the steamer *Huai Tuen*, from Shanghai for Hong-Kong.

January 15.—Railway train caught fire from oil on the track, near Bradford, Pennsylvania, and several persons fatally burned.

January 16.—Eleven lives lost in a coal-pit at Cwmamman, Wales, by the breaking of a cage rope.

January 18.—Steamer *City of Columbus*, from Boston for Savannah, wrecked in Vineyard Sound. One hundred lives lost.

OBITUARY.

December 22.—In Washington, D. C., Ralph P. Lowe, ex-Governor of Iowa, aged seventy-eight years.

December 27.—In Washington, D. C., Brigadier-General A. A. Humphreys, U.S.A.—In New Orleans, Louisiana, Archbishop Perche, aged seventy-eight years.

December 30.—In New York, George W. Lane, President of the Chamber of Commerce, aged sixty-six years.—In Cincinnati, Ohio, Joseph Longworth, aged sixty-nine years.

January 5.—In New York, Dr. Edward Lasker, member of the German Parliament, in his fifty-fifth year.

January 8.—In Calcutta, Keshub Chunder Sen.

January 12.—In St. Petersburg, General Ratislav Andrejewitch Fadejew, aged fifty-eight years.

January 14.—Charles Delmonico, of New York, found dead in a ravine near Orange, New Jersey, in his forty-fourth year.

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Editor's Drawer.

IT is said that those who first see the light in March are born wise. They need to be, for it is the most difficult month in this latitude to manage, and a source of unalloyed joy to no one except the patent-medicine man. Few people select the month to be born in, and nobody dies in it willingly. It is put in spring in derision, and would belong to winter if everybody had not by that time had enough of winter. We try to turn away its wrath by soft words, but we never forget that a great orator warned us to "beware the ides of March."

WE may take it for granted that every nation dislikes to be "discovered." To suffer this carries with it the imputation of inferiority. There is always a certain conceit and assumption in the act of discovery. It says that we who make the discovery are known, and we condescend to introduce you into the circle of the world that is known. Often the discovery is nothing more than an exhibition of the ignorance of those who make it; but this does not trouble the discoverers. The sublime conceit of the Greeks that all outside their own confederacy was barbarian was not disturbed by finding in Egypt a civilization older and a refinement superior to their own. The early adventurers and missionaries who penetrated China really thought they were introducing to the world and its privileges a land whose people had been highly organized thousands of years before Europe began to emerge from barbarism, who had discovered gunpowder, and invented printing, and knew how to make porcelain. It was China that should have discovered Europe. The Parisians in modern times are the successors of the Athenians in possessing this patent right of discovery. There is nothing amusing to a Parisian in the air with which Théophile Gautier crosses the barriers of his city and sets out into the provinces on a voyage of discovery, and with heroic self-sacrifice pushes on into the unknown land of Spain. The Parisians are, perhaps, the only Occidental people who are absolutely indifferent to the pretense of outside people to discover Paris, and show no sensitiveness to foreign opinion of their city. We in America have been a good deal discovered, and ought to be used to the process by this time. The Indians were unduly thin-skinned under it, and perhaps their successors have inherited something of their sensitiveness — at least that is the impression in Europe. It is exhibited in a dislike to be gazed at and described as something new and wild. Europe was for a long time content with its early impressions — vast forests, buffaloes, red men, a society of barbarism tempered by the bowie-knife and the rifle. Unfortunately for us, it has begun to be suspected in these later days that this opinion needs revisal, and the duty is laid upon inquisitive and philosophical souls of rediscovering America, of "inspecting its institutions," of reporting upon the looks and manners of its women—always a fruitful topic with your true discoverer—and of accounting generally for this American phenomenon. The English show the most commendable zeal in this duty, and enter upon it according to their lights, from the Trollopes down to the Spencers. They are amused, they are grieved, they are amazed; they praise, they admonish, they predict. But in all this there is a genuine desire to make us known to the world, and to make us a part of it, for which we always struggle to be grateful. What deeply wounds us, however, is that when we send over a discoverer, a Hawthorne or an Emerson, to discover and report on England, we are met with a sort of well-bred stare, as if we are not one of the favored peoples who have any share in this patent right of discovering other people.

THIS is the season when the "yarn" is most fully developed about the stove in the country bank and store. According to the almanac, "look out for a long spell of storms about this time." It recalls to the editor old "Uncle Jim," of Stonington, Connecticut, who ought to have a whole Drawer to himself, for nothing short of it could express the easy-going enlargement of his mind in narratives. Uncle Jim was a retired sea-captain, sealer and whaler, universally beloved and respected for his lovely disposition and genuine good-heartedness, not less than for the moderation of his statements and the truthful candor of his narrations. Travellers in days gone by who used to wait at Stonington in the railway offices for the New York boat remember him well, and owe him gratitude for making the waiting hours short with his child-like experiences. His manner was always calm, he never much raised his voice, or used any emphasis or expletives, but won the hearer to belief by his simple, unexaggerated manner of speech. It was delightful to the habitués to draw Uncle Jim out for the benefit of new-comers. A hundred of his stories are remembered, but the Drawer recalls one at this moment which seems to commend itself by its entire moderation. It happened that one of the Yale professors, who devoted himself to ethnological studies, was interested in the Patagonians, and very much desired information as to the alleged gigantic stature of the race. A scientific friend, who knew the Stonington romancer, told the professor that he could no doubt get valuable information from Uncle Jim, a captain who was familiar with all the region about Cape Horn. And the professor, without any hint of Uncle Jim's real ability, eagerly accompanied his friend to make the visit. Uncle Jim was found in one of his usual haunts, and something like

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the following ethnological conversation ensued:

PROFESSOR. "They tell me, Captain Pennington, that you have been a good deal in Patagonia."

UNCLE JIM. "Made thirty or forty voyages there, sir."

PROFESSOR. "And I suppose you know something about the Patagonians and their habits?"

UNCLE JIM. "Know all about 'em, sir. Know the Patagonians, sir, all of 'em, as well as I know the Stonington folks."

PROFESSOR. "I wanted to ask you, captain, about the size of the Patagonians—whether they are giants, as travellers have reported."

UNCLE JIM. "No, sir," shaking his head slowly, and speaking with the modest tone of indifference—"no, sir, they are not." [It was quite probable that the captain never had heard the suggestion before.] "The height of the Patagonians, sir, is just five feet nine inches and a half."

PROFESSOR. "How did you ascertain this fact, captain?"

UNCLE JIM. "Measured 'em, sir—measured 'em. One day, when the mate and I were ashore down there, I called up a lot of the Patagonians, and the mate and I measured about five hundred of them, and every one of 'em measured five feet nine inches and a half; no more, no less. Every man, woman, and child measured five feet nine inches and a half—that's their exact height."

PROFESSOR. "That's very interesting. But, captain, don't you suppose there were giants there long ago, in the former generations? All the travellers say so."

UNCLE JIM. "Not a word of truth in it, sir—not a word. I'd heard that story, and I thought I'd settle it. I satisfied myself there was nothing in it."

PROFESSOR. "But how could you know that they used not to be giants? What evidence could you get? Mightn't the former race have been giants?"

UNCLE JIM. "Impossible, sir—impossible."

PROFESSOR. "How did you satisfy yourself?"

UNCLE JIM. "Dug 'em up, sir—dug 'em up," speaking with more than usual moderation. "I'd heard that yarn. The next voyage, I took the bo'sen and went ashore, and we dug up two hundred and seventy-five old Patagonians, and measured 'em. They all measured exactly five feet nine inches and a half; no difference in 'em—men, women, and all ages just the same. Five feet nine inches and a half is the natural height of a Patagonian. They've always been just that. Not a word of truth in the stories about giants, sir."

A DIFFERENT sort of sailor was one who had a terrible habit of profane swearing. Having undergone the experience of a protracted meeting, he became in many things a new man; but it was sometimes difficult to prevent, says our narrator, the old A-dam breaking out. One day one of his shipmates let a block fall, which unfortunately came down upon the pet corn of the regenerate mariner. Human nature is weak, especially when come at through one's corns, and dancing with pain, while he hopped about holding his toe, he looked up and screamed, "God—bless you, my man!—you *know* what I mean!"

A LITTLE knowledge is a dangerous thing, especially of foreign languages. Jones is very fond of sticking in bits of French prigged from Ouida's novels, and the other day, when Brown chaffed him about a showy-looking young lady he was seen walking down Broadway with, he made answer: "Haw, haw, dear boy, that was only *ma cuisine.*"

THERE was some levity excited not long ago in a Western college over the conduct of a Mr. Bland. This young gentleman, who was very attentive to his schoolmates of the gentler sex, was also of a very devotional turn of mind, and always attended all the religious services, when they did not, it was observed, interfere with his numerous engagements with young ladies. Thursday evening the regular college prayer-meeting was held, but Bland usually had an unavoidable engagement with some pretty girl or other, and seldom got out to meeting.

But one Thursday the young lady with whom he had an engagement, for some reason, sent him word she could not see him; and having asked the next pretty girl of his acquaintance that he met if he might spend the evening with her, and had his request negatived on account of a previous engagement, and having made calls on several other young lady friends in the early part of the evening, only to find them out, he finally wended his way to the prayer-meeting.

The leader noticed his unusual presence there, and called on him to lead in prayer. Young Bland promptly responded; but, like too many others when they pray publicly, he hardly noticed what he was saying, and commenced more truthfully than he intended: "Dear Lord, we come to Thee because we have no place else to go."

GEORGE WASHINGTON NOLLY, called by common consent Brother Nolly, died in Ashland, Virginia, on the 8th of December, in the eighty-first year of his age. For fifty-eight years he had served as a Baptist minister, and was a friend to the black man as well as to his white brother. In 1841, when Dr. Maffett created such a revival of religion in Virginia, Brother Nolly was his great admirer and humble co-worker. There was an immense crowd one night in the old African Church in Richmond—then used on great occasions by the white people, on account of its size and convenience. In his exhortation, Dr. Maffett begged his hearers not to leave the church

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until each sinner had repented, and said: "My friends, would that I possessed some means of detaining you within these walls until these feeble words could touch your hearts!" A voice was heard far down the crowded church: "Keep on talking, Brother Maffett. There's only one door, and I'll see that no sinner budges till you give the word; for I'll bite his heel with my mouth." And Brother Nolly stretched himself across the threshold, his eyes glaring and his arms folded, but ready for action.

He had a very pretty daughter, Mary, who was fonder of pretty things than the good Baptists thought proper. One morning Brother Nolly was orating in the barn in Ashland which served on Sundays for the Baptist meeting-house. His text was the frivolities of young folks, and their devotion to the foreign aid of ornament.

"Now look at my daughter Mary," he said, in the middle of his sermon; "there she sits with those large bunches of red flowers on her bonnet, thinking more of them, I reckon, than she does of the torment which red flowers and ornaments lead to."

One Sunday there was a stir during prayers. Miss Maria Smith (great-granddaughter of Chief Justice Marshall), a young Episcopalian, who lived across the road, had failed to notice her little dog, that had sneaked to church, and lay hidden under the bench upon which Miss Maria was seated. To Brother Nolly's prolonged "Amen, good Lord!" the little dog howled a mournful reply. Brother Nolly stopped praying. "Richmond," he said, addressing his oldest son, "is that your puppy?"

"No, father," answered the abashed youth; "it is Miss Maria Smith's terrier."

"Richmond, chuck that Episcopalian dog right out of the back door."

Richmond rose, obeyed, and the prayer proceeded.

When Southey's *Life of Wesley* was published, many Methodists regarded his way of treating them and their peculiar sentiments as far from correct, or even appreciative. But the keenest criticism, and one of the best criticisms ever made, too, was that of a Methodist clergyman, who expressed his opinion of the book in words applied to the author: "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep."

Lord and Lady S——, on taking possession of an Irish estate, were much annoyed by the persistently urged claims upon their charity of their poorest tenants. One old woman especially seemed to meet them at every turn, and poured out her woes in the most flowing and eloquent periods. There was no escaping her or silencing her. At last, in some softened mood, they encountered her, and after some talk Lord S—— promised to send her a pound of tobacco, and his wife agreed to add a pound of tea. This they either neglected or forgot to do, and learning meanwhile that she was the most impudent and least deserving of beggars, lost all interest in her, and managed to avoid her for some time. However, one day she outwitted them, and managed to get an audience in a narrow lane. After saluting them, she said: "Oi had a drame last night. Oi dramed my lady's ladyship sint me a pound av the best black tay, and that my lord's lordship set it off wid a pound av terbacky."

"H'm! Tut, tut, my good woman, don't you know that dreams go by contraries always?" grunted out my lord, determined not to be won over.

"It's roight ye always are!" exclaimed she. "Thin it's my lord's lordship that 'll be afther sindin' me the pound av tay, and my lady's ladyship that 'll be sure to add the pound av terbacky"—a ready answer, which so amused them that she got both the coveted luxuries next day.

This curious epitaph is said to be on a monument in some European cathedral. Whether there or not, it is a good specimen of an old puzzle:

O quid tuæ,
be est biæ
ra ra ra
es et in
ram ram ram
il

In the third and fifth lines syllables are repeated three times. The Latin reader will require no further aid in deciphering it, and reading thus:

O superbe quid superest tuæ superbiæ
Terra es, et in terram ibis.

The anecdote in the December Drawer illustrating the colored brother's idea of the difference between *meum* and *tuum* reminds a reader of a conversation on the same topic with an old acquaintance, Uncle Sy.

"Did you ever find anything of value, Uncle Sy?" I asked, after telling him about finding a pearl ring that morning.

"Yeh, sah; I foun' a pus once, wid ten dollars in it."

"Did you? Well, what did you do with it—you didn't keep it, of course?"

"Yeh, sah; I did dat berry ting. I's strictly honest; I wouldn't take no man's pus. I lef' it where he could git it; but I took de money out fust. You see, he done los' de money—'twarn't his'n no mo'. I done fin' it; it was my money den. But de *pus* was his'n, 'n' long as I live I ain't gwine to take no man's pus."

It is a common saying in newspaper offices that the best and brightest expressions of the editors don't get into the papers. Here is a sample. One of the most popular of

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Washington correspondents has a "fat office" apart from his salary as regular correspondent of a leading Philadelphia paper. Owing to this, perhaps, the r. c. is rather lazy at times, and neglects to send on his letter, though he draws his pay all the same. Not long ago the home office received a telegram toward the end of the week. It read: "No time to write letter. Send check."

When the able managing editor received this, he sent the following reply: "No time to write check. Send letter." It came.

"A LITTLE MORE TEMPESTUOUS, POMPEY."

SHORTLY before the war a young man of means who lived in upper Georgia became filled with the idea that he must travel; so he went to Savannah. Here he met a party of friends going to Florida, with whom he took shipping, and after spending a day or so in Jacksonville he returned to Georgia and his native village.

Here he assumed all the airs of a man bored with the world, astonished the simple folks about him with his wide-spread experience of everything, but especially of the sea. He still more impressed his near neighbors for several nights after his return with the latter part of his newly acquired knowledge by making his body-servant throw bucket after bucket of water against that side of the house upon which his room was situated, and whenever the water-throwing became less energetic, calling in a voice loud enough to be heard across the road, and for a couple of blocks down and up the street, "A little more tempestuous, Pompey—a little more tempestuous." Whereupon Pompey would empty his pail with still greater violence against the house and the window of his master's room. He explained to those of his neighbors who were anxious to know what he meant by keeping them awake all night that he had become so used to the dashing of the waves against the ship's side that he could not sleep until he had recourse to Pompey and the water pail.

"WARN'T DOING NUTTING 'TALL TO 'EM."

'MEMBER de time when dem Yankee gunboats was lying roun' Charleston Harbor like bees at hiving-time? Oh, you warn't down here den. Well, dere was dem big gun-boat, an' we boy was sent down to trow up dem breastwork on James Island. We hadn't mor'n got sot to work good, an' warn't paying no manner ob 'tention to dem gun-boats, nor doing nutting 'tall to dem Yankees, when all ob a sudden' bam! here come a debil ob a big shell right down on de ground 'fore us, an' dat shell ain't got time to air itself 'fore here come anoder, an' anoder, bam, bam, baming all roun' dar!

"Eh, 'ra, boys," I sez, "I's going to dust from dese quarters, dis berry minute; dem Yankees trying fur git up a 'sturbance wid we, an' de first ting we know we's going to find ourselbs in de guard-house." Jist den I hear anoder shell coming whizzing 'long, so I lit out widout having any furder talking, an' dem boy come right 'long side ob me, till we stop in de big yard to home, an' see Marsa John coming cross it; den we stood still, *berry still indeed*, because him 'gin to swear like rain in April, an' want to know mighty 'tickler what we come home for, 'fore de dinner horn blow.

First I stan' on one foot, den I stan' on t'oder, den I rub my sides down, an' den I sez, "Well, Marsa John, dem Yankee try fur git up a 'sturbance wid we, when we warn't doing nutting 'tall to 'em; we 'ain't got no manner ob 'jections in de worl' to dem trying how fur dem can trow dem debil ob a big shell, but we ain't going fur stan' up fur dem to make marks ob, specially when we warn't doing nutting 'tall to 'em, an' dat's de Lord's trufe, sir," I sez.

Wid dat Marsa John jist turn off on him heel, an' go into de big house laughing like somfing tickle him berry much. But I ain't see nutting ticklesome in folks trowing shell roun' in dat loose way, an' trying to git up a 'sturbance wid people what ain't doing nutting 'tall to 'em: do you, missus?

WORTH A LICKING.

SOME years ago, in Georgia, that band of Christians known as Ascensionists were having a grand revival. One day when the meeting was in full force a storm came up, and a young gentleman who was out hunting with his servant took refuge in the church door. Being curious to see the service, the two hunters crept up into the gallery, and there hid in a place where they could observe without being observed.

"Come, Lord, come; our robes are ready. Come, Lord, come," cried the preacher, while all present gave a loud "Amen."

"Marsa Gabe," whispered Cuffy, lifting his hunting-horn to his mouth, "let me gib dem jist one toot."

"Put that horn down, or I'll break your head," replied the master, in a whisper.

The horn dropped by Cuffy's side, and again the minister cried: "Come, Lord, come; we are all ready for Thy coming. Come, Lord, come."

"Do, Marsa Gabe—do jist lemme gib 'em jist one little toot," pleaded Cuffy, wetting his lips and raising the horn.

"If you don't drop that horn, Cuffy, I'll whip you within an inch of your life," whispered the exasperated master.

"Blow, Gabriel, blow; we are ready for His coming. Blow, Gabriel, blow," pleaded the minister.

Cuffy could no longer resist the temptation, and sent a wild peal ringing from end to end of the church; but long before its last echo died away his master and himself were the only occupants of the building.

"I's ready fur de licking, Marsa Gabe," said

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Cuffy, showing every tooth in his head, "for I 'clare to gracious it's worf two lickings to see de way common farm cattle kin git ober de ground wid skeared 'Scensionists behind dem."

THE SILVER-WEDDING GUEST.

(IN THE CHARACTER OF A CRUSTY OLD BACHELOR.)

Now that I've come, I wonder why;
I fear I'm somewhat out of place here;
For, spite of all that I can try,
Mine is the one uncheerful face here;
Each other wears a happy smile,
And all seem mutually delighted;
I stand apart, and all the while
Just wonder why I was invited.

They'll think, perhaps, 'tis envy or
Regret that makes me dumb and crusty;
They'll say, "The poor old bachelor,
He's grown so very dull and musty,
No beaming glance, no social art,
Nor strain of lively music flowing,
Can warm the thing he calls his heart,
Or set his languid blood a-glowing."

Regret? Well, if the truth were shown,
That man could hardly be called human
Who at some moment has not known
The tenderness evoked by woman;
And sometimes— But what folly this,
One's spooney boyhood to remember!
What's worth a thirty-year-cold kiss,
Or dream of May-time in December?

What ails my glasses?—misty? Pshaw!
This waking up of slumbering feeling,
'Tis like a January thaw,
That's followed by a worse congealing.
I feel the ice about my heart
Begin to melt a bit and soften,
And frozen buds of memory start—
Thank Heaven, it doesn't fool me often!

And yet, my friends, I'm not so cold,
So dead to pleasurable sensations,
That I could bring me to withhold
My dumb but warm congratulations.
'Tis not my way to gush in speech,
My thoughts through wordy phrases spreading,
But in my heart wish joy to each
Upon your happy Silver Wedding.

Long be your days upon the earth,
By fortune neither spoiled nor sated!
Bright burn the fires upon your hearth
(The phrase is good, though antiquated)!
I drink your health—and beg to say
How greatly I shall be delighted
If to your Golden-Wedding day
The grim old bachelor's invited! S. S. C.

A POOR Irishman who lay dying in one of the Cork hospitals during the small-pox epidemic some winters ago, expressed a wish to return from his previous perverseness, and to receive the last sacrament. The wish was readily complied with, but it was found necessary to resort to an amusing expedient. The priest, fearing the contagion, determined to administer the absolution from outside a high window near the sick man's bed, to which eminence he mounted by means of a long ladder, and thus performed the last offices without incurring much personal risk. Then he gave the dying man his blessing, and bade him *think* he had taken the sacrament.

It turned out, however, that Pat did not die, but lived to repent of his hasty conversion to his old faith.

When the time came for paying the tithes, Pat was loath enough to betake himself to the priest.

"How much is it?" said Pat.

"Ten shillings," said the priest.

"Is that enough?" asked Pat, holding up the coin.

The priest nodded assent.

"Well, then, *think* ye've taken it."

A VERY charming foreign actress, who has not been fortunate in her marriage, was at Washington not long ago, and meeting an old friend, made sundry inquiries concerning the welfare of their common acquaintances.

"How ees A?" asked the actress.

"A? Oh, he died about a year ago."

"And how ees B?"

"B? Why, didn't you know? He has been dead these three years."

"Has he, eendeed? And zat good C, how ees he?"

"Poor C! He died last month."

"Ah!" said the lady, sadly, "eferybody dies—eferybody dies—except"—with deeper melancholy—"mine huspand!"

THE advantage of early religious training appeared in the case of a wild young man, the son of a distinguished divine in Detroit, at college, who, invited by friends of his father to tea, was dismayed by a request to say grace. He managed to stammer out, "Lord, open thou our lips, and our mouths shall show forth thy praise."

THE following reminiscences of a popular song will interest those with whom it is popular:

David Bates, the author of the poem "Speak Gently," was a Philadelphia broker. He was styled by the Board of Brokers—it was their custom to nickname each other—"Old Mortality." Prominent literary men of the day frequented his office on Third Street.

None of his other numerous poems obtained the popularity of "Speak Gently." This was written on the spur of the moment, and was called out by a trivial circumstance. He was writing at his desk, and his wife was sewing in the same room, while his son and a little playmate were having a regular romp. The uproar they created greatly disturbed the good lady, and she requested them to be quieter. They subsided for a few moments, but soon there was as much commotion as before, and she reproved them again, but the noise continued. Then she sprang to her feet, and, in no gentle tone, said, "I'll teach you to be quiet!" and both the boys would have had boxed ears,

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but they rushed for the door, and were out of sight before she could reach them.

"Speak gently, wife—speak gently," said Mr. Bates, and turning again to his desk, took a fresh sheet of paper, and wrote the poem that bears this title. At the supper table that evening he handed it to his wife. She glanced at the title, and thinking it a second reproof, said she did not want to see it, and gave it back to him without reading. The next day, at his office, one of his literary friends coming in, he showed it to him.

"This is a good thing, Bates," said his friend; "you should have it published." And acting on the suggestion, he sent it with a note to L. A. Godey, editor of *Godey's Magazine*. In a few days he received a check from Mr. Godey for one hundred dollars, with a note complimenting the poem. Mr. Bates looked at the check with amazement, and exclaimed, "Well, this is the biggest one hundred dollars I ever saw!" He kept it locked up in his desk for some time, and would occasionally take it out and look at it.

The poem has been translated into many languages, and is greatly admired by foreigners, especially by the cultured Brazilian Emperor. When Rev. J. C. Fletcher, the celebrated American missionary, was in Brazil, he visited Dom Pedro. During the call the Emperor said, "I have something to show you, and shall be very glad if you can tell me who the author is," and led the way into his private library. One of the most prominent objects in the room was a large tablet reaching from the floor to the ceiling, on which was the poem, "Speak Gently," in both the English and Portuguese languages.

"Do you know who wrote this?" asked Dom Pedro.

"Yes," replied Mr. Fletcher; "the writer was formerly a fellow-townsman of mine, Mr. David Bates."

"I consider it," said the Emperor, "the most beautiful poem of any language I ever read. I require all the members of my household to memorize it, and as far as possible to follow its teachings."

Upon Mr. Fletcher's return home the Emperor sent by him a complimentary letter to the author.

RACHEL E. SALISBURY, of Catskill, New York, sends us the following statement, correcting an erroneous local tradition which found its way into an article on Catskill in this Magazine for September, 1883:

"The writer of the article, in speaking of the old stone house built by Francis Salisbury in 1705, says, 'After his occupancy there lived in it a person of strange and arbitrary temper, who so ill-used a slave,' etc., and finishes this most improbable tale by saying that 'one old lady told her that when a child she lived in terror of that peaceful spot where the Salisbury house stands, firmly believing that its ghostly occupant, with a halter about his shrivelled neck, might appear at any time.' Catskill is an old Dutch town, and possibly rather slow. It is too bad that my hand should be the one to ruthlessly blot out the only choice bit of sensationalism that can be found in the 'annals of our quiet neighborhood.' Nevertheless, respect for my kindred compels me to do so. It puzzles me somewhat to understand how that dear old lady could be so mistaken as to the whereabouts of that ghost. She was looking in the wrong place for him. That peaceful spot was not his home. He resided in a stone house (still standing) upon the top of the hill, which was built by his father, Francis Salisbury, in 1720. He did not live in 'gloomy seclusion.' His large house was often thronged with guests, and he was noted for his generous hospitality. A band of those Indians which the writer speaks of came back summer after summer and encamped on the bank of the Catskill Creek, which ran below the back of his house. He gave them their corn and milk, and when they behaved well allowed them to come up to the house and sell their baskets to his guests. The truth of that story is simply this. Colonel William Salisbury was one of the largest land owners in this part of the country, and as New York was then a Slave State (or rather colony, as this occurred before the Revolution), he was also a large slave owner. Among these slaves was a white girl who had been sold to him by her parents. They were immigrants from the Palatinate. She was a vicious, troublesome girl, and was in the habit of running away, and staying for days at a time with a low, degraded family living just beyond the borders of Mr. Salisbury's estate. Usually she would return when sent for, but on this occasion she refused to come back at all. So, mounting his horse, he went after her himself. Persuasions and commands were alike useless; she was determined to stay, and he just as determined that she should return home. He procured a long rope, one end of which he fastened around her waist, and making a slip-knot on the other end, through which he passed his hand, he sprang into the saddle and slowly started for home. She, of course, had to follow. When about half-way there, she suddenly resolved to go no farther, and commenced pulling the rope. The horse was young and fiery; this startled him, and he, giving a sudden spring, caused her to fall against his feet. Mr. Salisbury, seeing that his horse was becoming unmanageable, endeavored to extricate his hand from the rope. While attempting to do so he was thrown, with one foot caught in the stirrup. The horse dashed along at a maddening pace, dragging both master and servant with him. The girl was killed, and Mr. Salisbury very badly injured. When sufficiently recovered, instead of the courts arraigning him for justice, he *compelled* the courts to sift the matter thoroughly. He was honorably acquitted."

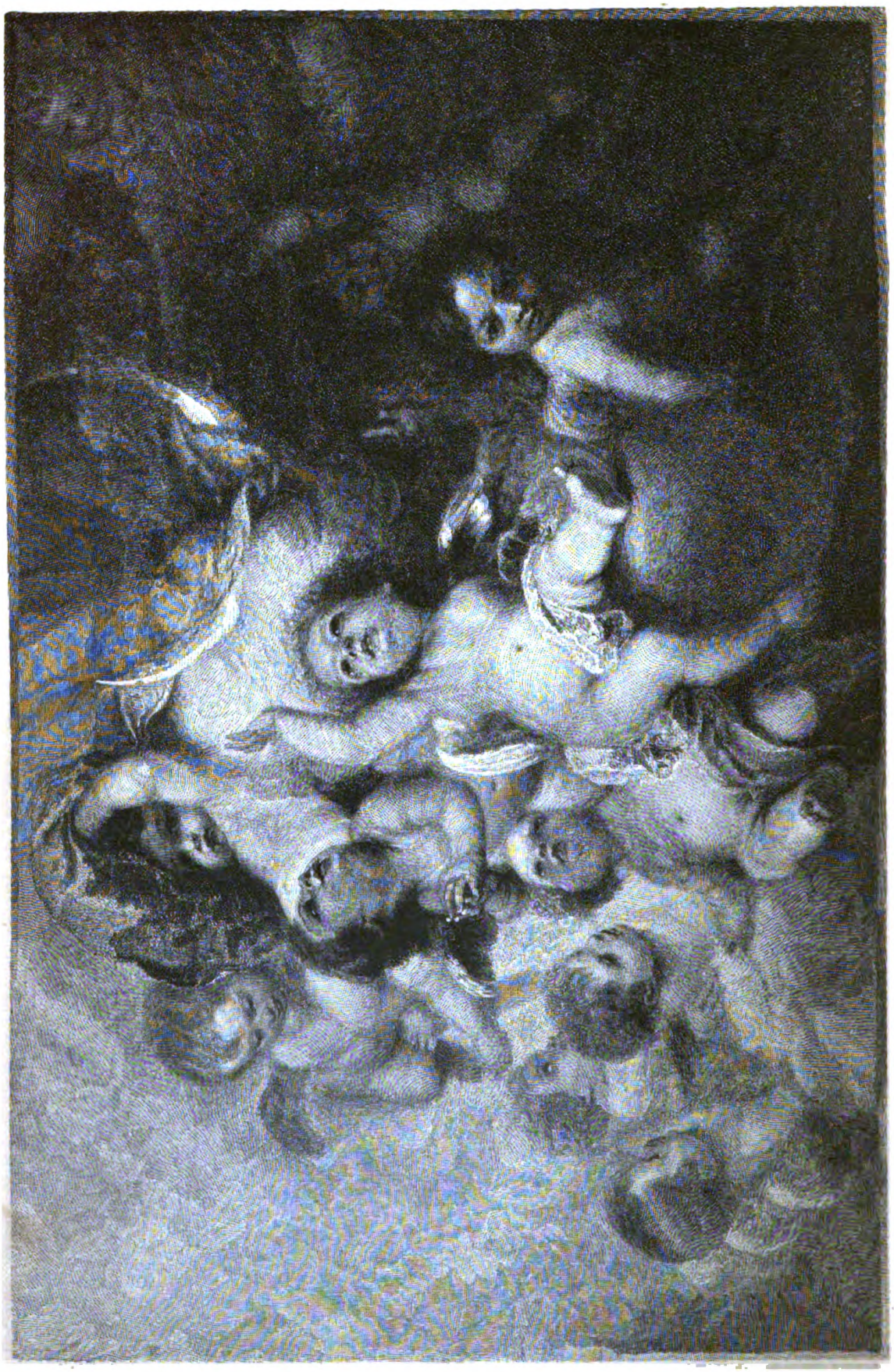
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PART OF MURILLO'S "IMMACULATE CONCEPTION," IN THE SALON CARRÉ OF THE LOUVRE.—ENGRAVED FROM THE ORIGINAL BY W. B. CLOSSON.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCVII.—APRIL, 1884.—Vol. LXVIII.

A LOVERS' PILGRIMAGE.

I HOPE it will not take away the reader's interest in our adventures if I state at the outset that we were married lovers. It did not lessen their interest to ourselves, especially as our acquaintance had begun and continued hitherto under the difficulties which European etiquette imposes; and as to our marriage, it seemed that we must be very important personages indeed if we could judge by the number of documents and ceremonies necessary for the legal union of two Americans in Italy. So when, one bright spring afternoon, we knew that the last paper had been signed and the last word spoken, the romance of the affair, which had been greatly obscured by the tormenting formalities of the past few weeks, resumed its sway; and as we found ourselves in the train for Florence, with Rome fast fading behind us, even the mournful Campagna seemed to have put on a holiday aspect in our behalf.

We lingered day after day in the City of Flowers, never so beautiful as in the month of May; and then, knowing that the fine season for Venice was fast passing, we resolved to go thither without yielding to any temptations on the way. On the evening before our departure, however, Emmeline, who had been intently studying Baedeker, announced that she had always so wanted to see Verona, and the monuments of the Scaligers, and Juliet's tomb. "It would only take a day," she urged, "and you know we are not coming back that way from Venice." Hereupon I drew out of my pocket a little battered volume, and handed it to her without a word. It was the *Romeo e Giulietta* of Luigi Da Porta, the novel which, in its English rendering, was the foundation of Shakespeare's play. I had found it at a book-vender's stall that afternoon, and having often amused myself with the quaint poetical version which is prefixed to some old editions of Shakespeare, as well as the extracts given in other editions, I was glad to see the original. Our eyes met, we both laughed, and the day at Verona was resolved upon. Emmeline seized upon the little book as a treasure, and we passed the evening in looking it through together. If the curious reader has not already seen it, he may enjoy a few tidbits from our reading.

The foundation facts of this "story of woe" are related by Girolamo della Corte in his *History of Verona* as having really occurred in the early part of the fourteenth century. Da Porta's romance was written about 1520, and soon afterward another on the same subject by Matteo Bandello appeared. The latter is perhaps the more finished in the style of narrative, but Da Porta's rugged simplicity and straightforward, uncommenting way of telling the story is infinitely more picturesque. He says that while serving as a soldier in Friuli he heard this tale from a Veronese companion in arms, and thought it worthy to be written down, and dedicated to the "most beautiful and graceful Madonna Lucina Savorguana," in order that, though he knows her to be the discreetest among beautiful women, she may by perusing this story see more clearly to what risks and what fatal expedients and cruel deaths miserable and forlorn lovers are often brought by the indulgence of their passions.

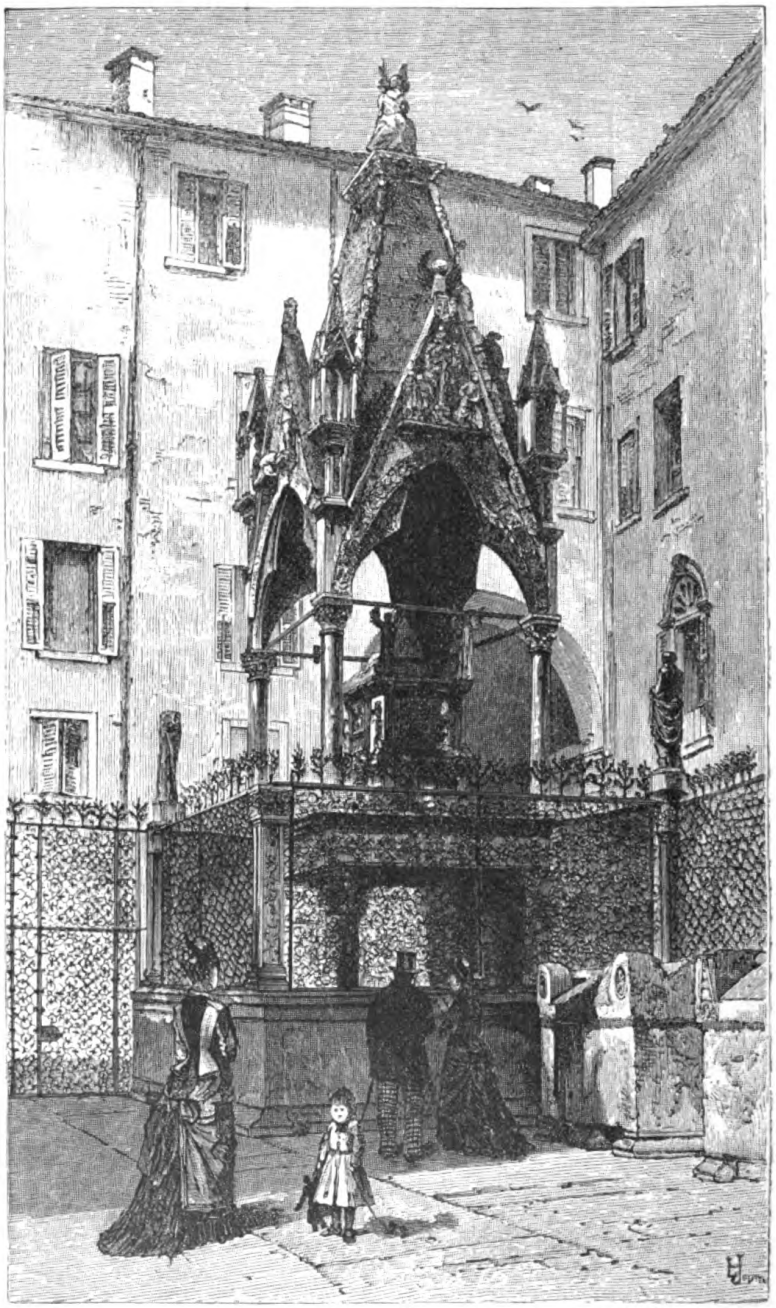
The first meeting of Romeo and Juliet at Capulet's house is thus told by Da Porta: "Juliet observed the youthful Romeo among the guests, and his beauty penetrated her heart so deeply that at the first encounter of their eyes she was beside herself." After midnight, when the end of the fête approached, the torch dance began, in which all, standing in a circle, take hold of hands, and by chance (or de-

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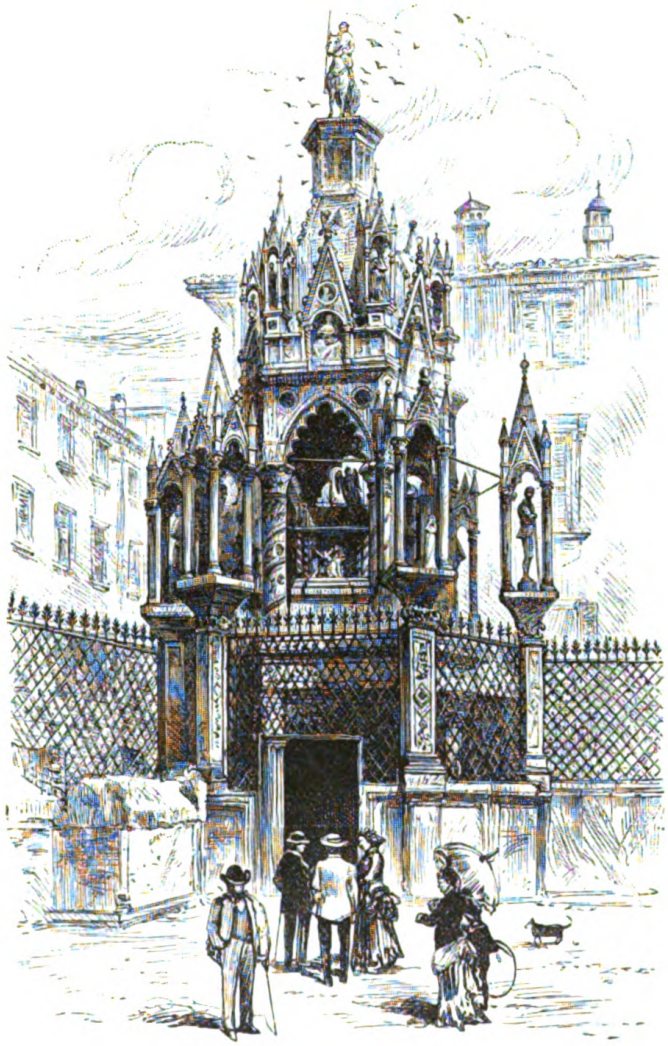
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sign) Romeo found himself next to Juliet, who had on the other side of her a youth named Marcuccio Guercio, whose hands were always cold, no less in July than in January. Romeo having taken Juliet's hand in his own, she said, being doubtless desirous to open a conversation, "Blessed be your coming here to me, Mister Romeo!" To which the astonished youth, who had already perceived her admiring glances, replied, "Why do you call my coming blessed?" And she answered, "I call it so because at least you will keep this left hand warm, for Marcuccio is freezing the right one." Then, taking heart, the youth exclaimed, "If I warm your hand with mine, you make my heart burn with your beauteous eyes."

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The lady smiled, and after pausing a short time that she might not be seen talking too constantly with him, went on, "I swear to you, Romeo, by my faith, that there is not a maiden here who seems to

"Yes," said Emmeline, "and the Italian damsels do just so to this day. They will continue to make love in all secret ways till they are allowed to meet young men openly and naturally. How I do



TOMB OF CAN SIGNORIO.

me to compare with you for beauty." To which the love-struck Romeo made reply, "Such as I am, if it do not displease you, I will be the faithful slave of your loveliness."

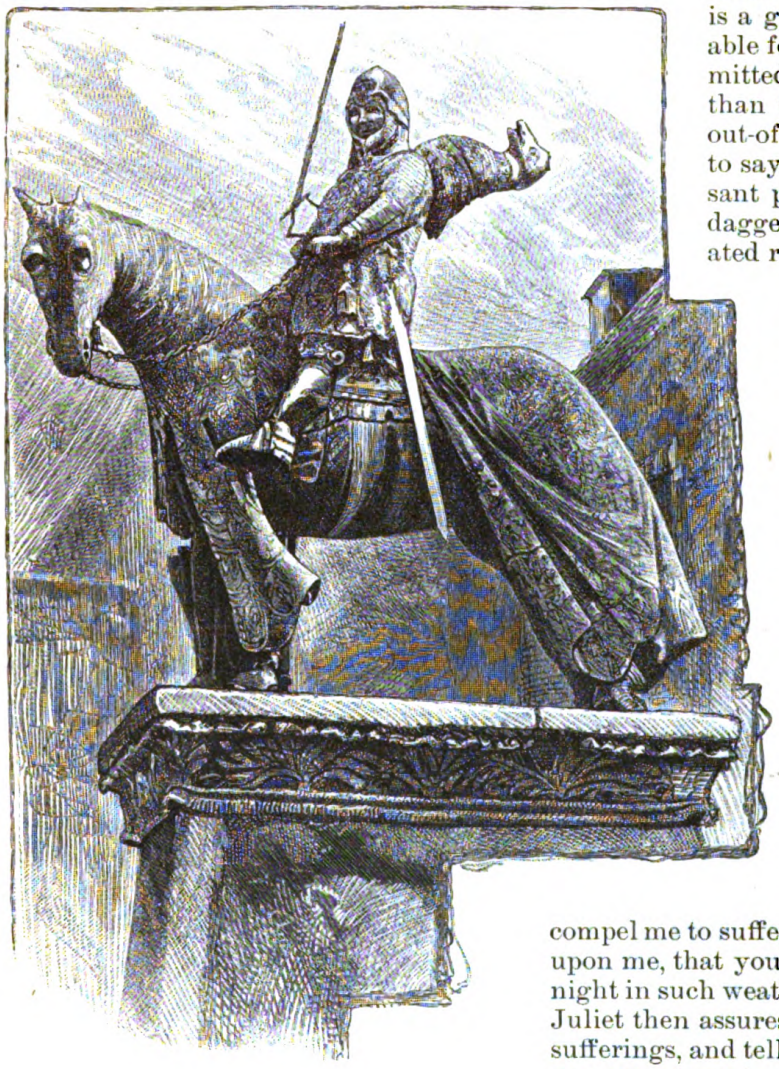
"Henceforward," goes on the simple tale, "these two, being equally enamored, and bearing each other's name and image in their hearts, began to look for each other, now in church, now at the window, neither being content without the sight of the other."

hate to see them peering out behind the lifted blinds as if they were prisoners! And really they are so, for they can never go out unattended. Their minds and their bodies suffer for want of liberty; they lack natural and moral fresh air."

"There's a good deal to be said on both sides of that question," I remarked, judicially. "You must take into account the Southern temperament."

"I'm tired of hearing about the Southern temperament," retorted Emmeline. "I

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STATUE OF CAN GRANDE.

think it is a poor compliment to these women to attribute their seclusion to that cause. I believe it is because the parents are too indolent to educate the consciences of their daughters, and so they shut them up in convents till they are of an age to be married, and usually get rid of them as soon as they can. Just hear what Da Porta makes Mrs. Capulet say to her husband, to urge him to find a proper *parti* for Juliet: 'Our daughter was eighteen years old last St. Euphemia's Day, and women after that age rather lose than gain in attractiveness. Besides, *they* are *not a kind of merchandise which it is well to keep long on hand.*'"

"Well, my dear, I must say I prefer the customs of less classic lands as to love-making. It is a good deal more comfortable for both parties to be permitted to sit in a cozy parlor than to be catching cold by out-of-door talks at midnight, to say nothing of the unpleasant possibilities of dogs and daggers belonging to infuriated relations."

"Romeo does seem to have had a hard time of it with the wintry winds in his watches before Juliet's house. How the *tramontana* must have made his teeth chatter as he told his love!"

Da Porta does not make the balcony scenes take place in a garden, as does Shakespeare, but on the street side of the Capulets' palace. "One evening," he says, "when a heavy snow was falling, Romeo came to the accustomed spot, and said to his lady, 'Why do you compel me to suffer so? Have you no pity upon me, that you make me stay here all night in such weather, and in the street?'" Juliet then assures him of her pity for his sufferings, and tells him that there is only one way to put an end to them. If it please him to make her his lawful wife, she will follow him whithersoever he will. "That is what I desire," says Romeo; "and, oh! that it might be done at once!" "Very well," replies Juliet; "but your promise must be spoken before Friar Laurence, my confessor."

In Da Porta's novel the nurse is not privy to the design of her young mistress, and only remembers, after the latter is found apparently dead, that she had declared she would never be given in marriage against her will. In the catastrophe also Shakespeare follows Brooke's translation, which was evidently from Bandello, in making Romeo die before Juliet awakes. Indeed, there is no proof that Shakespeare ever saw either Da Porta's or Bandello's novel. Da Porta's makes Juliet awaken in the embraces of a dying

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lover, and they mourn together over their piteous case. Romeo entreats Juliet to live and be comforted. She answers: "If you die on account of my feigned decease, what ought I to do on account of yours which is not feigned?" And when Romeo was dead, and the dawn began to appear, Friar Laurence asked the maiden what she was going to do. "'I will die here,' she replied; and turning toward the prostrate form of her lover, having closed his eyes, and bathed his cold visage with her tears, she cried out, 'What have I to do in life without thee, O my love? And what remains for me but to follow thee in death? Naught, surely; for as death alone has parted us, so death shall not be able to keep us longer asunder.' And having thus said, overcome by her great woe, and the loss of her dear love, being resolved not to live without him, she held her breath for a long time, and then violently expelling it, with a great cry she fell dead upon Romeo's body."



COURT OF THE TOWN-HALL.

Brooke's ending is certainly more dramatic, and one wonders how a man who wrote such prosaic verses could have been clever enough to improve the plot.

"Was Brooke's poem really so poor?" asked Emmeline. "Can you repeat anything from it?"

"I know that when I was a boy it made me laugh as much as Shakespeare's made me want to cry. There were some droll

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STATUE OF DANTE.

lines about Friar Laurence, for whom Brooke seems to have had a weakness. He calls him 'that good barefooted fryer.' And I remember this about his edifying end, that he

"'went into a hermitage
Two miles from Veron Towne, where he in prayers past forth his age,
Till that from earth to heaven his heavenlye sprite did flye.
Five years he lived an hermite, and an hermite did he dye.'"

Night had fallen when we reached Verona, and as we rattled through the streets to the hotel our first impressions justified at least a part of Taine's description: "triste ville provinciale, pavée de petits cailloux, négligée."

We were painfully aware of the cobblestones before we had gone a hundred yards. The streets of Nantucket may give one a slight idea of the pavements of Verona. Another part of this sentence was soon to be brought to our minds.

Somebody had recommended the Colomba d' Oro as the best place for us to stop at. The hotels of Verona have a very bad reputation, and it may be that our friend had not sent us to the worst; if so, we are sorry for those who go to the others, for the Colomba d' Oro was certainly poor enough. The staircase promised well, with its strip of carpet and border of plants; but, arrived at our room, we found that one window was broken, and the other would not shut. We looked at a second room, which was irre oachable as to the windows, but the door d no fastening. A third overlooked the stable-yard, and Emmeline has a mania for pure air. Finally we went back to the broken-windowed room, where we might at least expect nothing worse than a cold in the head. I will not speak of our dinner; it was beneath criticism. In order not to get hungry again we went to sleep early, and not in a very enthusiastic frame of mind as to Verona. The morning, however, brought renewed courage, to which doubtless the really delicious Verona rolls (not made at the Colomba d' Oro) contributed. We sent for a carriage, and directed the driver to take us to the tombs of the Scaligers (or Della Scalas, old lords of Verona), passing by the Arena, which we intended to examine later in the day. As we emerged from the narrow street into the spacious Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, there came to us both one of those genuine surprises with which, in these days of guide-books and photographs, the traveller is seldom favored. But nothing which we had read or seen of the Verona amphitheatre had at all prepared us for the reality, nor am I vain enough to suppose that I can convey to the reader much idea of it or of the impression it made upon us, who, coming from the shadow of the Coliseum, and having judged of this lesser marvel mainly by its recorded dimensions, had anticipated it least of all the sights of Verona. Was it perhaps that the brightness of the spring morning, the clear blue sky, and the sunshine which gilded every other object, but fell powerless against this dark ruin, increased its grandeur and significance by contrast? Its position, too, in the very heart of the city, among modern buildings and the stir of modern life, makes it seem to look down upon its surroundings with a sort of grim sarcasm, being stronger in its decay than these flimsy constructions in their prime; and it appears, by comparison with these, grander and higher than it really is. We drove slowly around, resisting

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the entreaties of a cicerone to enter, having a sort of satisfaction in not seeing at once all the wonders of this magnificent structure.

"If I had only this one view to remember Verona by," said Emmeline, "I should be glad that we came."

We went on to the tombs of the Scaligers, in an inclosure adjoining the Church of Santa Maria Antica. Those of the ancient princes of that house are plain and solid as their lives were stern; but on those of Can Grande, of Can Signorio, and Can Mastino II. is lavished all the wealth of fourteenth-century decoration, and they present a chaos of intricate beauties which bewilders rather than satisfies the eye. We comforted ourselves by referring to Taine again, and finding that he likens the equestrian statue of Can Signorio to "the terminal ornament of a goldsmith's toy."

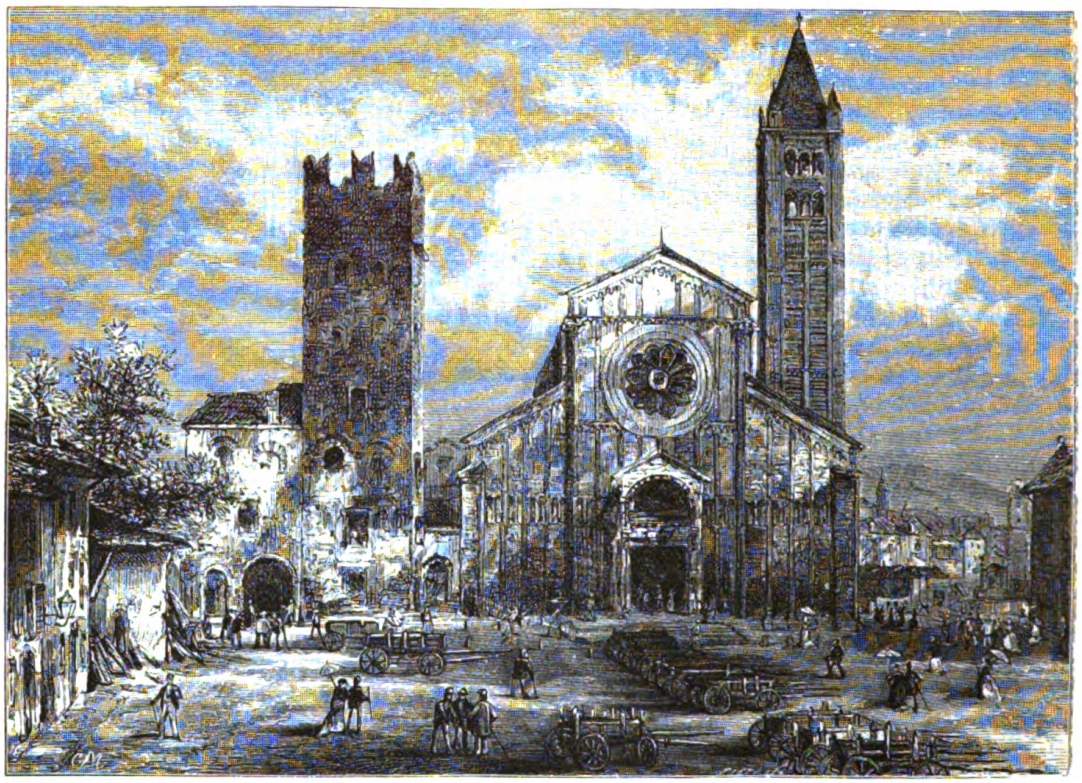
Turning to the Piazza dei Signori, we looked long at the beautiful Palazza del Consiglio, an excellent specimen of fifteenth-century architecture, and admired the picturesque court of the Town-hall. We gazed with still more interest at the brick tower which Dante once inhabited, and at his statue in the square, which surprises one by seeming not unworthy of its place among such surroundings, and finely contrasts with that one of the same date (1865) which disgraces Florence in the Piazza Santa Croce. It is the work of a Veronese sculptor, the Chevalier Zannoni.

We rambled into the Piazza del Erbe, which is the market-place, and where the traffic was going on in the old, noisy, Italian fashion, under big umbrellas and rustic booths, while the picturesque old houses all about it seemed fast asleep and deaf to all the clamor. Then we drove to the Cathedral, and would gladly have spent hours in this fine old building, with its lovely Titian, and exquisitely wrought marbles; and we lingered to examine the still more ancient façade and beautiful portal, until the striking of the clock reminded us that our day in Verona was fast passing, and that we must content ourselves this time with mere glimpses of what we longed to study at leisure. Getting into the carriage again, the driver, with that easy familiarity which characterizes his class, said, "Of course the *signori sposi* will want to see the house of Juliet?" Now we had been specially careful to avoid betraying our newness to the married state, or at least we thought we had. We es-



THE PIAZZA DEL ERBE.

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CHURCH OF SAN ZENO.

chewed fine clothes, fresh gloves, and terms of endearment, and we supposed that we appeared like a couple long past the honey-moon. But it was evidently all in vain on this occasion, and this rogue had divined our tender secret. I answered him that if it was near at hand we might as well take the house of Juliet in our way. After a few minutes of jolting, in the meanest street we had yet passed through, we suddenly came to a stand-still, and the driver turned to me with a flourish of his whip, and an "*Ecco, signori!*" "What is it?" I asked, unable to imagine any cause for stopping in such a place. "*La casa di Giulietta, signori.*" And sure enough, let into the wall of a tall narrow house was a tablet with this inscription:

QUESTE FURONO LE CASE
DEI CAPULETI
ONDE USCI LA GIULIETTA
PER CUI
TANTO PIANSERO I CUORI GENTILI
E I POETI CANTARONO.*

* "These were the mansions of the Capulets, where lived Juliet, whose fate has been lamented by so many gentle hearts, and sung by so many poets."

Close above the tablet hung a sign-board signifying that the present designation of the house was the *Osteria del Cappello*. In short, the palace where the noble of Verona once feasted his friends, was now a tavern of the humblest sort, where refreshments for man and beast were sold, not given. And, as if this was not enough to destroy the charm, from the windows and from Juliet's balcony there depended long lines of wet garments of every shape and hue, and a vile-tongued parrot screamed at us from his perch in her window. I looked round at Emmeline. Disgust was expressed in every line of her face. "Let us go on," she cried. "Was there ever anything so disgraceful? To acknowledge that to be the house of Juliet, and yet to let it be defaced in such a way! They reproach us Americans for pulling down historic houses, but I think it is worse still to desecrate them."

"*La tomba di Giulietta?*" suggested the driver, breaking in upon my wife's indignant protest with his complacent smile.

"I have half a mind not to go to see

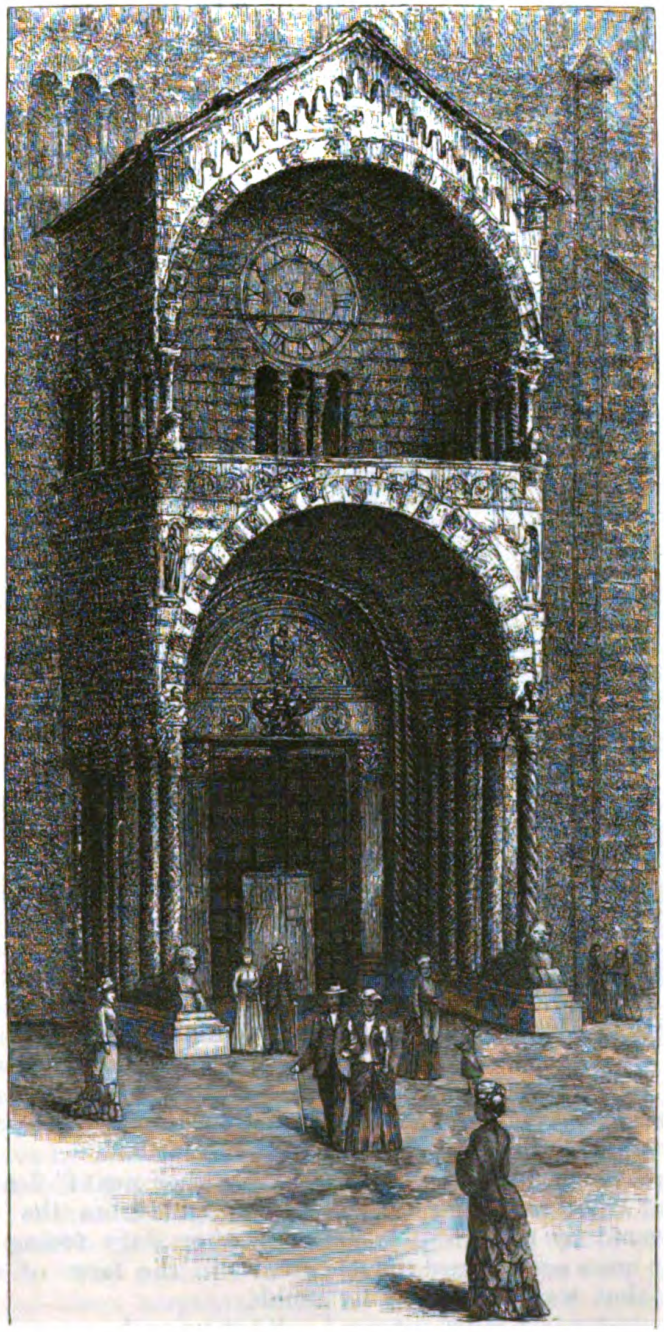
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it," said Emmeline. "I don't want all my ideals destroyed."

"Oh, well," I answered, "a house for the dead can't be treated quite so badly as a house for the living. At the worst there can only be picturesque ruin or commonplace restoration."

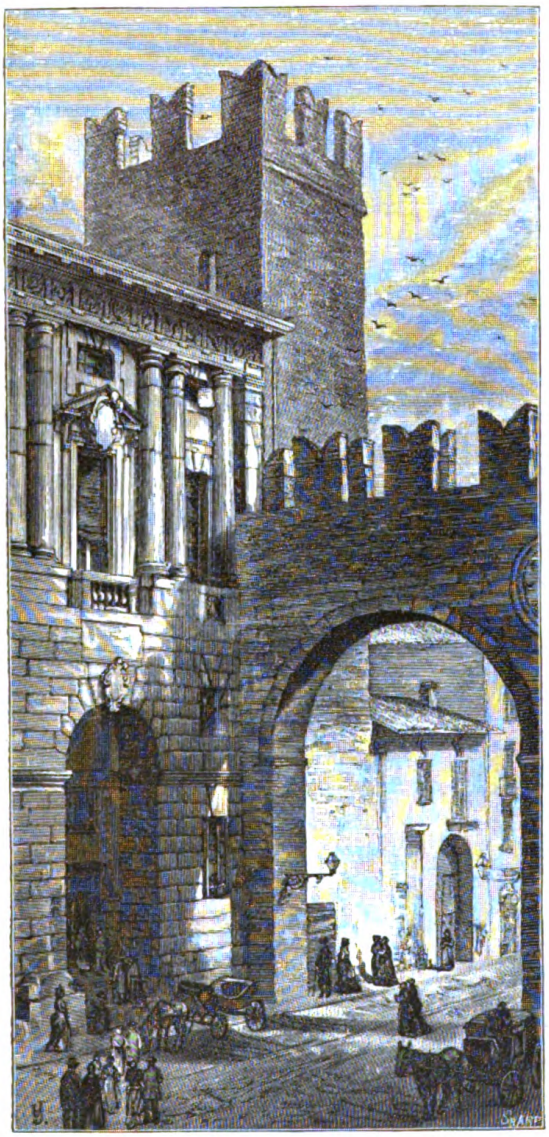
"Let us hope for the ruin," sighed Emmeline, to whom this dictum, delivered with confidence, appeared unanswerable. So we went to seek Juliet's tomb.

We drove a long, long way, and finally stopped before the door of a marble-worker's shop, where our guide invited us to alight. We were somewhat astonished, but concluded that the proper way of



DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

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PALAZZO GRAN GUARDIA.

access was for some reason temporarily closed. The master of the shop, whom we politely begged to excuse us, assured us that it was all right, and rang a bell, which was answered by a smiling lass, who seemed to be quite accustomed to letting visitors in that way. She led us through a long corridor into what appeared to be, and in reality was, a kitchen-garden. We passed under a vine-covered trellis, and then out among the cabbages and artichokes, till we reached a corner of the garden where was an arcade of very recent construction, built against the wall of an old Franciscan convent. In this arcade, upon a stone base, stood a long, open, stone trough, which the girl pointed out to us as the object of our visit. It looked exactly like the troughs or vats which Italian washer-women use, and such doubtless had been its humble employment till it was called upon to play a more distinguished rôle. A cicerone who had now come up had no hesitation in saying smilingly that he did not guarantee this to be the original tomb, but it was no doubt like it, and it was certain that Friar Laurence had dwelt in the adjoining convent. Indeed, when one remembers what a rage there was in the early part of the present century for necklaces and bracelets made from Juliet's tomb, one may well believe that the original sarcophagus, if it existed then, which is not probable, would long ago have been demolished bit by bit by relic-hunters. The Duchess Marie Louise of Parma had a whole parure made of it, and even gentlemen of a romantic turn wore the stone set in rings.

The cicerone called our attention to several withered bouquets which hung above the tomb, the offering of credulous pilgrims, and related how, not long before, one such (an Inglese, he was careful to specify) had spent two hours meditating and weeping beside the tomb.

We, however, did not weep or linger. I am ashamed to say we laughed; for so will disappointment sometimes resolve itself. We went back through the kitchen-garden, and Emmeline somewhat hesitatingly accepted a rose as a souvenir. This, at least, was fresh and real. Such roses Juliet wore in her hair, and Romeo flung up to her lattice.

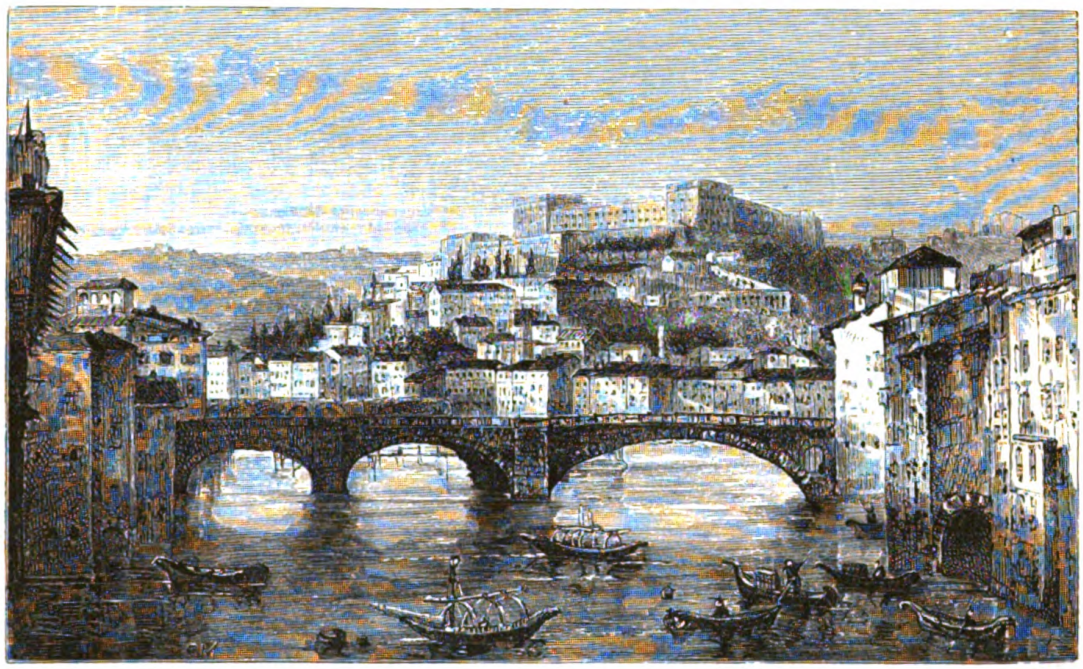
"Whither next?" I asked my wife, as we emerged from the marble-worker's shop, after duly feeing everybody concerned in the farce of showing Juliet's tomb.

"Let us go home and lunch," was her decided answer. "I have had enough of romance-hunting for this morning."

The true romance, however, came to us, as usual, when and where we least expected it. Having somewhat recovered from our morning's disappointments, and from the additional one which our lunch afford-

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ed us, we sallied forth again, and finding the same coachman lying in wait for us, we told him to take us to San Zeno, the oldest of the Veronese churches. It stands at the northwestern end of the city, in a somewhat desolate spot, but there is a signs with a sort of barbaric grandeur of conception. We wandered into the little disused cemetery to obtain the best view of the church and campanile. Standing in this little inclosure, with the gray old church towering above us, and at our feet



VIEW FROM PONTE NUOVO.

majesty about it that conquers all the meanness of its surroundings. Dating from the tenth century, and probably begun much earlier, there is about it, as Taine says, "something of the air of a Roman basilica put to Christian uses." Its simple and graceful lines give a sort of relief, in contrast to the elaborate monuments of later periods of architecture, and the singular form of the interior is a surprise not ungrateful to the eye. You descend into the nave by several steps, and thence other flights lead downward to the crypt and upward to the choir. Frescoes, nearly obliterated, add to the antique aspect of the church. The columns have strange capitals, of lions, serpents, and dogs, and among the arabesques is one representing two cocks carrying a fox suspended from a pole. A great porphyry vase over six feet in diameter stands at the left of the entrance. The doors are not the least interesting part of this curious old edifice; they are covered with plates of brass wrought in grotesque de- the ancient tombstone whose modern inscription asserts it to be that of Pepin, son of Charlemagne, we listened to the chanting of the priests within, and the twittering of the swallows around the bell tower. It was a spot to dream in, and penetrated by the peacefulness and sombre beauty of the place, we were loath to break the spell.

We had had repeated glimpses of the river which divides Verona into two unequal sections. It makes two great bends in passing through the city, so that one comes upon it in the most unexpected places, and the sound of its waters continually meets the ear. For the Adige is no creeping, turbid stream, like the Arno or the Tiber, but comes rushing down from Alpine glaciers, not having yet lost their color or forgotten the habits of a mountain torrent. It is spanned by five bridges, two of them of remarkably picturesque construction, and from some of them, especially from the Ponte Nuovo, very fine views are obtained of the city

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THE ARENA.

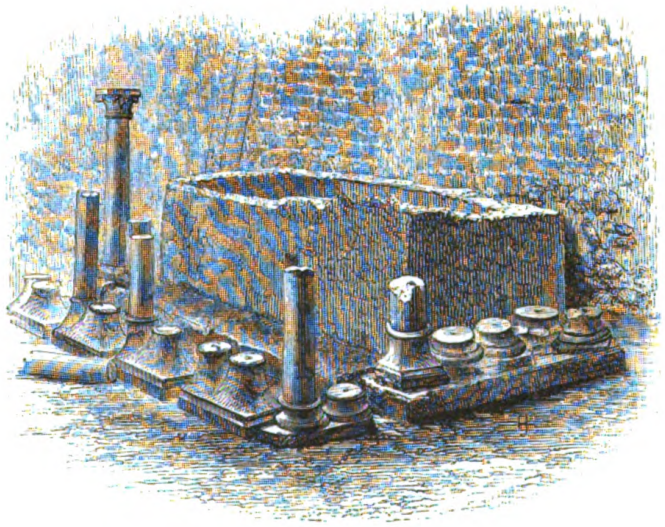
and its surroundings, with the famous fortifications on the hills above the left bank. On this side of the river are the Giusti Gardens, with their enormous cypresses (some of them said to be five hundred years old), their formal melancholy alleys, and magnificent view. But the declining sun warned us that if we would spend our last daylight hour in the Arena we must hasten thither. On our way we passed under the beautiful arch of Gallienus, on which the inscription is still legible, and were tempted frequently to pause before the splendid palaces, interesting both historically and architecturally, which Verona boasts. Some of the best work of Verona's great architect, Sanmicheli, was done in his native city.

Verona was growing upon us at every moment. We had not found what we expected, but much more and better. Here a façade and there a wonderful church door detained us. The Palazzo Gran Guardia, which in our fascination with the Arena itself we had scarcely noticed in the morning, now attracted our attention as we entered the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele. It is a vast building, with a fine tower and archway. When we reached the Arena it was nearly sunset. We passed in under the heavy archway of one of the ancient cells, already darkening with the coming night, and found ourselves in a grass-grown amphitheatre large enough to contain forty or fifty thousand persons. All around this great oval space rise tiers of stone seats, and behind these, in the thickness of the wall, were the cells for the martyrs and cages for the wild beasts, the bronze doors of which have long since disappeared. On the ground tier there are seventy-two arcades, which were until lately rented by the city to dealers in all sorts of merchandise. At last, however, this degradation of a magnificent monument has been prohibited, and the arcades are once more empty and silent. The great blocks of rose-color, orange, and white Verona marble of which the arena is built are of course blackened by time, but wherever the stone is newly broken the original tints appear in the loveliest variations of color. These blocks are put together without mortar or cement of any kind. On the top the wall is from three to four feet broad, and quite overgrown with grass and flowers. Daisies and windflowers spring out of every crevice, and bright little lizards dart about among them, or sun themselves on the stones. Nothing could be pleasanter than to lie

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there on the soft turf and gaze at the enchanting landscape, of which every part recalls some ancient or modern event of interest. To the north, the snowy Alpine summits were glowing in the sunset light. That sharp peak is Chiusa, and just underneath it runs the boundary line between Italy and Austria, which every Italian longs to push further away. To the west, only about ten miles distant, the situation of Castoza is discernible; and a little to the southward lies Villafranca, also of bitter memory to the Italian heart. The view to the south stretches off over the fertile plains of Mantua, which city seems sinking into its marshy bed, and one of those little hamlets near by is Pietole, the ancient Andes, the birth-place of Virgil. Villages, each with its tall campanile in the midst, dot the plains; vineyards and orchards inclose the villages, and bands of mist mark the water-courses that hold the secret of this fruitful land. Far in the southeast a dim line hardly distinguishable from a cloud defines the chain of the Apennines. Coming back to the amphitheatre itself, one may picture the combats which took place there in ancient times, and find, as I did, a relief from the contemplation of these cruelties in thinking of the splendid ovation here given to the ruler of United Italy, when, in 1866, this great space was filled to overflowing to greet Victor Emanuel, and how Garibaldi had here been welcomed with hardly inferior enthusiasm. Such triumphs of popular feeling gave a new baptism to these old relics of barbarism and superstition. While we thought of these things, and gave a strangers' blessing to the Italy we had learned to love, the short twilight faded away, and the mists came creeping up around us.

An hour later we were whirling through the moon-lit country toward Venice.



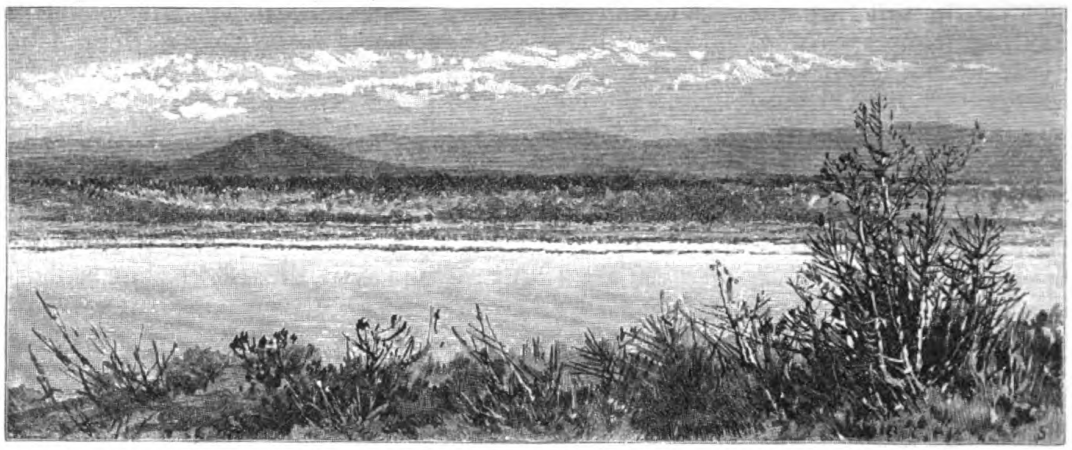
JULIET'S TOMB AS IT WAS IN THE LAST CENTURY.

SONG.

As birds soar high
In the charmèd sky,
And far from earth exulting fly,
My love to you,
Which is old and new,
Wings away through the gray and blue
Of wintry skies between us two.

Both new and old
Is this love I fold
Deep and safe away from the cold.
Not old, you say!
Dear heart, each day,
Though skies be blue, though skies be gray,
Older it grows, yet new alway.

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MOUND OF ALYATTE'S AND LAKE OF GYGES.

A VISIT TO SARDIS.

QUID Crœsi regia Sardis? "What of Sardis, the royal city of Crœsus?" asks Horace of his friend in Asia Minor. For Sardis was then still a city not merely of ancient renown, but beautiful with its high-reared citadel, its temples, and its gardens—gardens in which Cyrus had labored, and which had excited the admiration of Lysander. The sheltering slopes of Tmolus rose above it rich with vines, and Pactolus flowed beneath its walls to water its fields with gold. The legends of its power when it had been the chief seat of the great Lydian monarchy still clung to it. The romantic story of Crœsus and his fall; the story of the brilliant dash upon it, and its burning, by the little band of Athenians at the beginning of the great struggle with Persia; the tradition of its splendor when Xerxes made it his winter-quarters before his invasion of Greece—these and many other recollections of its ancient greatness were still suggested by its splendid temple, its thronged streets, and the vast field of the tombs of its Lydian kings.

Seventeen hundred years later, had the question of Horace been repeated, the answer would have been that Sardis is "a very pitiful and beggarly village, retaining something of its name still, being called by the Turks Sart, but nothing of its ancient glory. The inhabitants are for the most part shepherds. All around it are ruins." Such it was in 1671, when the Oxford scholar and Orientalist Mr. Thomas Smith, desirous to survey the sites of "the seven Churches of Asia, founded by the Apostles, and to which the eternal Son of God vouchsafed to send those epistles recorded in the book of the Revelations of St. John," visited the place "out of a pious zeal and a justly commendable curiosity." The narrative of his journey was printed in 1678, and seems to have been the first account of the modern condition of the once royal city. Twenty years later, Edmund Chishull, also a good scholar, followed in Smith's footsteps; and during the next century and a half many travellers, chiefly English and French, saw and described the desolate scene.*

But though all of them were impressed with the character of the remains of the ancient city, and some of them describe their appearance, not one of them made a thorough survey or attempted any careful investigation of the ruins.

Yet these remains were of a kind to excite curiosity, and to give assurance that the exploration of them was "an undertaking," to use Mr. Hamilton's words, "which would probably richly reward the speculator or the antiquary." Mr. Cockerell, the eminent architect, had, indeed, measured such portions of the temple of Cybele as stood above-ground, but the other vast half-buried ruins were not yet studied, and the most impressive remains of the ancient greatness of the Lydian empire, the mounds, known as the

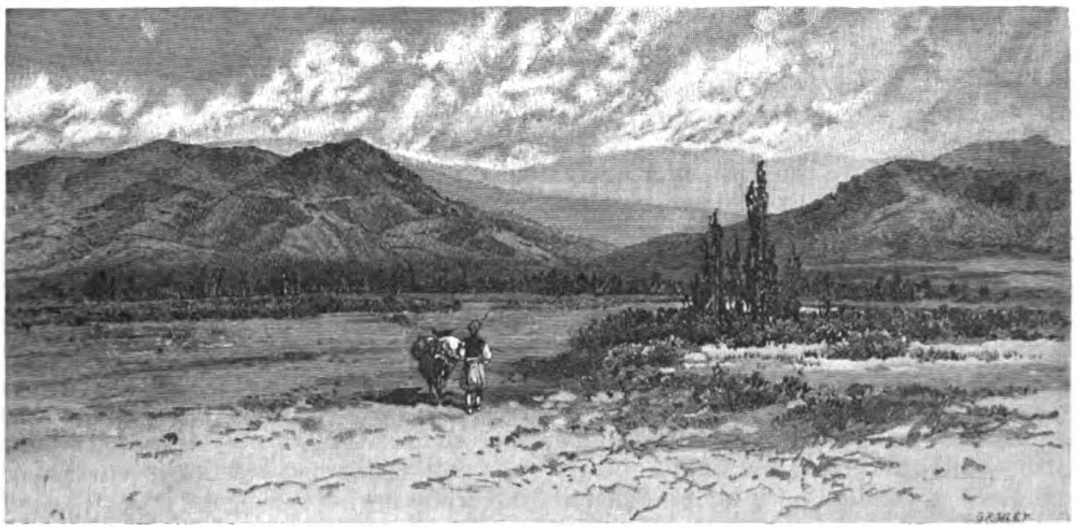
* Among them were Lucas in 1706, Otter about 1740, the younger Peyssonel in 1747, Chandler in 1765, Cockerell in 1812, Von Prokesch-Osten about 1825, Arundell in 1834, Hamilton in 1835, Steuart in 1837, Sir Charles Fellows in 1838.

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tombs of the Lydian kings, famous from the days of Herodotus, were left unopened. And, indeed, the account which Herodotus had given of the greatest of these mounds still remained our chief source of knowledge concerning them. In the first book of his history he says: "Lydia has not many wonders to be written of like other lands, except the gold-dust brought from Mount Tmolus. It has, however, one work of the very greatest size, surpassed only by those of the Egyptians and Babylonians. This is the tomb of Alyattes, the father of Crœsus, the foundation of which is of great stones, and the rest of it a mound of earth. It was made by the tradesmen and the artisans and the courtesans. And on the top of the mound were still, in my time, five stones, with letters cut on them to tell how much was done by each class. .... The circumference of the mound is six stadia and two plethra, and its breadth is thirteen plethra. And a great lake is near the mound, which the Lydians say is always full, and it is called Gygæa" (c. 93). The measurement given by Herodotus makes the circumference about 3840 English feet, or something more than two-thirds of a mile.*

The date of this mound is fixed by that of the death of Alyattes, about 560 B.C. His more famous son and successor, Crœsus, died far from Sardis, and his burial-place was not with his fathers, but his story has done more to keep alive the memory of the Lydian monarchy than the exploits and sepulchres of the other kings, and has given two familiar sayings to mankind. Under Persian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine rulers for fifteen hundred years Sardis flourished or suffered with vicissitude of good or evil fortune. In the eleventh century the Turks gained possession of it, and about the beginning of the fifteenth century Tamerlane swept over it with his desolating horde, and left it a heap of ruins and a name. The prophecy of the Apocalypse was fulfilled—"Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead."

Among the recent accounts of the mounds none is better than that of Mr. Hamilton. As he approached their site from the east, "the tumulus of Halyattes formed a conspicuous object in the view, and rose considerably above the numerous smaller tombs by which it is surrounded. This mass of tumuli, of which we counted upward of sixty, evidently a necropolis of the ancient Lydian kings, is called Bin Tepéh, 'the thousand hills,' by the Turks.... On reaching the summit of the low ridge of limestone hills on which the tumuli are situated we had at our feet the whole extent of the unruffled Gygæan lake, its marshy banks skirted with reeds and rushes, surrounded by



VALLEY OF THE HERMUS AND ACROPOLIS OF SARDIS.

* The length of a side of the Great Pyramid is about 764 feet, of the four sides, 3056 feet, so that the area covered by the mound of Alyattes is greater by more than a quarter.

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COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF CYBELE.

hills on every side, except to the south-east, where it opens to the Hermus, . . . and to the north, where the hills sink away. One mile south of this spot we reached the principal tumulus, generally designated as the tomb of Halyattes. It took us about ten minutes to ride round its base. . . . Several deep ravines have been worn by time and weather in its side, particularly on that to the south; we followed one of these, as affording a better footing than the smooth grass, as we ascended to the summit. Here we found the remains of a foundation nearly eighteen feet square, on the north of which was a huge circular stone ten feet in diameter, with a flat bottom and a raised edge or lip, evidently placed there as an ornament on the apex of the tumulus. . . . In consequence of the ground sloping to the south, this tumulus appears much higher when viewed from the side of Sardis than from any other. It rises at an angle of about twenty-two degrees, and is a conspicuous object on all sides. It is impossible to look upon this collection of gigantic mounds, three of which are distinguished by their superior size, without being struck with the power and enterprise of the people by whom they were erected, and without admiring the energies of the nation who endeavored to preserve the memory of their kings and ancestors by means of such rude and lasting monuments. . . . The time and means at our disposal would not allow of our making any attempt to penetrate into the interior of any of these royal sepulchres —an undertaking, however, which would probably richly reward the speculator or the antiquary."*

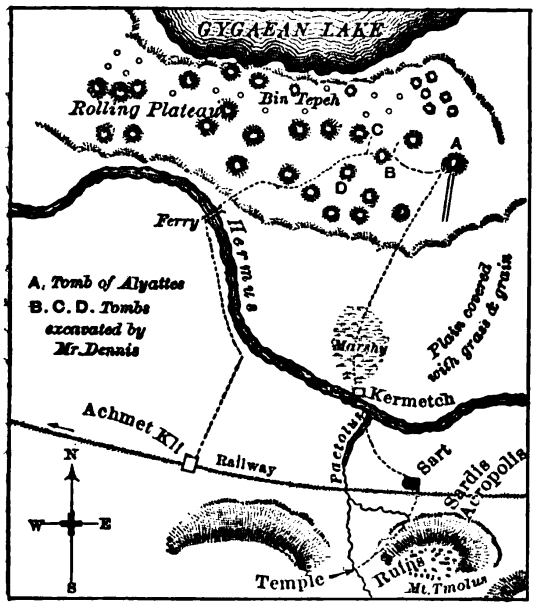
Chandler had long before suggested that "perhaps a considerable treasure might be discovered if the barrow were opened"; but the remoteness of the place, the difficulty of transport to it of the required tools and materials, as well as that of obtaining a sufficient body of workmen, continued to prevent any attempt at exploration until about 1850, when Herr Spiegelthal, Prussian Consul-General at

* *Researches in Asia Minor.* London: 1842. i., 145.

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Smyrna, assisted by Baron Von Behr-Negendank, undertook to make an entrance into the tomb of Alyattes.*

On its southern side, facing the city, the mound is seamed by numerous clefts worn by the storms of more than two thousand years, one of which, deeper than the rest, penetrates far into its interior. On the same side of the mound may be traced the lines of an ancient road toward the Hermus, and near to it are quarries from which were obtained the blocks of lime-



MAP OF THE SARDIS REGION.

stone used for the substruction of the tumulus. The ground had been originally prepared for the structure in part by levelling the bed of native rock, and in part, where the rock fell off, by building up a foundation of well-laid blocks of stone. On the ground thus levelled a sloping retaining-wall of hewn stone was built up to a height of about 60 feet. The height of the mound, as measured by Herr Spiegelthal, was, from the plain to the summit, 69.12 meters (226¾ feet); from the base of the wall, 61.46 meters (201⅔ feet); from the top of the wall, 43 meters (141 feet). The diameter at the level of the plain was found to be about 1686 feet; at the base of the inclosing-wall, about 1165 feet; and at the top of the wall, 787 feet. This gives a circumference at the base of the masonry of 3659 feet, which corresponds perhaps as nearly as might be expected with the statement of Herodotus that the circumference was 3840 feet.

Herr Spiegelthal began his work by driving a tunnel into the mound from the bottom of the great cleft. The substance of the tumulus was found to consist of regularly alternating layers, disposed, not horizontally, but conically, of red clay, of a firm, yellowish loam, and of chalk mixed with sand, and large stones of a flinty conglomerate. A similar construction in layers of similar materials had already been observed in some of the smaller mounds, the sides of which were laid bare by the weather.

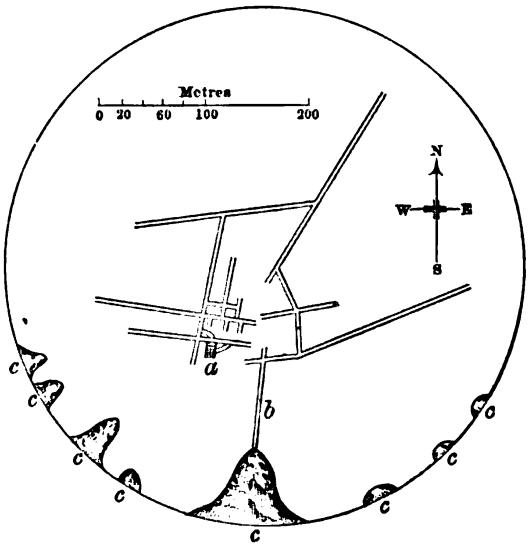
When the tunnel had been pushed, slanting toward the centre, a distance of 47 meters (154 feet) from its point of entrance (about 79 meters from the circumference), the ground suddenly gave way, and the laborers found themselves in an old passageway, very much choked up, but not impassable, that ran obliquely beneath the tunnel. Following up this way, it was found to branch with many arms that formed a net-work of passages excavated in various directions by former unknown explorers in search of whatever the mound might conceal. It was plain that the tomb had been previously ransacked. But this, though a disappointment, was hardly a surprise; for here, as elsewhere in the neighborhood of famous and conspicuous sepulchres, legends of buried treasure had existed from time immemorial to tempt the greed of explorers. The shepherds who pastured their flocks among the tombs had still a legend that within this vast pile was a chamber built of golden bricks—the echo of the tales of the wealth of Crœsus and the gold of Pactolus.

With considerable difficulty the pathways were followed, till at length, at the end of one of them, 50 meters (164 feet) southwest from the centre, a sepulchral chamber was discovered. Upon the stones which formed its flat roof lay a thick bed of ashes and cinders, the remains, in all probability, of the funeral sacrifices made before the chamber was buried in the earth heaped above and around it. One of the stones of the ceiling, nearly 4½ feet thick, had been broken through, and this hole admitted a difficult entrance into the room beneath. The chamber was of small

* The first report of these investigations was made by Curtius to the Berlin Academy in 1853, and a full account of them was given by Herr Von Olfers in the *Abhandlungen* of that academy for 1858.

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dimensions, 3.34 meters (10.96 feet) in length, 2.37 meters (7.77 feet) in width, and 2.08 meters (6.82 feet) in height. It was exquisitely built of finely dressed blocks of grayish-white marble, and the blocks



PLAN OF MOUND PASSAGES.

were held together by dovetailing clamps of lead. The walls were smooth, except immediately under the ceiling, where a narrow rough band, forming a sort of frieze, ran round the apartment. The room was empty, save that on the floor lay two pieces of the great roofing stones and some splinters from the walls, upon a mass of ashes, coals, fragments of pottery, and bits of wood and bones. There was a door of entrance formed of plates of marble slipped into grooves and ornamented with panels, but left rough-hewn within and without. Outside the door was a short passage paved with blocks of marble, and encumbered with rough stones and heavy pieces of marble, as if to prevent entrance. The chamber lay about 6½ meters (21⅓ feet) below the level of the top of the inclosing-wall.

No further discoveries of importance were made within the tumulus. On its summit stood, half buried in the earth, a great spherical stone, 9⅓ feet in diameter, doubtless one of the five recorded by Herodotus. It rested upon a carefully laid basis of brick, built on a foundation of large blocks of quarried stone.

Of the ruins of the ancient city itself, most of which apparently date from the period of Roman dominion, the most interesting are those of the famous temple of Cybele. Six columns of it were standing when it was seen by Smith, five when it was seen by Chandler, three when Cockerell visited it in 1812, but only two remain at the present day. The date of the temple of which these columns are the only remaining visible portion is uncertain, but from of old the "mother of Zeus herself, dwelling by the golden Pactolus," had been worshipped here, and her temple was one of the most renowned in Asia. The western front was on the banks of the river, the eastern looked toward the heights of the Acropolis. "Even now," says Mr. Cockerell,* "there is sufficient above the soil to give an idea of the dimensions of the temple, and to show that it was one of the most magnificent in Greece. The columns are buried nearly to half their height in the soil, which has accumulated in the valley since their erection, chiefly, it is probable, by the destruction of the hill of the Acropolis, which is continually crumbling, and which presents a most rugged and fantastic outline." Mr. Cockerell, from the characteristics of its architecture, attributes a high antiquity to the temple, and if he be right, we have here the remains of that temple which was burned in the fateful conflagration of the city in 503 B.C., when the Ionians and Athenians fell with sudden onset upon it, and roused the implacable wrath of Darius. "The destruction of the temple," says Herodotus, "was the reason afterward alleged by the Persians for setting on fire the temples of the Greeks."

"It can not be doubted," wrote Mr. Cockerell, "that excavation would expose the greater part of the building." But promising and attractive as such excavation would be, nothing of the sort was attempted either at temple or tomb, after Herr Spiegelthal finished his digging, till a year or two since, when Mr. George Dennis, well and widely known by his book on Etruria as an accomplished investigator of antiquity, now British Consul at Smyrna, undertook to make more thorough researches at Sardis than have ever heretofore been made. He has not as yet given any account of his work to the public: whenever he may do so it will be eagerly welcomed, and will very largely increase our knowledge concerning re-

* In Leake's *Tour in Asia Minor* (London, 1824). Additional notes, p. 342.

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mains of the ancient world about which there has been a long unsatisfied curiosity.

In 1882 Mr. F. H. Bacon, one of the members of the Assos Expedition of the Archæological Institute of America, made a brief visit to Sardis, and we have the pleasure of giving to our readers his animated account, from a private letter, of his journey, and of the present aspect of the site.

Assos, June 1, 1882.—A nice clear day. I am up at the theatre, which we are digging out. The men have built me a little bower of green branches on the débris of the scena, where I can take in the auditorium at a glance, sit in the shade and watch the shovelling about me. Let me improve the shining hour by telling you of my visit to Sardis during Easter.

I had gone to Smyrna, as you know, on business for the expedition, and there I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Dennis (the author of the book on Etruria), now English Consul at Smyrna. He has been for some time engaged in excavating some of the mound-tombs at Sardis, and was good enough to second my wish to visit the place.

I took the train for Sardis early one morning in company with one of Mr. Dennis's kavasses, whom he had kindly put at my disposal—a Turk who spoke Greek, and was a very good companion and guide, Ali by name. The railway is the line that runs to Ala-Shehr (the ancient Philadelphia), and Sardis is about halfway, or a ride of four hours. We got off at Achmet Kli, the station this side of Sardis, that being nearer the tombs, which I wanted to visit first. They are on a long rolling plateau on the opposite side of the Hermus Valley from the Sardis Acropolis. A plan of the region is something like this. [See map on page 675.] From the tombs to the Acropolis is about seven miles.

At Achmet Kli a couple of zaptiehs had come from Mr. Dennis's encampment to meet me. I sat for a time in the little square, waiting for horses, and it was interesting to note the characteristics of the inland town, so different from those of our little sea-port. As soon as the horses came we clattered out of the village on to the clover, and I had a first sight of the tombs. The long brown plateau suddenly rising from the level green valley was covered with numerous conical hillocks — the tombs of the ancient Lydians! Everything was bare; hardly a tree, stick, or large stone. And the mounds, one side in sunlight, the other in shadow, had a peculiar and striking effect. The plain was hardly less striking, as it stretched away for forty miles to the blue mountains beyond Ala-Shehr, with the high, snow-capped peak of Mount Tmolus close on the right — snow-capped, though this was the 15th of April. We had expected to ford the river, but found it so swollen that we had to keep down the bank to a ferry, where after some delay we were put across. Then we trotted along among the mounds toward the white tents of Mr. Dennis's encampment, visible on a knoll ahead.

We did not reach the encampment till about three o'clock. The tombs that Mr. Dennis had been working on were close by. He had opened two, and was at work on a third. They appear to have been constructed by building first a chamber of large dressed stones, inside of which the body was placed on a stone couch. The entrance was sealed with a slab, and then a mound of earth heaped over the chamber, large or small, I suppose, according to the wealth or rank of the occupant. The chamber was not in the centre of the mound but to one side, perhaps for the end of concealment. In the second mound excavated by Mr. Dennis he completely honeycombed the hill with shafts and tunnels, to find at last the chamber on one side but a foot or two from the surface.

In construction the chambers were rectangular in plan, and built of large blocks of a fine white limestone, beautifully fitted. The doorway was about four feet in height. Once inside, there was room to stand erect. The floor was paved with closely fitted slabs, and the roof was of stone beams. The surfaces of all the stones were planed true and smooth.

The couch in the chamber I examined was against the rear wall, opposite the door. It consisted of a heavy slab supported on two upright blocks, all very carefully fitted together. Mr. Dennis found on these couches remains of skeletons, and a few jars and glass vessels on the floor. He told me that he had no doubt that the tombs had been opened either in Roman times or later, and their original tenants been dispossessed by these intruders. There are about one hundred

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and thirty mounds in all, and he thinks that all have been opened at one time or another since their construction.

After examining these tombs I set out for the principal object of my visit, the tomb of Alyattes. It was about a quarter of a mile away, and rose high and huge above the other mounds. We went on foot across the green wheat fields, accompanied by half a dozen men armed with guns, and with sashes full of swords and pistols. It was part of Mr. Dennis's body-guard. He had ten zaptiehs to protect him from the brigands, who would be glad to get him in hopes of a large ransom. I had heard some "brigand gossip" in Achmet Kli that had caused me an inward shiver, for it would have been awkward to be caught out at Sardis, a place where I had no business to be. However, here was the tomb of the father of Crœsus, and never a doubt about it, for the account in Herodotus is evidently of this mound. On the way Ali was telling stories about the hyenas or wolves that had their abode in the tunnel and passage-ways that Herr Spiegelthal opened thirty years ago, and tried to dissuade me from entering, especially as we had no lantern. But I had brought some candles, and insisted on going in. As we approached the entrance some buzzards fluttered off the half-eaten body of a horse which lay across the mouth of the tunnel; so there may have been some truth in the wolf story. The dirt around the mouth had caved in, leaving an opening of only about a foot and a half high, through which we crawled. Once inside, the passage was about four feet high; and we groped along, Ali ahead, with cocked revolver, ready for hyenas. The low passage turned to the right, to the left, this way and that, till, after some five or six minutes of this labyrinth down in the bowels of the earth, as it seemed, we came to the sepulchral chamber. And I have never seen a more impressive effect than that of coming, after the long, monotonous clay tunnel, suddenly on the massive white marble blocks, beautifully fitted, glistening in the light of our candles, while black as ink on the white roof-slabs, on which we looked down, still lay the remains—charcoal and ashes—of the funeral pyre!

In digging the tunnel the chamber was struck from the top, and it was entered through a hole in the roof. I squeezed in, and found the interior half full of débris that had sifted in. The chamber is built of white marble, while those of other mounds that have been opened are of limestone. The masonry of this room is superb. The enormous blocks are cut true and square; the joints are like pencil lines. Some of the blocks have been shifted by earthquakes, and their edges are as sharp as razors. It is impossible to give an idea of such masonry to one who has not seen the Great Pyramid or the Parthenon.

I wanted very much to ascend the mound, but when we came out of the tunnel the sun was nearly down, and there were some troublesome marshes between us and Kermetch, where I was to spend the night, which must be crossed before dark; so, having dismissed the zaptiehs, who wanted to "protect" me all the way to Sardis, Ali and I started off almost on the run. Kermetch is a little village of mud huts in the midst of a swamp. It was dark when we reached it, and our first greeting was by the dogs, who formed a ferocious barking circle about us as we meekly backed up against a wall and awaited the inhabitants. A little boy came at length and drove off the dogs, by which time the citizens appeared, and one of them agreed to take us for the night. I was soon ensconced in a chimney-place, on the warm side of a brush fire, with all the influential inhabitants squatting in a circle about the room. A chicken was made ready for my supper; coffee was continually passed around; a few of the old men questioned Ali about me, and the remainder stared at me politely, and smoked cigarettes. These country Turks are very poor, and their houses are not encumbered with much furniture, but they offer the best they have with such a straightforward, dignified hospitality as to make one feel at ease, and, indeed, rather to enjoy playing the belated traveller. The villagers left about midnight, and then Ali, our host, and myself stretched ourselves out before the embers.

When I awoke in the morning, Ali was dressed and beginning his devotions, and the storks were clapping their bills outside. We started off before sunrise, and there being no boat, we rode across the swollen river on camels, the water being too deep to ford with horses. The current was swift, and full of yellow sediment. One old camel led the way, then

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we on two, behind which came a fourth to encourage the others. Once on the other side, we started to walk across the plain toward the Acropolis, which, lighted by the morning sun, stood out in yellow relief, seamed with long shadows across its gullied front, against the blue background of Mount Tmolus. The hill seems to be entirely a formation of yellow clay, no ledge being visible, while the mountains directly behind are all ledge.

The Acropolis is wearing away very fast, quantities of clay being washed down by every rain; and it is owing to this fact that much of the ancient city, which was situated on a gentle slope immediately beneath it, is covered so deeply with the deposit of centuries that excavation of the remains would be very difficult, if not impracticable. The walls around the summit of the Acropolis have been mostly undermined, and have fallen. The temple, luckily, is some little distance away, but even there the present level is about thirty feet above the pavement.

About seven o'clock we reached Sardis station, or, as they call it to-day, "Sart," and after some refreshment I hurried immediately up the valley to the temple—about twenty minutes' walk from the station. The train left at noon, and I had but a few hours in which to see everything.

The two columns of the temple shot up out of a smooth slope of green grass. The ground was all clear, no walls or houses anywhere near, and it looked very inviting to the excavator. Only the stump of a third column protruded from the ground.

The two capitals on the columns are of quite different designs, and were in purer style and much handsomer than I had presupposed. The shafts as well as the capitals were of marble; they were left unfinished, and were in many places patched with small blocks let in. This was often done in Greek work when the buildings were of marble; and in these shafts, had the channelling been finished, the patches would hardly be noticeable.

Leaving the columns, I skirted along the side of the Acropolis to the theatre. The form of the theatre is comparatively well preserved; the heavy retaining-walls in front are still nearly perfect. The railway company has dug at the scena for building stone, and there lie about pieces of inscriptions, carved marble blocks, etc., mostly of Roman workmanship. The stadium is directly in front of the theatre, being connected with the scena, as is the case in some other localities in Asia Minor. The diameter of the theatre I calculated (by pacing) to be about 390 feet.

On the way back to the station I zigzagged across the ruins, and saw many things that I wanted to examine more carefully than I had time for. We steamed back through the fertile valley, around Mount Sipylus, and reached the gardens in the suburbs of Smyrna shortly before sundown.

A TELL-TALE OF SPRING.

I've found out Spring's secret;
  I know why she's late.
The mischief, the truant,
  She cares not who wait,

Who freeze, and who shiver,
  And pine for the sight
Of one yellow daffy,
  Or violet white.

Ah, yes, I've her secret.
  I'll give, and not sell;
I'll tell it, I'll tell it—
  My tongue burns to tell.

The mischief, the truant,
  No wonder she's late,
Coming all the way round
  By the Golden Gate!

Yes, that's where I tracked her.
  I caught her to-day
Lying down by a river
  With lambkins at play.

The mischief, the vagrant,
  And spendthrift, I swear
She was tossing roses
  Aloft in the air,

As children toss bubbles,
  To shine one by one,
And float for a minute,
  Then die in the sun.

Her grass lay all scattered;
  Who chose, helped themselves;
The hills were like velvet
  Spread green for the elves.

Her linnets were with her,
  And larks; and they sung
Such music it almost
  Turned old men to young.

Her face was all sunny,
  All guileless of ruse:
I'd a mind to reproach her,
  But what was the use?

Sweet mischief, sweet truant,
  She well might reply,
"If calendars blunder,
  Who's to blame? Not I!"

Ah, fairest Spring's spring-tide,
  'Twas thankless and bold
To spy out your secret.
  I'm sorry I told!

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THE PICTURE.

PART II.

CHAPTER III.

"WHAT I took to be the champion's brains flew horribly before the discharge; the air was all smoke, a heavy body rushed between the Marquis and me, and drove us apart, and the door of the condemned passage was slammed. M. De Groucy strode into the room; I followed him. The smoke began to clear, and all things were visible as in a mist—patches of hair floated about, mowed by the bullet off the champion's skull.

"Irène leaned against the mantel-piece white as a ghost; but only her body crouched, and that not much; her haughty head was erect, and her eyes faced us shining supernaturally. The Marquis, stout as he was, sank into a chair and trembled.

"'How did that man get in here?' said he, hoarsely.

"'I let him in by the condemned door,' said she, pale but unflinching. 'Can not you see that I love him?'

"'You love that *canaille*?' groaned the Marquis.

"'I love that young man, because he is a man, and has all the virtues that belong to his humble condition. He earns his bread, and I shall be proud to earn mine with him. But it is you and this gentleman who have hastened things; you were forcing me and hurrying me into a marriage without love. No misery, no degradation, can equal that. That is why I called him to my aid. I placed myself under his protection.'

"'I will kill him,' said the Marquis to me, with deadly calmness.

"She came forward directly and folded her arms before him. 'Then you will kill my honor; for he is my lover: I belong to him.'

"At that audacious avowal the Marquis rose like a tower and lifted his hand to fell her to the earth. But he did not strike her. Better for her perhaps if he had; for words can be more terrible than blows.

"'Since you can fall no lower,' said he, 'marry your peasant, and live on his dunghill with him. You are no child of mine. I banish you, and I disown you, and may God's curse light on you and him forever!'

"Then for the first time her proud head drooped upon her hand, and that hand upon the mantel-piece. 'You will forgive me one day,' she murmured, faintly.

"'Forgive you?' said he, with unutterable scorn; 'I shall forget you. You are no more to me now than the dirt I walk on. Come, my son, my only child.' He took my hand and drew me away. He never looked back; but I cast one long, miserable glance on her whom it was my misery to love and hate. Her white wrist rested on a high chair, her head was bowed, yet her fearless eyes did not turn from us. She was beautiful as she stood there half cowed by a father's curse; as beautiful as she had been in her scorn, in her ire, and in her happy reveries when her lips parted with that happy smile, and a tender fire glowed in her dewy eyes."

Whilst the narrator paused, and we sat silent looking at the picture, Suzon came hurriedly in, with tears in her eyes, and told the curé Catherine was very ill indeed, and begging to see him. He rose directly and accompanied her.

"You had better sleep here," said my uncle; "your bed is always ready, you know."

"With pleasure," said he.

As soon as the door had closed on him I remarked, rather peevishly, that I never knew an interesting story allowed to proceed without a whole system of interruption.

The elders smiled at my impatience. M. De Pontarlais suggested that perhaps I felt those interruptions more than others. My uncle said: "We must take good men as they are, and thank God for them. I have known him fourteen years, yet never once to neglect a sick person for any personal gratification whatever."

Then, I remember, I was half ashamed of myself, and said I venerated the good curé and loved him dearly, and if he would stay with Catherine, well and good; but he would be coming back in a few minutes, and it was this perpetual *va-et-vient* that was breaking my heart and the thread of the only beautiful story I had ever heard told by word of mouth.

"Calm yourself, my young friend," said Monsieur De Pontarlais; "my story is nearly ended.

"The Marquis compelled me to leave him, after a while, and seek repose. I

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could not find it; I raged with fury; I sickened with despair; I loved and I hated. This is the world's hell.

"The first thing next morning Mademoiselle Donon come to the Marquis and me, in tears, and told us she had heard all, but implored us not to believe one word against Irène's honor. She could only, until that fatal night, have spoken to the man at the village fêtes, or from the balcony of the parterre, forty feet above the ground. 'Poor inexperienced girl,' said she, 'how should she measure her words? She did not know what she was saying.'

"'The pupils of Rousseau have not much to learn,' was the grim reply.

"The next minute Pierre came in and told us mademoiselle had left the house with a bundle in her hand, and dressed like a peasant girl. I started up; but the Marquis laid a hand of iron on me. 'Let her go,' said he. 'Let her taint a peasant's home; she shall not dishonor mine. Her own mother should not keep her if she was alive and went on her knees to me.'

"This was the end. I staid that miserable day, and then the Marquis sent me home. I told him I should tell my father our tempers were irreconcilable, his daughter's and mine.

"'What! tell a lie about her?' said the iron noble. 'Tell the truth, my son, and retain *my* love.'

"Well, that difficulty was solved for me. I reached home in a high fever, and it soon settled on my brain, and I was insensible for weeks.

"I recovered slowly, and it was many months ere I could walk. Ah, fatal beauty! you nearly killed two men: the blackguard you adored with all those queenly airs of yours—a bullet grazed his skull and ploughed his hair to the roots; and all through you the gentleman you despised lay at death's door many a day."

Our friend the curé came in as these words were spoken. He looked very grave, and said that he must stay the night. Catherine was, he feared, a dying woman. She was asleep just now, but a sleep of utter exhaustion.

My uncle was much concerned. He got up directly to go and see his faithful servant, and the story was interrupted again, as I had foreseen, and the conversation turned on poor Catherine and her humble virtues till my uncle returned, looking very glum. Then Suzon came in bearing a huge silver bowl, and this was speedily filled with wine, sugar, lemon, and spices—a delicious and fragrant compound.

It was ladled out into our glasses, and under its influence I took courage, and implored the Count to finish the story. He consented at once, but said it would have little interest for me now, since the principal figure had disappeared.

"I lay a long time between life and death, and even when I was out of danger my mind was confused and troubled. However, by degrees I recovered a certain dogged calm of mind, and, indeed, since then I have observed in other victims of the tender passion that a brain-fever from disappointed love either kills the body or cures the heart.

"My long and dangerous illness was followed by a period of bodily weakness, during which those about me seemed leagued together to know nothing about the family of De Groucy. No doubt they had their orders.

"At last, one day, being now stronger, I asked my father, with feigned composure, if he still corresponded with my dear friend the Marquis de Groucy.

"'Yes, my son,' was his reply. 'He is in England. He has sold his property and emigrated. He came here on his way, and wept over you; but you did not know him.' This made my tears flow. After a while I said, 'Father, she whom I loved so dearly—oh, father, I can bear anything now; tell me. Her own parent has abandoned her, but perhaps she has come to her senses, and only needs a friend to save her from that wretch.'

"'Frederick,' said my father, firmly, 'be a man; forget that woman. She is not worth a thought. She has chosen her dunghill; let her lie on it.' Then, as I persisted in begging him to tell me something about her, he said, 'I will tell you this much: you have no betrothed, my poor friend has no daughter, and his noble race is extinct.'

"After that I maintained a sort of sad and gloomy silence, and all those who really loved me flattered themselves I had forgotten her; but now, after so many years, I own to you, Monsieur Frédéric, that her beauty and her voice and the love I had given her haunted me, and were an obstacle to marriage, until celibacy became too fixed a habit. Even now, in the decline of life, my old heart thrilled at the

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sudden sight of her shadow there, the life-like image of one I loved too well."

This set us all gazing at the portrait, and the curé in particular got up and examined it very closely, and with a puzzled air.

But I still thirsted for more. "Surely," said I, "in the course of all these years, you must have heard something more about her?"

"Not a word."

"Made some inquiries?"

"None."

"At least, sir, you know whether she is alive or dead?"

"No, I do not."

Then I began to bemoan my ill fortune. "Oh, sir," said I, "when you began your beautiful story I felt sure I should hear all about her, and where she is now; but you lost sight of her when she was no older than I am, and there you drop the curtain, and all is dark. It is all over now; nobody will ever tell me the story of her life; nobody knows anything about her."

"You are mistaken," said the curé, gravely. "I know a great deal about her."

"Is it possible?" I cried, wild with excitement. "Oh, how fortunate! Ah, my dear friend, tell us all you know."

"Not so, Monsieur Frédéric. I must not tell you what I know as her confessor and director, but I will tell you all that I have a right to tell. Alas! it is a short, but terrible history.

"Well, then, for many years before I came here I had a cure on the other side of the mountains, and amongst my parishioners was a family of farmers called Flaubert. The head of it was a widow woman, who farmed a little freehold with great ability and keenness, and kept the house with strict economy. She had two sons and their wives under her roof.

"The elder took after her, was prudent, laborious, and married a young woman who had a piece of land and a bit of money, and was also a managing woman. She had two children, and no more. The other son was a young man spoiled early in life by his physical gifts. He was of colossal size, yet could run like a deer, and dance like a faun. A first-rate shot, a poacher, and the champion wrestler of the district. Indeed, he was called 'the champion' even in his own family, and they were proud of him three or four times a year, when he brought home prizes from the fairs; the rest of the time they blushed for him. This young man's wife was a person you could not fail to remark. Her figure was stately and erect; her carriage graceful. As to her face, it had not the bloom of youth and beauty which illumines that lovely picture. Seven years of peasant life and the hot sun of Provence had tanned her neck and arms, and a discontented mind, which never looked to religion for comfort, had imbittered her very face. I remember that even then a deep line crossed her forehead, and her cheeks were hollow, compared with that plump beauty, and her throat was not a smooth column like that. But, now I think of it, her hands, though brown with exposure, were shapely, and not like a peasant's, and her eyes and eyebrows were really superb, and her forehead and face were white and smooth as ivory. Yes, I can just believe that this picture was like her in the flower of her youth. Only, as I said before, when I first saw her she was hardened by labor, bronzed by the sun, withered, as I now learn, by a father's curse, and soured by infidelity.

"The Flaubert family lived a quarter of a league from the village, and I saw the wife of Michel about, more than once, before I spoke to her. Her appearance and carriage were so striking that I made inquiries about her of the villagers with whom I had already made acquaintance.

"'Oh! the fair peasant!' said one. 'The countess!' said another, in coarse derision of her superior; and they told me she was the daughter of a red-hot aristo, who had fled to England because she married a peasant for love. They gave me plenty of details, and you would smile if you heard the vulgar romances each narrator constructed on her true story, which nevertheless was romantic enough.

"The widow and her eldest daughter attended mass, and I conversed with them. In due course I asked the widow if she had not another daughter-in-law.

"The two women looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders. 'Yes, I have, sir,' said the widow, 'to my misfortune.'

"'Shall I not see her at mass?'

"'Let us hope not; for she would only come to yawn or to mock. She is a pagan, I believe, amongst her other qualities.'

"'Perhaps she attends to the home whilst you are out?'

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"'She attend to the home!' and both women laughed heartily at the idea—so heartily that the younger thought it necessary to make an apology. The elder chimed in and said, in the sly way of a Provençal peasant, 'If her outside has interested M. le curé, I can give him a picture of her at this moment. She is sitting over my fire, burning her petticoat, with her hands lolling by her sides, making useless embroidery, or else in a pure reverie. As for her household occupation, she is either letting the pot boil over or get cold. I could not swear which; 'tis but one or t'other.'

"Of course I checked these remarks, and lectured upon Christian charity. My discourse was received with respectful silence, but my hearers seemed turned into wood.

"Some days after this I was caught in a heavy rain, and the nearest shelter was the farm-house of the Flauberts. I knocked at the door; no notice was taken; I knocked again; a light footstep, and the door was opened by Madam Michel. She did not receive me hospitably. She said, in broad Provençal, 'There is nobody in the house,' and she held the door in her hand. Then I tried her in French. 'Madam,' said I, 'I am wet through, and if I could, without incommoding you—'

"'Do me the honor to come in,' said she, with perfect accent and the most graceful courtesy. She seated me by the fire, and we entered into conversation. I believe we conversed about trifles, and I could not help admiring her grace and courtesy, and the French language, the language of politeness, which had at once recalled her to her native good-breeding. She spoke it exquisitely, notwithstanding the little use she now made of it.

"I forget all our small-talk; but I remember at last that she fixed her eyes full upon mine and said, 'Monsieur, why did you speak to me in French?'

"I answered her honestly, and with some emotion. 'Because, madam, I know your story from others' (her pale cheek colored at that), 'and, to be quite frank, I came here hoping by my advice and authority to make matters smoother and more pleasant in this house.'

"'You would but waste your time,' said she. 'These people hate me with all their hearts, and I despise them with all my soul. Matters are come to such a pitch that we endure each other only because we are about to part. My husband is heir to a small sum of money, and he has purchased a cottage and a few acres, that are sold very cheap, belonging to an émigré. We shall do very well when we are alone.'

"'You have my best wishes,' said I; 'but I am afraid you are too little accustomed to the hard life of a working farmer; and even your husband has never learned to dig and mow and labor like his brother; his tastes appear to be for pastimes and games and—'

"'You need not mince the matter,' said she; 'he is lazy, and, worse still, he is fond of drinking and gambling, But it is all his mother's fault, with her weak indulgence; and now she encourages him to desert his home out of her jealousy of me. Once I get him away from this vile woman he will stay beside me, and lead an honest, industrious life, as I shall for his sake.'

"I knew Michel was hardened in his ill habits, and that love could not convert him without religion. I thought it my duty to tell her so. The woman froze directly, and when I urged my views she encountered me with all the cold infidelity and satire of this unhappy age. She was armed at all points by Messrs. Volney, D'Alembert, Voltaire, and others, and by her own self-confidence. So I told her I would not argue with her, but pray for her.

"'Do you believe prayers are heard?' said she, ironically.

"I told her I thought earnest prayers were always heard, and sometimes granted.

"'Well,' said she, 'the most earnest prayer I ever heard was when my own father cursed me and my husband. Will God grant that?'

"'Not against your souls,' said I.

"She shrugged her shoulders, as much as to say the exception was of very little value; and I left the house defeated and sad."

"And I answer for it you kept your word, and prayed for this perverse creature," said my uncle.

"With all my heart and soul," replied the good curé.

He continued:

"The next time I saw her was one evening; the whole family was there except Michel. They all received me in a friendly manner, and gave me the place of honor

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at a long table, about which they were all seated, picking the shoots out of some damaged wheat for their own use.

"The eldest son entertained me with a voluble discourse about the markets, the price of grain; and all the time Michel's wife sat with her feet at the fire, and her arms folded, and her head against the wall, in an attitude of sleepy disdain.

"But presently there was a whistle heard in the yard, and she started up, all animation.

"'There he is!' she cried, and darted out of the door. She soon returned with 'the champion,' who greeted us all, in a loud, jovial voice, with blunt civility.

"'Daughter-in-law,' said her mother, 'serve your husband.'

"Then she cut an enormous slice of bread, and ladled a large basinful of soup out of the great pot. Unfortunately the pot had been taken off the fire to put on more wood; and the soup was lukewarm. The champion made a grimace.

"'Cold weather outside and cold soup within,' said he. This was not said harshly, but his mother fired up directly.

"'Saints in paradise!' she cried, turning toward her obnoxious daughter-in-law. 'Is it possible that a woman can reach your years and not learn to keep her man's soup hot against he comes home wet and hungry?'

"The young woman just turned two haughty eyes upon her, and said, 'It's nobody's business if Michel does not complain.' Then I, to make peace, said I feared that I was the person in fault, for I had moved the pot a little to warm my feet.

"The champion—a good-humored fellow at bottom—stopped me and said: 'Don't let's make a mountain of a molehill. The soup's very good if it is a little cold, and it's going to a warm place anyway; and with this he shovelled it rapidly down his throat. 'The worst of it is,' said he, 'that my feet are wet through with the snow and the slush;' and he took off a pair of enormous shoes and threw them roughly toward his wife, and said, 'There, wife, put all that right for me.'

"The daughter of the Marquis de Groucy took her peasant lord's shoes, bowed her head meekly over them, scraped the clay from them with a piece of stick, then wiped them with a damp cloth, then put some hot cinders inside, shook them out again, and brought the shoes to her master. He received them without a word of thanks. This gave me some pain, and I soon after took my leave. Michel's wife, remembering, I suppose, the habits of her youth, accompanied me to the end of the court that lay before the door. I took this opportunity of saying that since she had learned to humble herself before a man, and do the duty of a wife so meekly, I felt sure she would some day learn to humble herself before God, who abaseth the proud and lifteth up the lowly.

"What think you was the answer I received from this keen spirit nursed upon the wit of Messieurs Volney, D'Alembert, and Voltaire?

"'Monsieur,' says she, 'there are curés who can only talk religion; there are some who can also talk reason; you are one of the happy few who can talk reason if you choose, for you have been a man of the world. If it is all the same to you, pray, when you do me the honor to converse with me, don't talk religion; talk sense.'

"'I consent, madame,' said I, sorrowfully; 'but you must permit me to pray for you.'

"About a fortnight after this I met the champion. He was going to a neighboring fair, dressed in his Sunday clothes. I asked him if he was going to compete for the prize for wrestling, as usual. He said: 'No; this time it's more serious. My mother has at last paid me the eight hundred francs she has long promised me, and I am going to buy a cottage and a bit of emigrant's land—house and farm. There my wife and I shall keep house alone. The truth is, monsieur le curé,' said he, 'that the women can't agree at home: my mother despises my wife, and my wife hates my mother. We shall do better apart.'

"I had my doubts on that point, and thought both husband and wife equally unfitted for the labor and self-denial that lay before them; but I kept that to myself, and all I did was to warn this confident young man against the temptations of the fair.

"'Have no fear,' said he; and went away full of buoyant confidence.

"That very evening he called at my house, pale and agitated, and told me a different tale. He had been induced to gamble for a small sum, in order, he said, to buy his wife a gold chain; he had lost it, and his wild endeavors to recover it

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by the same unlikely means had thrown away his little fortune. One virtue the poor fellow had—filial reverence. He told me with tears in his eyes of all his mother's goodness and self-denial, and he said that he couldn't face her and tell her he had wasted in a day what had cost her four years to save. He spoke of leaving the country, and begged me to carry her his penitence and shame. I said, 'My son, I'll do better: I will take you to her, and show you the depth of a mother's love.'

"Well, at last I prevailed on him to come with me to the house, but he couldn't be induced to come in until I had made his confession for him. As I expected, the mother said: 'Poor foolish boy! Just tell him to come in to his supper; his mother's arms shall not be closed to him.' So I brought him in. The others received him in grim silence, but the old woman merely said: 'Why, Michel, it's a pity you had not more sense; but 'tis your own money you have lost, and no one else has a right to complain. This house is always open to you.' Then finding his wife dead silent and terribly pale, he went to her to make his peace with her; but she started back from him and said: 'Don't you come near me, you vile prodigal and madman. You've condemned me to live all my life with these people, who hate me, and I hate them with all my heart.' As an outrageous quarrel was clearly impending, I withdrew; but something—I know not what—induced me to wait at a little distance, and pray for the peace of this ill-assorted couple. Alas! I had better have staid; for, as I learned from the others, that angry wife reproached him and taunted him in her fury till he actually raised his huge hand and struck her on the face.

"She was stunned at first, I heard, but soon uttered a wild cry of anguish and frenzy, and catching up, with a woman's strange intent, some embroidery she had been working upon, she turned round and cursed them all.

"'Rot on your dunghill, all of you!' she cried, and tore open the door and dashed out.

"Then the old woman cried, 'Mind, Michel, she will disgrace you;' and he dashed after her.

"Unluckily she stumbled over something in the yard, and I saw the swift-footed champion overtake her, and seize her, and drag her back toward the house. She screamed, she struggled, in vain; but at last by a furious effort she half freed herself for a moment, and I saw her lift her hand high and then strike the man on the breast. At this moment I was coming forward to interfere.

"To my surprise, the giant uttered a cry of dismay, and staggered away from her, and burst headlong into the house. To be sure, the blow was furious; but it was only a woman's hand that struck, and I saw no weapon in that hand. As for her, she rushed the other way, and I think would have passed me without notice but that I uttered an ejaculation of pity and concern; then she stopped and glared at me, and I must tell you that I then noticed something which Monsieur De Pontarlais has already drawn attention to—the whites of her eyes showed themselves to me in the moonlight with a strange and, I may say, a terrible expression—the expression of some infuriated wild animal. 'He struck me!' she cried. 'He struck me! the woman who gave up all for him, and braved a father's curse. My curse and my father's be on *him*, and all his brood!' With that she darted past me and disappeared.

"After a moment's hesitation I felt it my duty to enter the house, and make some sort of endeavor, however hopeless, to repair the mischief; indeed, I was prepared to use all the authority my office gave me, and take part with great severity against this ruffian, and all the rest who by their animosity had paved the way for this abominable outrage.

"Well, I went in at the open door; I found the champion leaning with his back against the wall, rolling his eyes as if in pain, and groaning loudly. The situation seemed to amuse his brother; at least that person was jeering him for not being able to bring his wife back by force. 'You'll win no more prizes for wrestling at the fair.'

"'No,' said the colossus; 'I'm done for'; and with that, still groaning, he seemed to sink half down by the wall, and his hands grasped wildly at his breast.

"Then I looked, and saw something that began to give me a terrible misgiving. Being in his gala dress, he had on a white shirt, and in the middle of his ample bosom was something that had first looked like a very large stud or breastpin made of mother-of-pearl.

"Round this thing was a thin circle of

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red, fine as a hair, and this red circle I saw enlarging. My experience in the army told me how serious this was, and I cried, 'Silence! the man is stabbed, and is bleeding internally.' As these words left my lips, the poor champion sunk to the ground, and gasped out once more, 'Je suis un homme perdu.' In a moment they were all around him, and after a few hurried words, with his mother's consent I took on me to draw the weapon out from the wound. It was an instrument ladies used in that day for embroidery. I think they opened a passage for the needle with it. The whole instrument was not four inches long, and the steel portion of it scarcely three inches; but a woman's hand had driven it home so keenly that even a portion of the handle had entered the wound. When I withdrew this insignificant but fatal weapon, the champion gave a sigh of relief. He then ceased to bleed inwardly, but immediately the blood spurted and poured out of him through that small aperture. All attempts to stanch it were vain, and indeed were useless, for his fate was to bleed to death either inwardly with pain or outwardly without pain. I told them all that, very gravely, and as tenderly as I could. Then the poor wretches burst out into imprecations on the woman that had brought him to that. Then I put on for the first time the authority of the Church. I took out my crucifix, and I ordered them all, even the mother who bore him, from the room. That grand body, so full of blood, of strength, and youth, resisted long the fatal drain, and God gave me time to do His work. The dying man confessed his sins; he owned the justice of this fatal blow, since he had raised his hand against the weak creature he had vowed to protect and cherish; he blessed his mother and his brother, and forgave his wife. Then I gave him absolution with all my heart and conscience, and he died in peace.

"Ah, my friends, who that had seen this could pride himself on youth and superior strength? Here was the champion of all those parts lying on his own floor, surrounded by the jugs and mugs and plates he had won by conquering the other Samsons of the district, felled by a woman's hand armed with a bare bodkin.

"I spare you, my friends, the mother's agony and all the sorrow of the house—sorrow that didn't soften the hatred, and that you can not wonder at. They set the emissaries of justice upon the culprit's track, and she was easily found, for no sooner did she hear the fatal news than she gave herself up to the law. She was tried at Marseilles, and it's a wonder to me that my good friend here does not remember that trial, for it caused no little sensation at the time. The friends of the deceased, and the mother especially, urged the prosecution with the utmost bitterness. The old woman, indeed, said that nothing could console her for the loss of her son but to see the murderess's head roll in the basket of the executioner. I was at the trial, and I remember little of it except the few words spoken by the accused; those words seem somehow graven in my memory. She wore a peasant's dress, but her demeanor was that of a noble; she was depressed, but dignified and patient; never interrupted, and never complained. When her time came to speak in her defense, she said:

"'Citizens, the public accuser has told you I killed my husband, and that, alas! is too true; but he has told you I killed him maliciously, and there he is quite mistaken. My husband was my all. I gave up father, friends, rank, wealth, everything, for him, and I loved him dearly. He gave me a bitter provocation, and I reproached him cruelly. Then he struck me barbarously. What did I do? Did I seize some deadly weapon and strike him in return? No. I merely fled; and if he had let me escape, this calamity would never have occurred. But he caught me, and seized me, and was dragging me back to a house where every man and woman was my enemy. My passion was great, I admit, but my fear was greater, and in fear I struck, not malice. Did I seek some deadly weapon? No; I struck with what was in my hand, scarcely knowing at the time what was in my hand. I believe that when the weak are attacked with overpowering strength they are permitted to make matters equal with some weapon. But can you call that puny instrument of woman's art a weapon? Was ever a strong man slain with such a thing before? My husband died by the finger of God; I was the unhappy instrument; and I am his truest mourner, and shall mourn him when all else have forgotten him. Even his mother has another son, but he was my all in this world. I say these things because they are the truth, not to avert punishment. How can you punish me? Imprisonment can not add

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to my misery, and death would end it. Therefore I ask no mercy: be just.'

"Before these words, and their sad and noble delivery, the charge of willful homicide dissolved away. The prisoner was condemned to two years' seclusion in a religious house.

"I visited there many times; and found her a changed woman. Her heart was broken and contrite; she wept for hours together, and in time she found consolation. Great was now her humility. When she regained her liberty I became her director.

"The penance I inflicted was—obscurity. For many years she has gained her own living under another name, and never revealed the story of her life. Some people say, with a sneer, 'The greater the sinner, the greater the saint.' But there is truth in it. Men can go on sinning within certain bounds all their lives, and not feel themselves sinners; but when they commit a crime, the world helps them to undeceive themselves, and penitence enters when self-deception retires. That criminal has long been a truly pious woman, humble, industrious, faithful, self-denying, and full of Christian charity. On earth she is obscure by choice; but methinks her seat will be high in heaven."

The good curé's words melted us all; and now we all desired to know her in her humble condition and alleviate her lot.

But the curé would not hear of it. "No," said he. "This is a secret of the confessional. She is vowed to obscurity, and she must persevere to the end. But if you, Monsieur De Pontarlais, can forgive her the pain she once caused you, that would be a comfort to her."

"Ah! poor soul, with all my heart," cried he, and put his handkerchief to his eyes.

After this narrative and these reflections we none of us felt disposed for small-talk, and we soon retired to bed, all but the good curé, who was summoned hastily to Catherine's bedside by Suzon. That night the house seemed to me strangely unquiet. I was awakened several times by hurrying to and fro. But sleep soon comes again to careless youth. In the morning I found Suzon in tears, and my uncle himself very sad: the faithful Catherine was dead.

After breakfast the curé requested us to witness the official document he had to prepare on that melancholy occasion. He handed it to us with this remark: "The confessional has no secrets now." Judge my surprise when I read these words: "Died, the 10th day of July, 1821, of general prostration, Irène de Groucy, widow of Michel Flaubert."

My uncle took the picture down. "I prefer," said he, "to think of my poor faithful Catherine as she was." I was of the same mind. But when my dear uncle died, and it became my own, I hung it again in a room I frequented but little.

Lately, in the decline of my own life, drawing near to that place where beautiful souls shall be highest, I have given the once-loved picture a place of honor. Being so strange a reminiscence of my youth, I think sometimes of poor Catherine viewing her own picture with such grace, dignity, and pious humility; and I expect to find that white-robed saint more beautiful by far than the picture which so fascinated me.

THE GODMOTHER'S GIFT.

BESIDE the baby's cradle
She sat the whole night long,
To lay upon his little lips
The kisses six of Song.

"This is the kiss shall make him long
To drink," she softly sighed,
"The fount of Beauty with the thirst
That ne'er is satisfied.

"This is the kiss shall ope the eye
And stimulate the brain
To see what others never saw,
And he can ne'er attain.

"This is the kiss shall charm his lips
So that his whole life long
There honey-bees of thought shall hive
The stinging sweets of Song.

"And here the kiss of Wandering
I print on feet and breast,
That he may for possession have
Desire and unrest.

"And this shall be the kiss of Love,
His life to consecrate
To her that shall be lost too soon,
Or be found out too late.

"These are the kisses five I give
My baby in his sleep;
The sixth, and sacredest of all,
A little while I keep.

"And he shall never know, or, known,
It never shall be told,
Which sweeter is—the kiss I give,
Or the kiss that I withhold."

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THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

A MORALITY PLAY.

SCENE.—The Wilderness near Jericho.

Enter Hassan ben Titus, *the traveller, with a large bag.*

Titus. Down from Jerusalem, the Holy City
Of men who nourish other creeds than mine,
I come with merchandise for Jericho.
There do I hope good profit soon to make;
And then returning to my wife at home,
With her feast gladly, while our children dance
And sing, until again I must go forth.
But now my old horse wearies with my pack,
So I'll lie down, and rest us for a while.
[*He lies down, and falls asleep.*

Enter three Thieves.

The leading Thief *beareth a pike, and speaketh for the rest.*

Thief. This is the man we've tracked for many a league,
Till his camel died, and then an old horse bore him;
And here asleep he lies, and dreams away fatigue,
So we'll search his pack, and little we'll restore him.
[*The* Thieves *approach* Titus *to seize the bag cunningly, but* Titus *awaketh,* Minstrels *playing softly without.*
Titus. Where is my wife?—she is not by me sleeping.
Where are my children, that played around my knee?
I have dreamed a dream of rats and bears and foxes.
O guardians of my house, what is it I do see?
Thief. We are the bears, the rats, the hungry foxes:
This is no dream, but bright reality.
Open your bag's mouth, and on the sand outpour it,
That we may pick and choose the best things there may be.
Titus (*starting up*). Good sirs, ye would not thieve,
And me and mine bereave?
Ye would not be so base,
In such a lonely place,
To leave me to sigh and to sob?
Thief (*making an ill face*). Oh no; you'd think it meet
We should fleece you in a street,
And so be stoned to death by the mob.
[*He striketh* Titus, *first with the handle and then with the point of the pike.*
Titus. Oh, mercy! Spare this flesh, these bones.
Think of my wife and little ones.
Beware the orphans' and the widow's curse.
Thief. We'll take your pack, for better or for worse.
[*The* Thieves *open the pack, and empty out the contents upon the sand.*
Thief. Raiment, and jewels, and physic, and dates,
A cake made of rice, some wrought silver plates,
And a gourd full of wine. [*He drinketh.*] I have often had worse.
A half-feed of corn. But where is your horse?
Titus. Spare me mine horse, and I'll haste to my home.
Thief. You shall haste there without him.
[*He woundeth* Titus.
Titus. My last home I find.
[*He falleth, bleeding.*
Mine eyes clot with darkness,
Mine ears scream with wind,
And my bones, scattered bare,
Will turn white in the air,
And never be laid in a tomb.
[*He fainteth, as if dead.*
Thief. Let us pull off his raiment,
As 'twere his last payment,
Leaving naught for the next thieves that come.
[*The* Thieves *strip* Titus, *and put his clothes, with everything else, into the bag.*
Should we keep the horse? No, no.
But our pack the beast shall carry
Within sight of Jericho;
And then, no time to tarry,
I think we'd better kill him,
As he's neither young nor stanch.
But if we want a meal,
A good cut from his haunch
To a hungry man were veal.

Trio of Thieves.

First of all, let's drink the wine—
The whole booty's mine and thine;
And as each of us can bear
His own fair-meted share,
Let's enjoy our present gains,
And laugh at coming pains—
The wants and all the cares that may cross flesh.
So away to yonder tree,
Kill the peddler's beast with glee,
Kindle roasting fire, and dine on honest horse-flesh.
[*The* Thieves *go away, carrying the pack,* Minstrels, *without, playing cheerfully awhile.*

Minstrels, *without, now play a doleful air. Enter a learned* Doctor *and a* Pharisee.

Pharisee. This lonely spot befits our high discourse—
Beyond the reach of common ears and brains.
Doctor. Our doctrine and our law we must enforce
On all the tribes of Israel; yea, and all
Of other lands who pass within our gates.
Verily the heathen shall not dwell among us.
But what lies here? A naked, wounded man,
And, by his features, one of pagan race.
The other side were much the cleanlier way.
[*The* Pharisee *and the* Doctor *cross over, and exeunt.*

Minstrels, *without, now play cheerfully. Enter a* Levite, *who weareth a smiling countenance.*

Levite. The tithes of corn, of fruit, and of cattle

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Throughout the fair country of Israel
Are sweeter to me than the choristers' prattle,
Though they sing to their psalteries never so well.
What's this? 'Tis a man—has been wounded in battle,
Or slain on his journey, or fainting he fell,
And robbers have speared him and peeled off his shell.
Perhaps he may wake with a cry or throat rattle.
But of mine 'tis no business his fortune to tell,
Proximus sum egomet mihi, sirs;
Omnes melius esse, my masters;
Sibi malunt quam alteri. Truly, sirs,
Only fools share another's disasters.
[*The* Levite *crosses over to the other side, and exit.*

(*The spectators of this Morality Play are now instructed by a placard that here falleth a shower of rain, while* Minstrels *are playing, and voices of unseen* Choristers *are singing,* "*Magna est caritas, et prævalebit.*")

Enter a Samaritan. *He hasteneth toward* Titus, *and kneeleth beside him.*

Samaritan. Poor wounded one, here lying on the sand
Naked and bleeding! Who hath wrought this deed?
Cold are his hands and feet, and cold as death
The region of the heart. But yet it beats,
Faintly and slowly; therefore he's not dead.
Into his wounds this healing drug I'll pour,
And in my warm cloak fold his pallid limbs.
His pulse beats stronger, and with sighs and moans
He opens now his sadly wondering eyes
That stare up at me. Look; I am thy friend,
Thy brother come to help thee in thy need.
Take wine, poor traveller, and take comfort too,
For all the worst of thy mishaps have passed.

Five Soldiers *are seen by the spectators to cross over at the back with the three* Thieves, *bearing between them the pack they had stolen, and exeunt.*

Titus. Thanks, kindly stranger; but thou dost not know
I am not of thy creed.
Samaritan. Nor care to know.
Titus. Thanks from my heart; and may the God you serve
Forgive you for this act, restoring life
To one of Islam's children.
Samaritan. Come, my brother,
Thou art in want of other things than creeds.
Rise; lean on me. My camel is hard by;
I'll place you on him; and we'll find an inn
That's not far distant, where I will arrange
They shall take care of you. All you have lost
Shall soon be yours again. Come, lean on me.
[*They go out slowly,* Minstrels, *unseen, playing very softly.*

An Angel *in a loose white robe now seemeth to descend.*

Angel. Thou charitable man, beloved of Heaven,
Whose heart, considering only of one thing—
A fellow-creature's need—wasteth no thought
On spots of earth where different creeds take root,
Nor what the fruitage of his cultured prayers;
Thou charitable man, whose Christian eye
Views others' sufferings as they were his own,
Whose Christ-like hand, to all in need extended,
Toucheth life's secret springs, engendering thus
Magnetic brotherhood with all mankind—
Thy deeds are registered in Creation's Book,
Dread volumes, weightier than a thousand worlds,
Cleft into trembling leaves, and writ in fire.
One Eye alone deciphers ere they melt
Within the Eternal Memory. Such acts
Are first 'midst those which God approves as best,
And thy reward shall follow thee through life.
E'en as a halo round thy heathen brows,
A happy influence and a secret joy,
A comfort to thy steps, and the last sight
Thine eyes shall take of those most loved on earth.
Man's elements are mixed mysteriously,
And to be good amidst a world of ill,
To all though open, is attained by few,
Who, growing out of nature as a tree
Out of the earth, take all their nutriment,
Their sap, form, strength, leaves, blossom, and their fruit,
Fresh from their Maker's hand, expand their arms
To all the quarters of His generant air,
Look up, and seek the heavens evermore,
Their starry birthright and their natural home.
[*The* Angel *seemeth to melt away in soft clouds of sparkling snow,* Minstrels, *unseen, playing holy music.*

THE HOHENZOLLERNS.

THE dynasty of the Hohenzollerns in Prussia has a greater antiquity than any other of the chief reigning houses of Europe; for although they did not receive their sceptre at the hands of Sigismond until the early part of the fifteenth century, they have transmitted it, without interruption and without dispute, during the whole subsequent period. How different within that time have been the fortunes of many other royal houses! In England the succession has been so often changed by force and by law that the principle of hereditary right is become a mere tradition of Tory jurists. The quarrels of rival pretenders in Spain have wasted the splendid legacy of Ferdinand and Isabella. The Bourbons have twice acquired and twice lost the throne of France. The ancestors of the Romanoffs

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had just become domiciled in Russia as subjects of the Tartar Czars, the Turks were still besieging Constantinople, and the family of Hapsburg-Lorraine had not entered the peerage of Europe, when Burggrave Frederic of Hohenzollern became Margrave and Elector of Brandenburg.

Antiquity, undisturbed possession, and the implied consent of their subjects are titles on which the Hohenzollerns rest a strong claim to the legitimacy of their power. They themselves, and the present King not less than his ancestors, call this "divine right"; and divine right it doubtless is, if the term be taken in the sense of the poetical maxim which sees God's justice in every successful cause, that maxim which covers with a veil of oracular respectability a most vulgar and degrading form of fatalism. His Majesty King William I. means something widely different from this when he speaks of his divine right; and it is doubtful if even a pious man like himself would recognize the hand of Providence in a revolution which should drive him from the throne. But the phrase as used by him is even less accurately descriptive of the actual transaction by which his family acquired possession of Prussia than Mr. Pope's jingling fallacy. The divine right of the King is precisely the same as that of a mortgagee who forecloses on an estate when his debt becomes due. His Majesty's title is good, but it is the title of Mr. Solomons the pawnbroker to the unredeemed trinkets of gold and silver and brass which glitter in his shop windows.

The family take their name from the heights of Zollern—Hohen-Zollern—the ancestral seat in the Suabian Alps; and they first appear in positive history about the time that the Emperor Henry IV. was making his penitent pilgrimage to the papal court at Canossa. Beyond this all is conjecture. But conjecture is free; and while the loyal and learned Dr. Cernitius, the first biographer of the race, connects his heroes with the noble Italian family of Colonna, the Elector Albert Achilles, more ambitious and less prudent, boldly placed his ancestors among the fugitives who followed Æneas from Troy. As a myth, this is perhaps as good as any other; but the historian can trace the house back safely only about eight hundred years, or to the middle of the eleventh century. A hundred years later the Count of Zollern became, by a fortunate marriage, Burggrave of Nuremberg. The family thus reunited extensive possessions throughout Germany; and though not Electors, the Counts were grandees, and powerful grandees, of the Empire. What their own contemporaries thought of them is fortunately not known — fortunately, because it leaves their panegyrists at liberty to ascribe to them all manner of virtues—fidelity, moderation, courage, piety, even learning; while it is notorious that their neighbors were brawling and dissolute barons, robbing peasants and traders, flaying Jews, and transferring their feudal allegiance with politic fidelity from one pretender to another in the Empire. But the remarkable virtues of this family were not long preserved under the control of a single head. The two sons of Frederic, first Burggrave of Nuremberg, made a partition of their inheritance, one of them retaining Nuremberg and the burggraviate; the other, the older possessions in Suabia. It is from the first of these that the present royal family of Prussia is descended, the line being represented early in the fifteenth century by Burggrave Frederic VI.

At the time of his accession the principality of Brandenburg had sunk into a deplorable condition. On the extinction of the Anhalt or Ascanian dynasty, which had reconquered and settled and for two centuries wisely governed the country, it had reverted under feudal law to the Empire, and the Emperor Louis, of the house of Bavaria, bestowed it upon his own sons. Those worthy princes squandered its revenues, sold or otherwise lost considerable portions of the territory itself, and finally, when their father was deposed from his imperial office, the Mark of Brandenburg was also acquired by his successful rival, Charles IV. of Moravia. From him it passed in like manner to his sons Wenzel and Sigismond, and the latter pawned it again to his cousin Jobst or Justus. Under these rulers the old policy of the Bavarians was resumed, with even aggravated features, so that when Sigismond became Emperor he found himself burdened with a heavy debt for the Mark. Frederic VI. of Hohenzollern, Burggrave of Nuremberg, was a capitalist, and not averse to loaning his money. One hundred thousand Hungarian guldens replenished the needy purse of Sigismond, and for security the thrifty Burggrave took a mortgage on

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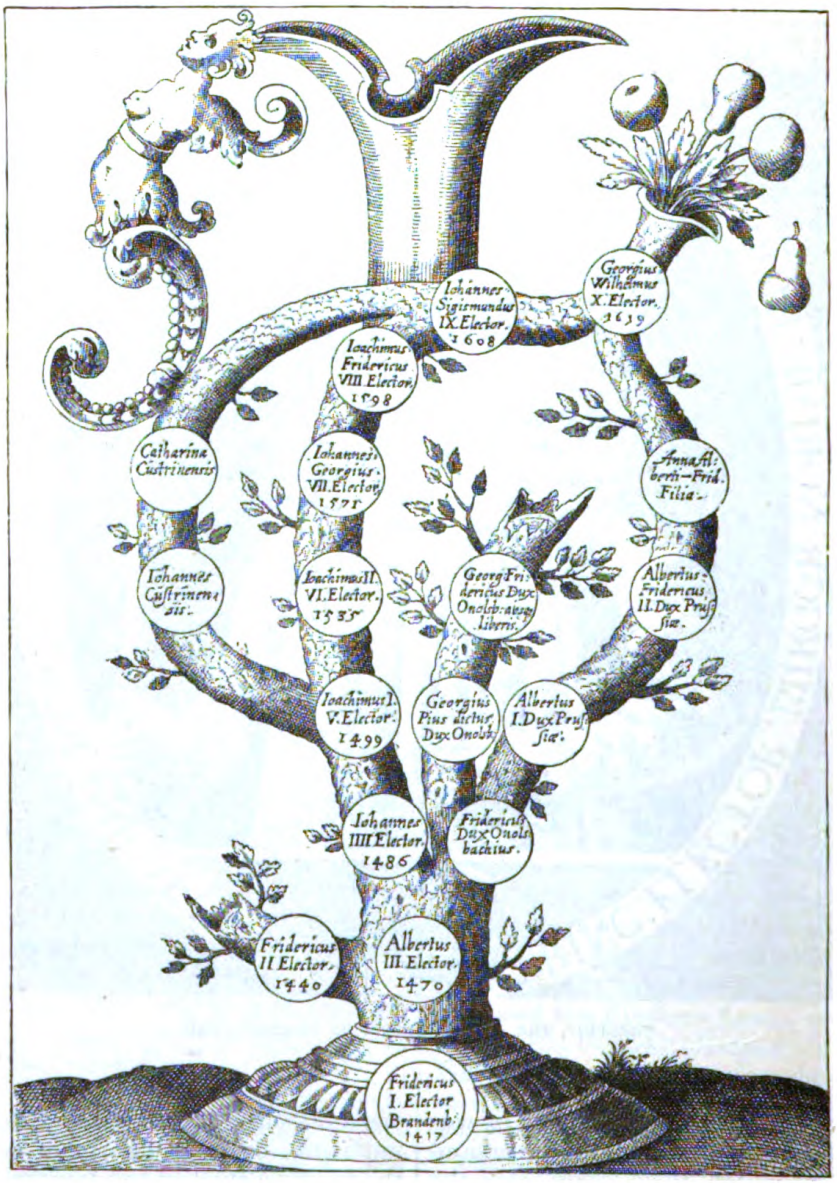
FREDERIC, THE FIRST ELECTOR OF BRANDENBURG.

the Mark of Brandenburg. In 1411 he was installed as administrator of his reversionary estate, of which, three years later, the debt not being paid, he acquired full possession, with the title of Margrave, and the privileges of an Elector of the Empire. In 1417 the formal investiture took place, and Frederic VI. of Nuremberg became Frederic I. of Brandenburg.

The new Elector had to restore order, to restore the finances, to restore the electoral authority, and in this he succeeded fairly well. A diplomatist as well as a soldier, he used intrigue and force, he bribed and crushed; and the barons especially, who during the practical interregnum of a century had degenerated into mere bandits, were driven to their castles, and taught the meaning of the new era. Frederic attended the Council of Constance, where, instead of being like Sigismond *super grammaticam*, he is said to have been one of the most learned of the lay members. It is also believed that he endeavored to save Huss from the stake.

Frederic died in 1440. His last act was the least sagacious of his life, for his deathbed testament provided, in violation of the Golden Bull, for a division of his possessions between his four sons. The two Frederics, the second and fourth sons, were to have the Mark; the other two, John and Albert, the Franconian territory. But the self-abnegation of the brothers themselves averted the worst consequences of this measure. The younger Frederic and John waived their respective claims, and thus left instead of four only two dynasties, Frederic II. in Brandenburg, and Albert in Nuremberg. In

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THE HOHENZOLLERNS FROM THE FIRST TO THE TENTH ELECTOR.

1471 the former died, and the latter once more reunited the entire dominions of the family. Under Albert his son John was left as governor in Brandenburg.

We now begin to meet a series of classical by-names given to the successive Electors by their fond contemporaries, and presumably descriptive of their leading virtues. Frederic II. was Frederic the Iron; Albert was Achilles; John, John Cicero; Joachim, the Nestor, and so on. Frederic showed his iron firmness in disciplining the towns as his father had disciplined the nobles, and his greatest achievement was the forcible seizure of a square in the city of Berlin, on which he began the erection of a castle, the nucleus of the present royal castle on the Spree. Up to that time Tangermünde, on the Elbe, had been the favorite seat of the Margraves, and the modest "Schloss" there was their first palace. Albert Achilles was the great soldier of the family, and one of the most famous in Germany. He was the hero of every tournament, the victor in every battle, the generalissimo in many imperial wars. In him the warrior clearly predominated over the statesman; but that

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he was not destitute of political wisdom is shown by the so-called "House Ordinance," which he left for the future government of his family. By this he separated forever the Brandenburg and the Franconian possessions, and established in each the law of primogeniture. Mr. Hallam calls this the earliest formal promulgation of that principle. In 1486 he died, and was succeeded as Elector of Brandenburg by John, the Teutonic Cicero. John was eloquent, but he was likewise a man of action. He subdued some fresh insurrections of the nobles, hung a few of them, and procured from his Estates the grant of an excise on beer—the earliest tax of the kind in the mark.

With Joachim begins the sixteenth century, the century of the Reformation. Nestor is the Homeric type of a wise man; and Joachim, if not wise, was at least learned, and a friend of learning. He improved the parish schools, founded the University of Frankfort on the Oder, established a high court of appeals (the "Kammergericht"), and introduced the Roman law. But his sagacity fell short of perceiving the force and significance of Luther's great religious revolt. His brother Albert was the notorious Archbishop of Mayence, the friend of Tetzel, to whom, under Joachim's influence, the University of Frankfort gave an honorary doctorate. The Elector's own wife, Elizabeth, embraced the reformed faith, and was sent into exile. His sons were secretly Protestants. His people, and even many of his clergy, joined the great army of heretics; and all over the Mark former Catholics were demolishing images, reading the unexpurgated Bible, and partaking of the sacrament in both kinds. Joachim alone clung to the faith of his fathers.

Joachim II., son of Nestor, found the Reformation already prepared for him on his accession. In 1539 it was formally proclaimed. The exiled Elizabeth was recalled to her son's court, where she had, however, the society of other ladies, Protestants like herself, but otherwise less estimable. As in other countries, the Reformation was also followed in Brandenburg by the confiscation of much of the Church property, especially that of the monasteries. By this measure the crown acquired a considerable increase of resources, and thereby of prestige and power. But Joachim was a spendthrift, and during his reign but little benefit was reaped from the new revenues. His son and successor, John George, was a man of a different stamp, and was, in fact, called "Œconom"—the steward—because of his frugal and systematic methods. He redeemed the



ELECTOR GEORGE WILLIAM.

crown domains, which his father had pledged for loans, recovered the revenues, which had been farmed out to speculators, reduced the expenses of the household, and made many reforms in the machinery of administration; but his resolute spirit of thrift led him into measures which were often harsh and sometimes unjust.

The two succeeding princes, Joachim Frederic (1597–1608) and John Sigismond (1608–1619), were not distinguished by any striking personal qualities, although the Prussian school histories give them the excellent character uniformly ascribed to the Hohenzollerns. Nor were their reigns marked by any noteworthy events. John Sigismond did, indeed, create no small sensation by exchanging the Lutheran for the Calvinist faith, which henceforth remained the religion of the family, and the apostasy led to important political embarrassments. But in this age of toleration or indifference the change from Luther to Calvin, since especially the example of the prince was not followed by the people, seems less momentous than it apparently did in the seventeenth century. Some important territorial acqui-

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sitions were, however, made during this period. To one of these is owing the circumstance that the present kingdom is called Prussia instead of Brandenburg, and it will conduce to a better knowledge of the rise of the Hohenzollerns if we now briefly review the course of territorial growth.

The original grant to the first Ascanian Margrave, Albert the Bear, comprised only a small district lying along the Elbe and the Havel, and having as chief places the towns of Stendal, Salzwedel, and Havelberg. The settlement of Brandenburg was afterward acquired, and the old name of North Mark was dropped for that of Mark of Brandenburg. Other conquests were gradually made toward the north and east, considerable districts were purchased, and some were brought in as the wedding portions of brides who married into the family. But what one Margrave gained an unworthy successor might lose; and, on the whole, the extent of the Mark when acquired by the Hohenzollerns was considerably less than at some earlier periods. They began, however, to recover the lost territory, and even to make new acquisitions. The New Mark, of which Cüstrin was the capital, reverted to John George on the death of his uncle, and was reunited to the Mark. John Sigismond acquired a claim of disputed validity to the district known as Jülich-Cleve, along the Rhine, below Cologne. Other claimants arose, and the dispute continued until after the Peace of Westphalia; but eventually a large share of the territory was permanently retained. But a more important acquisition was that of the Duchy of Prussia, which occurred during the reign of John Sigismond. The history of the transaction is interesting. We must relate it in a few lines.

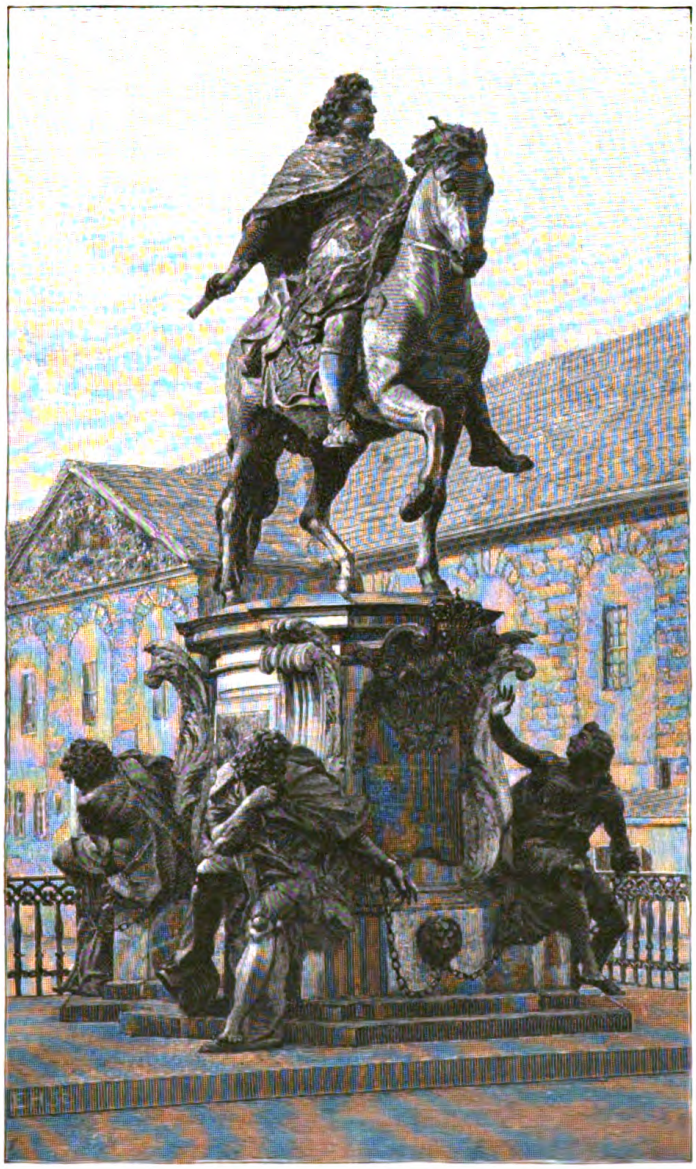
The country in question lies along the coast of the Baltic, east of the river Vistula. The natives—the Prussians, or Po-Russians—were Slavs by race, heathen by religion, fishermen and hunters by occupation; and they were ever ready to fight, and fight bravely, for their religion, their homes, and their independence. But the Church could not tolerate their religion, and sought to carry them the Gospel of Peace on the point of the sword. With the sword the barbarians resisted; and more than one pious expedition marched into fatal disaster. At length it was determined to call in the Teutonic Knights —an order of chivalry founded during the Crusades, and in the early part of the thirteenth century settled without employment at Venice. Those zealous adventurers responded with eagerness to the appeal. They received a grant of the country from the Pope and the Emperor, set about the conquest with energy and method, and eventually subdued the natives under their authority and that of the Church. For two centuries they governed well. The country was prosperous, and the knights, though a privileged caste, averse to labor, set at least an example of temperance and equity. But luxury and idleness began finally to work their effects, and by the fifteenth century the knights had lost their habits of sobriety, their sense of justice, their valor and skill in battle. In wars with Poland they were repeatedly unsuccessful, and paid for their defeats by the loss of territory. The post of Grand Master of the order went begging all over Europe. It had ceased to be a post either of honor or of power. But early in the sixteenth century the choice fell upon Albert of Hohenzollern, of the Nuremberg branch of the family, and he accepted, with the resolution to restore the wasted fortunes of the colony. The task was difficult. The princes of the Empire, to whom Albert applied for help, gave only advice. Martin Luther, whom he consulted, also gave advice, and on that he acted. He adopted the Reformation, secularized the order, and created the Duchy of Prussia, he himself being Duke, and a vassal of the republic of Poland.

With this revolution begins the chain of circumstances which led to the acquisition of the duchy by Albert's kinsmen of Brandenburg. It will suffice to say that in 1569 the right of succession in the duchy, on the failure of direct heirs of Albert, had been secured to the Electors of Brandenburg by treaty with Poland, that in 1618 this contingency arrived, and that John Sigismond, who had a further claim based on his marriage with a granddaughter of Albert, became Duke of Prussia.

John Sigismond enjoyed his new acquisition less than a year, when he left it, together with the grave complications of the Thirty Years' War, to his son George William. But the tenth Elector proved to be a degenerate son of the house. The times called for a prince of resolute character, firm in the Protestant faith; but

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George William was indolent, timid, petulant, vacillating, probably faithless, and he had as chief minister and confidant a bigoted Roman Catholic, one Count Schwarzenberg. It was not, therefore, at an auspicious time for Brandenburg that the patriots of Bohemia rose in revolt, and the great religious struggle began to surge over Germany. The Lutherans affected to look on the war with indifference, as concerning only the Calvinists, not the Protestants generally, and this feeling the Imperialists artfully, and for a time not unsuccessfully, encouraged. Hence, if George William had been disposed to espouse the cause of his brethren, he would have found it difficult, for although he and his family were Calvinists, his subjects were Lutherans, and opposed to action. Neutrality became, therefore, the policy of Brandenburg. But this was the worst of all policies, since it provoked aggressions from both belligerents, led to repeated invasions of the Mark, now by Mansfeld, now by Tilly and Wallenstein, and between them all Brandenburg suf-



THE GREAT ELECTOR'S MONUMENT AT BERLIN.

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KING FREDERIC I.

fered more than the injuries of actual war. And when it became finally necessary to choose sides, the Elector oscillated between the Protestants and the Imperialists, according to the fortunes of the struggle, and as an ally acted invariably a timid and inglorious part. It was not until Gustavus Adolphus appeared before Berlin, and trained his guns on the city, that an end was put to George William's prevarication. But his hesitation was sufficient to delay the intended relief of Magdeburg. While the great Swede was securing his rear by forcing the Elector to an alliance, the city had fallen, and Tilly's ruffians were butchering its heroic defenders. On the death of Gustavus Adolphus the policy of Schwarzenberg again prevailed. Peace was concluded with the Emperor, war was declared against the Swedes, and in this situation George William, dying in 1640, left his dominions to his son.

The new Elector, Frederic William, differed from his father in everything except duplicity, and even duplicity was with him an art rather than a weakness. He was just turning twenty when he came to power, but his judgment was precocious, and achievement followed promptly in the steps of opportunity. He was a picturesque if not quite exemplary character, and, in a sense which is not true of any of his predecessors, may be regarded as the founder of the Prussian state. If the intellectual be considered to the exclusion of the moral qualities, he deserves the title of the Great Elector.

During his minority he spent much of his time in Holland, where he had learned many lessons of practical statesmanship, but had neglected to learn others not less useful and valuable. His attachment to Calvinism was strengthened; and, when he became Elector, peace with the Swedes was at once seen to be the first point in his policy. But this could not be realized until after the dismissal of Schwarzenberg, whom, as Chancellor, Frederic William had inherited from his father, and the astute Jesuit was so strongly fortified in his position that it was a work of some difficulty to dislodge him. When at length the condition of affairs permitted his removal, the measure was effected with such rudeness that the disgraced favorite died of a broken heart. The other schemes adopted by the Elector were the reform of the army and the overthrow of the Diet. The two were closely connected, inasmuch as the increase of the military establishment required an increase of the public taxes, which the Estates were reluctant to grant, and it became, therefore, necessary to raise the money without their consent.

Frederic William called this revolution "establishing the sovereignty." It was, in effect, the subjection of Parliament, the destruction of popular liberty, the introduction of absolute monarchy. It was the same policy which the Stuarts were attempting in England; but with the young Prince of Brandenburg it was a success instead of a failure, and the consequences proved to be momentous for Prussia.

In the mean time the Elector worked the army into efficient shape, and by the time of the meeting of the Congress of Westphalia, had begun to command no little respect from the various belligerents. This was shown by the spoils that he carried away. Minden, Magdeburg, Halberstadt, Rear Pomerania, were valuable accessions of territory; and although much delay and long negotiations preceded their final transfer, the diplomacy of the Elector was fully rewarded by material re-

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sults. Then, these affairs being settled, he resumed the struggle with the Estates in all his different territories.

There was no general Parliament for the entire realm. Each principality—the Mark of Brandenburg, the Duchies of Prussia and of Cleve—had its own corporate existence, its own liberties, its own Estates, and its own Diet. These Diets had grown up, like the English Parliament, from the original elements of Teutonic and feudal society; and if less highly developed and completely organized than the body which sent Charles I. to the scaffold, their rights were as clear and their powers not less comprehensive. Repeated charters confirmed these rights and powers. No war could be declared, no treaty concluded, above all, no new tax imposed, without their assent. And they had a further sanction in the feudal relation—the Estates of Prussia in the suzerainty of Poland, those of Brandenburg and Cleve in the suzerainty of the Emperor. But while the earlier Electors had cheerfully acquiesced in the claims of their Diets, and had co-operated with them in the conduct of public affairs, while the immediate predecessors of Frederic William, though impatient under the yoke, had been powerless to shake it off, he himself was more resolute in his aims, more sagacious in his measures, and more favored by circumstances. In Brandenburg but little resistance was made. The Elector was in possession of a formidable standing army, and after 1653, when the last general Diet met for the Mark, he reigned and ruled like an absolute prince. The people of the Duchy of Prussia made the most stubborn defense; and although they too were finally vanquished—by treachery rather than by force—the history of the struggle is full of heroic incidents, to which unfortunately only a brief reference can be made. The Prussians had conquered their franchises from the Order; their independence was strengthened by their remoteness from the Elector's capital; and while strongly attached by interest and sympathy to the court of Poland, they persisted in regarding the princes of the house of Brandenburg as unlawful intruders in the country. The tie with Poland was first severed, and by the practice of the most astounding duplicity. Sweden and Poland became engaged in war, and Frederic William, by espousing the side now of one, now of the other belligerent, managed to secure from both a recognition of the complete independence of the Duchy of Prussia. The Diet could no longer appeal to Warsaw for help, and was thus already half defeated. The Elector next seized, by a gross breach of faith, Rhode, the champion of the communes, and General Von Kalckstein, the leader of the nobles, and threw them into prison. Then, with an armed force, he occupied the city of Königsberg, and the work was done. His supremacy was acknowledged, the investiture was conferred, and the Diet of Prussia followed that of Brandenburg into oblivion.



FREDERIC WILLIAM I.

This Elector's first military achievement was in the year 1656, when, as the ally of Sweden, he led his troops against the Poles at Warsaw, and by a brilliant charge carried the heights of Praga, in the suburbs of the city. The result was, as we have seen, the sovereignty of Prussia. After an end had been put to all these complications by the Treaty of Oliva in 1660, the Elector's sword languished in its scabbard, or was only drawn, as at Königsberg, against his own subjects, until 1672, when Brandenburg became involved in the wars with Louis XIV., and Brandenburg troops made two or three fruitless campaigns on the Rhine. But while the Elector was at Strasburg with all his troops,

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in 1675, the enterprise of the Swedes gave him an opportunity once more to show his mettle as a soldier. As allies of France, though nominally at peace with Frederic William, they had made a diversion in favor of Louis by invading the Mark with 12,000 men, veterans, whose backs no foe had ever seen. But the Elector accepted the challenge, hastened by forced marches across Germany to his own territories, cut off the retreat of the enemy by bold and arduous manœuvres, and near the village of Fehrbellin, northwest of Berlin, gave them, on the 18th of June, 1675, a bloody and crushing defeat. The victory is one of the most brilliant and famous in the annals of an army which inscribes Rossbach, Sadowa, and Sedan on its standards. The Swedes were driven out of the Mark, but the war continued to rage for several years, and even at the peace the Elector was deprived, by the interference of France, of the expected fruits of his victory. The Swedes were permitted to retain as much of Pomerania as had been given to them by the Treaty of Westphalia.

Warsaw and Fehrbellin are Frederic William's chief military laurels, and they sufficiently prove that he was both a brave and a skillful soldier. His army, though small, was efficient. His lieutenants were the worthy predecessors of Zieten and Blücher. But the Elector was not fond of war, except for its results, and even as to results, his adroit and perfectly unscrupulous diplomacy makes a far better showing than his campaigns. For his duplicity and his usurpations no excuse can be made, although his Prussian apologists cite, of course, the "spirit of the age" in extenuation; but the Elector, nevertheless, had some excellent virtues, both public and private. He was a good administrator, and under his care the finances and every branch of the service were vastly improved. He was a keen judge of men, selected capable subordinates, and gave them his confidence as long as they deserved it. He was, indeed, the author of the Prussian bureaucracy, as well as of the absolutism which it long so efficiently served. His domestic relations were correct and exemplary, though not without their trials. The Elector's first wife was the Princess Louise of Orange, a woman of strong affection and practical domestic taste. Carlyle has made merry over the Dutch cabbage gardens which she planted about Berlin. But she died in 1667, and Frederic William next espoused the widowed Duchess Dorothea of Brunswick, who yielded him several children of her own, and treated those of his first marriage with the usual tenderness of a step-mother. But only one of Louise's four sons, and he the least worthy of all, Frederic, reached manhood.

The virtues and achievements of the Great Elector are commemorated in bronze by one of the finest equestrian statues in Europe, the work of Schlüter. A better, because a simpler, tribute was paid to him by Frederic the Great. Walking one day through the crypt where rest the bones of his ancestors, Frederic paused before the tomb of the Great Elector, and observed to his attendants: "Celui-ci, messieurs, a fait de grandes choses!" He did great things, but he did them in a manner which the moralist must condemn.

Frederic III., son and successor of the Great Elector, is one of the most contemptible personages whom the house of Hohenzollern has produced. He was vain, frivolous, unmanly, and, withal, physically deformed. But the facilities of his age, and the impulses of his own vanity, permitted him to connect his name with one famous and several praiseworthy achievements. He obtained the royal dignity for himself and his successors; he founded the University of Halle and the Prussian Academy of Sciences; he gave aid and encouragement to Leibnitz, Pufendorf, Wolf, Spener, Thomasius, and other ingenious scholars; and he was the husband of Sophia Charlotte.

Indeed, the good fortune last named, the possession of an accomplished and enterprising princess, accounts in large measure for all of Frederic's triumphs, except, perhaps, the acquisition of the crown. That was his own work, and it was one singularly calculated to call forth all of his zeal and energy. But in the encouragement given to learning and letters and art, the Electress was the leader, while her husband was inspired less by intellectual sympathy than by the desire to add lustre to his court.

Sophia Charlotte, Frederic's second wife, was a princess of the house of Hanover, and sister of George I. of England. Her naturally keen and active mind had been developed by an excellent education, and by the advantages of the most intellectual society which Germany afforded. Leibnitz was always a welcome guest at her father's court, and after her marriage

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QUEEN SOPHIA CHARLOTTE.

he gave a great part of his time to Berlin, where Sophia Charlotte continued to propound paradoxes, and quiz him about the causes of things. Refugees from Lutheran and refugees from Catholic intolerance were cordially received and tolerated by the Electress's influence. She patronized Jesuits, and—her kindness being seasoned with a touch of malicious humor—she delighted in betraying Spener and Vota into theological disputes in her drawing-room. She was a firm friend of Schlüter, and to his genius and her management Berlin owes some of its finest monuments and palaces. Besser, Canitz, and other so-called poets found in the Electress a patient listener as they recited their odes and epics. But with all her merits and accomplishments Sophia Charlotte wanted one quality to which Frederic attached a profound importance, so that although he respected and even feared, he hardly admired her. She had no sympathy with the Elector's love for spectacular effect. If a magnificent pageant was organized at the palace, the Electress would absent herself entirely, or commit some solecism and throw everything into confusion, or even break up the whole ceremony by going into open revolt at some critical moment. During the coronation services at Königsberg, which Frederic had exerted all his ingenuity to make solemn and imposing, the Electress laughed behind her husband's great wig, and even took a pinch of snuff at the very point where Frederic expected her to look most grave and decorous. On her death-bed she could not suppress her grim humor.

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"His Majesty will grieve bitterly when you are gone," said an attendant.

"Oh yes," replied the penetrating princess; "but it will give him the chance to get up a magnificent funeral."

A magnificent funeral she received, and —if that could honor the dead—deserved; but not long afterward her inconsolable husband consoled himself by a third wife.

Sophia Charlotte died in 1703. The kingdom was established in 1701; and it is recorded as significant that the Elector himself placed the crown on his head, as if to convey the idea that he owed it only to his own efforts, and not to any earthly potentate. But he had found it prudent first to obtain the consent of the Emperor, for which a long course of negotiations was necessary; and Frederic had to pledge support to the Austrian pretensions in the war of the Spanish succession before the imperial scruples were overcome. The Pope protested, but to no effect. The new King took his title from Prussia instead of Brandenburg, because as Duke of Prussia he was already independent, while as Margrave of Brandenburg he was a vassal of the Empire. It is worthy of mention, too, that after this first original coronation all of the succeeding kings dispensed with the ceremony, except the present King, William, who in 1861 revived it.

The second King, Frederic William I. —1713–1740—recalls, by his virtues and by his vices, his grandfather rather than his father. For letters and art, for elegance and taste, he had a contempt not less strong than for the baser joys of Frederic's life — for pomp, ostentation, pedantry, and dissoluteness. He put an abrupt end to French plays, French mistresses, French dancing-masters. Latin pedagogues were banished from court. Wolf, the professor at Halle, was dismissed for teaching a metaphysical theory of the will, which the King thought would be fatal to discipline in the army. Even music was sternly prohibited, although Sophia Charlotte had counted that art among her various accomplishments, and Frederic, the heir-apparent, was an assiduous performer on the flute. Everything, in short, which had given character to the court of Frederic I.—the pleasant and useful, like the grotesque and noxious—was summarily rooted up and thrown into the street by this inflexible reformer. To these narrow though in part wholesome prejudices were joined not less serious defects of character and deportment. The King was vicious in his temper, coarse and brutal in manner, violent in his methods. His cane was freely used on his domestics, on his soldiers, on his officials; while for women who "left their brats" to gossip on the street he had rebukes always pungent, but not always delicate. The harshest treatment was reserved for his own son, the Prince Royal, Frederic. His flutes were smashed, his Latin books burned; he narrowly escaped shooting for so-called desertion; and though his life was finally spared, it was at the price of imprisonment, a diet of bread and water, and a long series of the most atrocious cruelties. The political maxims of this monarch were even more rigorous than those of his grandfather, the Great Elector. "Ich stablire die souveränetät wie einen rocher von bronce," said he, in the barbarous jargon of the times. And he carried out this purpose with unflinching severity, destroying the few remnants of local and popular liberties, and leaving the government a complete despotism.

Yet, with all these faults, the old King had many virtues, both private and political. His marriage vow was faithfully kept. The prison fare which he prescribed for others he cheerfully accepted for himself. He worked as hard as the meanest subject. Even his frugality, though it seems petty and mean, was a useful change from the prodigality of his father, and produced good effects in the future. As an administrator he was vigilant, prompt, and sagacious. Many practical reforms were made by him in the machinery of government, and the civil servants were bullied and starved into wonderfully efficient instruments. The large army which he organized and trained, though little used by him, fought successfully the battles of his son, while the vast treasures that he amassed paid their cost.

The King had one passion, and one favorite amusement. His passion was for tall soldiers, the famous Grenadiers of the Guard, and to obtain choice specimens all Europe was ransacked, and fabulous prices were paid. His chief recreation was the Tobacco Parliament, a nightly meeting of chosen companions, where smoking and beer-drinking were conducted on a basis of perfect democratic equality, state affairs were discussed with an utter absence

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of restraint, and coarse jokes were exchanged across the table.

Frederic William espoused his cousin Sophia Dorothea, daughter of George I. of England, Elector of Hanover. He left



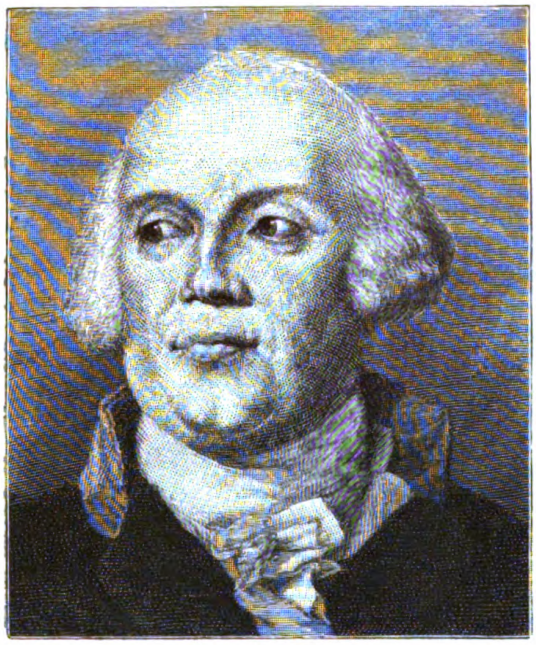
FREDERIC THE GREAT.

several children, Wilhelmine, afterward Margravine of Baireuth, and Frederic, his successor on the throne, being the oldest and the best known.

The character and career of Frederic the Great have been so graphically described in Carlyle's elaborate and popular biography that the reader's general familiarity with the one and the other may reasonably be assumed. No historic personage offers in his composition more numerous and more startling paradoxes than Frederic. No great king ever gave in his youth so little promise of greatness. And few men, whether warriors or statesmen or princes, have found a biographer like Carlyle—a biographer who united so many qualifications for his task, and who, in spite of an extravagant style, and much perverseness of judgment, succeeded in producing one of the most vivid and accurate portraitures in modern literature.

From that gorgeous narrative no incident in Frederic's life, no eccentricity of his character, is omitted. The trials of his childhood; the frivolities of his youth; his skill on the flute; his bad verses; his

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FREDERIC WILLIAM II.



FREDERIC WILLIAM III.

quarrels and reconciliations with Voltaire; his breaches of private friendship; his hypocrisy, cynicism, and perfidy; his industry; his diatribe against Machiavelli, with its unctuous platitudes worthy of Tartuffe; his diplomatic policy, at which even Machiavelli would have shuddered; his military genius; his fortitude under defeats; his parsimoniousness; his executive talent; his unfeeling wit; his strong sense of duty as a ruler; his despotic methods; his skepticism and philosophical liberality—such were some of the vicissitudes in the career and the contrasts in the character of this gifted and singular man.

Intellectually, and in spite of some peculiar defects, Frederic must undoubtedly be called one of the greatest rulers who have ever lived. But in nearly every other respect he was a bad man, and his example pernicious. He had the same contempt for his race which his own biographer has frankly expressed. His feelings were seldom touched either by the sufferings or the rejoicings of his people. He governed with a show of equity, not because it was just, but because it was politic. Even his toleration in matters of religion and opinion proceeded from contempt and indifference rather than from any enlightened sympathy with freedom of thought, of belief, or expression. He enlarged the dominions of Prussia, but the moral disgrace of such a triumph is not yet effaced. His marvellous victories gave renown to the Prussian arms and prestige to the Prussian crown, but the cost was felt for generations afterward. The one redeeming virtue in his character was his affection for his sister Wilhelmine, and this seems to have been thoroughly unselfish and sincere.

A few dates in Frederic's life will give, as it were, a bird's-eye view of his career. He was born in 1712, the year before his grandfather's death, and became king in 1740. Before a twelvemonth had elapsed he began his first war with Austria by the unprovoked and unjustifiable seizure of Silesia—a war which he himself in his *Memoirs* declared to be purely one of ambition. Nearly all Europe became involved in the struggle, which, with a short interval of peace obtained by Prussia, continued until the year 1745. In 1756 began the Seven Years' War, in which Frederic, with only England as an ally, defended himself and saved Silesia against all Europe. Rossbach, Leuthen, Prague, Torgau, Liegnitz, are some of the victories which filled the world with amazement. Kolin, Hochkirchen, Kunersdorf, were disasters from which Frederic recovered with extraordinary rapidity. The war was ended

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by the Peace of Hubertsburg, concluded between Prussia and Austria, the other powers having withdrawn earlier from the contest, in February, 1763. Ten years later, in 1773, occurred the first Partition of Poland. In 1778 the question of the succession in Bavaria once more arrayed Prussia and Austria against each other in the field, but the difficulty was adjusted without any serious fighting. Frederic's last public act was the formation of the so-called Fürstenbund—a league of German princes, Prussia at the head, against the pretensions and aggressions of Austria. The next year, 1786, on the 17th of August, the great King died.



QUEEN LOUISE.—From the Painting by Tischbein.

Watchful and comprehensive as was Frederic's care for the interests of his people, he neglected one important duty of a provident ruler: he furnished the state no heir in his own line. His marriage with a princess of Brunswick was forced upon him by his father against his own inclinations. He treated his unfortunate consort with respect, indeed, but it was a respectful neglect. No children were born, and the throne passed on Frederic's death to his nephew, Frederic William, son of his brother August William.

The exploits of Frederic William II. were those of the harem rather than of the cabinet or the field. His reign (1786–97) is the leading scandal of the house of Hohenzollern. Fat Teutonic Pompadours ruled the state as well as the palace, and the example of the King being followed by the courtiers, and from thence descending to the lower orders, Berlin was the scene during eleven years of uninterrupted and disgraceful orgies. The political enterprises of the time were either wanton acts of spoliation, like the second and third partitions of Poland, or ludicrous failures, like the campaigns against the French Revolution. His Majesty is said to have had good natural parts, but the Prussian historians of the house of Hohenzollern are not distinguished for candor.

The only bright spot in this desert of debauchery was the private and domestic life of the Crown Prince and his excellent consort, Louise of Mecklenburg. But Frederic William III. (1797–1840), though a good man, was a weak prince; and the Napoleonic era offered little chance for imbecility, however amiable and virtuous. Favorably inclined at first toward the French, the King was finally driven by the prayers of his wife, the intrigues of his ministers, and the vain babbling of his young officers into a declaration of war against Napoleon, and in October, 1806, was fought the battle of Jena. The result was a cruel surprise. The military organization, created with so much care, and used with so much effect by the great Frederic, proved utterly worthless before the tactics of Napoleon, and the state lay at the mercy of the conqueror. Then followed the flight to the Russian frontier,

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FREDERIC WILLIAM IV.

the long exile at Memel, the death of the broken-hearted Louise, and at last, in 1813, the uprising, the European alliance, and the battle of Leipsic. The lion was crushed, and Prussia was again free. In the hundred days' campaign and the battle of Waterloo, Blücher and his troops took part, but from 1815 to 1864 no Prussian army looked a serious enemy in the face. The external relations of the state were almost ominously pacific, but in political affairs at home there was no peace, for the people, through resolute leaders, were in vain trying to hold the recreant King to one of the most solemn pledges ever given by a prince on the throne.

In 1815, while the diplomatists at the Congress of Vienna were laboriously working over the problem of European reconstruction, the news came that Napoleon had escaped from Elba, and was again in arms. Once more Frederic William appealed to his people, and knowing that the despotism of his own government weighed not less heavily upon his subjects than that of Napoleon, he promised, on the expulsion of the invaders and the return of peace, to introduce representative institutions and a constitutional *régime*. The engagement was never fulfilled. On various pretexts, not one of which was sound or sincere, the King evaded the obligation of his word, and on his death surrendered, as he had received, the sceptre of an absolute prince.

During the later years of Frederic William's reign the agitation for a charter had been tacitly suspended, in part because it was seen to be hopeless, and in part from sympathy with the King's early trials and old age. But on the accession of his son, Frederic William IV., it was revived with new energy. The fulfillment of the "royal word of Frederic William III." became an urgent and imperative demand. It was thrust upon the King when he went about to salute his subjects, was presented by deputations, and was formulated in thousands of newspapers and pamphlets. The King, though not without some showy and captivating gifts, was a pedant in culture, a bigot in religion, a fanatic in politics; and the cry for reform, so long as it was merely a cry, only fortified him in his course of reaction. But he was even more timid than he was obstinate, and when the revolutionary wave of 1848 broke over Germany it promptly swept away the poor King's fantastic theories of divine right and arbitrary power. It is true that the insurrection in Berlin was suppressed. The King, faithful to his principles, refused the imperial crown because it was offered by the people instead of the princes of Germany. Such concessions as he made were meagre in extent and ungracious in manner. But a constitution was obtained by Prussia, and though since often modified, and at one time openly violated, it remains still the fundamental law of the state.

Frederic William married Elizabeth of Bavaria, who adopted Protestantism, but made it as ritualistic as possible; had preposterous notions of her husband's prerogative and her own position; and being a friend of all the moralities, inspired the police to vex the public by a great variety of artful and arbitrary regulations. The worthy pair had no children, and the tongue of scandal did not neglect the circumstance. In 1858 Frederic William had a stroke of paralysis, followed by softening of the brain, and his brother William was appointed regent. Three years later he succeeded to the throne as William I.

He was made of sterner stuff than his brother. Less gifted by nature, less highly educated, less poetical in his feelings, he was braver, franker, manlier; was little disposed to bandy words with a mob; had a genuine contempt for lawyers, journalists, professors, and all that troublesome breed who had made his brother's

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life so miserable; and openly avowed his hatred of parliaments and constitutions. When he came to power he was the best-hated man in Prussia, and he made no effort during the first few years to create a better feeling. Bismarck, the minister; the violation of the charter; the arbitrary taxes; the Danish and Austrian wars—these were not titles to popularity; but there was such a title, a singularly powerful one, and that was—success. This the King sought and found. He found it at Sadowa, and again at Sedan; and when his minister asked pardon and indemnity for past offenses, they were readily granted. Everything was forgotten. That King William's principles are unchanged is everywhere understood; that he bears the restraints of the charter with any better heart now than twenty years ago is hardly pretended. But he gives at least an outward acquiescence to the new order of things, and more could not be expected of an octogenarian trained in the camp.

The Emperor-King was born in 1797, the year of his father's accession, and is therefore eighty-six years old. With occasional seasons of feebleness, he is, on the whole, singularly strong and active, and still mounts his horse at parade. Several attempts have been made on his life, only one of which, that of Nobiling in 1878, was at all serious. The Empress is of the house of Saxe-Weimar. She is not beautiful, nor wholly amiable, but has some executive talent, and is fond of carrying cake and household medicines to the patients in the hospitals.

The Emperor has two children, the Crown Prince, who, in the order of nature, will soon become Frederic William V., and a daughter, married to the Grand-Duke of Baden. His Majesty can, besides, rest in the reasonable assurance that the succession is safe for three generations to come. The heir-apparent of the Crown Prince is his eldest son, William, and to William a son was born in 1882. The Crown Prince has also other sons, and the collateral lines, through the brothers of King William, are so well stocked with children that the Hohenzollern dynasty is not likely to be soon extinguished.

It will be seen from the genealogical tree of the Hohenzollerns that the direct line of succession from father to son has been more than once broken, though always by natural causes. It will be seen that not the first Frederic, but Albert Achilles, his third son, is the true common ancestor, and that the Brandenburg and Nuremberg branches, proceeding alike from him, were reunited in John Sigismond. From Albert to Frederic the Great there is an uninterrupted descent from father to son. With Frederic William II., and again with the present King, the line diverges to younger brothers. And now, as said above, it seems to be once more restored to the order of primogeniture.

Finally, the Suabian branch, which in the thirteenth century broke off from that of Nuremberg, and was later again subdivided into the two lines of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen and Hohenzollern-Hechingen, was in 1850 reunited, together with its possessions, under the house of Brandenburg. This branch has furnished a king for Roumania, and a candidate for the throne of Spain. All of its members, except his Roumanian Majesty, are now subjects of the King of Prussia, and some of them are high officers in his army. On the other hand, the Franconian territories —Nuremberg, Baireuth, Anspach—have fallen, after many vicissitudes, into the possession of Bavaria.



THE OLD ELECTORAL CASTLE AT TANGERMÜNDE.

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FROM THE FRASER TO THE COLUMBIA.

First Paper.

SHIPS approaching Washington Territory or British Columbia find their natural entrance to the great range of land-locked waters penetrating this northwestern coast through the inlet separating Cape Flattery and Vancouver Island. If the weather be clear, the mariner sees at a great distance the beacons that guide him, for mountains clothed in snow rise almost from the beach into a grandeur well termed Olympic. Besides those fronting the southern shore, and the lesser heights of Vancouver, the far greater peaks of the Cascade range stud the horizon with vivid points of white, where not many decades ago might have been seen the flaming torches of active volcanoes. Approaching more closely, one notes that on the northern shore of the inlet a heavy forest covers all the great undulations of the elevated interior, like grass in an uneven meadow, sinking down gradually to an abrupt but not greatly broken shore.

On the southern side of the inlet the great mass of the Olympic Mountains breaks down into the bold terminus of Cape Flattery, with its breakwaters Flattery Rocks and Tatóoche Island. The scenery here, as one sails past, is perceived to be of the wildest description. "Imagine a hill of gravel or an ocean beach," writes Mr. J. G. Swan,* who knows it well in every aspect, "converted into a solid rock of adamantine hardness, and you have the appearance of the rocky cliff at Cape Flattery. In some places the rock shelves down to the water, presenting in regular layers the sand and pebbles of a beach, so natural in appearance that on stepping on it one expects to feel his feet slip on the crumbling mass, and wonders how such fragile, crumbling materials can stand the violence of a winter's storm; but once examined the rock is found cemented together as hard as flint. If any one wishes to get a good idea of chaos, I know no better place than Cape Flattery, viewed on a calm still day while winding through its caverns and arches in boat or canoe. Immense detached blocks of a gigantic size stand like solid and eternal bodies riven from the adjacent cliff by some convulsion of nature. Some are suspended on their angles, and sustained by the pressure of unseen rocks, forming sharp-pointed arches, and appearing as if they were yet falling and rolling."

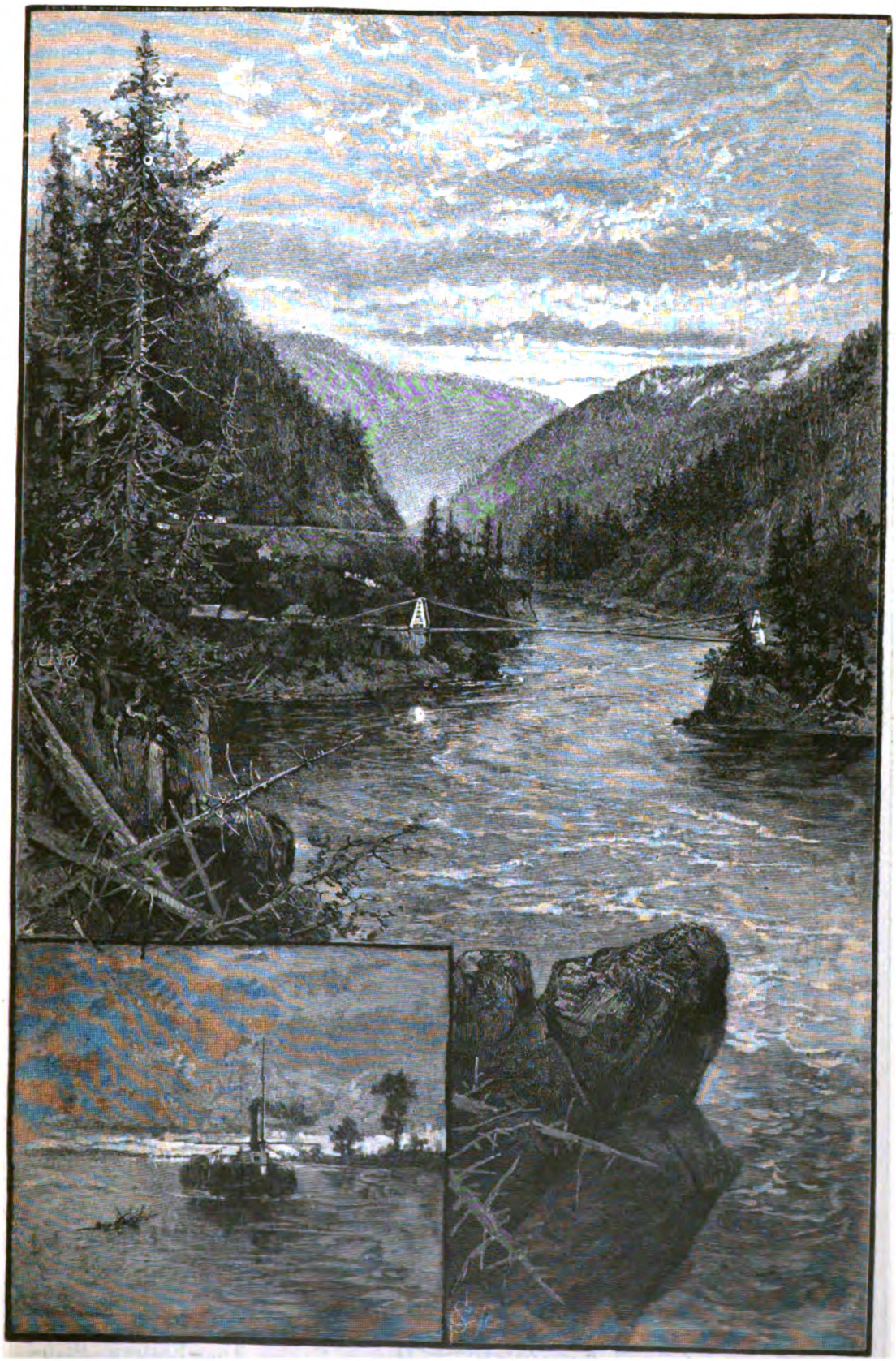
A little south of the point of the cape stands a huge obelisk-like pillar, slightly leaning to the northwest, and fully one hundred feet high. This pillar is called by the Indians Tsar-tsar-dárk, and has this legend connected with it: Many years ago an Indian climbed to its summit in search of young gulls and cormorants, both of which abound. He managed the ascent easily enough, but when he gazed down from the dizzy height upon the boiling waves below, his courage failed him, and he dared not attempt descending. He could be seen and heard distinctly, and his friends resorted to every expedient they could devise for his safety, but without success. They tied strings to their arrows, but could not make them ascend to the great height. They caught gulls, and tried to make them carry kelp lines, but all was of no avail. Six days were wasted in this vain attempt, and on the seventh he laid himself down and died. His spirit, say the Indians, still lives, and gives them warning when a storm is coming which will make it unsafe for them to go out to sea.

In the caverns of the cliffs, extending unbroken to Neeah Bay, hundreds of seals find rest, but not in quiet, for the Indian, watching the opportunity of a calm, boldly ventures in as far as his canoe can be managed; then, with a torch in one hand and a knife in the other, he dashes into the water, and kills his canoe full before they can escape even in the nimbleness of their own element. The craggy sides of the almost vertical walls afford resting-places to myriads of sea-fowl. The violet-crested cormorant builds its nest wherever it can find a cranny, or can burrow into a pocket of loose soil. Harlequin-ducks of the gayest plumage, gulls, murres, guillemots, petrels, and sandpipers also abound, and during the breeding season the air is filled with shrill cries.

Bright flowers, colored lichens, and feathery grasses are seen on the seamy face

* I am indebted to this gentleman not only for much hospitality at Port Townsend, but for the most valuable assistance drawn from his long experience in this region—assistance without which all that part of this article relating to the almost unexplored region west of Puget Sound must have lacked many interesting and valuable details.

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ON THE FRASER RIVER.

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of the crags, and everywhere above the direct action of the waves

> "the gray rock's rugged cheek
> The soft lips of the mosses seek."

In the weedy recesses between these surf-catching bowlders are to be found extraordinary star-fishes, anemones, crustacea, and hydroids, with hosts of shells, left in natural aquaria as each tide goes out—a rich and almost untouched field for the marine naturalist. Down from the brink of the cliffs, at various points, water-falls, fed by distant snows, plunge into the ocean, and the entrances to certain small coves lie under arches worn out by the water.

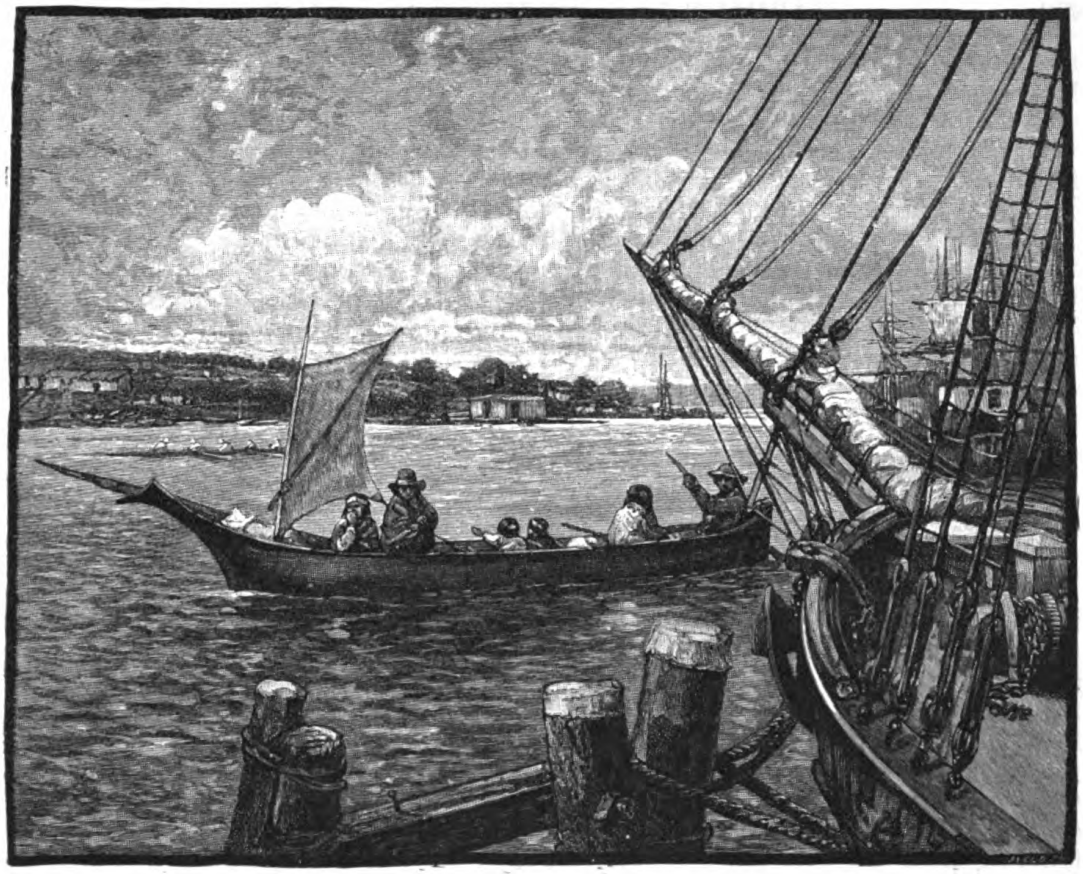
Such is the northern or inner side of Cape Flattery. To the southward, abrupt cliffs, margined beneath by a rocky beach or by reefs splintered into fantastic ruin, receive the onslaught of an ocean that never ceases to thunder at their gates. The only harbor or even anchorage in immoderate weather is at the mouth of the Kwilleúte River.



MAP OF VANCOUVER AND THE WESTERN PORTION OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

The Kwilleute and Kwéniault rivers, emptying here—swift, pure streams, where the salmon is plentiful and is easy to catch at the rapids—have always sustained an Indian population. Off the mouth of the Kwilleúte lie several small, precipitous islets, the largest of which, Alékistet, was used in the old days as a stronghold, being accessible only on one side, and there by a difficult landing. The path to the summit is steep and slippery, not only with moisture, but with the slime of the myriads of slugs making the cliff their home—slugs, too, of a giant stature never seen in the Eastern States—while nettles stand ready to

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A BIT OF VICTORIA HARBOR.

sting the unwary at every step. Arrived on the summit, a space some ten acres in breadth is found, only partly timbered, so that by planting a few potatoes a small company of people could withstand a year's siege very well. Hither the Kwilleutes retired when attacked by enemies, not to be conquered, defending themselves against assault by rolling short, heavy logs down the steep path, a magazine of these missiles being kept ready.

To this coast European explorers were slow in coming. It is only three hundred and seventy years since Balboa first gazed at the Pacific,

"Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

It was not until 1520 Magellan found his way through the channels that are a monument to his name; only 1528 that ships were built on the western shore of Mexico, and in 1542 that Cabrillo was sent thence to explore the Californian coast. Perhaps Sir Francis Drake had a glimpse of Mount Olympus, but it is doubtful, and the first foreign eyes that we can be at all sure of to be guided by its snows to the discovery of this coast were those of Juan de Fuca, who sailed in search of that mythical "Strait of Anian" supposed to connect the Atlantic and Pacific somewhere in the north. His account is meagre and confused, but it seems a fact that he came and learned the coast pretty thoroughly. This was in 1592, and decades passed before any further light was thrown upon this corner of the world. So unknown and visionary did it seem, that it was seized upon by the romancers of Europe as the locality for the extraordinary adventures of the heroes of their pens, whenever restraint from known facts of geography or natural history was undesirable. "Bacon," we are assured, "there placed his Atlantis; and Brobdingnag, agreeably to the very precise description of its locality furnished by its discoverer, the accomplished and veracious Captain Lemuel Gulliver, must have been situated near the Strait of Fuca." Three-quarters of a century passed, indeed, before any European flag was again seen by the natives of this coast. Then Perez discovered

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the Queen Charlotte's Islands, perhaps landed on Vancouver, sighted Mount Olympus, which he called Sierra de Santa Rosalina (it is a pity the name has been lost), and sailed home with a rich cargo of furs. After him, in 1775, Heceta and Bodega went northward in two ships, which finally became separated in a storm, Heceta returning to Monterey, after entering the mouth of the Columbia River—an honor which has been forgotten in the subsequent achievement of Gray—while Bodega pushed on to Alaska, where he joined the part explored by the Russians from Siberia, and saw Edgecomb—

> "Burning yet cold, drear and lone,
> A fire-mount in a frozen zone."

Just as these daring voyagers were returning home to be honored by their king, there was starting from England the famous expedition of Captain Cook. By the time it reached this part of the world, in March, 1778, Spain and Great Britain were deep in war, and no Spanish flag was visible north of Acapulco. Cook, unaware of Perez, Heceta, and Bodega, or ignoring their work, gave new English names to all the coast points, making a very thorough survey. Although, like his predecessors, he was sharply on the lookout for the strait John of Fuca had reported, he missed it, yet only by a hair's-breadth, as it were, for he not only saw Cape Flattery, but himself gave it that name, "in token of an improvement in his prospects."

Nine years passed, when another English captain, Berkeley, commanding the ship *Imperial Eagle*, found the opening to a broad arm of the sea, which he rightly concluded to be the one so much vain search had been expended upon. He did not enter it, however, but kept down along the coast. Just south of the Kwilleute River there is an island of some size. Here, twenty-three years before, Bodega had sent out his long-boat to the land; but, alas! it never came back; all the men were murdered, and the boat destroyed. Bodega called it Isla de Dolores, and sailed sadly homeward. Probably Berkeley did not know this, for he too sent a boat's crew ashore there, and saw them massacred. He named the place Destruction Island, and the name still stands upon our charts.

The very next year (1788) Lieutenant John Meares, coming from China on a fur-bringing trip, sailed past Cape Flattery, and passed into the broad inlet where Berkeley had been before him. "From the mast-head," he records in his *Voyages*, "it was observed to stretch to the east by north, and a clear and unbounded horizon was seen in this direction as far as the eye could reach. We frequently sounded, but could procure no ground with one hundred fathoms of line. . . . The strongest curiosity impelled us to enter this strait, which we shall call by the name of its original discoverer, John de Fuca." Thus, almost at the centennial of his voyage, the name and work of the old Greek pilot were rescued from oblivion.

But Meares ventured only within the gates of the strait, and then sailed away. A year later there came from Boston, in the business of the Pacific Fur Company, two ships, the *Columbia*, Captain John Kendrick, and the *Washington*, Captain Robert Gray. They remained on this coast a few weeks, exploring the region of the Queen Charlotte's Islands, after which Gray sailed for China in the *Columbia*—the same ship which three years later left its name to endless memory in the great river of Oregon. In 1790 Spain sent Lieutenant Quimper, in the *Eliza*, to explore the strait, and he left the Spanish names dotting the map there, with many more, superseded two years later by the English designations of Vancouver.

Thus the waters of Juan de Fuca became well known, and as the trade between our northwest coast and China rapidly grew, advancing explorations soon taught geographers that the strait led to a great inland sea, to the branches of which, little by little, the names Admiralty Inlet, Hood's Canal, Puget Sound, Archipelago de Haro, Bellingham Bay, Gulf of Georgia, and others, were attached.

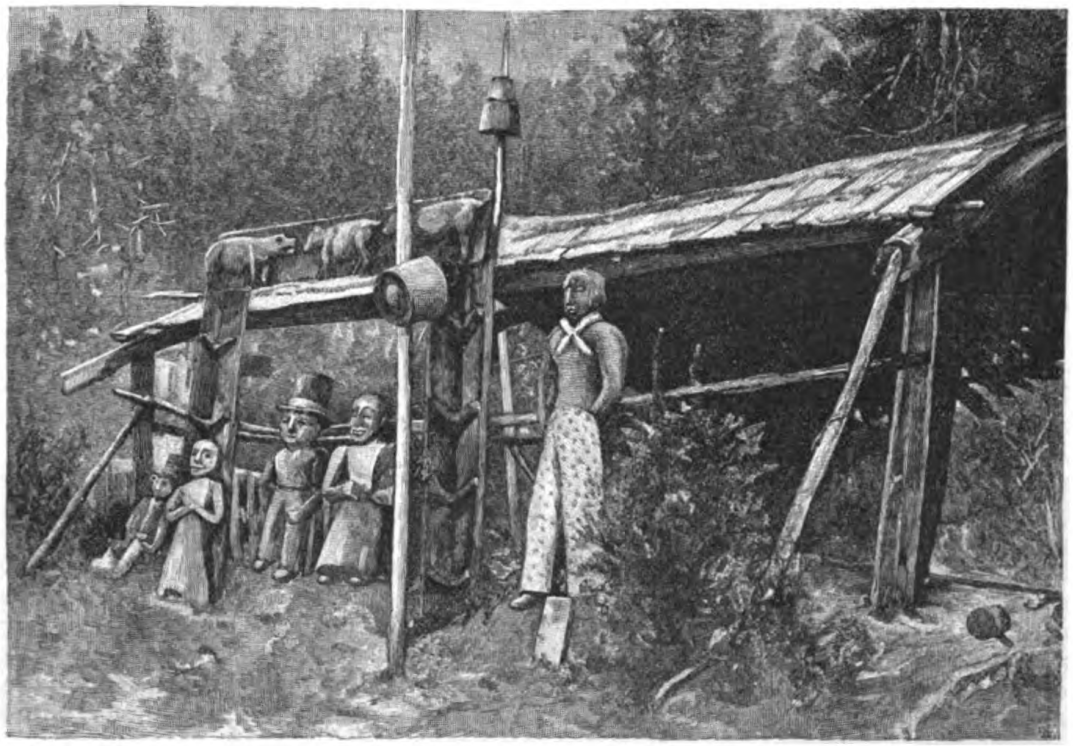
This "Mediterranean of America," as it has been styled, gives access to an enormous area of well-wooded shores and fertile islands, possesses a charming climate, and has become the seat of an incipient civilization and commercial activity, whose destinies are surely high. The present paper deals with the northern half only of this interesting region, within a circle revolved, say, fifty miles distant from Victoria on British Columbia, which is its metropolis.

It was in the evening I arrived there, by steamer direct from San Francisco, and everything was dull and dark. But what

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was this before my eyes when I looked out of my window southward next morning —this marvellous picture in whites and blues? The sky was filled with torn, shapeless, sun-lit masses of woolly vapor. The sea, where a space of it appeared, was grayish, luminous white like a gull's breast, its horizon line swept with a brushful of very pale indigo. But the sea lay off at my right hand, and in front of me stood a high rank of black firs, their pointed tops and ragged limbs sharp against a broad bank of dazzling white mist rolled up from the water. Presently the clouds resting upon this bank lifted up, and were broken adrift, so that with the suddenness of a stage scene stood forth the magnificent front of the Olympic Mountains, all their precipices, slopes, and forest edge intensely blue, all their summits and plateaus and ledges that would hold the snow as coldly white as marble.

But there were beauties nearer at hand not so easily obscured. The little T-shaped harbor is not only land-locked but rock-bound, its crooked entrance winding between low promontories of solid granite clothed in bright tints of polished rock, moss, flowers, and foliage, closing the view at each successive turn. It is much like Gloucester Harbor, Massachusetts, but on a smaller scale; and the "Norman's Woe" is here occupied by a square-towered light-house, whose roof is a vivid dot of red in the sombre picture. This harbor is deep enough for all but the very largest ships to enter safely. The government's vessels of war anchor three miles below, at Esquimault, where there is a dock-yard and ordnance station, but no garrison. When the Canadian Pacific Railway brings hither a large commerce with China and the East Indies, it is there that the huge steamers will make their port.



SOME INDIAN GRAVES NEAR YALE, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Victoria seems to me a very pleasant sort of place, though not so thoroughly English as one might expect it to be. You will see certain infallible signs that you are away from home, but life goes on there much as it does in Portland. The town is widely scattered, the citizens giving themselves land enough around their houses to grow an abundance of flowers; while the gas lamps and the telephone lines extend so far that wheat fields are illuminated,

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and the electric messages fly from housekeeper to market-man over wide cow pastures and truck gardens. The houses, too, are well built, and have an air of long residence about them; they are not merely houses, they are *homes*. Some of those in the suburbs, surrounded by grain fields, orchards, and by noble groves of oaks, are as attractive as you will find in all America, and bespeak not only culture, but wealth, and an intention to stay here and found a provincial aristocracy.

Commercially it is to derive great benefit from the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and from the development of the mineral resources of the coast north of it. The railway has pushed its line a good distance from the coast to meet the line from Lake Superior. It follows up the Fraser River from New Westminster, on the mainland, or, more exactly, from the lumber port of Burrard Inlet.

British Columbia, it must be remembered, is a very large province. It extends eastward along the northern boundary of the United States to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, northward to Alaska, and westward to the ocean, including Vancouver and a multitude of lesser islands. The interior is settled only very sparsely, and is scarcely adapted for a large population, since its surface is broken by mountains on the west, while east of the Cascade Range, which divides the territory north and south, lie dry sage-brush plains capable of little use except for cattle-raising, because of the difficulty in getting water, and also the likelihood of summer frosts. The upper part of the province is too far north to make agricultural pursuits profitable, though the Hudson Bay people raise precarious crops at their distant posts; and the off-shore islands are very rough, affording little chance for farming, except, perhaps, on Queen Charlotte's, where various sea-industries will in time, no doubt, support a large settlement. The really available part of the province, therefore, seems to be confined to the valley of the Fraser, which, after 1840, became the great channel of commerce, since canoes could be paddled four or five hundred miles up its course, with few portages. Upon the discovery of gold on the western slope of the Rockies in 1858 there was a great rush thither of men who went into mining all along the upper Fraser and its tributaries. The placers were worked out, or nearly so, very speedily, and the region became almost deserted, yet about $20,000,000 in dust is said to have been exported during the first ten years.

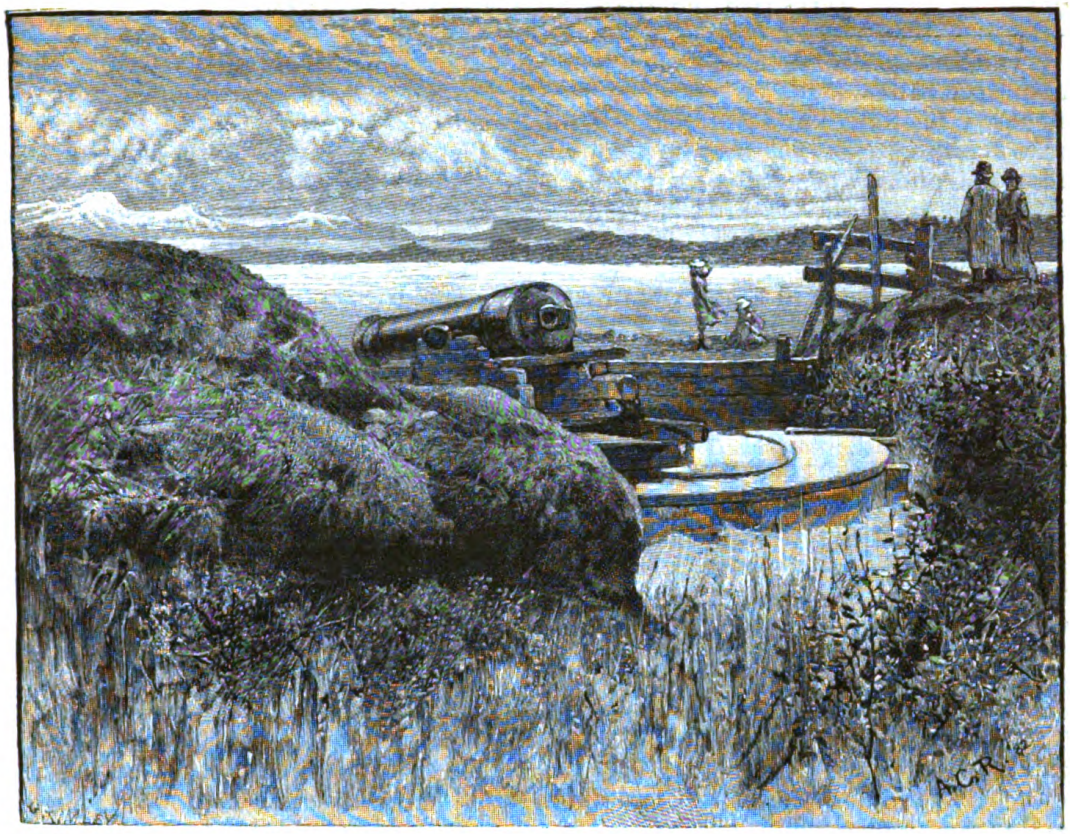
The permanent effect of the gold rush was the settlement of a considerable farming population along the bottoms of the Fraser and its tributaries, and the opening of a large region to immigration by good wagon roads and by lines of steamboats which ascend the Fraser nearly two hundred miles twice a week, and are passing up and down the coast and into all the smaller rivers as frequently as business demands. The western end of the Canadian Pacific Railway is completed from the Cascade Mountains to the ocean, and there are young settlements all along its line.

Mining for gold and silver has come to take a less prominent place in British Columbia than at first, and one hears now far more of the fine farms and cattle ranches, of the great lumber mills and coal fields, of the fishing and ship-building, than of quartz and placers.

The interior of the island of Vancouver is little understood, but it is very mountainous, some of the peaks rising far above timber line. Vast quantities of available timber exist, though not of such great size as that which grows on the mainland, and also much agricultural land; but at present there are no settlements or roads at any considerable distance from the shore.

After the settlement between Great Britain and the United States, fixing upon the forty-ninth parallel as the boundary line (but conceding Vancouver to the British), the Hudson Bay Company retreated from Oregon and Puget Sound. On the island of San Juan, however, it continued to have a farm and pasture a herd of sheep, out of which nearly came a war. In 1854 this property was assessed on the tax list of Whatcom County, Washington Territory, but the Hudson Bay Company's agent refused to pay. The sheriff, therefore, advertised the sheep for sale, and went to seize them, whereupon he was resisted, and his deputy only escaped arrest by facing the company's *posse* with a six-shooter. Nevertheless the sheep were seized, though Governor Sir James Douglas himself came over from Victoria to enforce his pretended "rights." Peace reigned until 1859, the frontier being busy in repressing an Indian uprising, when a conflict about an old boar again brought

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A RELIC OF SAN JUAN.

up the question of authority on San Juan. The offender, being an "American," called upon the commandant of the military post at Bellingham Bay for protection. This officer sent word to General Harney at Fort Vancouver, near Portland, who with incredible dispatch shipped troops to the island, threw up breastworks, and expelled or arrested all the Hudson Bay people who resisted. This prompt action raised a great breeze between the governments represented, and General Winfield Scott was sent out by President Buchanan in 1860 to negotiate. The only result was a joint occupancy of San Juan Island by agreement between British Columbia and the United States, which arrangement continued, breeding endless petty dissension, until 1874, when the matter was submitted to the arbitration of the German Emperor, whose decision gave the whole of the island to the United States.

Down from the Cascade Mountains flow many small streams, while several large ones make their way through from sources behind. The largest of these is the Fraser, in British Columbia, below which, in regular order, come the Nóoksack, the Whátcom (draining Whatcom Lake, a fine body of fresh-water, capable of supplying a large city), the Swínomish, the Skágit (pronounced with the *g* soft), the Stiliguámish, the Snohómish, and other streams of lesser note, in each of which occurs a rapid fall giving good water-power. If you ascend these rivers, or climb the hills that divide and overlook their courses, you find only a continuous forest of hemlock, spruce, cedar, and fir—a forest solid and almost impenetrable even on foot, through which all trails must be chopped, where no glades or prairie lands whatever are to be found, and the best one can hope is to hit upon little nooks in the river-bottoms or along the sound shore where the growth is small and more easily cleared off than elsewhere. It is probable that nowhere in the world, unless it be in parts of Siberia, exists such a forest as this, uniting the two qualities of trees of the greatest size and the densest crowding.

The light which the gold prospectors let in by their explorations upon the foothills of the Cascade Range, and the establishment of saw-mills at the mouth of the Skagit, at Utsalády, Tulálip, and Mukiltéo, have induced a slight settlement all along this coast, so that now you may find farms

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at various points near the shore, and along the banks of the larger rivers, particularly the Skagit and Stiliguamish, for many miles back; yet they are widely scattered, and the population is very scant compared to the square miles of territory over which it is dispersed. The crops raised are wheat, oats, rye, and pease almost wholly; but of these the yield to the acre is very large. No immigration of consequence has gone there for several years, nor is it likely to, until the Northern Pacific or some other line has made it easily accessible by rail, and placed inducements before immigrants. At present communication is had with Seattle, the metropolis of the Puget Sound region, by a weekly steamer touching at the points I have mentioned, and at several islands. Another little steamer makes a weekly trip from Port Townsend to the archipelago and Whatcom by a slightly different course, and there is a ferry between Port Townsend and Whidby Island. Beyond this the people travel almost wholly by canoes and sail-boats, since overland roads and trails are few and very rough.

The channels of this archipelago and the approaches to the mainland are very intricate, and in bad weather even dangerous, there being little good ground for anchoring, and many hidden rocks. The great difficulty to be dreaded is the tremendous force of the tides which sweep down Rosario Strait, "producing," in the words of the coast pilot, "a roar like the sound of a gale of wind through a forest." The light winds of summer are often ineffective in keeping a vessel under the guidance of her rudder in the midst of these swirling currents; and as fogs are then most liable to occur, the navigation in Bellingham Bay is hazardous and often delayed. Once behind Elisa Island, however, a fine capacious harbor is found, with shores having many advantages; but the danger of sail navigation in reaching there, the expense of towage as the other alternative, and its distance from the sea, will prevent its ever taking front rank as a port among the many harbors so much easier and quicker of access to ocean-going ships.

South of Rosario Straits and the archipelago stretches north and south the long narrow strip of Whidby Island, distinguished by having no elevations to amount to anything, by being to a large extent unwooded, and by bearing several groves of hard-wood trees, chiefly oaks. Here, since the earliest occupation, farming has been carried on with great success, and the island has several little hamlets, such as Coupeville and Crescent Bay.

Port Townsend is an old point of settlement, the site impressing its favorable features upon the minds of the early voyagers. Here the Strait of Fuca turns southward into Admiralty Inlet, out of the western shore of which opens Port Townsend Bay, a piece of sheltered water affording fifty square miles of good anchorage, protected from every storm except the southeasters. The shores of this bay are precipitous and solidly wooded, but at its entrance the high bluffs of the northern side are separated from the water by a flat broad enough to accommodate the business part of a large town. On this flat and on the level bluff behind it Port Townsend is built, a situation combining many advantages, and having the single disadvantage of lack of freshwater. This, however, is easily procured by wells, and can be brought without great expense from the distance of half a dozen miles when it shall be needed. The people of Port Townsend were originally from New England, and a very comfortable, cleanly air pervades the place, which lacks that brash, temporary appearance so common in Californian villages and so offensive to an Eastern man. It is evident that the people here have "come to stay," and take an interest in local advancement beyond the mere desire to sell to some half-deluded immigrant on the strength of wild puffing. This is apparent not only in what one sees from the street, but in the refinement which betrays itself in the dress and manners of the people, exhibiting a degree of mental cultivation quite remarkable in a frontier village.

The quiet of the streets and the lack of country wagons causes the stranger to wonder how the many well-stocked shops and warehouses are able to live, until he reflects that they get their support largely from the surrounding settlements, some of which are fifty miles away, and from the ships making this their harbor. All these customers (of whom the Indians form by no means a small or unprofitable part) come and go in boats, making no stir, but carrying away "a heap of goods," as I heard one merchant express it.

This being the port of entry, all steam-

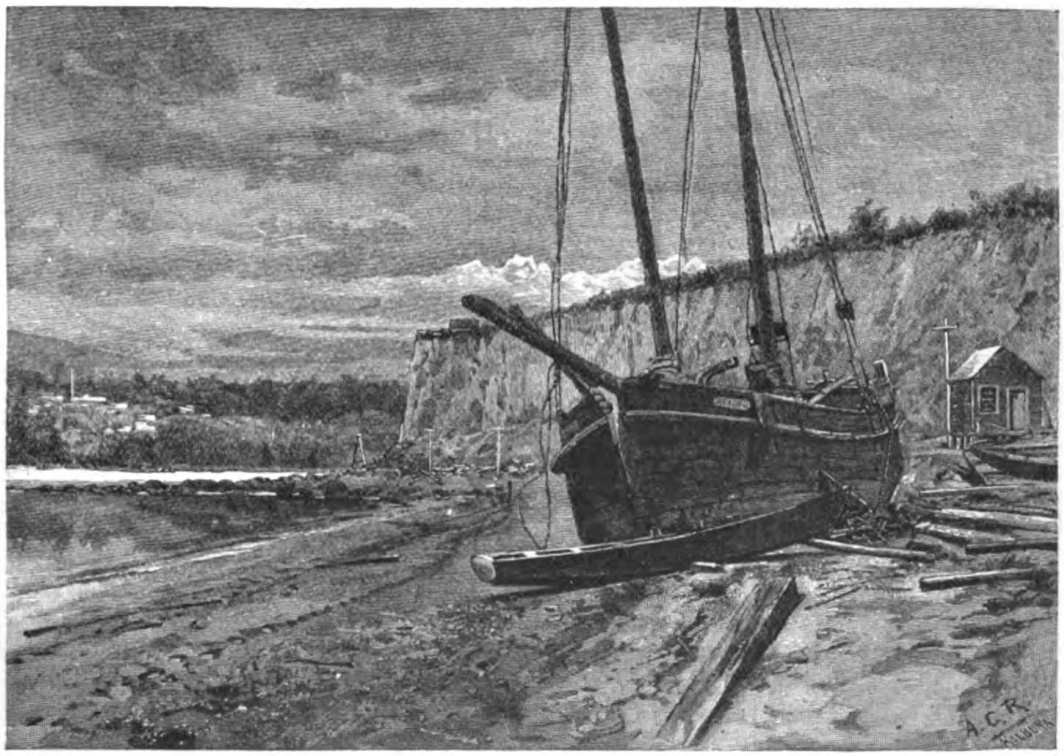
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ers and sailing vessels must pause here, so that the wharves are lively. Recently the importation of several hundred raw Chinese has become a daily nuisance to the officers of the custom-house; and their enforced vaccination has become one of the most prominent industries of the town, where physicians find the healthfulness of the climate a serious bar to their financial success.

As a rule, ships come to these waters in ballast, not knowing what their outward cargo is to consist of. At Port Townsend they find orders awaiting them, or telegraph the owners and wait for direction, when they depart for lumber, or grain, or coal, or lime, all of which are conveniently accessible from this point. The flags of a long list of maritime powers are unfurled here in the course of a year. As I write, a first-class bark is heading for Nagasaki with fir lumber, a ship of two thousand tons has just arrived with railway iron and Pullman sleeping-cars from Philadelphia, and a schooner and a steamer are loading for Alaska. Back and forth through this shipping go the bark-sailed canoes of picturesque Indians from Kwilleute, Neeah Bay, Clyokwot, Nootka, and away beyond.

Four miles up the bay, occupying one of the pleasantest sites of any fort in the United States, is Fort Townsend, where two companies of infantry are stationed.

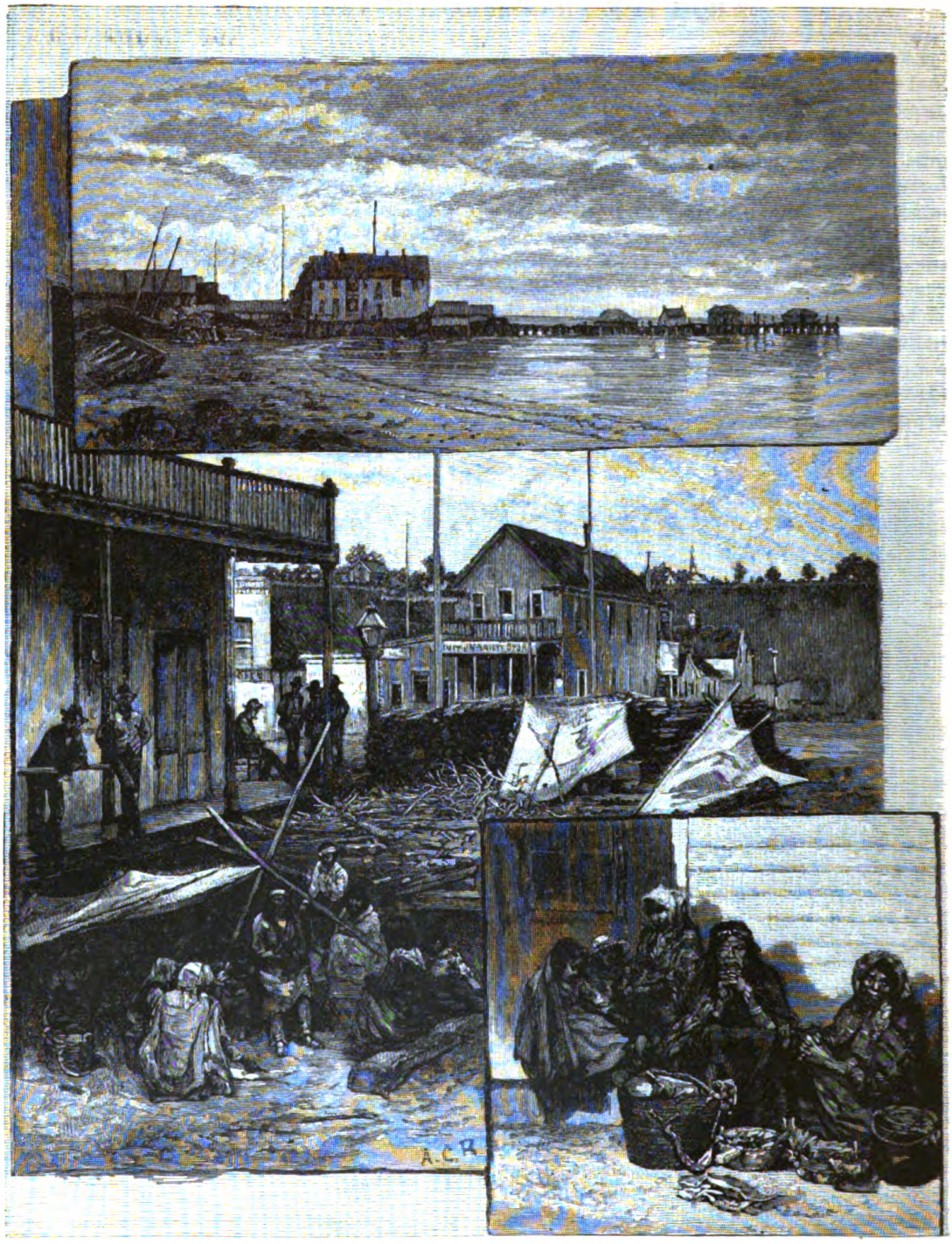
From Port Townsend Bay westward to the Pacific Ocean it is seventy-five miles in a straight line—though I would like to see anything without wings follow that line. This coast region southward to the Columbia is known in local parlance as "Western Washington," that surrounding the great inland waters being "the Sound," and the country beyond the Cascade Mountains "Eastern Washington."



FORT TOWNSEND FROM THE PORT.

Though the southern half of the coast is well known and somewhat occupied, of this upper half of Western Washington we are almost totally ignorant, except in respect to the immediate shore, which presents few points of approach from the ocean or from the strait, there being no safe anchorage of any consequence all the way from Gray's Harbor around to the eastern end of the strait—a distance of one

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IN AND ABOUT PORT TOWNSEND.

hundred and fifty miles. From every point of view the land shows itself covered with dense forests of evergreen trees, out of the midst of which rises a tumult of mountains so lofty that their jagged and sharp-edged peaks show broad masses of snow all summer long, and from September to May are hidden under coverings of almost unbroken white. Such are the Olympic Mountains—the northern terminus of the Coast Range, whose southern end, Tamalpais, overlooks San Francisco Bay.

Mounts Olympus and Constance are the culminating peaks of the range, and are both in the eastern part of the uplift, which, westward of the Elwha River, sinks into a mass of high rugged hills, covered to their very tops with the fire

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jungle, and terminates in the broken headlands of Cape Flattery. We are told that within the circle of the loftiest peaks is a great plateau, during three or four months of summer clear from snow and covered with rich grass; but above this rise the cold and desolate cliffs—a desert of lava and snow—and below stretches the boundless wilderness of forest. It is the home of the mountain goat, the big-horn, the elk, and deer; of the bear, the cougar, and of *choo-choo-hu-wistl*, the savage wolf. Nobody goes there but the restless explorer, and he shakes his head ominously when he comes back.

Though this Alpine wilderness was uninhabitable, and the high, rocky, forest-clad country continues all the way to the Columbia, the coast region has always been populous with Indians, and is so still. They belong to many separate bands or "tribes," but can be united into two philological families, which, nevertheless, are mixed geographically. One of these is the Nootkas, including the Indians of the south and west of Vancouver Island, those of Cape Flattery (Makáhs), those along a part of the Gulf of Georgia and Johnston Strait. The Chehális, Kweniaults, and Kwilleutes, on the coast of Washington Territory south of the cape, the Clallams and Chemakums, on the southern shore of the Strait of Fuca, and the Songish Indians, around Victoria, belong to the Selish family. In general they all possess characteristics very different from the Haidas, or northern Indians, and go under the general name of Flatheads, from the habit many of them had formerly (and still continue somewhat) of flattening backward the foreheads of their children, or by compression of the whole head shaping the top of the skull into a conical form far from beautiful to civilized notions.

These Indians are of small stature, often not attaining to five feet in height, but are noticeable for the bigness of their heads, which their bushy hair exaggerates. Their shoulders are broad, though bent, and their arms long and muscular, but their bodies weak, and their legs shrunken and crooked. These characteristics come naturally from their constant sitting and paddling in a canoe rather than undergoing the exercise of walking and horsemanship, which gives to our mountain and plains Indians their tall, well-developed physique. Their faces, too, are noticeably different from the countenances of the Indians of the interior, except that they strongly suggest the village tribes of the Rio Grande and Gila valleys, to which the habit of wearing a turban-like scarf or cincture twisted about the head adds great force. The complexion is rather light and decidedly coppery; the eyes with slightly Mongolian slant, and small; the nose likely to be well overhung by the brow, and broadened at the bridge, giving an expression of good-nature; the lines under the high cheek-bones are strongly marked; the jaws are strong, often protruding, and the mouth large and depressed at the corners. The younger ones are often very handsome.

They have suffered little reduction in numbers, were long ago taught the methods of trade, and have adjusted themselves to the gradual settlement of the coast by whites in a way rarely seen elsewhere.

Though these Indians still occupy their ancient village sites along the coast, they also make frequent visits to the towns and farming regions of the whites, and many of them have taken up their residence in civilized fashion in all the settlements.

The Indian, then, is as common a sight everywhere in this region as the Paddy in New York or the negro in Savannah, and he takes about the same place, everywhere working hard for white employers and for himself. Labor is a scarce commodity in this region, where there is so much chance for a man of energy, and the Indian finds himself in demand as a laborer, in which capacity, if in no other, he is a social factor of no small importance. In all the farming districts he is the "hand" who helps in every kind of work. At the saw-mills, in the ship-yards, in all sorts of rough manufacturing, he finds employment and gives satisfaction. Indians constitute the crews of the river steamboats and coasting vessels, are 'longshoremen on the wharves, and teamsters in town, while the women are extensively employed as domestic servants.

The dwellings of the Indians of this region are not at all like the conical wigwams or lodges, made of cloth, bark, or skins, seen among all the Indians of the mountains or plains. They are square, flat-roofed, and supported upon posts of great size firmly fixed in the ground, perpetuating the type of "long house" aft-

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er which the Six Nations of New York State called themselves *Hodenósaunee*. The planks are split by means of yew wedges from big cedar logs; and as these do not grow to any great size on Cape Flattery, the Makahs buy them from the Vancouver Indians, paying in seal or whale oil, blankets, or dried fish. Now they have nails, but in the old houses the parts were lashed or pegged together.

The Songish have a village on the opposite side of the harbor from Victoria, and an Indian boy paddled us across there one afternoon. The men were away, except some aged fellows, but the women were home. The houses varied in size, some being only twenty feet or so square, while others were three or four times as big. There were no partitions, but each family seemed to have its own corner, a low bench of planks around the side serving as a general place of deposit for everything that could not be hung up, and also as a bedstead for the whole family, the furs and cedar-bark robes of old days having given place to mattresses, sheets, comforters, and woollen blankets—all very dirty and torn. The floor of the house was earth, patted hard, but by no means smooth. In the small houses the fire was built right in the centre, and the smoke found its way out through a hole in the roof, which was covered by a loose stack of boards to shed the bulk of the rain. From a beam hung a chain with a hook at the end supporting a kettle or tin pail. In the larger houses three or four family fires smouldered in various corners; and these generally had their kettles suspended upon a bent iron rod stuck in the ground at an angle. The beams, poles, roof-boards, chains, and everything else over the fires were clothed in a smoke-velvet, and were draped by long festoons of greasy soot threatening to fall down upon our heads. When meal-time comes—and this has no great regularity—the whole family squat about this fire, and pick their boiled fish out of a common plate, dipping it in seal oil.

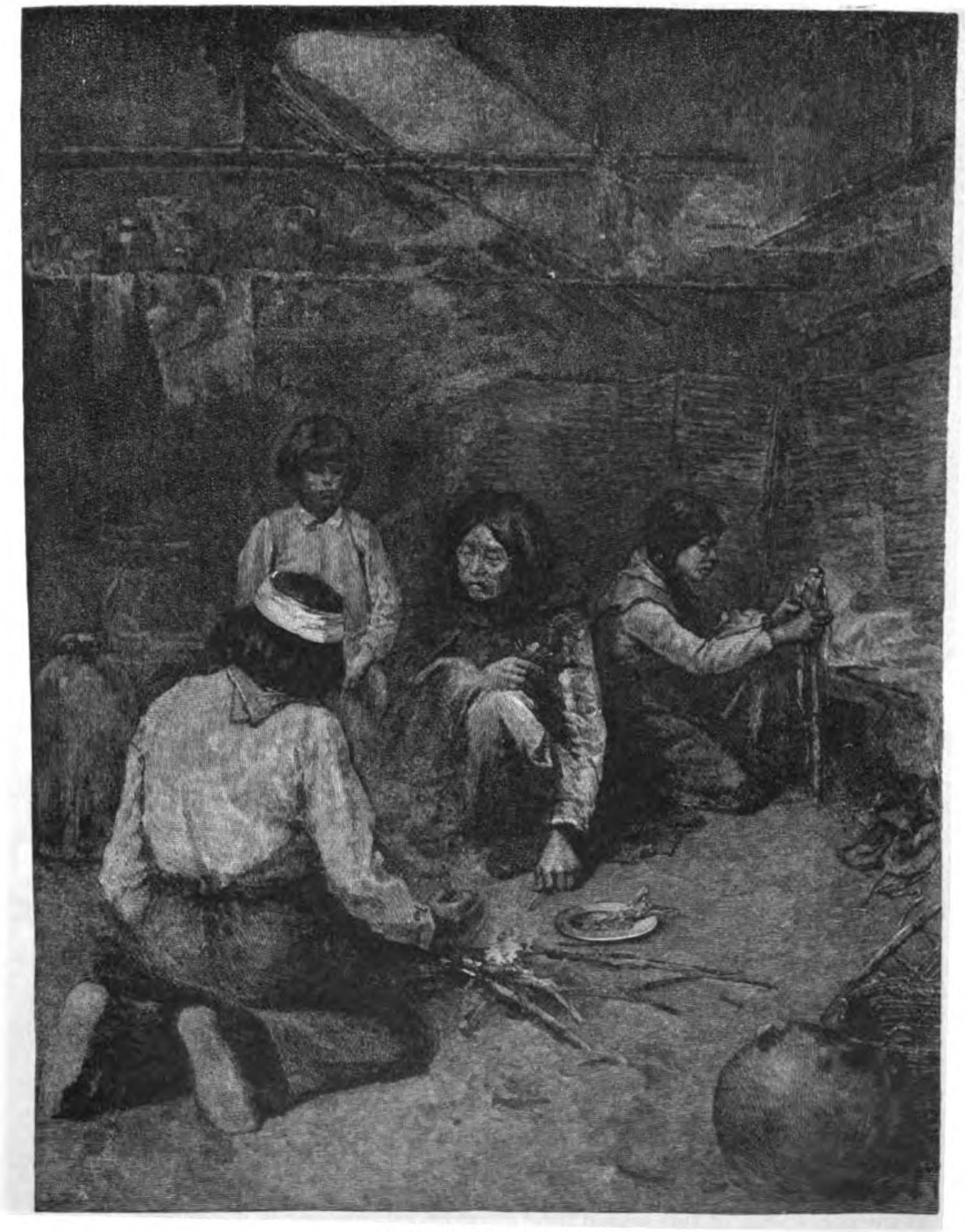
The life of these people, in fact, is spent upon the water. By means of it they move from place to place, any land travel being very rare, and from it they get all their subsistence. Their canoes, then, are to them what the horse is to the Sioux, or the reindeer to the Lapps. In satisfying this supreme want has been invented one of the best boats known to savage history. It is a canoe dug out of a single log, and of a type quite unique, characterized by the long protruding bow and the high straight stern, so that to our eyes it seems all the time as though the craft were going wrong end foremost. The largest of these canoes are more than sixty feet in length, and are well represented by the great one from Vancouver Island which was shown at the Centennial Exhibition, and is now in the National Museum at Washington. From this size they decrease to those used by one man, or as a boy's plaything.

In primitive days fleets of large canoes went far out into the sea in pursuit of whales, attacking the monster with their bone spears, and subduing him in his native element. Then he was towed in with great honors. Among the Makahs at Cape Flattery the first whale of the season was greeted with ceremonial honors. A portion of the blubber taken off just behind the whale's head, and shaped like a great saddle, was placed across a stout pole elevated upon two posts set in the lodge of some man distinguished for prowess in this pursuit. This saddle was called *ubutsk*. It was stuck full of feathers, and various devices were marked in the black skin by means of white geese down. Underneath was placed a large wooden trough to catch the oil which dropped slowly from the blubber through the smoke and heat of the lodge fire. This was considered the choice oil for eating, and was reserved for the chief and head men and their friends. After the *ubutsk* had hung up a certain length of time—till it was ripe—a grand feast was given, and the blubber was boiled and devoured.

The whaling has been abandoned of late years, however—not because of the disappearance of the great cetaceans, for you may see them spouting in the offing almost any day, but because another industry occupies the native hunters, and gives better profits. This is the fur sealing, which is of great importance to both white men and Indians on both sides of the Strait of Fuca.

Whether the fur seal of this coast is the same species as that of the Pribylov Islands (*Callorhinus ursinus*), naturalists are disagreed. It is generally believed that they are the same. In their annual migration northward these seals approach the coast between Point Grenville, Washington Territory, and Vancouver in vast

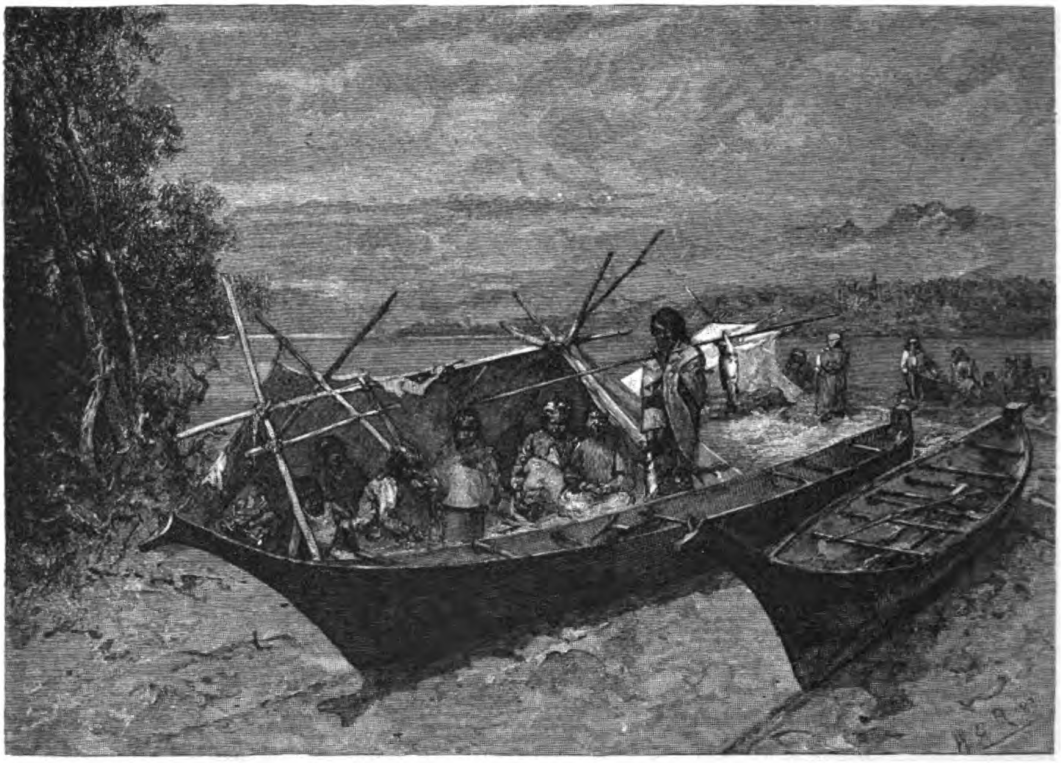
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VANCOUVER INDIAN FAMILY.

herds (varying with different years), and occasionally penetrate far into the strait. Curiously enough this approach did not seem to be known even half a century ago; but with the disappearance of the sea-otter the seals have come, and are increasing steadily. The van-guard of the herd is seen late in January, but "the season" rarely begins before March, the females appearing first; and it is proved that young are born off the strait—one of several new facts for which naturalists are indebted to the labors of Mr. Swan. During the spring the Indians from the Kweniault to Nootka devote themselves wholly to the capture of these animals, and secure a large revenue. Formerly they went after them in their canoes, starting at daylight; but now they put their canoes aboard schooners, and are trans-

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MAKAH FISHING CAMP.

ported to the sealing grounds, the schooners—of which about twenty were engaged during the past season — receiving one-third of the skins.

The blubber of the seals is tried out by the women in the lodges, and the oil, when cold, is stowed in various receptacles, chiefly large pouches made from the paunches of seals and sea-lions. The poorest and the surplus oil is sold, but the best is kept for winter cooking. The skins are traded off, statistics showing that the present annual catch is something over 20,000, worth nearly $200,000, a fourth of which is to be credited to Washington Territory, averaging nearly $200 to each Indian engaged for five or six months' work.

At the conclusion of this season the Indian has his pockets full of money, and takes this time to make long journeys in his canoe with his whole family, and a provision of dried fish, visiting Victoria, Port Townsend, Seattle, and so on, until his funds are pretty well exhausted, and his boat loaded with shop goods, half of which are more fine than useful. These trips afford an opportunity to the squaws to find a market for their wares also, at which time desirable bric-à-brac and articles of use can be got very cheap. Thus I bought a fine large blanket of cedar bark trimmed with sea-otter fur for two dollars once, when much inferior specimens were held by most Indians at five and six dollars.

A question all important in respect to this region, of course, is the navigation of its inland waters. In respect to the strait, it is simply to be said that there is nothing like a bar at its entrance, and no obstructions whatever throughout its whole length, except two well-marked rocks near Cape Flattery, upon which no wreck has ever yet occurred. Tatoóche Island bears a first-class light, visible twenty miles in clear weather. The tides are strong, and the currents they make among the islands very baffling, and, if not understood, somewhat dangerous; these, together with head-winds, often make serious delays for vessels, frequently making it profitable to pay from two to seven hundred dollars for towage up the strait, where the great depth of water affords small opportunity for anchorage. The ebb tide is much stronger than the inflow, owing to the great amount of water discharged into the sounds by the rivers. It is this which makes that phenomenon at Skagit Head, of the tide always running one way, which forms one of the stock wonders of this region.

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The prevailing winds come very regularly in summer from the south and eastward of south. A curious phenomenon results: blowing up the Strait of Fuca is one current of air, and blowing down Admiralty Inlet comes another, which have been divided by the mountains, and find themselves squarely opposed to one another off the Race Islands. It is the wind coming up through the strait that brings the copious rain-fall of the Gulf of Georgia. The thick weather and storm gales come chiefly from the southeast, having a long stretch over which to gain accelerated force before striking Port Townsend and Vancouver. On the south shore of the strait it is the occasional nor'westers which are dreaded, and against these there is only a single harbor of value—Port Angeles.

Port Angeles lies directly opposite Victoria, with which it is about to be connected by a cable, the terminus of the local telegraph line west of the sound. In front of the plateau, through which a trout creek comes down from the mountains, a curving spit of sand reaching out from the shore incloses an oval harbor some three miles long, which is sufficiently deep for the use of any vessel, and thoroughly protected; the only possible objection to the harbor—which is now very often used as a refuge—is that to enter it a ship must face the trade-winds for a short distance, and therefore would often need towage, whereas she can go to her anchorage off Port Townsend without handling a sheet. The steeply dropping shores are admirable for wharfage purposes, and the country behind the port abounds in splendid timber, and in soils valuable for agriculture. At present Port Angeles has only a score of inhabitants and a light-house. The shore is reserved as a town site and for naval purposes by the government. Many persons regard it as certain that one of the chief sea-ports of this region will ultimately grow up there.



OLD INDIAN VILLAGE, NOOTKA.

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Yours very affectionately
E. Lytton Bulwer

ÆT. 25.

EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON.*

IT is a compliment which none can more appreciate than I, that the American publishers of *Lord Lytton's Life* should have asked me to contribute the following pages to their Magazine. For they, knowing well that mere panegyric would be detrimental to the interests of all concerned, imply by their demand that they think me able to place myself for a while apart from trade, and consider the subject from the literary stand-point alone. Thence I desire to examine the career and fame of one who exercised so great an influence over the youth of those now in middle age, and explain, if it may be, to a younger generation our feeling in former years, which, if it seemed for a while to die away, is likely to revive in a steady and continuous appreciation of remarkable intellectual skill, versatility, and charm.

It may well be doubted whether under ordinary circumstances a very near relative is fitted to write a biography. The

* *The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton.* By his Son. With Portraits and Illustrations. One Volume, 12mo. New York: Harper and Brothers. Two Volumes, 8vo. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

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work is often begun by widow or child while grief is in its first keenness, and makes impossible a due sense of proportion. To hint a fault would then seem irreverent; the gloom in the writer's own mind is flung back upon the subject described, and blots all the color from the landscape, so that, even with every desire to be true, biography might serve as well to point the epigram as does its short summary on a tombstone, "He lies like an epitaph." And if the writer wait till time has elapsed during which judgment has matured, and sorrow faded into affectionate remembrance, the very familiarity with the letters of the dead, handled and rehandled, has begotten the weariness which comes with all work long in doing, and the book when published lacks freshness and spontaneity.

In Lord Lytton's case there has been a complete absence of all disqualifying reasons. The son of parents who had disagreed and long lived asunder could scarcely write of the father, the mother yet being alive, while the cares of a great Viceroyalty and absence from England removed any possibility that he should brood over his future work till it became tedious. He came to the task when he had laid aside his state and returned for a while to the literary labor in which he delights, when he could look at his filial duty with the mature judgment of a successful author, a statesman, and the owner of the fair home for which his father had done so much. It would seem to the reader of these memories that time, while it has not lessened due affection, has ripened the friendship between the two men: the younger can approach the elder on an equality more than could have been the case ten years or more ago.

Even had time served and materials been at hand in India, Knebworth is clearly the place in which the first Lord Lytton's life should be written, where the impress of its late owner's individuality rests on house and garden, ornate or quaint decoration, clipped hedge and Horatian arbor. I am not prepared to say that the book might not have been, on a pinch, written in India, for the one thing clear to all who know the author and editor is his amazing power of work, his sustained vitality and energy. Those who have known him intimately, and been most closely associated with the work of his high office in India, speak of sheet after sheet of minute or dispatch falling from his hand, covered with writing fair as copper-plate, almost rapid as short-hand, yet so finished in style that each might be printed as written without erasure or correction; of his flow of conversation, even, brilliant, and entrancing; of his pacing at night the marble hall of his Calcutta house till those who paced with him were ready to drop, but willing to continue longer if he would only talk on. And yet with all this ease of language he is so fastidious a writer that the volumes of the present book have been almost rewritten while passing through the press, and the press corrections have been as minute and careful as though made with the assistance of a microscope.

The facility is inherited, for it is on record that Bulwer wrote his romance *Harold* in less than a month, resting not at all by day, and scarcely by night. In a private letter Lord Lytton says: "The novel of *Harold* was written in rather less than four weeks. I can personally attest this fact, as I was with my father when he wrote it—on a visit to his friend the late Mr. Tennyson D'Eyncourt. D'Eyncourt was a great collector of Norman and Anglo-Saxon chronicles, with which his library was well stored. The notes of research for *Harold* fill several thick commonplace-books. . . . While my father was writing *Harold* I do not think he put down his pen except for meals, and half an hour's run before dinner round the terrace. He was at work the greater part of every night, and again early in the morning."

It is an interesting fact in regard to Mr. Tennyson's drama on the same subject —with a dedication to the present Lord Lytton in reconciliation of an old literary feud with his father—that the first sketch of *Harold* took the form of a drama, entitled *William the Norman*. It was probably not written for publication, as the writer's way of composing many of his prose romances was to sketch them out first as dramas.

The Lady of Lyons was written in ten days.

It was by no means uncommon with him to have two books in hand at once, and live alternate periods with the beings of his creation, as though he were passing in society from one company to another. Thus *Lucretia* and *The Caxtons*, *Kenelm Chillingly* and *The Parisians*, were written simultaneously; and this fact, now first told us, is an amusing commentary on much

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criticism once more freely lavished than now. For there were those who had objected to the morality of the earlier works, among which was certainly *Lucretia*. When *The Caxtons* was published there was a chorus of praise from former detractors, and congratulations on a supposed conversion to better ways. But Austin Caxton and Lucretia were two types of human nature which the author studied and described, identifying himself with neither; and indeed it is absurd to require of a novelist what is not demanded of the artist in any other branch. No one affects to consider Shakespeare himself a Titus Andronicus or a Macbeth, or deem that the painter who depicts a murder is himself ready for a like deed.

The surroundings of their work, however, were different in the case of the two men. Lord Lytton the son likes ample space and several tables, so that his various works, whether of authorship or correspondence, may be undisturbed and always accessible; room in which to walk and meditate, with wide stretch of terrace and garden visible from the windows. But his father always chose for a study one of the smallest rooms in the house. At Knebworth, as he sat at work, scarce more than the clumps of evergreen at the end of the terrace met his view, darkness soon closed in, and the scant admission of sunlight makes a fire a necessity as well as a luxury to one who now works there, even on summer days. The room, like the whole of the house, is somewhat ornate, in contrast with the taste of severer and soberer days; but the decoration is not out of keeping with the historic house to which it is applied, and the liking of the present owner runs in the same direction. From the gallery of the great hall now hangs the heavy banner which drooped over the Viceroy's seat at the Durbar, held to proclaim the Queen of England Empress of India; it does not seem out of place, nor incongruous with the tapestried chamber opening out of the corridor above, in which, coming from or to Cecil's house at Hatfield, the Virgin Queen rested for a night or nights.

But enough of the place for the present: we must turn to the man. I should like to think I was writing for some of my own age, not for a younger generation alone, that I might remind them of the fervor of our youth when the breezy freshness of Sir Walter Scott first failed to be all the boy needed in the way of fiction, and Bulwer supplied the stimulant demanded. That happened in mental life which occurred in the life of the body, and necessarily occurred with growing manhood. Fresh out-door life became insufficient for those who were to pass much of their days in towns and among the throngs of men. The problem of existence rose in the mind of the boy; friendship became a passion when love as yet was not, but only dimly conceived as a future possibility; philosophy and literature were wide countries we longed to explore; and under the guise of fiction our new teacher seemed to have somewhat to say on all. I do not say that the philosophy was always true—whose system is so?—that the atmosphere was always healthy in the scenes through which the wondering reader was led; but the thought stimulated our own thought, our guide through new experiences of life was always a gentleman, and taught us that even if man stumble and fall he need not mix his soul with clay; he held up before us ever the torch of romance, which, if it be not the pure ray of heaven, is yet often an excellent help for eyes which will not or can not always bear a stronger ray.

There was a time after this when each of us had eaten for himself of the tree of knowledge; the fruit was not precisely like that which had been described in the pages of our early friend, the philosophy seemed shallow, the view of life cynical; the early novels were neglected for a time, though they have always found readers in the same stage of youth and life. Again—and Lord Lytton's life of his father will do much to work the fresh change—the old charm asserts itself, as in middle life we begin to realize the admirable literary work which once we did not understand, and with this understanding the old feeling revives.

Edward Bulwer was born on the 25th of May, 1803. His family had long been settled in Norfolk, and its sons had married heiresses; Heydon Hall, which came to them by one such alliance, would seem to be almost as stately as Knebworth, which came by another. Here, in Norfolk, the future novelist's great-aunts received lessons from Eugene Aram, the self-taught scholar, whose strange story of crime was in after-days to be so well told by his patron's grandson; here William Godwin, visiting his mother at Dalling, was a guest

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at Heydon Hall, and begun the acquaintance which lasted for three generations. Nor was it without influence on Edward Bulwer's literary career, for the romantic novels of the younger man have a more direct family descent from *Caleb Williams* than from any other preceding works of fiction. The Bulwers were genial country gentlemen, hard living, warmly loving, not always wisely or legitimately; the literary side of Edward Bulwer's character came from his mother's family, the Lyttons. Round Richard Warburton Lytton, her father, were gathered many men whose names are noted in learning and literature —Porter, Bishop of Cloyne, Sir William Jones, the Orientalist, Richard Joddrell, whose sister he married. This lady, however, was only sixteen, and quite without culture. We are told she read no book but the Bible, the one exception to the rule being a pamphlet given her by her grandson when a very little boy, "*The History of Jane Shore*, popular with house-maids, for which I paid sixpence. It made a great impression on her mind, and she talked and moralized on it to the end of her life."

This ill-assorted pair agreed to separate after some troubled years, therein following the custom of the family. The number of unhappy marriages on both sides would be tragic were there not amusing episodes in almost all, and were not the spell broken so pleasantly in the present generation. The one child born of the marriage, whose life as a girl alternated between the gayety, not to say frivolity, of her mother's home, and the gloom of her scholar father's seclusion at Knebworth, to which he had then succeeded, was Elizabeth, the heiress of the Lyttons, and the wife of General Bulwer. She seems to have been a delightful person, and not the least charming trait is that she continued a very girl to the end of an active business life, chatting with her son on old love affairs, one at least of which had touched her heart very nearly, and making him her confidant in regard to the dim past. There is no kind of personal gossip so pleasant, so innocent, and so instructive as the early recollections of a mother who does not forget that she was once a girl, and when these are again associated with old family lore, history gains a new meaning, quite apart from that which it bears or can bear to those others of us whose families are of to-day, and who, if we are "too proud to care from whence we came," are not on that account pleasanter or more interesting persons.

After many suitors, and the one love affair charmingly narrated, with all the echo of a woman's tones ringing under the masculine speaker's words, Elizabeth Lytton married Colonel Bulwer. She was still very young, and he was more than forty. He had a bad temper, exasperated by gout; she was nervous and delicate, and the love, such as it was, which she bore her husband, soon gave way to mere terror. There were four children, all sons, the last being the subject of the present notice. In 1804 he died, leaving his youngest son a baby in arms. The words in which that son closes the record of the life without which his had not been are a touching reminiscence of his mother's feelings, an evidence of his own kindly judgment and of his ancestral pride:

"He turned to the wall, and asked for some tea. My mother went to prepare it, and when she returned he was in a gentle sleep. She stole from the room softly, not to disturb him. But from that sleep he never woke; within an hour from the time she left him he was no more. His favorite little spaniel, which sat on his pillow, would not quit his remains, and when they were placed out of sight in the coffin, it crept under the pall and died.

"Peace to thy dust, O my father! Faults thou hadst, but those rather of temper than of heart—of deficient education, and the man-like hardness of imperious will, than of ungenerous disposition or Epicurean corruption. If thou didst fail to give happiness to the woman whom thou didst love, many a good man is guilty of a similar failure. It had been otherwise, I sincerely believe, hadst thou chosen a partner of intellectual cultivation more akin to thine own; of hardier nerve and coarser fibre; one whom thy wrath would less have terrified, whom thy converse would have more charmed; of less moral spirit, and more physical courage. Nor do I think thou wast aware of the unhappiness thou didst occasion; but, on the whole contented thyself, didst want nothing but the delicate tact to perceive that in marriage content is not always reciprocal. For the rest, thy courage was without question, and thine honor without stain; and thy tomb closed over a true Englishman, who, had the invader come, would have planted a patriot's foot on the Saxon soil, or hallowed with a patriot's blood the turf of some glorious field."

The lad thus early, perhaps not unfortunately, orphaned, lived a retired life, chiefly in the company of the two ladies, his mother and his grandmother, undisturbed

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by many events, though with the utmost skill he has thrown a haze of fancy over the few that occurred. When he was seven his grandfather Lytton died, leaving no work as evidence of how great a scholar he had been; he had destroyed one, surely the most fantastic ever begun, having regard to the time of its production—a Hebrew drama written in Hebrew; but he left his books to awake the chord which could answer to them in the heart of his grandson.

"His books were removed to London. Wain and van rolled up the streets of Marylebone, and startled the doze of dowagers in Nottingham Place. You might have thought you saw the carts of Zagathai laden with houses—a great city travelling toward you. They came, the mighty Nomads—the grand restless race—the disturbers of all antique landmarks—the convulsers and conquerors of the globe. They came, the Souls of the Dead, file and rank, in the armament of Books."

One who had this taste for learning, and the means of learning, was necessarily unhappy at school. The sentence is no paradox, for even now those who are really taught at school are the few, and fewer still are those whose thirst for true literature is there encouraged or slaked. Edward Bulwer's teachers were pedants, his schoolfellows were, in general, rough and unfeeling; the first twenty years of the century were a coarser age than this, yet even now a lad of a sensitive, poetic nature has a hard time of it, save at a few best houses at the best public schools; and almost all those called private are worse still. That is the happiest boyhood wherein the necessary instruction is given at school by day, and the lad returns after school-hours to an intellectual home. In other circumstances all but an exceptional few learn the true delights of literature late, aside of, and as it were in spite of, their school surroundings. From his masters Bulwer learned little, but he had gained wider literary tastes early from his scholar grandfather's books; he turned from the ruck of his school-fellows to cleave with greater affection to the few congenial spirits; and he learned the grand experience of life by drifting early into love, while still a boy, at a tutor's, when the average lad would have thought only of routine lessons and rough routine games. He had his reward. The correspondence with Mrs. Porter, the widow of the Bishop of Cloyne, his grandfather's friend, and with Dr. Parr, the great scholar, shows plainly enough that in him at seventeen was no common mind and intelligence. Dr. Parr, aged sixty-four, writes to him as to an equal, and encourages him, in words he little needed, to "be ambitious." The following round of criticism, extracted from the letter written in 1821, is full of interest, now that Time has pronounced his verdict also on the poets discussed between the young man and the old:

"I differ from you and from many of my contemporaries upon the poetical merits of Walter Scott. Lord Byron stands on the highest pinnacle in my estimation; and Moore, whom you admire, deserves *in secundis consistere*. Crabbe only can be the rival for the second place. I see great excellence *sometimes* in Southey; and there are *parts* in the writings of Campbell which lead me to consider him as a poet."

Those who may chance to see the English edition of *Lord Lytton's Life* will notice that a little sketch of "The Banks of the Brent" has therein a place of special honor, on a page of its own, and is not brought, like the majority of the woodcuts, into the text. It deserves this prominence in regard to Lord Lytton's life, for it was the birth-place of his manhood, the scene of his earliest love. The fragment of autobiography which records this romance is most touching; but if there be those whose zeal for pilgrimage leads them to Lyttonian shrines, they will do well not to include the banks of the Brent among them. For London, crushing in the embrace of its giant tentacles so much that once was country, is turning village Ealing into a mere suburb, and the "green sequestered meadows" have become a rifle-ground. Lord Lytton the younger records his own pilgrimage, and hints how little is left of the fair scene, how near to the river must the sketcher come that the view may include only what is private and pastoral. It were beneath the dignity of history as presented in two stately volumes, but is not out of place in a lighter article, to tell how the pilgrim and the lady, a near relative, whose pencil drew the scene, were long imprisoned on the river-bank by marksmen arriving later than they. The pilgrims could not make their presence known without danger that any bullet might find its billet in their own brains, and at last had to wade the little stream "high kilted aboon the knee," that they might gain a less dangerous path on the further side. The love-dream

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there passed in all the pure passion of the first honorable love of boy and girl was broken, but never forgotten. The girl, unnamed, and never now to be named or known, was married against her will and without love. She died in three years. The boy kept her memory green to old age. He made frequent allusions to the old and deep romance in prose fiction and in poetry, and the recollection of it was still vivid when he penned his last work, *Kenelm Chillingly*, and rewrote again the story as the love episode in those volumes.

Here, perhaps, it is fitting to notice how large a part of Lord Lytton's novels was autobiographical; how many of his characters were taken from nature. His son gives us the draft of a story called *Lionel Hastings*, unpublished, but of which much was afterward worked up in *What will He Do with It?* in which almost all the characters are drawn from life, and easily to be recognized. Austin Caxton is his grandfather Lytton, not, of course, without an added Shandean dash, and the need for confession which is felt in all souls, now as a religious, and now as a merely human impulse, has led him to work his loves and some most strange adventures into one and another of the romances.

But the religious confession is the only one that is entirely true—if, indeed, any unfolding of things so complex as the deeds of man can be so: the sobering effect of the dispassionate priest is needed to disentangle fact from fancy. The perfectly natural and the perfectly emotional man, however civilized, are alike in this, that neither discriminates between what is perceived by the sense and what by the imagination, so that dreams are as real as waking acts. Hence the *Dichtung's Schleier* is ever [illegible] the *Wahrheit* of life, when the [illegible] romancer will describe his [illegible] experiences; and the veil is not only misty and dim, but many-hued, so that facts are seen as imagined rather than [illegible]. But how arid, how barren, how uninteresting is all life unless there clings to it some romance—that is, in other words, some unreality!

Much that has been [illegible] about the happiness of boyhood [illegible]; it may be sometimes true of [illegible] healthy young animal; but [illegible] for the ordinary [illegible] begins with college days. Boys choose their friends from similarity of pursuits; men from similarity of taste and temper; and if our close friend of school continue our close friend in early manhood, it is because new ties have been formed rather than that the old have been strengthened between the same persons.

Lord Lytton's first term at Cambridge was wasted and melancholy, for he took time to find his set; neither did he like his college, where he considered his tutor "a rude and coarse man." He changed his college, and found his friends, and then all was well—Praed, Cockburn, C. Villiers, Maurice, Kennedy, Macaulay, C. Buller, Carlyle's pupil—it would speak well for the improvement of the race if, as time runs on, there be found in our universities knots of simultaneous names more brilliant than these. Bulwer read hard and wrote hard, but not in the then lines of academic distinction. He chose his own path, as, before the recent wider extensions of study, did many another young man of promise, and gained one only university distinction, the gold medal for English verse, the subject, "Sculpture." It is the fashion to sneer at these effusions, and they are no doubt often crude, often feeble; but there is scarcely another distinction of which the holders have more generally performed the promise of their youth; the names of Heber, Milman, Tennyson, Stanley, Matthew Arnold, rise at once to memory, and prove this was a good beginning for a wide and excellent literary career. The lads who gain this distinction are usually applauded to the echo by their admiring comrades; those who do not admire are for the most part content to keep silence. But Bulwer was not a man about whom even then it was possible to be silent; he was a figure in society which could not be overlooked, he was a coming light in literature, and those who disliked him did it heartily. Hence, a very unfair article in *Fraser's Magazine*, the prelude to many other attacks, of which their object spoke years after as that which could not "fairly be called criticism, but a kind of ribald impertinence, offered, so far as I can remember, to no other writer of my time."

Those who read—and who will not?—Lord Lytton's chapters which supplement the autobiography, and consider the remarkable scheme of work drawn out by the youth of twenty-one, will see either

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that he had never needed, or had thoroughly laid to heart, Dr. Parr's advice, "Be ambitious!" For he then planned in great detail a *History of the British Public*, and the notes for this undertaking show wide reading, and are in themselves, as they stand, a political treatise of no small value. The following view of the remedies for Ireland is of interest to the citizens of more countries than our own at the present day:

"Turn now to Ireland. *Résumé* of its real evils: Don't ask too much from landlords. It is impossible from their means. Provide employment that brings profitable return to wealth of country. Purchase lands for government, or encourage companies for that purpose on a large scale, and in every district. Introduce all improvements that can increase demand for labor. Lay the foundations of orchards in the rich valleys — each small owner, some fruit trees. Spread the cultivation of flax. Introduce hops. Try the mulberry and silk-worm. Trust in all these the irresistible effect of example. Industrial schools everywhere. Put political questions at rest for a while. Let the Church sleep. Say boldly, 'Whatever our opinions on these matters, we must first give bread to the people. We must lay the foundations of those industries and habits on which national happiness depends.' In proportion as Ireland thus advances in industrial prosperity the difficulty of adjusting religious differences will be diminished. In proportion as you increase the wealth of Ireland you will be able to do that which is the only means of meeting the difficulty without straining the conscience of England. You can tax the Irish people for the maintenance of their own ecclesiastical establishments. Be firm in putting down crime. Go back to analogous states of society. Divide into districts. Make each district responsible for the crimes committed in it."

Well may the son of this lad point out that there is in these suggestions more political wisdom than in many experiments by his seniors in these later days!

Amid the autobiographical recollections of the time that succeeded the Cambridge life are tales of thrilling adventure and romance, which could have met only the adventurous and romantic; but it would be impossible to dwell on these further than to say they were largely interwoven into after-narratives nominally fictitious, and that one shows the beginning of an interest which colored so much of Bulwer's later life, the belief in chiromancy and astrology. On these two studies, which have always had and still have earnest followers, it would seem that modern science ought to have very different effects. The stars in space must surely be less and less held to have direct influence on man, a mere atom in the vast, a speck on a world which is as a grain of dust among the worlds. But as the kindred doctrines of evolution and heredity become more and more accepted, it will surely be more evident that every shade of character is stamped on the physical form, and this, rightly examined and deciphered, will give the key to character. This again affects in some degree the actions of man, and as truest prophecy is the right interpretation of the past, so will the future of any man be foretold in some degree by the correct understanding of ancestral characters impressed on bodily form, and most easily seen, free from the evidence of fleeting emotions, in the lines of the hand.

Readers of the novels will call to mind the many allusions to occult science—not only in longer novels avowedly based on them, but hints at knowledge confined to the adept, secrets bringing man into communion with larger powers. "One of my very best," is the designation given to a powerful story in the *Pilgrims of the Rhine*, which thrilled me in my boyhood so often as I read the opening words: "And the stars sat, each on his ruby throne, and gazed with sleepless eyes upon the world."

But gypsy lore, and the romance which mingled with it, were interrupted by the renewal of an early acquaintance with Lady Caroline Lamb, the wife of William Lamb, the future Lord Melbourne. She was some fifteen years older than Bulwer, one of those few women who fascinate without much real beauty, and whose wild and romantic love for Lord Byron had by no means lessened her attractiveness. While William Lamb had not considered this infatuation a reason for a quarrel with his wife, society could do no less than be lenient. There are few more singular characters among the women of that time, so rich in remarkable women, than Lady Caroline, whose manners varied from those of a mere child to those of an accomplished woman of the world, her intellect from folly to wisdom.

"There was in her, [illegible] wild originality in her talk [illegible] at and sudden contrasts [illegible] to infantine drollery: now sentimental [illegible] owd, it sparkled with

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anecdotes of the great world.....and ten minutes after it became gravely eloquent with religious enthusiasm, or shot off into metaphysical speculations—sometimes absurd, sometimes profound—generally suggestive and interesting."

No wonder that she fascinated young Bulwer; no wonder also that she threw him off, and nearly broke his heart. "I left Brocket the next morning very early, was here the same night, and in a fever the next; lost twenty ounces of blood; but have taken your advice, and am endeavoring to forget what I have no wish to remember." But the heart soon mended; and his son writes, with an amusement half sympathetic, half cynical, that

"The time soon came when the adventure could be recalled without a pang or a sigh, or any other sentiment than the amused interest of a student of the heart. Already he had begun the vocation in which his business was to depict and analyze sentiment; and his recent experience supplied the material for one of his earliest attempts in fiction."

These, and some minor preludings on the chords of the heart, were but the preparations for an earnest and serious love, which became the fleeting joy and then the deepest tragedy of Bulwer's life. The autobiography comes to an end on the threshold of this period: it is easy to understand why it was not continued. He was twenty-two when, at Miss Berry's house, he met Rosina Wheeler. Nor was it surprising he should have been captivated, since Mrs. Bulwer-Lytton, jealous of influence over her son, and by no means desirous of throwing him hastily in the way of any attractive young woman, was so startled by the singular beauty of Miss Wheeler that she suddenly drew his attention to her, when, "with a strangely troubled sensation, he beheld his fate before him." One who knew her well a few years afterward has lately assured me that as a type of magnificent physical beauty she never saw Mrs. Bulwer's equal. The marriage began with the sad estrangement of mother and son, and this estrangement only ended entirely when the elder lady's anticipations were fulfilled, and the romance had ended in disappointment and permanent separation. But that *dénouement* is not told in these volumes. The weight of a coming tragedy is on the account of the first happy years, but the facts themselves are for the next installment of the life. Here we only find that, full of hope, with confidence that he could earn his living by intellectual labor, his sky clouded only by the disagreement with his mother, which he believed would vanish as she knew his wife better, the young author settled down to work at a pleasant home in Oxfordshire.

Lord Lytton's criticisms on his father's books are sound and brilliant, a separate criticism would be needless, a summary impossible, and, if possible, unfair to the admirable literary style in which they are written. In passing from the events of the life to its literary results—for the political life is only touched on as just begun at the end of these volumes—we need only speak of some few incidents of work which are especially interesting to those who like to know the conditions under which beings and scenes begotten in the brain take form visible to others also.

At the age of forty-three Bulwer wrote:

"Thought is continually flowing through my mind. I scarcely know a moment in which I am awake and not thinking. Nor by thought do I mean mere reverie or castle-building, but a sustained process of thinking. I have always in my mind some distinct train of ideas which I seek to develop, or some positive truth which I am trying to arrive at. If I lived for a million years I could not exhaust a millionth part of my thoughts. I know that I must be immortal, if only because I think."

Lord Lytton tells an amusing story of an answer of Fuseli to a materialist, who said to him in discussion, "You assert, then, that I have an immortal soul?" "Sir," replied Fuseli, "I have asserted nothing of the kind. What I assert is that *I* have an immortal soul." In the same way Bulwer's conviction was, as his son tells us, "inseparable from the sense of his own vigorous personality." And as these teeming thoughts passed through his mind they became so vivid to him that when projected on paper they impress the reader in the same vivid way. However fantastic and strange are the men or the scenes, they live, and when taken from life have an existence beyond and in excess of their originals. For instance, there is no book more popular with Rhine tourists than the *Pilgrims of the Rhine;* it is accurate while fanciful; the local color transfigures every page. The simple fact about it is that when Bulwer wrote the book he had never seen the Rhine, but his imagination vivified the whole even more truly than if he had written a mere de-

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scription. The same thing occurred, and was carried out to its conclusion, in the case of Charles Kingsley. Those who know the tropics say that the descriptions of scenery in *Westward Ho!* are more true than those of *At Last!* when the wonder of the West Indies lay before his gaze.

Readers from the first accepted Bulwer. Of *Falkland*, certainly not one of his greatest efforts, Lady Blessington said, "At Paris, in 1830, during the very heat of the Revolution, when balls were striking against the walls of my dwelling, I forgot all danger while reading *Falkland*." Of others, Godwin, Disraeli, and Macaulay, at different dates in the author's life, wrote in words which might seem extravagant if we had not ourselves come under the spell. But the critics were not so kind, and probably, though Lord Lytton to some extent argues against it, the *London and Westminster Review* was right in its view of the causes. As a country gentleman he stood aloof from the rank and file of the press; as a literary man he stood aloof from the squires. "He was in collision, therefore, with the spirit of both classes, and each attacked him for not being one of them."

His political career again raised up enemies in his literary capacity. He held strong opinions, and avowed them; he went into Parliament, and a literary career is even now with difficulty forgiven to a politician. Moreover, he was assuredly not orthodox in an age which had not forgiven Byron or Shelley, and an outward conformity at least was required to all the current religious acts and phrases in a degree which those can scarcely understand whose fate has fixed them in these latter days. Lord Lytton has a very interesting chapter on his father's religious opinions; but if closely examined, it all comes to the statement of him who maintained that his religion was that of all sensible men, and on being further pressed to say what that might be, rejoined that sensible men never tell. This was not enough for the days of the Reform Bill and of Catholic Emancipation. But with all these things against him, Bulwer won his way, and gained his place in the first rank of English novelists.

The personal interest of the close of this portion of the narrative is very strong, containing, as it does, the record of the intimacy with Disraeli, and Bulwer's first entrance into Parliament. He was to win no inconsiderable place there, and as a state official; but all this belongs to a later stage, on which it would be premature now to enter.

One curious fact meets us in regard to Disraeli, recorded here, though it also belongs naturally to a much later time. Bulwer, still interested in occult science, cast and interpreted the geomantic figure of the character and career of his friend. Seldom has there been a more happy guess, if guess it were, in regard to one of whom few then foresaw the brilliant later years. Though George Eliot has said that "of all forms of mistake, prophecy is the most gratuitous," it has not been the case with the prediction of which the following are a few sentences:

"He will be to the last largely before the public. Much feared by his opponents, but greatly beloved, not only by those immediately about him, but by large numbers of persons to whom he is personally unknown. He will die, whether in or out of office, in an exceptionally high position, greatly lamented, and surrounded to the end by all the magnificent planetary influences of a propitious Jupiter.

"He will bequeath a repute out of all proportion to the opinion now entertained of his intellect, even by those who think most highly of it.

"Greater honors far than he has yet acquired are in store for him. His enemies, though active, are not persevering. His official friends, though not ardent, will yet minister to his success."

Bulwer's political friendships and career are reserved for future volumes, as are also the tragedy of his separation from his wife, and the incidents of middle life, not in his case less romantic than those of youth, but on these it were premature to enter now. Lord Lytton leaves all his readers with an eager desire for more.

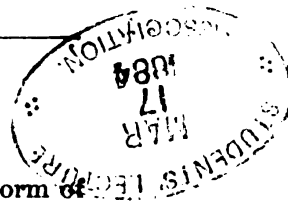
It is very curious to realize that these preliminary volumes contain but slight indication of the influence which Knebworth had on Bulwer, and he on his ancestral home. Up to 1830 he had been but little there, and only as a visitor. His mother, after she became its owner, kept all the strings of rule in her own hands. Now the place is full of his memory, and it is difficult to recollect that he came there for good only in the fullness of his manhood, and when in a worse than widowed condition. This arises in part from the fact that his was always a student life, and vast as was the amount of work done before, it was not less after

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Knebworth became his home. There, too, he was known as a statesman. Thence he carried out those curious and thoughtful, if abortive, schemes for the good of the theatrical profession, in the members of which he took so great an interest. And that home was associated with so much of which the outer world heard but dimly, no doubt in great measure incorrectly, but with wonder and curiosity—his researches into magic lore, and the phenomena of mesmerism and spiritualism.

But Knebworth is yet more associated with his memory because of the filial enthusiasm of his son. Singularly resembling his father in face, a likeness growing more apparent as the years pass on, like him also in many personal habits, the use—or is it even the abuse?—of tobacco, the mixture of great simplicity of life as a rule with a love for splendor of surroundings when occasion allows, the son has a yet marked individuality, which he might stamp, and desire to stamp, on a home like Knebworth, a place so large and so irregular that it would easily take the characteristics of each owner. But to keep the place on the whole essentially as it was made by the first lord, to subordinate his own additions in building, to retain the memory of the dead as a living and pervading yet always cheerful presence in the home that once was his, is the successful aim of the present owner.

He has carried out the same idea in the volumes he is building up as a fitting shrine for that memory. His own work is admirable, and the moment we examine it carefully we become conscious of the first-rate workmanship. But the author and editor is not, as is sometimes the case, the principal figure. His father, first in his thoughts, is always in the first place; all that is written is to explain him, his character and his views. The self of the writer is most gracefully kept in the background, though ready always, as it were, at call. The life of a father is well told by a son; the life of a literary man is set forth by another master of the craft with rare and delicate skill.



NATURE'S SERIAL STORY.

V.

EVERY day through the latter part of February the sun grew higher, and its rays more potent. The snow gave rapidly in warm southern nooks and slopes, and the icicles lengthened from the eaves and overhanging rocks, forming in many instances beautiful crystal fringes. On northern slopes and shaded places the snow scarcely wasted at all, and Amy often wondered how the vast white body that covered the earth could ever disappear in time for spring. But there soon came a raw, chilly, cloudy day, with a high south wind, and the snow sank away, increasing the apparent height of the fences, and revealing objects hitherto hidden, as if some magic were at work.

"I have always observed," said Mr. Clifford, "that a day like this, raw and cold as it seems, does more to carry off the snow than a week of spring sunshine, although it may be warm for the season. What is more, the snow is wasted evenly, and not merely on sunny slopes. The wind seems to soak up the melting snow like a great sponge, for the streams are not perceptibly raised."

"The air does take it up in the form of vapor," said Webb, "and that is why we have such a chilly snow atmosphere. Rapidly melting snow tends to lower the temperature proportionately, just as ice around a form of cream, when made to melt quickly by the addition of salt, absorbs all heat in its vicinity so fast that the cream is congealed. But this accumulation of vapor in the air must come down again, perhaps in the form of snow, and so there will be no apparent gain."

"If no apparent gain, could there be a real gain by another fall of snow?" Amy asked, for to inexperienced eyes there certainly seemed more than could be disposed of in time for April flowers.

"Yes," he replied, "a fall of snow might make this whole section warmer for a time, and so hasten spring materially. Do not worry. We shall have plenty of snowstorms yet, and still spring will be here practically on time."

But instead of snow the vapor-burdened air relieved itself by a rain of several hours' duration, and in the morning the river that had been so white looked icy

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and glistening, and by the aid of a glass was seen to be covered with water, which rippled under the rising breeze. The following night was clear and cold, and the surface of the bay became a comparatively smooth glare of ice. At dinner next day Webb remarked:

"I hear that they are catching a good many striped bass through the ice, and I learned that the tide would be right for them to raise the nets this afternoon. I propose, Amy, that we go down and see the process, and get some of the fish direct from the water for supper."

Burt groaned, and was almost jealous that during his enforced confinement so many opportunities to take Amy out fell naturally to Webb. The latter, however, was so entirely fraternal in his manner toward the young girl that Burt was ever able to convince himself that his misgivings were absurd.

Webb was soon ready, and had provided himself with his skates and a small sleigh with a back to it. When they arrived at the landing he tied his horse, and said:

"The ice is too poor to drive on any longer, I am informed, but perfectly safe still for foot-passengers. As a precaution, we will follow the tracks of the fishermen, and I will give you a swift ride on this little sledge, in which I can wrap you up well."

Like most young men brought up in the vicinity, he was a good and powerful skater, and Amy was soon enjoying the exhilarating sense of rapid motion over the smooth ice, with a superb view of the grand mountains rising on either side of the river a little to the south. They soon reached the nets, which stretched across the river through narrow longitudinal cuts so as to be at right angles to each tide, with which the fish usually swim. These nets are such in shape as were formerly suspended between the old-fashioned shad poles, and are sunk perpendicularly in the water by weights at each end, so that the meshes are expanded nearly to their full extent. The fish swim into these precisely as do the shad, and in their attempts to back out their gills catch, and there they hang.

The nets are about twelve feet square, and the meshes of different nets are from two and a half to five and a quarter inches in size. A bass of nine pounds' weight can be "gilled" in the ordinary manner; but in one instance a fish weighing one hundred and two pounds was caught, and during the present season they were informed that a lucky fisherman at Marlborough had secured "a fifty-two-pounder." These heavy fellows, it was explained, "would go through a net like a cannon-ball" if they came "head on," and with ordinary speed; but if they are playing around gently, the swift tide carries them sideways into the "slack of the net," from which they seem unable to escape. There are usually about forty-five feet between the surface of the water and the top of the nets, therefore the fish are caught at an average depth of fifty feet. The best winter fishing is from December to March, and as many as one hundred and seventy pounds, or about two hundred bass, have been taken in twenty-four hours from one line of nets; at other times "the luck would be very bad, for the fish seemed to run in streaks."

The luck was exceedingly moderate on the present occasion, but enough fish were caught to satisfy Webb's needs. As they were watching the lifting of the nets and angling for information, they saw an ice-boat slowly and gracefully leaving the landing, and were told that since the ice had grown thin it had taken the place of the sleigh in which the passengers were conveyed to and from the railroad station on the farther shore. The wind, being adverse, necessitated several tacks, and in one of them the boat passed so near Webb and Amy that they recognized Mr. Barkdale, the clergyman, who, as he sped by, saluted them. When the boat had passed on about an eighth of a mile it tacked so suddenly and sharply that the unwary minister was rolled out upon the ice. The speed and impetus of the little craft were so great that before it could be brought up it was about half a mile away, and the good man was left in what might be dangerous isolation, for ice over which the boat could skim in security might be very unsafe under the stationary weight of a solidly built man like Mr. Barkdale. Webb therefore seized a pole belonging to one of the fishermen, and came speedily to the clergyman's side. Happily the ice, although it had wasted rapidly from the action of the tide in that part of the river, sustained them until the boat returned, and the good man resumed his journey with laughing words, by which he nevertheless conveyed to Webb his honest gratitude for the promptness with which the young fellow had shared his

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possible danger. When Webb returned he found Amy pale and agitated, for an indiscreet fisherman had remarked that the ice was "mighty poor out in that direction."

"Won't you please come off the river?" she asked, nervously. "I've seen all I wish."

"It's perfectly safe here."

"But you were not here a moment since, and I've no confidence in your discretion when any one is in danger."

"I did not run any risks worth speaking of."

"I think you did. The men explained, in answer to my questions, that the ice toward spring becomes honey-combed—that's the way they expressed it—and lets one through without much warning. They also said the tides wore it away underneath about as fast as the rain and sun wasted the surface."

"Supposing it had let me through, I should have caught on the pole, and so have easily scrambled out, while poor Mr. Barkdale would have been quite helpless."

"Oh, I know it was right for you to go, and I know you will go again should there be the slightest occasion. Therefore I am eager to reach solid ground. Please, Webb."

Her tone was so earnest that he complied, and they were soon in the sleigh again. As they were driving up the hill she turned a shy glance toward him, and said, hesitatingly: "Don't mistake me, Webb. I am proud to think that you are so brave and uncalculating at times; but then I—I never like to think that you are in danger. Remember how very much you are to us all."

"Well, that is rather a new thought to me. Am I much to you?"

"Yes, you are," she said, gravely and earnestly, looking him frankly in the face. "From the first moment you spoke to me as 'sister Amy' you made the relation seem real. And then your manner is so strong and even that it's restful to be with you. You may give one a terrible fright, as you did me this afternoon, but you would never make one nervous."

His face flushed with deep pleasure, but he made good her opinion by quietly changing the subject, and giving her a brisk, bracing drive over one of her favorite roads.

All at the supper table agreed that the striped bass were delicious, and Burt, as the recognized sportsman of the family, had much to say about the habits of this fine game fish. Among his remarks he explained that the "catch" was small at present because the recent rain and melting snow had made the water of the river so fresh that the fish had been driven back toward the sea. "But they re-ascend," he said, "as soon as the freshet subsides. They are a sea fish, and only ascend fresh-water streams for shelter in winter, and to breed in spring. They spawn in May, and by August the little fish will weigh a quarter of a pound. A good many are taken with seines after the ice breaks up, but I never had any luck with pole and line in the river. While striped bass are found all along the coast from Florida to Cape Cod, the largest fish are taken between the latter place and Montauk Point. I once had some rare sport off the east end of Long Island. I was still-fishing, with a pole and reel, and fastened on my hook a peeled shedder crab. My line was of linen, six hundred feet long, and no heavier than that used for trout, but very strong. By a quick movement which an old bass-fisherman taught me I made my bait dart like an arrow straight over the water more than one hundred feet, my reel at the same moment whirling in paying out as if it would fuse from friction. Well, I soon hooked a fifty-pound fish, and we had a tussle that I shall never forget. It took me an hour to tire him out, and I had to use all the skill I possessed to keep him from breaking the line. It was rare sport, I can tell you—the finest bit of excitement I ever had fishing;" and the young fellow's eyes sparkled at the memory.

Strange as it may appear to some, his mother shared most largely in his enthusiasm. The reason was that, apart from the interest which she took in all of her children's pleasure, she lived much in her imagination, which was unusually strong, and Burt's words called up a marine picture with an athletic young fellow in the foreground all on the *qui vive*, his blue eyes flashing with the sparkle and light of the sea as he matched his skill and science against a creature stronger than himself.

"Are larger bass ever taken with rod and line?" she asked.

"Yes, one weighing seventy-five pounds has been captured. Jupiter! what sport it must have been!"

"How big do they grow, anyhow?" Leonard queried.

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"To almost your size, Len, and that's a heavy compliment to the bass. They have been known to reach the weight of one hundred and fifty pounds."

The last day of February was clear, cloudless, and cold, the evening serene and still. Winter's tempestuous course was run, its icy breath apparently had ceased, and darkness closed on its quiet pallid face.

"March came in like a lamb"—an ominous circumstance for the future record of this uncertain month, according to the traditions of the old weather prophets. The sun rose clear and warm, the snow sparkled and melted, the bluebirds rejoiced, and their soft notes of mutual congratulation found many echoes among their human neighbors. By noon the air was wonderfully soft and balmy, and Webb brought in a number of sprays from peach-trees cut in different parts of the place, and redeemed his promise to Amy, showing her the fruit germs, either green, or rather of a delicate gold-color, or else blackened by frost. She was astonished to find how perfect the embryo blossom appeared under the microscope. It needed no glass, however, to reveal the blackened heart of the bud, and Webb, having cut through a goodly number, remarked: "It would now appear as if nature had performed a very important labor for us, for I find about eight out of nine buds killed. It will save us from thinning the fruit next summer, for if one-ninth of the buds mature into peaches they will not only bring more money, but will measure more by the bushel."

"How can one peach measure more than eight peaches?"

"By being larger. If all these buds grew into peaches, and were left on these slender boughs, the tree might be killed outright by overbearing, and would assuredly be much injured and disfigured by broken limbs and exhaustion, while the fruit itself would be so small and poor as to be unsalable. Thousands of trees annually perish from this cause, and millions of peaches are either not picked, or, if marketed, may bring the grower into debt for freight and other expenses. A profitable crop of peaches can only be grown by careful hand-thinning when they are as large as marbles, unless the frost does the work for us by killing the greater part of the buds. It is a dangerous ally, however, for our constant fear is that it may destroy *all* the buds. There are plenty left yet, and I find that cherry, apple, plum, and pear buds are still safe. Indeed, there is little fear for them as long as peach buds are not entirely destroyed, for they are much hardier."

In the afternoon, Burt, who had become expert in the use of crutches, determined on an airing, and invited Amy to join him. "I now intend to begin giving you driving lessons," he said. "You will soon acquire entire confidence, for skill, far more than strength, is required. As long as one keeps cool and shows no fear there is rarely danger. Horses often catch their senseless panic from their drivers; and even when frightened with good cause, can usually be re-assured by a few quiet words and a firm rein."

Amy was delighted at the prospect of a lesson in driving, especially as Burt, because of his lameness, did not venture to take his over-spirited steed Thunder. She sincerely hoped, however, that he would confine his thoughts and attentions to the ostensible object of the drive, for his manner at times was embarrassingly ardent. Burt was sufficiently politic to fulfill her hope, for he had many other drives in view, and had discovered that Amy did not welcome attentions that were not fraternal. With a self-restraint and a prudence which he thought most praiseworthy and sagacious, but which were ludicrous in their limitations, he resolved to take a few weeks to make the impression which he had often succeeded in producing in a few hours, judging from the relentings and favors received in a rather extended career of gallantry, although it now puzzled the young fellow that he could have been so fascinated on former occasions. He now merely proposed that she should enjoy the drive so thoroughly that she would wish to go again, and his effort met with entire success.

During the first week in March there were many indications of the opening campaign on the Clifford farm. There were the overhauling and furbishing of weapons, otherwise tools, and the mending or strengthening of those in a decrepit state. A list of such additional ones as were wanted was made at this time, and an order sent for them at once. Amy also observed that practical Leonard was conning several catalogues of implements. "Len is always on the scent of some new

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patent hoe or cultivator," Burt remarked. "My game pays better than yours," was the reply, "for the right kind of tools about doubles the effectiveness of labor."

The chief topic of discussion and form of industry at this time were the pruning and cleansing of trees, and Amy often observed Webb from her windows in what seemed to her most perilous positions in the tops of apple and other trees, with saw and pruning shears or nippers—a light little instrument with such a powerful leverage that a good-sized bough could be lopped away by one slight pressure of the hand.

"It seems to me," remarked Leonard, one evening, "that there is much diversity of opinion in regard to the time and methods of trimming trees. While the majority of our neighbors prune in March, some say fall or winter is the best time. Others are in favor of June, and in some paper I've read, 'Prune when your knife is sharp.' As for cleansing the bark of the trees, very few take the trouble."

"Well," replied his father, "I've always performed these labors in March with good results. I have often observed that taking off large limbs from old and feeble trees is apt to injure them. A decay begins at the point of amputation and extends down into the body of the tree. Sap-suckers and other woodpeckers, in making their nests, soon excavate this rotten wood back into the trunk, to which the moisture of every storm is admitted, and the life of the tree is shortened."

"Well," remarked Leonard, "I can go to work to-morrow with entire content; and very pleasant work it is, too, especially on the young trees, where by a little forethought and a few cuts one can shape the form and appearance of the future tree."

"How is that possible?" Amy asked.

"Well, you see there are plenty of buds on all the young branches, and we can cut a branch just above the bud we wish to grow, which will continue to grow in the direction in which it points. Thus we can shape each summer's growth in any direction we choose."

"How can you be sure to find a bud just where you want it?"

"I know we always do."

"Of course we do," said Webb, "for buds are arranged spirally on trees in mathematical order. On most trees it is termed the 'five-ranked arrangement,' and every bud is just two-fifths of the circumference of the stem from the next. This will bring every sixth bud or leaf over the first, or the one we start with. Thus in the length of stem occupied by five buds you have buds facing in five different directions—plenty of choice for all pruning purposes."

"Oh, nonsense, Webb; you are too everlastingly scientific. Buds and leaves are scattered at hap-hazard all over the branches."

"That shows you observe at hap-hazard. Wait, and I'll prove I'm right;" and he seized his hat and went out. Returning after a few minutes with long, slender shoots of peach, apple, and pear trees, he said: "Now put your finger on any bud, and count. See if the sixth bud does not stand invariably over the one you start from, and if the intervening buds do not wind spirally twice around the stem, each facing in a different direction."

The result proved Webb to be right. He laughed, and said: "There, Len, you've seen buds and branches for over forty years, and never noticed this. Here, Alf, you begin right, and learn to see things just as they are. There's no telling how often accurate knowledge may be useful."

"But, Webb, all plants have not the five-ranked arrangement, as you term it," his mother protested.

"Oh no. There is the two-ranked, in which the third leaf stands over the first; the three-ranked, in which the fourth leaf stands over the first. Then we also find the eighth and thirteenth ranked arrangements, according to the construction of various species of plants or trees. But having once observed an arrangement of buds or leaves in a species, you will find it maintained with absolute symmetry and accuracy, although the spaces between the buds lengthwise upon the stem may vary very much. Nature, with all her seeming carelessness and *abandon*, works on strict mathematical principles."

"Well," said Alf, "I'm going to see if you are right to-morrow. I don't half believe you are." And on the following day he tried his best to prove Webb wrong, but failed.

Before the week was over there was a decided return of winter. The sky lost its spring-like blue. Cold, ragged clouds were driven wildly by a northeast gale, which, penetrating the heaviest wraps, caused a shivering sense of discomfort. Only by the most vigorous exercise could

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one cope with the raw, icy wind, and yet the effort to do so brought a rich return in warm, purified blood. All out-of-door labor, except such as required strong, rapid action, came to an end, for it was the very season and opportunity for pneumonia to seize upon its chilled victim. To a family constituted like the Cliffords such weather brought no *ennui*. They had time for more music and reading aloud than usual. The pets in the flower-room needed extra care and watching, for the bitter wind searched out every crevice and cranny. Entering the dining-room on one occasion, Amy found the brothers poring over a map spread out on the table.

"What! studying geography?" she said. "It certainly is a severe stress of weather that has brought you all to that. What countries are you exploring?"

"These are our Western Territories," Burt promptly responded. "This prominent point here is Fort Totem, and these indications of adjacent buildings are for the storage of furs, bear meat, and the accommodation of Indian hunters." Burt tried to look serious, but Webb's and Leonard's laughter betrayed him. Amy turned inquiringly to Webb, as she ever did when perplexed.

"Don't mind Burt's chaff," he said. "This is merely a map of the farm, and we are doing a little planning for our spring work—deciding what crop we shall put on that field and how treat this one, etc. You can see, Amy, that each field is numbered, and here in this book are corresponding numbers, with a record of the crops grown upon each field for a good many years back, to what extent and how often they have been enriched, and the kind of fertilizers used. Of course such a book of manuscript would be the dreariest prose in the world to you, but it is exceedingly interesting to us; and what's more, these past records are the best possible guides for future action."

"Oh, I know all about your book now," she said, with an air of entire confidence, "for I've heard papa say that land and crop records have been kept in England for generations. I don't think I will sit up nights to read your manuscript, however. If Burt's version had been true, it might have been quite exciting."

She did enjoy aiding Mr. and Mrs. Clifford in overhauling the seed chest, however. This was a wooden box, all tinned over to keep out the mice, and was divided into many little compartments, in which were paper bags of seeds, with the date on which they were gathered or purchased. Some of the seeds were condemned because too old; others, like those of melons and cucumbers, improved with a moderate degree of age, she was told. Mrs. Clifford brought out from her part of the chest a rich store of flower seeds, and the young girl looked with much curiosity on the odd-appearing little grains and scale-like objects in which, in miniature, was wrapped some beautiful and fragrant plant. "Queer little promises, ain't they?" said the old lady; "for every seed is a promise to me."

"I tell you what it is, Amy," the old gentleman remarked, "this chest contains the assurance of many a good dinner and many a beautiful bouquet. Now, like a good girl, help us make an inventory. We will first have a list of what we may consider trustworthy seeds on hand, and then, with the aid of these catalogues, we can make out another list of what we shall buy. Seed catalogues, with their long list of novelties, never lose their fascination for me. I know that most of the new things are not half so good as the old tried sorts, but still I like to try some every year. It's a harmless sort of gambling, you see, and now and then I draw a genuine prize. Mother has the gambling mania far worse than I, as is evident from the way she goes into the flower novelties."

"I own up to it," said Mrs. Clifford, "and I do love to see the almost endless diversity in beauty which one species of plants will exhibit. Why, do you know, Amy, I grew from seeds one summer fifty distinct varieties of the dianthus. Suppose we take asters this year, and see how many distinct kinds we can grow. Here, in this catalogue, is a long list of named varieties, and, in addition, there are packages of mixed seeds from which we may get something distinct from all the others."

"How full of zest life becomes in the country," cried Amy, "if one only goes to work in the right way!" Life was growing fuller and richer to her every day in the varied and abounding interests of the family with which she was now entirely identified.

"Webb," his mother asked at dinner, "how do you explain the varying vitality of seeds? Some we can keep six or eight years, and others only two."

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"That's a question I am unable to answer. It can not be the amount of material stored up in the cotyledons, or embryo seed leaves, for small seeds like the beet and cucumber will retain their vitality ten years, and lettuce, turnip, and tomato seed five or more years, while I do not care to plant large, fleshy seeds like pease and beans that are over three years old, and much prefer those gathered the previous season. The whole question of the germinating of seeds is a curious one. Wheat taken from the wrappings of an Egyptian mummy has grown. Many seeds appear to have a certain instinct when to grow, and will lie dormant in the ground for indefinite periods waiting for favorable conditions. For instance, sow wood-ashes copiously and you speedily have a crop of white clover. Again, when one kind of timber is cut from land, another and diverse kind will spring up, as if the soil were full of seeds that had been biding their time. For all practical purposes the duration of vitality is known, and is usually given in seed catalogues, I think, or ought to be."

"Some say that certain fertilizers or conditions will produce certain kinds of vegetation without the aid of seeds—just develop them, you know."

"Develop them from what?"

"That's the question."

"Well, I think the sensible answer is that all vegetation is developed from seeds, spores, or whatever was designed to continue the chain of being from one plant to another. For the life of me I can't see how mere organic or inorganic matter can produce life. It can only sustain and nourish the life which exists in it or is placed in it, and which by a law of nature develops when the conditions are favorable. I am quite sure that there is not an instance on record of the spontaneous production of life, even down to the smallest animalcule in liquids, or the minutest plant life that is propagated by invisible spores. That the microscope does not reveal these spores or germs proves nothing, for the strongest microscope in the world has not begun to reach the final atom of which matter is composed. Indeed, it would seem to be as limited in its power to explore the infinitely little and near as the telescope to reveal the distant and great. Up to this time science has discovered nothing to contravene the assurance that God, or some one, 'created every living creature that moveth, and every herb yielding seed after his kind.' After a series of most careful and accurate experiments, Professor Tyndall could find no proof of the spontaneous production of even microscopic life, and found much proof to the contrary. How far original creations are changed or modified by evolution, natural selection, are questions that are to be settled neither by dogmatism on the one hand nor by baseless theories on the other, but by facts, and plenty of them."

"Do you think there is anything atheistical in evolution?" his mother asked, and with some solicitude in her large eyes, for, like all trained in the old beliefs, she felt that the new philosophies led away into a realm of vague negations. Webb understood her anxiety lest the faith she had taught him should become unsettled, and he re-assured her in a characteristic way.

"No, mother," he said. "If evolution is the true explanation of the world, as it now appears to us, it is no more atheistical than some theologies I have heard preached, which contained plenty of doctrines and attributes, but no God. If God with His infinite leisure chooses to evolve His universe, why shouldn't He? In any case a creative, intelligent power is equally essential. It would be just as easy for me to believe that all the watches and jewelry at Tiffany's were the result of fortuitous causes as to believe that the world as we find it has no mind back of it."

Mother smiled contentedly, for she saw that he still stood just where she did, only his horizon had widened.

"Well," said his father, contentedly, "I read much in the papers and magazines of theories and isms of which I never heard when I was young, but eighty years of experience have convinced me that the Lord reigns."

They all laughed at this customary settlement of all knotty problems on the part of the old gentleman, and Burt, rising from the table, looked out, with the remark that the prospects were that "the Lord would rain heavily that afternoon." The oldest and most infallible weather prophet in the region was certainly giving portentous indications of a storm of no ordinary dimensions. The vapor was pouring over its summit in Niagara-like volume, and the wind, no longer rushing with its recent boisterous roar, was moaning and sighing

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as if nature was in pain and trouble. The barometer, which had been low for two days, sank lower; the temperature rose as the gale veered to the eastward. This fact, and the moisture-laden atmosphere, indicated that it came from the Gulf Stream region of the Atlantic. The rain, which began with a fine drizzle, increased fast in copiousness, and soon fell in blinding sheets. The day grew dusky early, and the twilight was brief and obscure; then followed a long night of Egyptian darkness, through which the storm rushed, warred, and splashed with increasing vehemence. Before the evening was over, the sound of tumultuously flowing water became an appreciable element in the uproar without, and Webb, opening a window on the sheltered side of the house, called Amy to hear the torrents pouring down the sides of Storm King.

The old house seemed so full of strange sounds that Amy found it impossible to sleep. Seasoned as were its timbers, they creaked and groaned, and the casements rattled as if giant hands were seeking to open them. The wind at times would sigh and sob so mournfully, like a human voice, that her imagination peopled the darkness with strange creatures in distress, and then she would shudder as a more violent gust raised the prolonged wail into a loud shriek. Thoughts of her dead father—not the resigned, peaceful thoughts which the knowledge of his rest had brought of late—came surging into her mind. Her organization was peculiarly fine and especially sensitive to excited atmospherical conditions, and the tumult of the night raised in her mind an irrepressible, although unreasoning, panic. At last she felt that she would scream if she remained alone any longer. She put on her wrapper, purposing to ask Mrs. Leonard to come and stay with her for a time, feeling assured that if she could only speak to some one, the horrid spell of nervous fear would be broken. As she stepped into the hall she saw a light gleaming from the open door of the sitting-room, and in the hope that some one was still up, she stole noiselessly down the stairway to a point that commanded a view of the apartment. Only Webb was there, and he sat quietly reading by the shaded lamp and flickering fire. The scene and his very attitude suggested calmness and safety. There was nothing to be afraid of, and he was not afraid. With every moment that she watched him the nervous agitation passed from mind and body. His strong, intent profile proved that he was occupied wholly with the thought of his author. The quiet deliberation with which he turned the leaves was more potent than soothing words. "I wouldn't for the world have him know I'm so weak and foolish," she said to herself, as she crept noiselessly back to her room. "He little dreamed who was watching him," she whispered, smilingly, as she dropped asleep.

When she woke next morning the rain had ceased, the wind blew in fitful gusts, and the sky was still covered with wildly hurrying clouds that seemed like the straggling rear-guard which the storm had left behind. So far as she could see from her window, everything was still standing, as Mr. Clifford had said. Familiar objects greeted her re-assuringly, and never before had the light even of a lowering morning seemed more blessed in contrast with the black, black night. As she recalled the incidents of that night, her nervous panic, and the scene which had brought quiet and peace, she smiled again, and, it must be admitted, blushed slightly. "I wonder if he affects others as he does me," she thought. "Papa used to say, when I was a little thing, that I was just a bundle of nerves, but when Webb is near I am not conscious I ever had a nerve."

Every little brook had become a torrent; Moodna Creek was reported to be in angry mood, and the family hastened through breakfast that they might drive out to see the floods and the possible devastation. Several bridges over the smaller streams had barely escaped, and the Idlewild brook, whose spring and summer music the poet Willis had caused to be heard even in other lands, now gave forth a hoarse roar from the deep glen through which it raved. An iron bridge over the Moodna, on the depot road, had evidently been in danger in the night. The ice had been piled up in the road on each end of the bridge, and a cottage a little above it was surrounded by huge cakes. The inmates had realized their danger, for part of their furniture had been carried to higher ground. Although the volume of water passing was still immense, all danger was now over. As they were looking at the evidences of the violent breaking up of winter, the first phœbe-bird of the season alighted in a tree overhanging the torrent, and in

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"SHE STOLE NOISELESSLY DOWN THE STAIRWAY."

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THE MOUNTAIN ROAD.

her plaintive notes seemed to say, as interpreted by John Burroughs, "If you please, spring has come."

"Where was that wee bit of life last night?" said Webb; "and how could it keep up heart?"

"Possibly it looked in at a window and saw some one reading," thought Amy: and she smiled so sweetly at the conceit that Webb asked, "How many pennies will you take for your thoughts?"

"They are not in the market;" and she laughed outright as she turned away.

"The true place to witness the flood will be at the old red bridge farther down the stream," said Leonard; and they drove as rapidly as the bad wheeling permitted to that point, and found that Leonard was right. Just above the bridge was a stone dam, by which the water was backed up a long distance, and a precipitous wooded bank rose on the south side. This had shielded the ice from the sun, and it was still very thick when the pressure of the flood came upon it. Up to this time it had not given way, and had become the cause of an ice-gorge that every moment grew more threatening. The impeded torrent chafed and ground the cakes together, surging them up at one point and permitting them to sink at another, as the imprisoned waters struggled for an outlet. The solid ice still held near the edge of the dam, although it was beginning to lift and crack with the tawny flood pouring over, under, and around it.

"Suppose we cross to the other side, nearest home?" said Burt, who was driving; and with the word he whipped up the horses and dashed through the old covered structure.

"You ought not to have done that, Burt," said Webb, almost sternly. "The gorge may give way at any moment, and the bridge will probably go with it. We shall now have to drive several hundred yards to a safe place to leave the horses, for the low ground on this side of the bridge will probably be flooded."

"It certainly will be," added Leonard.

"Oh, make haste!" cried Amy; and they all noticed that she was trembling.

But a few minutes sufficed to tie the horses and return to a point of safety near the bridge. "I did not mean to expose you to the slightest danger," Burt whispered, tenderly, to Amy. "See, the bridge is safe enough, and we might drive over it again."

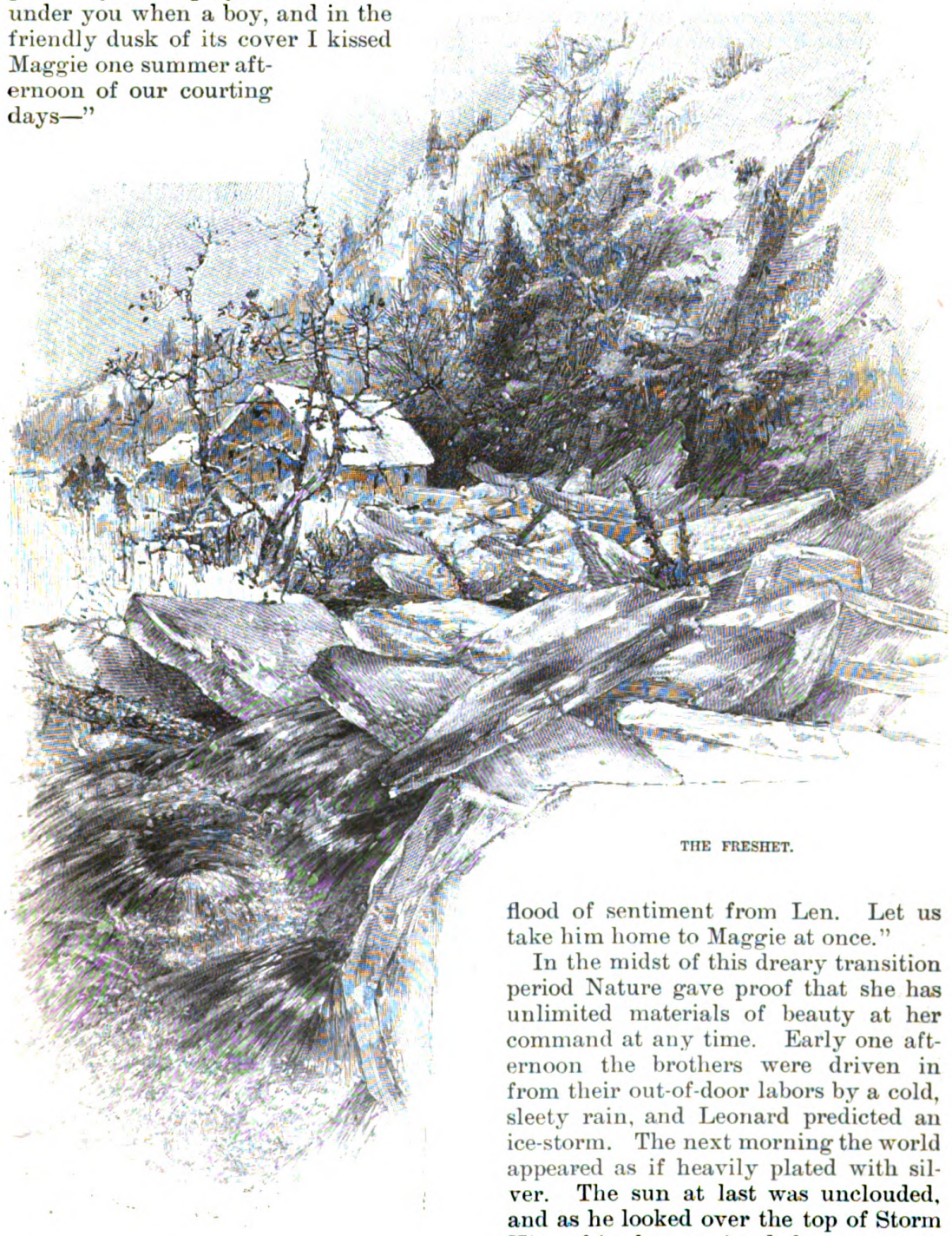
Even as he spoke there was a long grinding, crunching sound. A great volume of black water had forced its way under the gorge, and now lifted it bodily over the dam. It sank in a chaotic mass, surged onward and upward again, struck the bridge, and in a moment lifted it from its foundations and swept it away, a shattered wreck, the red outer covering showing in the distance like ensanguined stains among the tossing cakes of ice.

They all drew a long breath, and Amy was as pale as if she had witnessed the

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destruction of some living creature. No doubt she realized what would have been their fate had the break occurred while they were crossing.

"Good-by, old bridge," said Leonard, pensively. "I played and fished under you when a boy, and in the friendly dusk of its cover I kissed Maggie one summer afternoon of our courting days—"



THE FRESHET.

"Well, well," exclaimed Burt, "the old bridge's exit has been a moving object in every sense, since it has evoked such a flood of sentiment from Len. Let us take him home to Maggie at once."

In the midst of this dreary transition period Nature gave proof that she has unlimited materials of beauty at her command at any time. Early one afternoon the brothers were driven in from their out-of-door labors by a cold, sleety rain, and Leonard predicted an ice-storm. The next morning the world appeared as if heavily plated with silver. The sun at last was unclouded, and as he looked over the top of Storm King his long-missed beams transformed the landscape into a scene of wonder and beauty beyond anything described in Johnnie's fairy tales. Trees, shrubs, the roofs and sidings of the

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buildings, the wooden and even the stone fences, the spires of dead grass, and the unsightly skeletons of weeds, were all incased in ice and touched by the magic wand of beauty. The mountain-tops, however, surpassed all other objects in the transfigured world, for upon them a heavy mist had rested and frozen, clothing every branch and spray with a feathery frost-work of crystals which, in the sun-lighted distance, was like a great shock of silver hair. There were drawbacks, however, to this marvellous scene. There were not a few branches already broken from the trees, and Mr. Clifford said that if the wind rose the weight of the ice would cause great destruction. They all hastened through breakfast, Leonard and Webb that they might relieve the more valuable fruit and evergreen trees of the weight of ice, and Burt and Amy for a drive up the mountain.

As they drove slowly upward the scene under the increasing sunlight took on every moment more strange and magical effects. The ice-incased twigs and boughs acted as prisms, and reflected every hue of the rainbow, and as they approached the summit the feathery frost-work grew more and more exquisitely delicate and beautiful, and yet it was proving to be as evanescent as a dream, for in all sunny places it was already vanishing. They had scarcely passed beyond the second summit when Burt uttered an exclamation of regretful disgust. "By all that's unlucky," he cried, "if there isn't an eagle sitting on yonder ledge! I could kill him with bird-shot, and I haven't even a popgun with me."

"It's too bad," sympathized Amy. "Let us drive as near as we can, and get a good view before he flies."

To their great surprise, he did not move as they approached, but only glared at them with his savage eye.

"Well," said Burt, "after trying for hours to get within rifle range, this exceeds anything I ever saw. I wonder if he is wounded, and can not fly?" Suddenly he sprang out, and took a strap from the harness. "Hold the horse, Amy. I think I know what is the trouble with his majesty, and we may be able to return with a royal captive."

He drew near the eagle slowly and warily, and soon perceived that he was incased with ice from head to foot, and only retained the power of slightly moving his head. The creature was completely helpless, and must remain so until his icy fetters thawed out. His wings were frozen to his side, his legs covered with ice, as were also his talons, and the dead branch of a low pine on which he had perched hours before. Icicles hung around him, making a most fantastic fringe. Only his defiant eye and open beak could give expression to his untamed, undaunted spirit. It was evident that the bird made a fierce internal struggle to escape, but was held as in a vise.

Burt was so elated that his hand trembled with eagerness; but he resolved to act prudently, and grasping the bird firmly but gently by the neck, he succeeded in severing the branch upon which the eagle was perched, for it was his purpose to exhibit the bird just as he found him. Having carefully carried his prize to the buggy, he induced Amy, who viewed the creature with mingled wonder and alarm, to receive the strange addition to their number for their homeward journey. He wrapped her so completely with the carriage robe that the eagle could not injure her with his beak, and she saw he could no more move in other respects than a block of ice. As an additional precaution, Burt passed the strap around the bird's neck and tied him to the dash-board. Even with his heavy gloves he had to act with caution, for in his disabled state the eagle could still strike a powerful blow. Then, with an exultation beyond all words, he drove to Dr. Marvin's, in order to have one of the "loudest crows" over him that he had ever enjoyed. The doctor did not mind the "crow" in the least, but was delighted with the adventure and capture, for the whole affair had just the flavor to please him. As he was a skillful taxidermist, he good-naturedly promised to "set the eagle up" on the self-same branch on which he had been found, for it was agreed that he would prove too dangerous a pet to keep in the vicinity of the irrepressible little Ned, Leonard's youngest boy. Indeed, from the look of this fellow's eye, it was evident that he would be dangerous to any one. "I will follow you home, and after you have exhibited him we will kill him scientifically. He is a splendid specimen, and not a feather need be ruffled."

Burt drove around to the Rev. Mr. Barkdale's and some others' of his nearest neighbors and friends in a sort of triumph-

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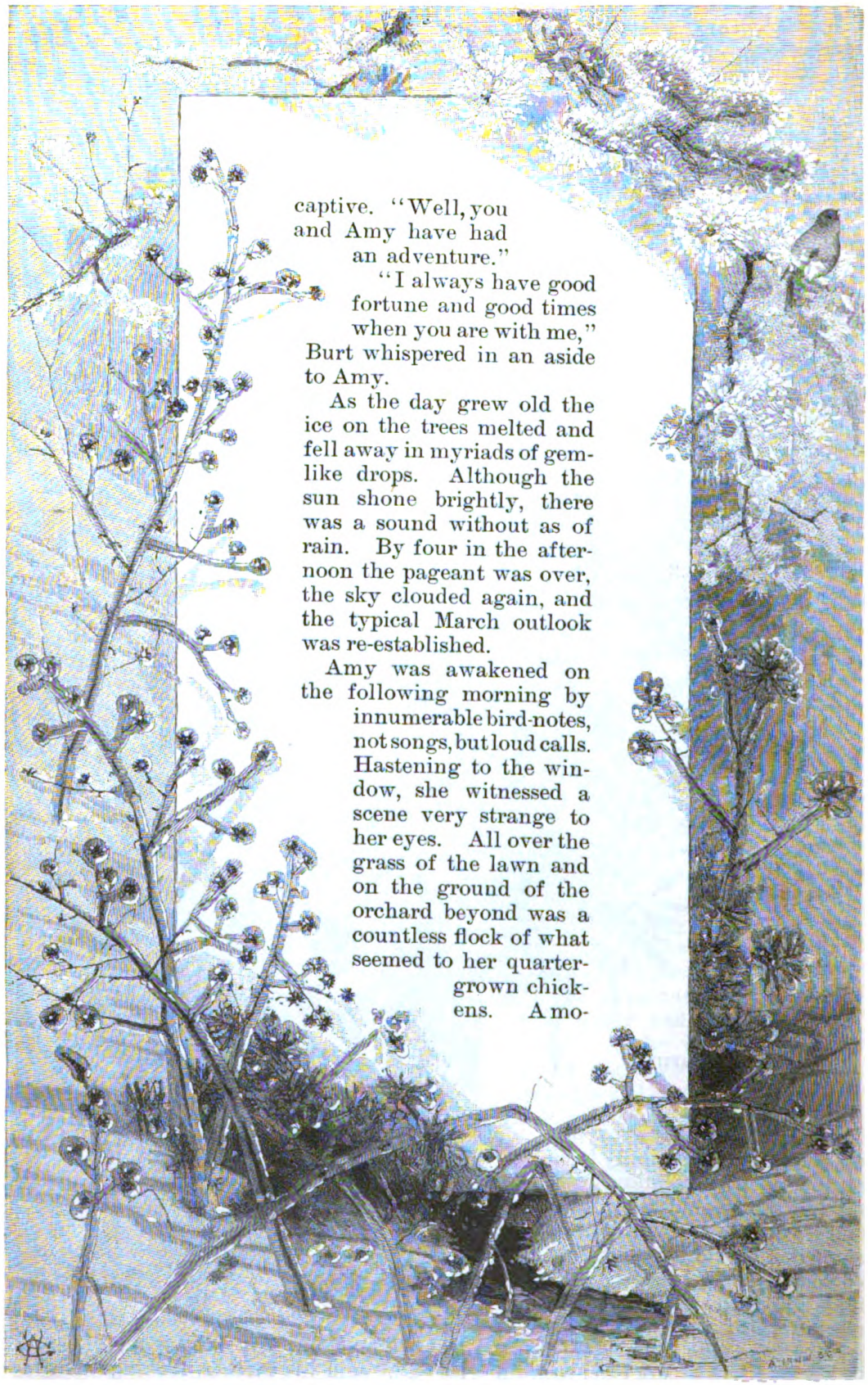


JACK FROST'S CAPTIVE.

al progress; but Amy grew uneasy at her close proximity to so formidable a companion, fearing lest he should thaw out. Many were the exclamations of wonder and curiosity when they reached home. Alf nearly went wild, and little Johnnie's eyes overflowed with tears when she learned that the regal bird must die. As for Ned, had he not been restrained he would have given the eagle a chance to devour him.

"So, Burt, you have your eagle after all," said his mother, looking with more pleasure and interest on the flushed, eager face of her handsome boy than upon his

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captive. "Well, you and Amy have had an adventure."

"I always have good fortune and good times when you are with me," Burt whispered in an aside to Amy.

As the day grew old the ice on the trees melted and fell away in myriads of gem-like drops. Although the sun shone brightly, there was a sound without as of rain. By four in the afternoon the pageant was over, the sky clouded again, and the typical March outlook was re-established.

Amy was awakened on the following morning by innumerable bird-notes, not songs, but loud calls. Hastening to the window, she witnessed a scene very strange to her eyes. All over the grass of the lawn and on the ground of the orchard beyond was a countless flock of what seemed to her quarter-grown chickens. A mo-

WINTER FOLIAGE.

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ment later the voice of Alf resounded through the house, crying, "The robins have come!" Very soon nearly all the household were on the piazza to greet these latest arrivals from the south; and a pretty scene of life and animation they made, with their yellow bills, jaunty black heads, and brownish red breasts.

"Isn't it odd how they keep their distance from each other?" said Webb. "You can scarcely see two near together, but every few feet there is a robin, as far as the eye can reach. Yes, and there are some high-holders in the orchard also. They are shyer than the robins, and don't come so near the house."

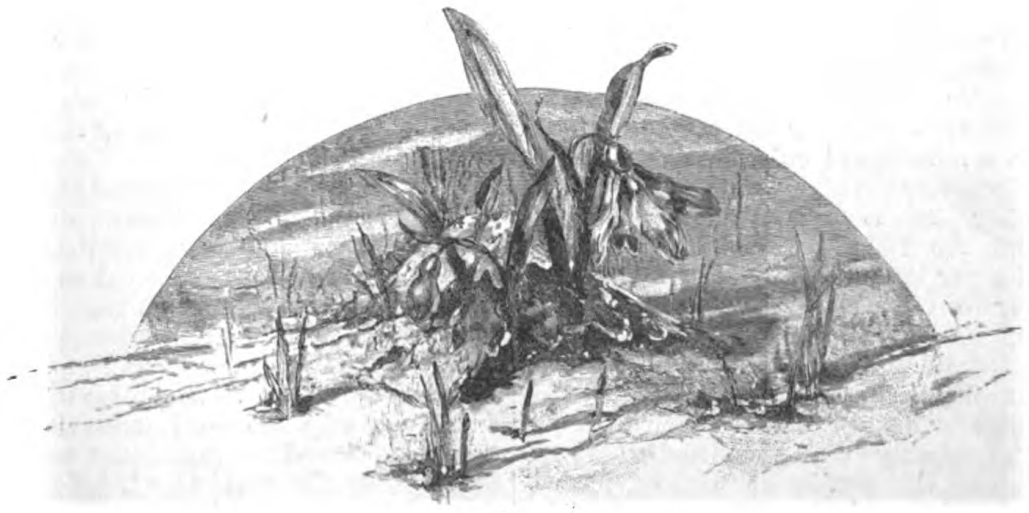
Clear and sweet came an exquisite bird-song from an adjacent maple. Webb took off his hat in respectful greeting to the minstrel.

"Why," cried Amy, "that little brown bird can not be a robin?"

"No," he answered; "that is my favorite of all the earliest birds—the song-sparrow. You remember what Dr. Marvin said about him the other evening? I have been looking for my little friend for a week past, and here he is. The great tide of migration has turned northward."

"He is my favorite too," said his father. "Every spring for over seventy years I have heard his song, and it is just as sweet and fresh to me as ever. Indeed, it is enriched by a thousand memories."

In the morning little Johnnie appeared at the breakfast table in a state of great excitement. It soon appeared that she had a secret that she would tell no one but Amy—indeed, she would not tell it, but show it; and after breakfast she told Amy to put on her rubber boots and come with her, warning curious Alf in the mean time to keep his distance. Leading the way to a sunny angle in the garden fence, she showed Amy the first flower of the year. Although it was a warm, sunny spot, the snow had drifted there to such an extent that the icy base of the drift still partially covered the ground, and through a weak place in the melting ice a snow-drop had pushed its green succulent leaves and hung out its modest little blossom. The child, brought up from infancy to feel the closest sympathy with nature, fairly trembled with delight over this *avant-coureur* of the innumerable flowers which it was her chief happiness to gather. As if in sympathy with the exultation of the child, and in appreciation of all that the pale little blossom foreshadowed, a song-sparrow near trilled out its sweetest lay, a robin took up the song, and a pair of bluebirds passed overhead with their undulating flight and soft warble. Truly spring had come in that nook of the old garden, even though the mountains were still covered with snow, the river full of floating ice, and the wind chill with the breath of winter. Could there have been a fairer or more fitting committee of reception than little Johnnie, believing in all things, hoping all things, and brown-haired, hazel-eyed Amy, with the first awakenings of womanhood in her heart?



THE HARBINGER OF SPRING.

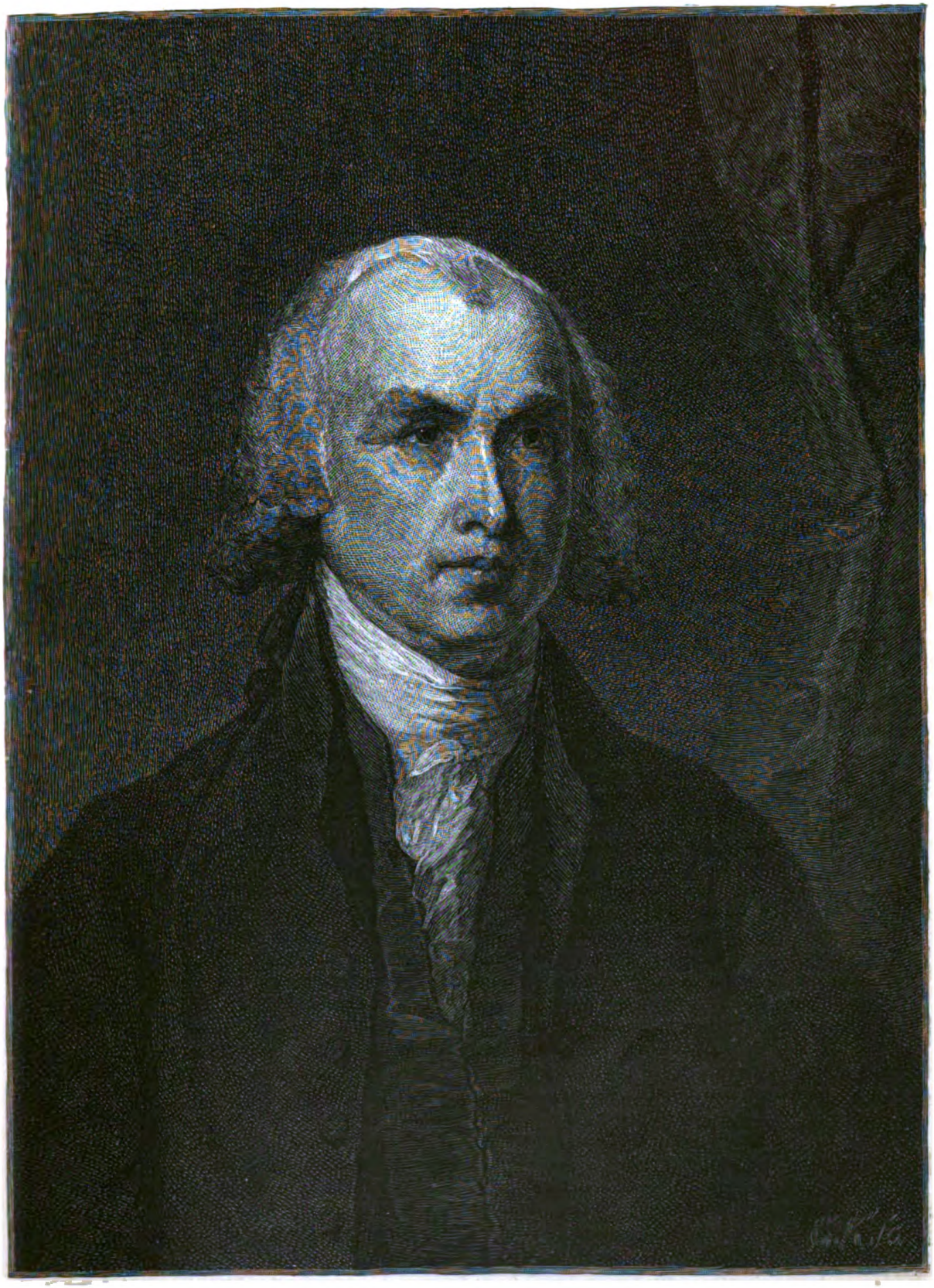
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ONE of the very best bits of reading left to us from the early days of the American republic is the correspondence carried on in 1807 between John Adams and Mercy Warren, and first published in the centennial volume of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Mercy Warren was a woman of rare ability and character, the sister of James Otis, the wife of General James Warren, and the author of a history of the American Revolution. John Adams, reading this book after his retirement from office, took offense at certain phrases, and corresponded with her at great length about them, showing in advancing years an undiminished keenness of mind and only an increase of touchy egotism. He makes it, for instance, a subject of sincere indignation when the lady in one case speaks of Franklin and Adams instead of Adams and Franklin. Mrs. Warren, on her side, shows to the greatest advantage, keeps her temper, and gives some keen home-thrusts. She shows clearly in this correspondence how strongly and even justly a portion of the most intelligent people of Mr. Adams's own State dreaded what she calls his "marked and uniform preference to monarchic usages"; she brings him to the admission that he hates "democratic" government, and is satisfied with such republicanism as that of Holland—a nation which, as he himself says, "has no idea of any republic but an aristocracy"—and that he counts even England a republic, since a republic is merely "a government of more than one." She even quotes against him his own words, uttered in moments of excited impulse, recognizing monarchy as the probable destiny of the United States. But the most striking fact, after all, is that she, a refined and cultivated woman, accustomed to the best New England society of her time, is found dissenting wholly from the Federalist view of Jefferson. "I never knew," she bravely says, in answer to a sneer from Mr. Adams, "that 'my philosophical friend' Mr. Jefferson was afraid to do his duty in any instance. But this I know—he has dared to do many things for his country for which posterity will probably bless his memory; and I hope he will yet, by his wisdom, justice, moderation, and energy, long continue the blessings of peace in our country, and strengthen the republican system to which he has uniformly adhered." Such a tribute from a woman like Mercy Warren—a woman then nearly eighty years old, but still showing unimpaired those mental powers of which John Adams had before spoken in terms of almost extravagant praise—is entitled to count for something against the bitterness of contemporary politicians.

We speak of Jefferson's period of office as having lasted for eight years, but it is not wholly incorrect to estimate, as Mr. Parton suggests, that it lasted for nearly a quarter of a century. Madison's and Monroe's administrations were but the continuation of it. The fourth and fifth Presidents had, indeed, so much in common that it was about an even chance which should take the Presidency first. Both had long been friends of Jefferson; both had something to do with reconciling him to the United States Constitution, which he had at first opposed. He himself would have rather preferred Monroe for his immediate successor, but the Legislature of Virginia pronounced in favor of Madison, who, like the two others, was a native of that then powerful State. It really made little difference which came first. Josiah Quincy, in a famous speech, designated them simply as James I. and James II. The two were alike Jeffersonian; their administrations moved professedly in the line indicated by their predecessor, and the success of his policy must be tested in a degree by that of theirs. Both inherited something of his unpopularity with the Federalists, but Madison partially lived it down, and Monroe saw nearly the extinction of it. The Jeffersonian policy may, therefore, fairly be judged, not alone by its early storms, but by the calm which at last followed.

Mr. Madison had been Secretary of State for eight years under Jefferson, and had not only borne his share, earlier than this, in public affairs, but had acted as chairman of the committee which reported the Constitution, and had afterward aided Hamilton and Jay in writing *The Federalist* in support of it. For these reasons, and because he was the last survivor of those who signed the great act of national organization, he was called, before his death, "The Father of the Constitution." He was a man of clear head, modest manners, and peaceful disposition. His bitter

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JAMES MADISON.

Engraved by G. Kruell, from the painting by Gilbert Stuart, owned by T. Jefferson Coolidge, Esq., Boston.

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political opponents admitted that he was honorable, well informed, and even, in his own way, patriotic; not mean or malignant. As to his appearance, he is described by one of these opponents, William Sullivan, as a man who had "a calm expression, a penetrating blue eye, and who looked like a thinking man." In person he was small and rather stout; he was partially bald, wore powder in his hair, and dressed in black, without any of Jefferson's slovenliness. In speech he was slow and grave. Mrs. Madison was a pleasing woman, twenty years younger than himself, and they had no children.

Their arrival brought an immediate change in the manners of the President's house; they were both fond of society and ceremony, and though the new President was the most faithful of Jeffersonians, he found no difficulty in restoring the formal receptions which his predecessor had disused. These levees were held in what a British observer of that day called the "President's palace," a building which the same observer (Gleig) afterward described as "small, incommodious, and plain," although its walls were the same with those of the present White House, only the interior having been burned by the British in 1813. Such as it was, it was thrown wholly open at these levees, which every one was free to attend, while music played, and the official costumes of foreign ambassadors gave, as now, some gayety to the scene. Mrs. Madison, according to a keen observer, Mrs. Quincy, wore on these occasions her carriage dress, the same in which she appeared on Sunday at the Capitol, where religious services were then held—"a purple velvet pelisse, and a hat trimmed with ermine. A very elegant costume," adds this feminine critic, "but not, I thought, appropriate to a lady receiving company at home." At another time Mr. and Mrs. Quincy dined at the President's house, "in the midst of the enemy's camp," they being the only Federalists among some five-and-twenty Democrats. The house, Mrs. Quincy tells us, was richly but incongruously furnished, "not of a piece, as we ladies say." On this occasion Mrs. Madison wore black velvet, with a very rich head-dress of *coquelicot* and gold, with necklace of the same color. At another time Mrs. Quincy went by invitation with her children, and was shown through the front rooms. Meeting the lady of the house, she apologized for the liberty, and Mrs. Madison said, gracefully, "It is as much your house as it is mine, ladies." The answer has a certain historic value; it shows that the spirit of Jefferson had already wrought a change in the direction of democratic feeling. Such a remark would hardly have been made by Mrs. Washington, or even by Mrs. Adams.

The tone of society in Washington had undoubtedly some of the coarser style which then prevailed in all countries. Men drank more heavily, wrangled more loudly, and there was a good deal of what afterward came to be known as "plantation manners." The mutual bearing of Congressmen was that of courtesy, tempered by drunkenness and duelling; and it was true then, as always, that every duel caused ten new quarrels for every one that it decided. When Josiah Quincy, then the leader of the Federalists in Congress, made his famous speech against the invasion of Canada (January 5, 1813), and Henry Clay, then Speaker of the House, descended from the chair expressly to force him to the alternative of "a duel or disgrace"—as avowed by one of his friends to Mr. Quincy—it was not held to be anything but honorable action, and only the high moral courage of Mr. Quincy enabled him to avoid the alternative. On a later occasion, Mr. Grundy, of Tennessee, having to answer another speech by Mr. Quincy, took pains to explain to him privately that though he must abuse him as a representative Federalist or else lose his election, he would endeavor to bestow the abuse like a gentleman. "Except Tim Pickering," said this frank Tennesseean, "there is not a man in the United States so perfectly hated by the people of my district as yourself. By —— I must abuse you, or I shall never get re-elected. I will do it, however, genteelly. I will not do it as that —— fool Clay did it, strike so hard as to hurt myself. But abuse you I must." Seeing by this explanation what the tone of Congressional manners was when putting on gentility, we can form some conception of what they were on those more frequent occasions when they were altogether ungenteel.

But the amenities of Mrs. Madison and the gentilities of Mr. Grundy were alike interrupted by the excitements of war—"the war of 1812," habitually called "the late war" until there was one still later. For this contest, suddenly as it came at last,

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there were years of preparation. Long had the United States suffered the bitter experience of being placed between two contending nations, neither of which could be made into a friend, or easily reached as an enemy. Napoleon with his "Decrees," the British government with its "Orders in Council," had in turn preyed upon American commerce, and it was scarce reviving from the paralysis of Jefferson's embargo. At home, men were divided as to the remedy, and the old sympathies for France and for England re-appeared on each side. Unfortunately for the Federalists, while they were wholly right in many of their criticisms on the manner in which the war came about, they put themselves in the wrong as to its main feature. We can now see that in their just wrath against Napoleon they would have let the nation remain in a position of perpetual childhood and subordination before England. No doubt there were various points at issue in the impending contest, but the most important one, and the only one that remained in dispute all through the war, was that of the right of search and impressment—the English claiming the right to visit American vessels, and impress into the



MERCY WARREN.

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naval service any sailors who appeared to be English. The one great object of the war of 1812 was to get rid of this insolent and degrading practice.

It must be understood that this was not a question of reclaiming deserters from the British navy, for the seamen in question had very rarely belonged to it. There existed in England at that time an outrage on civilization, now abandoned, called impressment, by which any sailor and many who were not sailors could be seized and compelled to serve in the navy. The horrors of the "press-gang," as exhibited in the sea-side towns of England, have formed the theme of many novels. It was bad enough at home, but when applied on board the vessels of a nation with which England was at peace, it became one of those outrages which only proceed from the strong to the weak, and are never reciprocated. Lord Collingwood said well, in one of his letters, that England would not submit to such an aggression for an hour. Merely to yield to visitation for such a purpose was a confession of national weakness; but the actual case was far worse than this. Owing to the similarity of language, it was always difficult to distinguish between English and American seamen; and the temptation was irresistible to the visiting officer, anxious for the enlargement of his own crew, to give England the benefit of the doubt. The result was that an English lieutenant, or even midshipman, once on board an American ship, was, in the words of the English writer Cobbett, "at once accuser, witness, judge, and captor," and we have also Cobbett's statement of the consequences. "Great numbers of Americans have been impressed," he adds, "and are now in our navy.... That many of these men have died on board our ships, that many have been worn out in the service, there is no doubt. Some obtain their release through the application of the American Consul, and of these the sufferings have been in many instances very great. There have been instances where men have thus got free after having been flogged through the fleet for desertion." Between 1797 and 1801 more than two thousand applications for impressed seamen were made through the American Minister; and of these only one-twentieth were proved to be British subjects, though nearly one-half were retained for farther proof. When the *Hornet* captured the British sloop *Peacock*, the victors found on board three American seamen who had been forced, by holding pistols at their heads, to fight against their own countrymen. Four American seamen on the British ship *Actæa* were ordered five dozen lashes, then four dozen, then two dozen, then kept in irons three months, for refusing to obey orders under similar circumstances. There was nothing new about the grievance; it had been the subject of indignant negotiation since 1789. In 1796 Timothy Pickering, Secretary of State, a representative Federalist, had denounced the practice of search and impressment as the sacrifice of the rights of an independent nation, and lamented "the long and fruitless attempts" to correct it. In 1806 the merchants of Boston had called upon the general government to "assert our rights and support the dignity of the United States"; and the merchants of Salem had offered to "pledge their lives and properties" in support of necessary measures of redemption. Yet it shows the height of party feeling that when, in 1812, Mr. Madison's government finally went to war for these very rights, the measure met with the bitterest opposition from the whole Federalist party, and from the commercial States generally. A good type of the Federalist opposition on this particular point is to be found in the pamphlets of John Lowell.

John Lowell was the son of the eminent Massachusetts judge of that name; he was a well-educated lawyer, who was president of the Massachusetts Agricultural Society, and wrote under the name of "A New England Farmer." In spite of the protests offered half a dozen years before by his own neighbors, he declared the whole outcry against impressment to be a device of Mr. Madison's party. The nation, he said, was "totally opposed to a war for the purpose of protecting British seamen against their own sovereign." The whole matter at issue, he declared, was "the protection of renegadoes and deserters from the British navy." He argued unflinchingly for the English right of search, called it a "consecrated" right, maintained that the allegiance of British subjects was perpetual, and that no residence in a foreign country could absolve them. He held that every sailor born in Great Britain, whether naturalized in America or not, should be absolutely excluded from American ships; and that,

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IMPRESSMENT OF AMERICAN SEAMEN.—[FROM A DRAWING BY HOWARD PYLE.]

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until this was done, the right to search American vessels and take such sailors out was the only restraint on the abuse. He was a man of great ability and public spirit, and yet he held views which now seem to have ignored all national self-respect. While such a man, with a large party behind him, took this position, it must simply be said that the American republic had not yet asserted itself to be a nation. Soon after the Revolution, when some one spoke of that contest to Franklin as the war for independence, he said, "Say rather the war of the Revolution; the war for independence is yet to be fought." The war of 1812 was just the contest he described.

To this excitement directed against the war the pulpit very largely contributed, the chief lever applied by the Federalist clergy being found in the atrocities of Napoleon. "The chieftain of Europe, drunk with blood, casts a look upon us; he raises his voice, more terrible than the midnight yell of savages at the doors of our forefathers." These melodramatic words are from a sermon, once famous, delivered by Rev. Daniel Parish, of Byfield, Massachusetts, on Fast Day, 1810. Elsewhere he says: "Would you establish those in the first offices of the land who will poison the hearts of your children with infidelity, who will harness them in the team of Hollanders and Germans and Swiss and Italians to draw the triumphal car of Napoleon? Are you nursing your sons to be dragged into his armies?" The climax was reached when one pulpit orator wound up his appeal by asking his audience if they were ready to wear wooden shoes, in allusion to the *sabots* of the French peasants.

A curious aspect of all this vehemence was the firm conviction of the Federalists that they themselves were utterly free from all partisan feeling, and that what they called the "Baleful Demon, Party," existed only on the other side. For the Democrats to form Jacobin societies was an outrage; but the "Washington Benevolent Societies" of the Federalists were claimed to be utterly non-political, though they marched with banners, held quarterly meetings, and were all expected to vote one way. At one of their gatherings, in 1789, there was a company of "School-boy Federalists" to the number of 250, uniformed in blue and white, and wearing Washington's Farewell Address in red morocco around their necks. It was a sight hardly to be paralleled in the most excited election of these days; yet the Federalists stoutly maintained that there was nothing partisan about it: the other side was partisan. They admired themselves for their width of view and their freedom from prejudice, and yet they were honestly convinced that the mild and cautious Madison, who would not have declared war with England unless forced into it by others, was plotting to enslave his own nation for the benefit of France. The very names of their pamphlets show this. One of John Lowell's bears on the title-page "*Perpetual War* the policy of Mr. Madison.... the important and interesting subject of a *conscript militia*, and an immense standing army of guards and spies under the name of a *local volunteer corps*." The Federalist leaders took distinctly the ground that they should refuse to obey a conscription law to raise troops for the conquest of Canada; and when that very questionable measure failed by one vote in the Senate, the nation may have escaped a serious outbreak. Had the law passed and been enforced, William Sullivan ominously declares, "No doubt the citizens would have armed, and might have marched, but not, it is believed, to Canada." This was possibly overstated; but the crisis thus arising might have been a formidable matter.

It might, indeed, have been far more dangerous than the Hartford Convention of 1814, which was, after all, only a peaceable meeting of some two dozen honest men, with George Cabot at their head—men of whom very few had even a covert purpose of dissolving the Union, but who were driven to something very near desperation by the prostration of their commerce and the defenselessness of their coast. They found themselves between the terror of a conscription in New England and the outrage of an invasion of Canada. They found the President calling in his Message of November 4, 1812, for new and mysterious enactments against "corrupt and perfidious intercourse with the enemy, not amounting to treason," and they did not feel quite sure that this might not end in the guillotine or the lamp-post. They saw what were called "the horrors of Baltimore" in a mob where the blood of Revolutionary officers had been shed in that city under pretense of suppressing a newspaper. No

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one could tell whither these things were leading, and they could at least protest. The protest will always be remarkable from the skill with which it turned against Jefferson and Madison the dangerous States-rights doctrines of their own injurious Virginia and Kentucky resolutions. The Federalist and Democratic parties had completely shifted ground; and we can now see that the Hartford Convention really strengthened the traditions of the Union by showing that the implied threat of secession was a game at which two could play.

It must be remembered, too, in estimating the provocation which led to this famous convention, that during all this time the commercial States were most unreasonably treated. In the opinion of Judge Story, himself a moderate Republican and a member of Congress, "New England was expected, so far as the Republicans were concerned, to do everything and to have nothing. They were to obey, but not to be trusted." Their commerce, which had furnished so largely the supplies for the nation, was viewed by a great many not merely with indifference, but with real dislike. Jefferson, whose views had more influence than those of any ten other men, still held to his narrow Virginia-planter opinion that a national commerce must somehow be an evil; and it was hard for those whose commerce his embargo had ruined to be patient while he rubbed his hands and assured them that they would be much better off without any ships. When the war of 1812 was declared, the merchants of Boston and Salem had—as it was estimated by Mr. Isaac P. Davis, in the memoirs of Mrs. Quincy—twenty million dollars' worth of property on the sea and in British ports. The war sacrificed nearly all of it, and they were expected to be grateful. In a letter to the Legislature of New Hampshire, four years before (August, 1808), Jefferson had calmly recommended to the people of that region to retire from the seas and "to provide for themselves [ourselves] those comforts and conveniences of life for which it would be unwise ever to recur to other countries." Moreover, it was argued, the commercial States were almost exclusively the sufferers by the British intrusions upon American vessels, and if they did not think it a case for war, why should it be taken up by the States which were not hurt by it? Again, the commercial States had yielded to the general government the right of receiving customs duties and of national defense on the express ground of receiving protection in return. Madison had pledged himself—as he was reminded in the once famous "Rockingham County [New Hampshire] address," penned by young Daniel Webster—to give the nation a navy; and it had resulted in Mr. Jefferson's hundred and fifty little gun-boats, and some twenty larger vessels. As for the army, it consisted at this time of about three thousand men all told. The ablest men in the President's cabinet—Gallatin and Pickering—were originally opposed to the war. The only member of that body who had any personal knowledge of military matters was Colonel James Monroe, Secretary of State; and it was subsequently thought that he knew just enough to be in the way. Nevertheless, the war was declared, June 18, 1812—declared reluctantly, hesitatingly, but at last courageously. Five days after the declaration the British "Orders in Council," which had partly caused it, were revoked; but the war went on. In the same autumn Madison was re-elected President, receiving 128 electoral votes against 89 for De Witt Clinton; Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, being chosen Vice-President. A sufficient popular verdict was thus given, and the war was continued.

In its early period much went wrong. British and Indians ravaged the Northwestern frontier; General Hull invaded Canada in vain, and finally surrendered Detroit (August 15, 1812) in a way long considered pusillanimous, but now in some degree pardoned by public sentiment. He was condemned by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot, but was pardoned because of his Revolutionary services, and much has since been written in his vindication. To the surprise of every one, it was upon the sea, not the land, that the United States proved eminently successful, and the victory of the *Constitution* over the *Guerrière* was the first of a long line of triumphs. The number of British war vessels captured during the three years of the war was fifty-six, with 880 cannon; the number of American war vessels, twenty-five, with 350 guns; and there were, besides these, thousands of merchant vessels taken on both sides by privateers. But these mere statistics tell nothing of the excite-

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ment of those picturesque victories which so long thrilled the heart of every American school-boy with the conviction that this nation was the peer of the proudest upon the seas. Yet the worst predictions of the Federalists did not exaggerate the injury done by the war to American commerce; and the highest expectations of the other party did no more than justice to the national prestige gained by the successes of the American navy. It is fairly to be remembered to the credit of the Federalists, however, that but for their urgent appeals there would have been no navy, and that it was created only by setting aside all Mr. Jefferson's pet theories of sea defense. The Federalists could justly urge, also, that the merchant service was the only nursery of seamen, and that with its destruction the race of American sailors would die out—a prediction which the present day has almost seen fulfilled.

But, for the time being, the glory of the American navy was secure; and even the sea-fights hardly equalled the fame of Perry's victory on Lake Erie, immortalized by two phrases, Lawrence's "Don't give up the ship," which Perry bore upon his flag, and Perry's own brief dispatch, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." Side by side with this came Harrison's land victories over the Indians and English in the Northwest. Tecumseh, who held the rank of brigadier-general in the British army, had, with the aid of his brother, "the Prophet," united all the Indian tribes in a league. His power was broken by Harrison in the battle of Tippecanoe (November 7, 1811), and finally destroyed in that of the Thames, in Canada (October 5, 1813), where Tecumseh fell.

But the war, from the first, yielded few glories to either side by land. The Americans were still a nation of woodsmen and sharp-shooters, but they had lost the art of war, and they had against them the veterans of Wellington, and men who boasted—to Mrs. Peter, of Washington—that they had not slept under a roof for seven years. Even with such men, the raid on the city of Washington by General Ross was a bold thing—to march with four thousand men sixty miles into an enemy's country, burn its Capitol, and retreat. Had the Americans renewed the tactics of Concord and Lexington, and fought from behind trees and under cover of brick walls, the British commander's losses might have been frightful; but to risk a pitched battle was to leave themselves helpless when defeated. The utter rout of the Americans at Bladensburg left Washington to fall like a ripe apple into the hands of General Ross. The accounts are still somewhat confused, but the British statement is that, before entering the city, General Ross sent in a flag of truce, meaning to levy a contribution, as from a conquered town; and the flag of truce being fired upon, the destruction of the town followed. Washington had then less than a thousand houses: the British troops set fire to the unfinished Capitol with the Library of Congress, to the Treasury Buildings, the Arsenal, and a few private dwellings. At the President's house—according to their own story, since doubted—they found dinner ready, devoured it, and then set the house on fire. Mr. Madison sent a messenger to his wife to bid her flee. She wrote to her sister, ere going, "Our kind friend Mr. Carroll has come to hasten my departure, and is in a very bad humor with me because I insist on waiting till the large picture of General Washington is secured, and it requires to be unscrewed from the wall." She finally secured it, and went off in her carriage with her sister, Mrs. Cutts, bearing the original parchment of the Declaration of Independence, which also owes its safety to her. The Federalist papers made plenty of fun of her retreat, and Mr. Lossing has preserved a fragment of one of their ballads in which she says to the President, in the style of John Gilpin,

> "Sister Cutts and Cutts and I,
> And Cutts's children three,
> Shall in the coach, and you shall ride
> On horseback after we."

But, on the whole, the lady of the Presidential "palace" carried off more laurels from Washington than most American men.

The news of the burning of Washington was variously received in England: the British *Annual Register* called it "a return to the times of barbarism," and the London *Times* saw in it, on the contrary, the disappearance of the American republic, which it called by the withering name of an "association." "That ill-organized association is on the eve of dissolution, and the world is speedily to be delivered of the mischievous example of the existence of a government founded on democratic rebellion." But the burning had

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on the contrary, just the opposite effect from this. After Washington had fallen, Baltimore seemed an easy prey; but there was a great rising of the people; the British army was beaten off—the affair turning largely on the gallant defense of Fort McHenry by Colonel George Armistead—and General Ross was killed. It was at this time that Key's lyric "The Star-spangled Banner" was written, the author being detained on board the British ship *Minden* during the bombardment. Before this there had been various depredations and skirmishes along the coast of Maine, and a courageous repulse of the British at Stonington, Connecticut. Afterward came the well-fought battle of Lundy's Lane, and the closing victory of New Orleans, fought after the treaty of peace had been actually signed, and unexpectedly leaving the final laurels of the war in the hands of the Americans.

After this battle an English officer visiting the field saw within a few hundred yards "nearly a thousand bodies, all arrayed in British uniforms," and heard from the American officer in command the statement that the American loss had consisted only of eight men killed and fourteen wounded. The loss of the English was nearly twenty-one hundred in killed and wounded, including two general officers. A triumph so overwhelming restored some feeling of military self-respect, sorely needed after the disasters at Washington. "There were," says the Federalist William Sullivan, "splendid processions, bonfires, and illuminations, as though the independence of the country had been a second time achieved." Such, indeed, was the feeling, and with due reason. Franklin's war for independence was at an end. The battle took place January 8, 1815, but the treaty of peace had been signed at Ghent on the day before Christmas. The terms agreed upon said not one word about the impressment of British seamen, but the question had been practically settled by the naval successes of the United States; and so great were the rejoicings on the return of peace that even this astounding omission seemed of secondary importance.

The verdict of posterity upon the war of 1812 may be said to be this: that there was ample ground for it, and that it completed the work of the Revolution; and yet that it was the immediate product of a few ambitious men, whose aims and principles were not really so high as were those of many who opposed the war. The outrageous impressment of American seamen touched a point of national pride, and justly; while the United States submitted to this it certainly could not be called an independent nation; and the abuse was practically ended by the war, even though the treaty of peace was silent. On the other side, the dread entertained of Napoleon by the Federalists was perfectly legitimate; and this, too, time has confirmed. But this peril was really far less pressing than the other: the United States needed more to be liberated from the domineering attitude of England than from the remoter tyranny of Napoleon, and it was therefore necessary to reckon with England first. As a matter of fact, the Federalists did their duty in action; the commonwealth of Massachusetts furnished during those three years more soldiers than any other; and the New England States, which opposed the war, sent more men into the field than the Southern States, which brought on the contest. Unfortunately the world remembers words better than actions—*litera scripta manet*—and the few questionable phrases of the Hartford Convention are now better remembered than the 14,000 men which Massachusetts raised in 1814, or the two millions of dollars she paid for bounties.

The rest of Mr. Madison's administration was a career of peace. Louisiana had long since (April 30, 1812) become a State of the Union, and Indiana was also admitted (December 11, 1816). It was for the first time provided that organized Territories of the United States should send delegates to Congress. An act was passed, under the leadership of Mr. Lowndes, of South Carolina, providing for the payment, in installments of $10,000,000 annually, of the national debt of one hundred and twenty millions. Taxes were reduced, the tariff was slightly increased, and in April, 1816, a national bank was chartered for a term of twenty years. Here, as in some other matters, at least one of the parties proved to have changed ground, and the Democratic Republican newspapers began eagerly to reprint Hamilton's arguments for a bank—arguments which they had formerly denounced and derided. To the Federalists the passage of the bank act was a complete triumph, and while their own party disappeared, they could feel that some of its principles

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survived. A national bank was their policy, not that of Jefferson; and Jefferson and Madison had, moreover, lived to take up those theories of a strong national government which they had formerly called monarchical and despotic. The Federalists had indeed come quite as near to embracing the extreme State-rights doctrines which these their opponents had laid down; but the laws of physical perspective seem to be reversed in moral perspective, so that our own change of position seems to us insignificant, while precisely the same movements taking place on the other side become conspicuous and important. Be this as it may, Mr. Madison's administration closed in peace, partly the peace of good-nature, partly of fatigue. The usual nominations were made for the Presidency by the Congressional caucuses, but when it came to the voting it was almost all one way. The only States choosing Federalist electors were Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Delaware. James Monroe—Josiah Quincy's "James the Second"—had 183 electoral votes, against 34 for Rufus King, and four years more of milder and milder Jeffersonianism were secured. The era of bitterness had passed, and the "era of good feeling" was close at hand.

MODERN SANITARY ENGINEERING.

IT is only within a very few years that we have become accustomed, in this country, to hear frequently used the terms "sanitary science" and "sanitary engineering." Although many important public works which may be classed as belonging to sanitary engineering have been executed from time to time in almost all civilized countries during the last half-century, yet a dozen years ago there was not an engineer in this country who could have been called, either from his practice or acquirements, a sanitary engineer. The construction of water-works and sewers under the care of civil engineers has been going on for a long period, but their true relations to public health, arising from the rapid advances which have taken place in our knowledge of the various influences which promote health or prevent disease, and in connection also with the specific causes of many of the most prevalent diseases, have been only recently appreciated. These primary engineering works have been found, moreover, to constitute only parts of a sanitary system, of which other parts are equally essential when considered in the light of truths and principles which modern science has revealed. It is, in fact, only through modern investigations and experiences in connection with hygienic science that a proper knowledge of the details of construction of nearly all sanitary works has been supplied, and that many of these works have risen from insignificant to primary importance. The rapid growth of cities and towns during the last twenty or thirty years, through the development of the railway system and the increase of commerce and manufactures, has doubtless had an important influence in promoting investigations, because the necessity for sanitary safeguards increases in proportion to the density of a population.

Active public interest in all these important matters received its first impulse in the establishment of the Sanitary Commission of the British army in the Crimean war. The Sanitary Commission of our own army during the late war gave the first real impetus to sanitary science in this country—a movement which was soon followed by the establishment of "boards of health" in various cities, and which still goes on increasing and accumulating. The School of Mines of Columbia College was the first institution of learning in this country to introduce into its curriculum the study of sanitary engineering as a special branch of instruction, and it is understood that the trustees have had under consideration the establishment of a degree of Sanitary Engineer, to be conferred upon students who shall have pursued satisfactorily a prescribed course of study. The inevitable tendency of modern engineering is toward specialties in professional practice, and the growing need of men who will devote their lives to this special branch is becoming daily more evident. It is a profession in its very infancy. Even the literature of the subject consists of publications on special subjects, scattered essays, magazine articles, and public reports. The only author of prominence who has published a complete work entitled *Sanitary Engineering* fails to notice, even by a passing remark, some of the most important subjects which

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should be included in a complete course of study, and which belong essentially to the practical part of the sanitary engineer's profession. It may be said, also, that in regard to some of these subjects, such as ventilation and house drainage, there has been a natural disposition on the part of every householder to regard them as coming within the scope of his own knowledge, and of architects to treat them as subordinate features of designs which will in some way adjust themselves without special care or study.

In consideration of these facts it may be opportune to give an outline of the various classes of work, and the engineering principles applicable to them, which should be considered as belonging to the profession of the sanitary engineer.

These works may be classified under the following heads:

1. The water supply of cities and towns.
2. Sewers, and works for the disposal of sewage.
3. House drainage.
4. Surface and subsoil drainage.
5. Street pavements.
6. The warming and ventilation of buildings.

Sanitary science may be said to be founded upon the following axioms:

1. That the normal condition of life is a condition of health.
2. That the most prevalent diseases arise primarily from influences or causes external to each individual life or system.
3. That the external conditions under which men live, as far as they affect health, are to a great extent under the control of individuals or of organized communities.

Briefly stated, it is assumed that health is subject to law: not that the laws of health or the causes of disease are so thoroughly understood as to render this an exact science, ready for application to every particular case or circumstance, but that ill health and physical as well as mental depression, in many of their worst forms, have their specific causes, and that enough is now known of these causes through modern investigations to warrant special public and private measures for counteracting or preventing them.

Nearly all of the most important works of modern sanitary engineering are provided on the general principle that pure air and pure water are the main elements essential to health. If to these we add warmth and proper food, it is difficult to name other conditions that are not dependent on habits or customs of life which are exclusively under individual control.

Few engineering problems require more judgment and skill than the supply of water to a growing city. This problem has usually been regarded as a civil-engineering question, or as belonging to the hydraulic engineer; but as the whole object is a sanitary one—the supply of pure water for domestic use, and the removal of the refuse from houses and streets—it may be looked upon as one of the great sanitary necessities of modern times.

In seeking a source of supply the engineer is confronted at the outset by two requirements—that the water shall be pure, and that there shall be a sufficient supply. It is the first of these requirements that concerns the engineer from a sanitary point of view. All the other questions that arise—as to the probable daily quantity of water needed to meet the wants of an ever-increasing population, the magnitude of reservoirs and conduits, and of the distributing reservoirs and pipes, the filtering beds or galleries, the available quantity of water afforded by the streams from which the supply is sought, the selection of sites for reservoirs, and the construction of dams and conduits, cost, etc.—are those which concern mechanical science and economy, it being understood, of course, that a defective supply of water may be followed by calamities of the most disastrous character, affecting both health and property.

The main difficulties in the common system of sanitary works begin where the question of water supply ends, viz., in the plans and arrangement of sewers, the disposal of sewage, and the connection of the sewers with house and surface drainage. The project for these important works can only be perfected after a careful study of the meteorological, geological and topographical features of the site, the necessity for surface and subsoil drainage, the prospective increase of population, the sanitary questions connected with the outfalls of the sewers, and the disposal of the sewage, or its removal to a safe distance. Some of these questions often present obstacles which can only be surmounted with great difficulty and at much expense.

As the rural population of a country increases, the pollution of streams by sew-

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age outfalls becomes an evil of such magnitude that legislative enactments are often demanded to preserve as far as possible their purity; and inland towns in this country are already embarrassed by the perplexing question which has for a long time agitated the public in older countries—"What shall we do with the sewage?"

One of the latest pamphlets on this subject comes, not from the prolific field of agitation in England, but from one of the chief sanitary summer resorts of our own country. It is dated December 26, 1882, and is entitled "The Sewage Question in Saratoga." This ably written and convincing paper points out the imminent dangers to which all summer visitors to Saratoga must be exposed until the measures of relief suggested by the commissioners shall have been carried out. It presents a fair example, also, of the obstacles which the sanitary engineer in these days must encounter from the apathy of legislators and the prevailing ignorance, even in intelligent communities, regarding matters so vital to public health and prosperity.

It is not always a simple matter to adjust the sizes and grades or slopes of a system of sewers in such a manner that the sewage of large districts shall be quickly conveyed to the outfalls, that the various branches shall be self-cleansing, properly ventilated, and shall otherwise be perfectly adapted to the objects for which they are built. Failures in these respects have been quite as common as successes. A vast amount of study is required in all cases, while the results must depend to a large extent upon the thorough preparation which the engineer brings to his work in the form of acquired knowledge relating to the subject—a subject which has its own specific problems connected with materials, foundations, processes of construction, maintenance, and care. Here, again, a thorough knowledge of hydraulics is essential to enable the engineer to adjust the forms and dimensions of sewers to the practical declivities of the site and the probable quantities of flow through each main or branch. The difficulties are often increased from the circumstance that it is seldom that the growth of a city or town for a long period can be correctly anticipated, and the newer systems of sewers can only be imperfectly adapted to the older. Sooner or later intercepting sewers may have to be constructed, new outfalls created or selected, and perhaps with these new outfalls provision must be made for the disposal of the sewage by some means other than allowing it to flow in its primitive condition into the adjacent streams.

In the near future two classes of problems are likely to present themselves in this country for which there are few precedents—the disposal of the sewage of inland towns where it is not permitted to discharge it directly into the country streams, and the question of water supply and sewerage of the sanitary resorts along the sandy shores of some parts of our coast.

In regard to the first, there are towns that are already denied the privilege of sewers for want of proper means for its disposal. The smaller villages along the margins of streams protest, very properly, against the pollution of the streams; while other means of disposal, such as are practiced in England and on the Continent, have not been introduced here. The necessities which have driven cities and towns in older countries to devise and employ special methods for the disposal of sewage are, however, already beginning to make themselves felt in our own country. This simple question is, in fact, likely to assume a degree of importance here greater than has ever been attached to it abroad. Our people have never been accustomed, owing to the newness of the country, the abundance of lakes and flowing streams, and the greater intelligence of the rural population, to the grosser forms of filth which are often tolerated in countries where dense populations and lower conditions of the laboring classes have rendered the introduction of sewage farms and sewage experiments only comparatively slight transitions from one evil to another. Although not an agreeable subject for public discussion, it must be met, and it is to be hoped that the sanitary engineers of this country may be more successful than those of the Old World in solving a question so important to all classes.

From all we can see now, many of our inland cities and towns must submit to the idea, as well as become accustomed to the existence, of a sewage farm. Until some fortunate chemist or inventive engineer shall have furnished the clew to a better solution of the matter, the sewage

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farm as now practiced in a score of towns in England, and for some of the Continental cities, seems to be the only resource. The difficulties in the way of a common application of this, the only remedy which has reached any real degree of success, are known to be great. The broad irrigation of land by diluted sewage, to be successful, requires more land devoted to the purpose than can ordinarily be found available without carrying the sewage to long distances beyond city and town limits. The intermittent downward filtration through an underdrained porous soil requires the least land, and the broad irrigation the most. For either, certain physical characteristics of soil are required, which are not always to be found properly situated. Numerous chemical processes have been tried at great expense—the sewage being precipitated in large tanks, and the lighter liquid portions being allowed to run off —but with only partial success.

Although the subject is a discouraging one in some respects, one of these modes of treatment is the only resort at present in many cases; and as interior towns increase in size, while the rural populations become more dense, the sewage question, as it is called, must sooner or later demand all the resources of the most skillful engineer.

Under no circumstances, perhaps, is there more cause for anxiety, even now, than in connection with some of our great summer resorts, especially those along the sea-shores of New Jersey and Long Island. It is a peculiarity of these places that the throngs of people who visit them have no proprietary interest in them whatever; and there is no municipal organization to originate and construct ordinary sanitary works on a scale proportioned to the necessities of these places. Moreover, watering-place sites along the sea-shore are not usually the most favorable for either the introduction of an abundance of pure water or for the disposal of the sewage. As the population of the interior increases, greater crowds flock to the sea-shore for summer recreation. Hotels and summer boarding-houses must be multiplied for their reception, until the sea-side watering-place becomes a small town or city—a health resort without a sufficient water supply, without sewers, and without proper drainage.

Wherever crowds are collected together under such circumstances, whether they consist of soldiers in barracks, patients in hospitals, or boarders at hotels, all experience goes to show that extraordinary care must be taken to prevent the poisons arising from such close personal contact of great numbers from producing their worst effects. The process of escape and removal of the atoms of living bodies which constitutes a state of continued health requires the complete separation and removal of all matter once rejected by the living system, which otherwise becomes a source of more or less active poison. Wild animals that live in flocks and herds escape such ill effects by constant roaming or migration, while it is well known that some of our most valuable domestic animals are often decimated by peculiar diseases, nearly always due, in the first instance at least, to confinement or overcrowding. Human beings crowded together can expect exemption from this law only through the exercise of their higher intelligence in protecting themselves against the especial causes of disease which crowding entails.

After the Crimean war the British army posts were everywhere placed under the same strict hygienic supervision and discipline that proved so efficacious in the Crimea after the Sanitary Commission was formed. The statistical results for two periods of six years each, before and after that war, will serve to confirm the truth of what has been stated.

These statistics give the number of deaths each year, per thousand, before and after the sanitary reforms were introduced.

DEATH-RATE BEFORE AND AFTER SANITARY REFORMS WERE INTRODUCED AT CERTAIN PLACES.

	Before.	After.
Gibraltar	22 per 1000	9 per 1000
Malta	18 " 1000	14 " 1000
Ionian Islands	27 " 1000	9 " 1000
Bermuda	35 " 1000	11 " 1000
Canada	20 " 1000	10 " 1000
Jamaica	128 " 1000	17 " 1000
Ceylon	74 " 1000	27 " 1000

The sewers of a city or town are usually designed to carry away a considerable part, if not the whole, of the surface drainage. One of the most perplexing questions which the engineer has to decide, perhaps, is how far or to what extent the sewers shall thus act to drain the surface. Whether any part of the surface water may be carried off by surface drains, and how much shall be allowed to enter and

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cleanse the sewers, or whether special under-ground drains shall be constructed separate from the sewers for the surface water, are questions which can only be determined from a mass of data relating to the topography of the site, the compactness with which this site is likely to be covered with buildings, and the sanitary considerations connected with the ultimate disposal of the water thus drained off, which in large cities is scarcely less injurious, if allowed to enter adjacent streams, than the sewage itself. Questions of cost on the one hand, if sewers are built large enough to carry all the surface waters, and questions of damage from the flooding of cellars and basements in low districts during great storms if they are not large enough, and are yet required to carry a portion of the surface water, all tend to complicate and render difficult problems which are already overloaded to some extent with uncertainties which still embarrass the most cultivated engineering judgment and skill.

The main office, however, or at least the most important office, which sewers have to perform, is to receive and carry speedily away the impure refuse which originates in the ordinary course of domestic life within the walls of dwellings. The extremely poisonous nature of this refuse, if allowed to remain in or near inhabited places until putrid decomposition takes place, is the forcible reason which requires its immediate removal, and it is for this object that sewers are necessary. This necessity requires a special system of pipes and drains connecting the interior of dwellings with the sewers. This system, a part of which, under the general name of plumbing, forms a portion of the interior architectural arrangements of dwellings, and another part, the exterior drains reaching to the sewers, is known by the general designation, "house drainage."

It will not be expected that in this very general review of the various branches of the sanitary engineer's art or profession any detailed description of the proper methods or principles relating to house drainage can be given.

It may be said, however, that custom, luxury, and fashion, as affecting the interior arrangements of dwellings, have gradually converted house drainage into a source of danger which does not properly belong to it as a hygienic element in a sanitary system. Before the art of construction of the purely mechanical arrangements which belong to house drainage was brought to its present state of excellence, and, indeed, before the insidious dangers connected with it were discovered or understood, the fashion of placing the openings through which house refuse is discharged into the sewers within the very innermost recesses and most imperfectly ventilated parts of dwellings was introduced as a matter of convenience or so-called luxury. When the evil consequences of this began to be felt, remedies, in the form of traps and plumbing devices were multiplied, until finally, after the inventions of more than a quarter of a century have been brought to bear on the subject, we are obliged to confess that the problem is not yet satisfactorily solved. While it is true that through the progress of the mechanic arts and constant study, stimulated by sad experiences, there has been during the last few years a decided amelioration of evils which for a long time numbered victims by thousands, yet no system of construction or patent devices which has been or probably will be introduced can be pronounced perfectly and permanently safe, so long as the present custom continues of placing plumbing conveniences within the walls of living, and, above all, of sleeping, rooms. Pipes will decay, traps will become unsealed, the water supply will occasionally be intermitted or suspended, drains will become foul, or leak. And when we consider the impracticability of a constant supervision, especially in rented or tenement houses, by competent persons, and the cost of such supervision, so reluctantly borne even in case of the most flagrant defects—defects which usually announce themselves by the outbreak of disease, and perhaps by deaths—it is impossible not to feel that the system, as it is now generally practiced, should be abandoned.

It is, of course, impracticable to change at once the house drainage of dwellings already built and occupied. In most cases the cost of so doing would be too great for the ordinary tenant or householder to bear; and it is well to introduce more perfect traps, and every precaution which can be devised to render more efficient, without great expense, existing constructions and arrangements; but wherever proprietors are willing to undergo the expense, and above all in new designs, it appears little

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less than inhuman for architects and builders to adhere to a system which exposes all —especially women and children, who are most confined in-doors—to the deadly and insidious contaminations of the air of dwellings which arise from the numerous fixtures which have direct connections with sewers. It is, moreover, not always the sewer gases that do the most harm, but the poisons which are generated in the plumbing pipes and house drains themselves, and which arise from the very use of the conveniences in the first instance. There is a remedy so simple, especially in all new designs, that it is almost inconceivable that it has not already become universal, viz., to confine the closets, bath-rooms, lavatories, and all other so-called conveniences within an annex, or within impervious walls at the rear of dwellings, reaching from the cellar to the roof.

Such inclosed space may be warmed and ventilated more thoroughly and easily than any other part of a dwelling. Any leakage would not affect the air of the dwelling, while the total cost of the plumbing would be greatly reduced.

This system has frequently been suggested during the last few years, and its great advantages were forcibly presented recently by Dr. Hamilton, of this city.

It is a satisfaction to know that the practice is increasing on the part of people who control the building of their own houses, of discarding many of the plumbing conveniences which have been so much in vogue, and of being satisfied with less dangerous and more simple, although perhaps less luxurious, arrangements.

The reform will be complete only when the plumbing is confined within walls which separate it completely from the ordinary living-rooms.

Of all the dangers to health which may surround human habitations there is none which more insidiously undermines health than a saturated surface or sub soil. In the country, healthy districts are marked by porous soil of sand or gravel; on the other hand, malarious regions are conspicuous by the prevalence of undrainable or undrained retentive surfaces.

Any level, undrained surface is known by experience to be unhealthy, but the concentration of unsanitary influences arising from want of drainage is apt to be found where the surface or subsoil receives the fermentable refuse of a crowded population.

In most of our great capitals and provincial cities the original topographical features are entirely changed by the grading of streets and the preparation of building sites. But little thought has been given heretofore to the effect which such changes may have upon this all-important question of drainage. Sewers may be constructed with the double object of carrying away the refuse from dwellings and also the rain which falls upon roofs and streets; but unpaved streets, back yards, and vacant lots often retain the surface water until it is evaporated by the heat of the sun, or carried away by dry air currents. Muddy, unpaved streets may be set down at once as sources of disease. The greatest evils, however, often occur from subsoil accumulations of this surface water. It is not a matter of mere theory, but of most unfortunate experience, that localities where subsoil stagnant water is found, in populous districts, almost invariably supply to the practicing physician the greatest number of patients. The city of New York is a conspicuous example. The original water-courses here have been entirely obliterated, scarcely a trace of the primitive topography remaining. Subterranean basins are thus formed by the net-work of dikes which have been thrown across the courses of the natural drainage for the street fillings, and whatever water percolates through the surface finds in many places a permanent lodgment beneath. It is well known that this subsoil water, after acting as a leeching agent of a surface, filled to a greater or less extent with organic refuse, is scarcely less foul than sewage itself. Above these subterranean accumulations of foul water the ground air brings to the surface those poisonous emanations which are invariably the result of the putrid decomposition of animal matter.

In some cities it has been observed that the rising and falling of the level of this subsoil water, periodically, gives rise to peculiar diseases, so wide-spread as to become almost epidemic. The falling of the water-level draws into the pores of the soil large volumes of air, which is again expelled by a rising level, after heat and moisture have produced their effects in saturating the ground air with poisons. Neither the chemist nor the microscopist has yet been able to determine the nature or composition of these poisonous emanations. The opening of unventilated drains,

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the untrapping of gullies, the breaking up of streets, or excavations for a line of railroad often produce sudden evolutions of these unknown substances in such quantities as to cause marked local disturbances of the public health.

Here, then, we have another field of work for the sanitary engineer—in growing cities to provide in advance for the too-often neglected sub-drainage of new districts before the filling and excavations for streets and buildings shall have rendered such drainage impracticable, and in older or built-up districts to reduce by surface drainage as far as possible the percolation into the soil of the surface water.

Closely allied to drainage, another important sanitary question claims attention—the pavement and care of streets. It is only quite recently that the *sanitary* aspects of this question have forced themselves on public attention. Dirty streets have been looked upon as an annoyance, as obstructing travel, as altogether too untidy for a respectable population; but the effect upon public health of the peculiar refuse which accumulates in streets, when decomposition of the organic matter which it contains takes place, has only recently become fully appreciated. Of all organic refuse, that which accumulates in the streets of a crowded city is perhaps the most complex in the elements which compose it. There is no name for it, but its soluble constituents are known to penetrate the soil; and where these are not immediately drained off, the ground air becomes offensive and unhealthy. This gaseous form of matter penetrates into basements and cellars, and finds its way even through solid walls into the interior of dwellings. Thus not only on the surfaces of streets, where the grosser forms of street filth meet the eye, but in the pores of the soil, into which the soluble constituents penetrate, these miasms are generated.

It is stated by Huxley that a healthy man gives off through the skin, in addition to the carbonic acid and watery vapor which accompanies respiration and transpiration, 300 grains of solid matter in 24 hours. This solid matter exuded from the skin, in a form imperceptible through the senses, makes a large aggregate of animal refuse in a crowded city. Making a suitable allowance for minors, at the rate of one pound for 33 persons in 24 hours, a city of one million inhabitants would thus furnish, imperceptibly, to the air, or to be absorbed by clothing, nearly 5500 tons of such solid animal matter per annum. How much of this floats for a time in the atmosphere until it falls to the ground it is impossible to say, but with other excretions of animals, and the dust from attrition and abrasion in the streets, there is gradually accumulated at the surface this mixture, which can only be called street refuse. The character of the pavements has much to do with the prompt disposal or the indefinite retention of this dirt along the street surfaces. Irregular, broken, or badly paved sidewalks and streets—all circumstances, in fact, which tend to delay the removal of this street filth, or to make its complete removal difficult—increase its unhealthy effects and influences.

The true remedy—smooth, impervious streets of asphalt or its equivalent, something that will enable the rain-fall to do its full share of cleansing the surface, leaving only a small portion of dirt to be removed by mechanical means—is one of the blessings to be hoped for in the future of sanitary engineering in some of our large cities. If there be any one thing in the public works of a great city which tends more than any other to produce good order, decorum, cleanly habits, self-respect in all classes, and freedom from some of the worst vices in the lower classes, it is well-constructed, noiseless, impervious pavements for streets and sidewalks.

To what extent the ceaseless noise of heavy vehicles traversing the irregular pavements of a crowded city may produce nervous diseases it is, perhaps, impossible to say; but this everlasting din is certainly not conducive to calmness and contentment of life.

The warming and ventilation of buildings constitutes another subject for consideration and study, the importance of which is hardly yet sufficiently appreciated, while the relation which the warming of buildings bears to a healthful supply of air is perhaps still less understood by the great mass of people who are most interested.

Under circumstances where cheap fuel and primitive modes of living permit of the employment of large open fire-places for warming purposes, a degree of ventilation sufficient in most cases is secured; but as fuel becomes costly the open fireplace must be dispensed with, and the close stove, the hot-air furnace, or steam

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or hot-water apparatus must be substituted. Economy and health are then in one sense directly opposed. Families will crowd together in close rooms heated by a stove, with every inlet and outlet of air carefully closed, satisfied with temporary physical comfort, because it is procured at the least possible expense. It is difficult sometimes to persuade men of more than usual intelligence that less heat and more pure air will give greater vigor, and in the long-run more physical enjoyment. Even the breaking out of some disease generated by a vitiated atmosphere, due to the excessive closeness of rooms, is generally attributed to causes beyond ordinary human control.

Where a number of apartments or a whole dwelling-house composed of a number of rooms is to be heated, the economy of the close stove disappears, on account of the additional care, attendance, and waste involved. The hot-air furnace is then brought into requisition, with all its attendant discomforts, its irregular and to some extent uncontrollable heat, and its insufficient ventilation. As it is simply an incased stove in a chamber outside of the apartments to be heated, but capable of supplying currents of highly heated air to all the rooms of ordinary dwellings, it is still comparatively economical; but the ventilation afforded is almost always inadequate, precarious, and beyond systematic control. Nevertheless, these modes of warming, since they come within the resources of the ordinary householder, must be accepted as necessities, and it should be considered a study not unworthy of the best talent to supply the deficiencies of ventilation and a method of controlling the heat.

The great difficulty of the problem lies in the fact that all processes of warming buildings become expensive in exact proportion to the amount of ventilation at the same time procured. Even one or two open fires in a house heated by a hot-air furnace may greatly accelerate the removal and renewal of air; but the additional expense is in many cases a bar to their introduction; in others they are considered in the light of a useless luxury.

The method of heating by steam, or by circulating hot water, which has of late years been so much extended in practice, is perhaps the only method by which large buildings may be satisfactorily warmed, and at the same time a sufficient degree of ventilation placed completely within the control of the engineer and architect. By no other method of heating can a single furnace be made to supply large buildings or blocks of buildings so safely, efficiently, and economically; and there is no other method which lends itself so readily to devices for promoting ventilation.

All arrangements, however, in which the heating apparatus supplies the power required for the movements of air in the manner required for a sufficient ventilation require special study in all details, and demand more than ordinary skill and acquirements.

The problem of ventilation is a difficult one. It is sometimes easier to ventilate thoroughly an ordinary mine under-ground than an extensive block of buildings, or even a single dwelling under some circumstances. The most unfortunate aspect of the subject is that these difficulties are not generally understood, and arrangements for ventilation are apt to be designed by those who are either totally incompetent or who have no appreciation of the importance of the subject.

Some idea of the difficulties of ventilation may be gained, if we substitute for air to be carried through conduits and distributed throughout a building with hermetically sealed doors and windows, a heavier fluid—water, for instance. It is to be understood that not only shall all the rooms and vacant spaces be constantly filled with water, but that in no place, not even in the angles of the rooms, or at the floor or ceiling, shall there remain for any considerable period stagnant water. All the particles must constantly move from the inlet to the discharge. It will be perceived at once that such a stream or current of water could not be supplied and thoroughly distributed throughout the enlarged chambers of a building without the application of force. Circulating pumps would at once be suggested by any mechanic. The chief difficulty would not be that force proportional to the mass moved must be applied, but might be expected in the disposition of the inlets and outlets, the adjustment of the areas of the conduits, and their connections with the chambers, so that no particle of water should find a permanent lodgment, but that every place should be swept by the current without the possibility of stagnation at any point. It must be quite evident that such a problem would perplex

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the most accomplished engineer. If, now, we consider the fluid to be air, a compressible fluid possessing at every point a density depending on its temperature and pressure, the problem is not essentially altered, except that it becomes, if possible, more complicated. Its complete solution in the manner described is difficult; and when the conditions are added that the air must be heated in cold weather, and that strong currents must nowhere be created in occupied rooms, it will be perceived that thorough ventilation is extremely difficult.

Fortunately, in dwelling-houses, there is a continuous interchange of air between the exterior and the interior through openings or cracks in the doors and windows, and to some extent through solid walls, causing a diffusion of the deleterious gases in the outer air which would not occur if the rooms were hermetically sealed. The occasional opening of windows and doors facilitates this diffusion, so that the condition of the air in dwelling-houses, though often, and indeed very generally, below the standard of purity which is desirable, is nevertheless bearable. This kind of spontaneous ventilation, however, is so dependent on accidental circumstances, even when accelerated by flues leading to the roof, that for crowded rooms it is quite insufficient. The quantity of air which is necessary for a healthful ventilation, under such circumstances, is generally admitted to be one thousand to eighteen hundred cubic feet an hour for each occupant, and it seldom occurs that the simple arrangements for spontaneous ventilation which might suffice for rooms occupied by few persons are adequate for the same rooms when crowded. For hospitals, asylums, theatres, public schools, and laboratories the quantity of air required for ventilation is usually double, treble, or quadruple the above quantities, depending on circumstances; and for such cases there must be artificial appliances provided for procuring the flow of air required.

The methods of ventilation, including nearly all cases, may be considered under three heads: 1. Spontaneous ventilation. 2. Ventilation by chimneys artificially heated. 3. Mechanical Ventilation.

The first method requires no other arrangements than the construction of vertical flues in the walls of a building from the space to be ventilated to the roof, with proper and sufficient inlets. It is supposed that the air which has been heated sufficiently to supply the necessary warmth to the occupants of the room finds its way into these vertical flues, and there, on account of its rarefaction by heat, forms a column the air of which is lighter than the outside air. A vertical movement is thus created and maintained. The simplicity of this arrangement makes it almost universal for dwelling-houses, and the economy of the ventilation secured, such as it is, can not be doubted.

The disadvantages of the method are, however, serious. It is inoperative in summer, and at all times when the temperature of the exterior air approximates to that of the interior: utter stagnation of the interior air is then inevitable. It requires very large flues both for the inlets and outlets of air, so large that not one architect in a thousand has the boldness to provide for sufficiently large flues for the inflow and outflow, in the architectural designs of a building. The proper dimensions of all such flues, whatever be the system of ventilation, are to be arrived at only by careful, and not always easy, calculations. Instead of such calculations, the merest guess-work is usually substituted.

The second system supposes that the air in the vertical flues is heated artificially by open fires, stoves, steam-pipes, or gas-lights at the base of the flues. By this process almost any degree of activity can be secured in the ventilation, provided the sizes and dispositions of flues, the positions of the inlets and outlets, and the areas of the conduits for the distribution of the air are properly calculated and arranged, in connection with the temperature and quantity of the air which is put in motion.

The third process, ventilation by fans or blowers, requires, in addition to all these calculations and arrangements, a thorough knowledge of the action of the mechanical apparatus employed, in order that its magnitude and the power required shall be proportional to the work to be done.

It should be a fundamental axiom in all designs for buildings that *arrangements for ventilation should be subordinate to no features, æsthetic or decorative, but should be the first and primary idea to be considered, after the disposition of rooms and their uses in a structure are determined.*

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SIX OF ONE AND HALF A DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

A TALE IN FOUR LETTERS.

LETTER THE FIRST.

Harry Payne to S. H. W.

NEW YORK, *August* —, 188–.

MY DEAR SAM,—When you receive this voluminous epistle you will, with the practiced eye of a man of business, glance over it to catch its gist, and when you do— I thank my stars that half the length of the Erie Railroad separates us, and I confess that the thought of your written answer even makes my blood curdle with terror.

However, I have done nothing to be ashamed of, and I am not going to begin by apologizing for it. Why I shouldn't do what you and other friends of mine have done I can't see, and the fact that I have waited until the first flush of youth has passed (you remember I am thirty-two) is all the more creditable to me.

Well, to come to the point (confound it! why don't they have a printed form like that used in the next step in the proceeding?), I write to announce my engagement to—the name will not interest you now—a young lady of this city. I see your scornful look, and hear your ironical laughter, but, my dear fellow, I am dreadfully in earnest this time. It will, I know, seem incredible, but the honest truth is that I am in love for the first time in my life. Here your laughter becomes uncontrollable, and when you recover your speech you ask how about Fanny Glenwood and Laura Baker and—several others; and, upon my word, you will insinuate that this is the second or third time that I have announced my engagement to you.

Ah, Sam, that is the thing that overwhelms me with confusion. For the first time in my life I have known what remorse is. I don't know how you felt when you asked an innocent young girl to accept your hand, but I confess I don't feel myself worthy of the one I have chosen.

Men think they are excusable for the follies that seem to be inherent in youth, and I don't suppose you and I have been worse than the majority of fellows; but what would I not give now to be able to offer to Lizzie (that is her name) what I know I shall receive from her—a heart absolutely free from all past recollections? For so little has she yet seen of society that all she knows about our sex has either been evolved out of her inner consciousness or gleaned from the pages of romance.

Am I not a wretch to impose on the simplicity of such an innocent heart? I declare I sometimes think I will tell her I am not good enough for her, and give up the whole thing.

You will want to know how it all happened. Well, here it is in a nutshell.

Last spring, while I was having a desperate flirtation with Laura Baker, which resulted, as you know, in the breaking of my engagement to Fanny Glenwood, I promised to meet Laura one morning at a picture-gallery on Madison Square. I had some quite important explanations to make to her, and I wanted her to see Ruskin's drawings, which were on exhibition there. (You know that, after Browning, I adore Ruskin.) For some reason Laura did not come; but I found in the room a young girl of eighteen or twenty, I guessed, tall, slight, and very fair. What struck me at once was the child-like simplicity and innocence of her face, her big blue eyes peering out from her fluffy golden hair. (Laura, you know, is a very striking brunette.) She seemed rather embarrassed by my presence. I suppose I did stare rather too hard. I finally tore myself away, but hung around the neighborhood for some time, and was rewarded by seeing her come from the direction of the gallery with a young man—some relative, I presume—and get into a carriage that drove off up-town.

I did not see her again until summer. Fred Parker, you know, took a cottage at Sea Girt, and invited me down to spend Sunday, and the first person I saw on arriving at the station was my fair unknown sitting demurely in a wagonette, and waiting, probably for her father. I did not dare to keep Fred waiting, nor did I deem it prudent to ask about the lady, thinking we should undoubtedly see her on the beach that evening. We did not, and Monday I could control my curiosity no longer, and after Fred had gone up to town (I making some excuse to remain over until afternoon) I was on the point of unburdening my heart to his good-natured wife, when I saw *her* driving up to

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the house, and before I could recover my *sang-froid* I had been introduced to Miss Lizzie Chapman. She seemed fully as much embarrassed as did I. Why, I wondered, did she remember the meeting at the art gallery two months before? It appeared not, and that she supposed it was our first meeting.

I did not return to New York that afternoon, but poured out my heart to Mrs. Parker, who listened with a sort of incredulous surprise. "No wonder!" you ill-naturedly ejaculate. She did not encourage me at all, and was very reticent about the whole matter. However, I was taken to call. That evening we walked on the beach; the next day we rode together; and Wednesday night we were engaged.

Was I not a villain to take such advantage of her ignorance of the world? I suppose I was the first man who had ever breathed a word of love into her ear, or pressed her little hand, or— Hang it! I did feel like a guilty dog. But, I reflected, what shall I do? This innocent child evidently loves me with the first ardent affection of her fresh heart. Shall I break it by saying, "No, no; such love is not for me; you are too good, too innocent; I can offer you only the remnant of a once generous heart? Few men live to my age" (could I bear to tell that child my age, even?) "without committing follies. Pardon me, and you will never regret it." No, I did nothing of the sort, but stoutly swore that I had never loved but her, and that until the moment she first dawned on my sight life had been one long, dreary waste, and had she not appeared to revive my drooping spirits I must have succumbed beneath the weight of this world's ills.

A word about the most perfect of her sex. (Leave this out when you read this scrawl to your wife.) I have already described her appearance: how can I describe her mind? She is intellectual far beyond her years, is passionately fond of art and music, and utterly oblivious of the sordid side of life. She adores Browning and Ruskin. Am I not the happiest of men?

We are to be married in the holidays. Lizzie, I know, will want the quietest possible wedding, and my circumstances will allow no other. I have once or twice tried to break to her gently what she is sacrificing in marrying a poor man, but, dear child, she is so ignorant of business that it would be foolish to alarm and annoy her.

You are the first one I have told of my engagement, and I fear this will be the pleasantest letter I shall have to write about it. What will Laura say to all this? you ask. I confess I don't relish telling her, but it must soon be done.

Give my kindest regards to your wife, whose sympathy I know I have in this matter, and I trust our old-time friendship will blunt for once the sharpness of your pen. Ever yours,

HARRY PAYNE.

LETTER THE SECOND.

Lizzie Chapman to K. W.

SEA GIRT, *August* —, 188–.

MY DEAR KATE,—I have owed you a letter for a perfect age, but I don't believe I should write you now were it not for a momentous piece of news I have to convey.

You remember when we were at school they made us read in our French class some goody, stupid letters of Madame de Sévigné. I only recollect one now, and that is the very bright one in which she informs her daughter of the engagement of Mademoiselle de Montpensier to the Duc de Lauzun. I opened my book, the margins of which bore token of our interest in each other, if not of our attention to the lesson, and began: "I am going to tell you the most astonishing, the most surprising, the most marvellous, the most miraculous, the most—" Here I shut the book, and concluded I could tell my own story better in my own words. So here goes in two questions: Who do you think is engaged? and you answer, as I knew you would, "Why, you yourself, you little goose!" Correct, as usual, my far-sighted friend; but to whom? With your usual perspicacity you respond, "Jim Harper." There is where you have made a grave mistake. It ought to be Jim, but it isn't. I declare the thing is so mixed up that I don't know whether to laugh or cry, and I am not sure I shall ever be able to give you any clear idea of the matter.

I wrote you all about Jim last winter. "But it's not Jim," you say. Do hush, and let me go on in my own way. Well, you know I used to go over to New Jersey with Edith Paton, and spend Sunday at her aunt's. They were strict enough at the school, but how could they imagine that her aunt Ida had an adorable husband who invited all the nice young men

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he knew to come up and see us when we went there? What stories that house, particularly the conservatory, could tell! Well, there—in the house, I mean—I first met poor Jim Harper. He isn't a bit poor, but you know what I mean. He was a very fascinating fellow, as everybody confesses, and when he first turned his big dark eyes on me I thought him the most handsome and wicked-looking fellow I ever saw. Now I wouldn't like a young man a bit better because he was wicked; that would be very wrong, of course; but, at the same time, I shouldn't let it interfere with my loving a man, if he was sorry for it. Well, Jim was; at least he told me so, and how he was going to turn over a new leaf, and all that. Of course he didn't tell me all this the first time we met, but after we got better acquainted. What a winter that was! We were out at X——, you remember, every month. Such parties and tableaux and skating and sleigh-rides! and Jim always by. Well, long before the winter was over we were engaged. It happened one moonlight night in the conservatory, and Jim promised he would be a good boy. We had a dreadful time with our letters, and once or twice I came within an ace of being caught. Jim and I met very seldom, as you can imagine; but one day he sent me a very pitiable note asking me to meet him at a certain art gallery. He was going away for some weeks, or I have forgotten now what he did want to see me about. I had to tell Miss M—— an awful fib; but I did get away, and then was in mortal terror lest some one should see me. I got to the gallery safely at last. Jim was not there (I was fifteen minutes too soon, but he ought not to have kept me waiting). It was an exhibition of Ruskin's drawings. Now you know that if there is one thing I loathe in this world, it is Ruskin. I think I hate him even more than Browning. But there I was, and I had to go round and look at those wretched things, when suddenly a gentleman entered. He attracted my attention at once, and paid me the compliment of staring at me. He was a very handsome fellow, quite young, I should judge, and had such a good, innocent face. Oh, I thought, if Jim were only as good as that stranger looks! I got embarrassed at last by his stare, and the fear that somebody I knew would come in and find me there with Jim. After an age, as it seemed to me, the stranger left, and a few minutes later came Jim with some very lame excuse about being delayed. (He was exactly on time, but I took good care not to let him know it.) We went out and had a lovely lunch at Delmonico's, and no one was ever the wiser for our little spree.

But now, Kate, prepare yourself for the most wonderful thing you ever heard in your life. I am engaged to that handsome, innocent-looking boy I saw in the art gallery. You could never guess how it happened, and so I will not keep you in suspense, but tell you at once.

You know we have spent several summers at Sea Girt, a lovely place on the New Jersey coast, and there we went again this year. Jim came to see me quite regularly, and as his family were known to papa, our intimacy was tacitly allowed without any one asking where we first became acquainted.

Well, last Saturday I had a note from Jim saying he was coming down to spend Sunday at the hotel; so I drove to the station to meet him, and imagine my astonishment when the handsome stranger of the art gallery got off the cars! He stared at me, of course, but I don't think he saw Jim, who was at the end of the long train. Oh, Kate, I can never tell you what a wretched two days I passed! Jim went on a dreadful spree at the hotel with some of the fellows from the Branch, and the next day we had an explanation (some people would have called it a quarrel), and—we broke our engagement: I mean, of course, that I broke mine. It nearly killed me, and I just cried my eyes out. Jim went back to New York in the Sunday night train, and I know I shall never see him again; and it will serve me right, too, for treating a poor fellow so cruelly. I could have pardoned him his disgraceful conduct at the hotel, but, Kate, it came out in the course of our explanation that he had been flirting with Fred Parker's sister, and that ended everything: any man that would flirt with such a washed-out-looking blonde as that!

Well, the next day—Monday—I went down to Mrs. Parker's, bright and early, to see how much truth there was in that story about Jim, and what do you think? There, sitting on the piazza, was my stranger, and the next moment Mrs. Parker had introduced me to Mr. Harry Payne, a college friend of her husband's. You soon become acquainted at the sea-side, and the

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previous meeting somehow made him seem not entirely a stranger to me. I suppose he felt the same way; at any rate, we were soon chatting away as merry as could be, and I forgot all about Jim's flirtation with Alice Parker.

The next day Mr. Payne called; that evening we walked on the beach; the next day we drove up to the Branch; and Wednesday— Well, Kate, all I am going to tell you *now* is that Wednesday we were engaged. Perhaps you think it was quick work. Well, it did take my breath away; but how could I help it? I do feel sorry for him—Harry, I mean, not Jim—he is so good and young and innocent and enthusiastic, and so learned! Just think, he reads Browning, and I really think there must be something in Browning, or Harry would not like him; so I said I liked Browning—so I do, for Harry's sake. And then he admires Ruskin so much, and of course I do, for did I not see Harry first in that dreary exhibition?—I mean it seemed dreary then, but, as I now recollect them, the drawings were delightful. Strange, neither of us has mentioned that meeting! Well, as I was saying, I do feel sorry for Harry, he is so good and innocent. Poor fellow! just think, he told me that night on the beach—that Wednesday night—that I was the first woman he had ever loved. How little experience some men have had, Kate! But then women are so much older and maturer for their age than the other sex. I am sure it wasn't the first time, or even the second, that I had been in love, but I did not tell Harry that. Why should I blight his first ardent affection by such a confession? and then I am sure I do love him more than anybody I ever saw, except Jim, and Jim, of course, is out of the question.

Well, I must come to an end. We are to be married in the holidays, and I suppose I shall have a grand wedding at the church. Men always say they prefer a quiet wedding, but we women know better. They are the first to want a fine display, and show the world what a prize they have carried off. For my part, I don't want Jim to think I am not proud of Harry, for I am, and I mean to have a perfectly stunning (forgive this reminiscence of our school-day slang) wedding. I don't know whether Harry can afford to go to Europe, but I presume so, or he would never have thought of marrying a girl in my set. However, I will tell you all the particulars when we meet.

Yours with undying affection,

LIZZIE CHAPMAN.

LETTER THE THIRD.

Harry Payne to S. H. W.

NEW YORK, *December* —, 188–.

MY DEAR SAM,—I write in great haste to say that my marriage to Miss Laura Baker will take place on the 27th, and, of course, I shall expect you and your wife to be on hand. We are to be married in in St. Thomas's, and will have quite a grand wedding.

We sail for Europe the following Saturday. Of course I should not have thought of this myself, but Laura's father has done the proud thing by us, and we are only too glad to go. We hope to be present at a meeting of the Browning Society, and perhaps see the great poet. We may also buy a sketch or two of Ruskin's. My future wife, it is needless to say, shares my enthusiasm in these two directions. More when we meet.

Yours hastily, HARRY PAYNE.

P.S.—I have an indistinct recollection of having sent you last summer a very sentimental rhapsody. You know I sometimes write for the magazines, and I suspect that a sketch I made for a story of modern American society got mixed up with my letter. At any rate, if you still have the letter, please burn it. H. P.

LETTER THE FOURTH.

Lizzie Chapman to K. W.

NEW YORK, *December* —, 188–.

MY DEAR KATE,—The wedding is to be the 27th, and I want you to come down at least a week before. Your bridemaid's dress is all ready, and is the loveliest thing you ever saw. Words can not do justice to mine, which is just too—but you shall supply the adjective yourself.

Of course it's a church wedding, and the presents are to be on exhibition, and there is to be dancing later in the evening, and we are going to Florida and Cuba and— But I really haven't a moment to spare, and here comes Madame Hoggarty herself to see about my travelling dress, so I *must* stop. Yours in great haste,

LIZZIE CHAPMAN.

P.S.—It's dear old Jim after all!

L. C.

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WORKING-MEN'S HOMES.

THERE are three ways of providing homes for the people. The first, and in one sense the best, is to make possible a separate home, however tiny, self-owned, on its own bit of ground, so successfully done in America by the Philadelphia building (or rather loan) societies, which collect little by little from their members the capital which is advanced to those of them who wish to build, on the security of the land and of the rising house, until the accumulating value of their shares wipes out the loan; or in England, as at Leeds and elsewhere, by societies which themselves build houses, and let them at a yearly sum which covers installments of principal as well as rent until the house becomes the tenant's property. But this reaches only the wealthy poor, for thrift is already wealth, and especially does not provide for those who must live near their work. The second is the system of the Peabody Trust, and of Sir Sydney Waterlow's and like companies in London, which is followed in America by Mr. Alfred T. White's successful enterprise in Brooklyn, and by the Improved Dwellings Association in New York. The Peabody Trust is nominally a charity, and the others nominally commercial enterprises, but all have like aims and like business methods, intended to return fair interest on capital. These all provide what for wealthier people are called apartment-houses, either displacing old slums or occupying fresh ground, for the most part attempting to provide for workers near their work, close by the workshops or the docks, and not too far from cheap markets. But when old rookeries are pulled down, it is found in practice that the denizens slink away to overcrowd still more such other slums as are near by, and do not return to the better buildings on the old site, or to other swept and garnished houses purposely made ready in the neighborhood. The third plan is that which has been adopted in London by Miss Octavia Hill. It takes the slums themselves, keeps the same tenants without disturbing them (so long as they do not disturb their neighbors, and do pay the inexorably collected rent), and making dirty places not too clean, and dark places not alarmingly light, raises the standard of living, not even step by step, but up an inclined plane by imperceptible gradation, until they are ready to seek better homes, or perchance to have the old rebuilt. We will look first at the working of this third plan and its history.

I went one day to see Miss Octavia Hill, and I learned something of her work from herself (and her books), and something of herself from her friends. She is a keen, bright, pleasant, vigorous little woman, now scarcely above forty, and lives in Marylebone Parish, not far from where the old parish church looks out through York Gate upon the pleasant expanse of Regent's Park, with its costly terraces; not far, also, from some of the worst slums of London. For it is one of the characteristics of great Babylon that its palaces and its slums jostle each other. Miss Hill's home is a capacious house, plain but prettily decorated as one enters, in which an elder sister and herself have their school. At the back is an extension, built almost at the commencement of her work, to provide a large room where she might meet her people.

Miss Hill's every-day work is to teach drawing and Latin. It is in addition to this that she has found time to institute the work by which she is best known; to centre in herself the relieving work of one of the most important parishes of London, to promote the Kyrle society, of which she is treasurer; to write the considerable number of papers which in propagation of her work she has contributed to periodicals and made up into her books, as well as the annual "Letter to my Fellow-Workers," in which she makes reports of progress; and to do the thousand other good works for which idle women can not find time, and stronger than she have not strength, and richer than she have not money. For it is to the further credit of Miss Hill—I say it not to her compliment, but to the encouragement of others—that she is not and has not been a rich woman. Nor did the means for her work come to her at first unsought. She has had to earn her opportunities at every step. But when she left England a few years since for needed rest she transferred back to her fellow-workers £74,000 of property that had been put under her management.

Miss Hill was in early life a worker with Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, one of whose sons married one of her four sisters. Here was a true apostolic succession

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of the spirit of Christ. It was when she was but twenty-five or thereabouts that she took in hand the dwellings of the poor. Mr. Ruskin was her first supporter; it was he who in 1864–5 provided the £3000 with which to purchase the first two neglected courts, known by the curiously satiric names of "Paradise" and "Freshwater"; and it was he who, assuring her that if the money were sunk he would never regret the giving, impressed upon her, nevertheless, with wise foresight, that a working-man ought to be able to pay for his own home, and that if her plan could be proved to pay it would surely spread. It has paid; it has spread; and now Miss Hill can have all the money and all the houses she wants, the extension of her work is only limited by the number of trained workers, and what she has accomplished can in no wise be measured by the work associated with her name. For she does not believe in hemming in work with the circumference of an association, but in providing centres whence good work may radiate, as the light streams from the sun. Her principle is the principle of Mr. Hale's story of "Ten Times One is Ten." There is a germ theory of disease: this is the germ theory of cure.

There is a court—to illustrate Miss Hill's work by an example—which was in 1869 one of the worst places in Marylebone. Londoners who rolled by in their carriages or stopped to do their shopping along Oxford Street, would not suspect the nature of the place, which was situated not far from fashionable Regent Street. Indeed, its real nature was not seen from the court itself—a paved walk, narrow and dirty, to be sure, but not otherwise noticeable, with high houses on either side, the ground-floors of which were mostly small shops, whence second-hand furniture and other commodities overflowed upon the pavement, as they do now. The inhabitants were mostly coster-mongers and small hawkers and others of the very poor, the lowest class who have houses, one remove above the vagrants who wander at night into the "common lodging-houses." The police records were full of it, and throughout the district, "Gone to live in —— Court" was a phrase which expressed a fall to the lowest depths. The houses were unutterably vile. The stairways were caked with inches of dirt; the dust bins crammed with rotting refuse of food, which also was spilled about the passages; water dripped through the leaky roofs, or drove in through the smashed windows; the plaster and woodwork were broken away; even the kitchens under-ground, with chinks for windows, were living and sleeping room for whole families; and the back yards were built over until in most cases only a space three feet by four was left. To this place, "truly a wild, lawless, desolate little kingdom to come to rule over," came the queen in 1869, when one lady friend bought six ten-roomed houses, and another lady five more, for her to manage. The first thing was inexorably to collect the rents. That is Miss Hill's basic principle, and it is a part of her self-denial that she permits no posing, and appears to her people not as a guardian angel, but as a prosaic and hard-hearted collector of half-crowns. She had to go of nights, every Monday, and poke about the foul-smelling passages in the dark, because few of the tenants were in by day, and no one could trust a neighbor with the rent. More than once a ferocious woman locked Miss Hill into the room with her, in the vain attempt to bully out of her something for which the fit time had not come. Biding her own time, little by little she cleaned up and repaired, hiring the men tenants as far as might be to do little jobs (put aside often till they were out of work), and the older girls to scrub the passages in turn. The line of clean hallway against the line of grimy room presently did its preaching, and the women began to scrub up for themselves. The next thing was to get the under-ground tenants above-ground—against their will. "My bits of things won't look anything if you bring them to the light," pleaded one woman. At last, from this business basis of rent-collecting, personal relations began to blossom; doors through whose opened crevices the rent had been thrust were now opened with invitations to "sit down a bit"; individual desires were consulted; tenants shifted about; one of the shops was set apart for a club-room, where classes were held, and on Saturday night Miss Hill or a lady substitute was always on hand to collect savings, or to chat with any who came in. The tenants got to like better things. And at last it was possible to pull down the old buildings—not too many at once—and build new; and now St. Christopher's Building, with the little carving of the cross-bearer which decorates its fine brick front (there was a festival of inauguration which cost two

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guineas!), and the splendid flat and gravelled roof, with its far view, and the airy iron balconies at the back along each story, and the long cemented play-ground below, with a seesaw for the children, and the good-sized hall, where the other day the Macdonalds gave *The Pilgrim's Progress* — St. Christopher's Building profitably houses as many happy people, who pay no more than in the old slums; and the first child born there is called Christine.

I went also with one of Miss Hill's assistant angels, a bright young Englishwoman who brought cheerfulness with her, to a court which was one of the first bought by Mr. Ruskin, and which has but recently passed out of his hands, after justifying his faith by paying a fair profit. This is off Lisson Grove (*lucus a non lucendo*), just south of Marylebone Road, and is an instance, not untypical of London, where a block of better houses has been invaded by poorer tenements, which occupy what were once the back yards. It is not a pretty place even now, but the row of two-story "cottages" is now clean and whole, where before they were dirty and leaky and everything that was bad. When Miss Hill took possession, out of 192 panes of glass only eight were whole. The balusters of the stairs were long since gone: the demon of destruction had kept company with the demon of dirt.



ST. CHRISTOPHER'S BUILDING.

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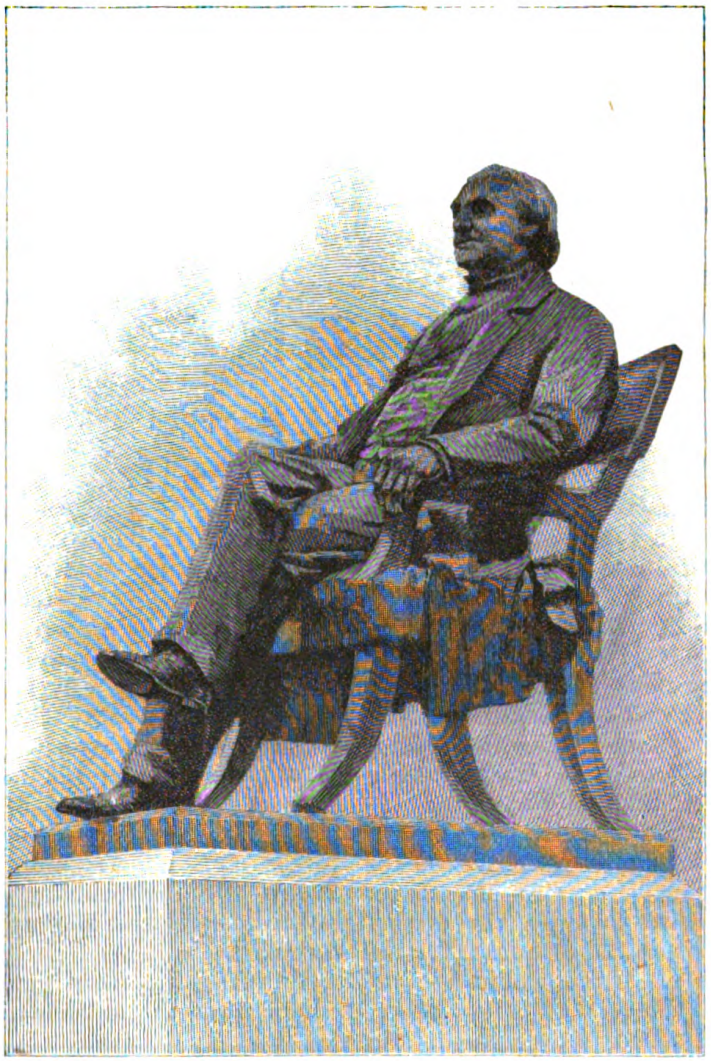
Rents were commonly weeks behindhand, and the former landlord, a small tradesman, collected by taking along with him another man who posed as a "broker" ready to distrain. Miss Hill gave all the tenants (unless of absolutely immoral life) the option of paying or going, and rarely let a second week's rent go unpaid. The houses were put in shape, and the rubbish of cow-sheds and such stuff fronting the houses made way for a play-ground for the children and drying-yard in school-hours. Here were planted "Mr. Ruskin's trees"; two of the five only have survived the unfavorable conditions of the place; but these count. In this play-ground every spring there is a May-pole and festival, when flowers are got in from country friends. Months after the first of these some of the children were seen sticking faded flowers into a crevice in the wall to make it "like it was the day we had the May-pole." So the older people too come to love the sunshine, instead of to fear it. One of the tenants, offered a cheaper room, said, wistfully, "Well, you see, miss, it's between ninepence and the sun." Besides singing classes and work classes, and other bringings together of the people in a large room now provided, an outing into the country is sometimes arranged. Withal, while cleaner rooms have been let for lower prices, five per cent. interest has been paid on capital, a fund for repayment of capital is accumulating, and a liberal allowance has been made for repairs, the tenants being asked to say what improvements they prefer when care-taking has kept the mere replacement below the provided sum. In the very first experiment which Miss Hill undertook, the bad debts for these houses during nine months were only £2 11*s.* 3*d.* And what all this came at last to mean, the welcome of my conductress best showed, as she passed along with her pleasant word for the well-remembered faces which brightened as she came.

The most vital part of Miss Hill's method of combining business and philanthropy is her use of volunteers, particularly for the collection of rent. There are many men and women of the upper class whose hearts go out toward their poorer brethren, but between the two there is a great gulf fixed. Miss Hill's plan bridges this gulf. Some lady undertakes for her the bare duty of going week by week through one court or one set of houses to collect the shillings room by room. It is not easy to steel the heart, but the rent must come or the tenants must go. No other plan works. This is not angels' work, but Miss Hill has no patience for the ladies who want only dramatic dirt and charity in which they may pose as Lady Bountiful or win visible martyrdom. Nor does she greatly favor sisterhoods. What is wanted, she says, is not so much the influence of a Home as the influence of homes. For the rent-collecting and the supervising of repairs are presently found to be a *real* basis of relationship, and the radiance of the upper home shines into the lower. For this work Miss Hill prefers married women, who are mistresses of homes and have experience to speak from, but there is room also for the many young girls and unmarried women who are anxious to bring purpose into their lives—a growing class in both England and America. These bring a brightness all their own, and find their place in helping in a court as the assistant and whilom substitute of the lady in charge (for voluntary work must have its vacations), or in leading games in the children's play-grounds, or in a thousand ways that suggest themselves, the business basis being somewhere the real platform for it all. A leader of charitable work in New York once told me that her helper most in demand was a bright child of twelve.

In all the more poetic side of her good work Miss Hill finds ready help in the Kyrle Society, founded in 1877, with the name of the philanthropic "Man of Ross," for bringing beauty home to the people—"to the utmost of our power," says its motto. This already successful organization, under the presidencies of Prince Leopold and the Princess Louise, provides (1) for decorating with wall-paintings, pictures, flowers, and other means people's clubs, schools, and meeting-rooms, without distinction of creed; (2) for laying out spare ground as gardens, and encouraging plant cultivation in windows and back yards—and one of the prettiest sights in London is the yearly flower show of prize plants from the windows of the poor in the Deanery Gardens, Westminster; (3) for concerts to the poor by voluntary choirs; (4) for promoting pleasure-grounds for the people. And on the serious side of charitable relief, when that is necessary, Miss Hill has herself illustrated the possibilities of wise co-operation by acting as "referee" or central bond between the

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volunteer visitors, the Relief Committee, the Charity Organization Society, and the Board of Guardians in the parish of St. Mary, Bryanston Square, whose rector, Mr. Fremantle, pastor and friend alike of Churchmen, Dissenters, Jews, and heretics—"quite a drawing-room gentleman, miss," said one poor woman not used to the gentlehood which knows no need to condescend—has faithfully supported Miss Hill in any step she has wished to take.



STATUE OF GEORGE PEABODY, LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE.

The enormous blocks five and six stories high, mostly of yellow brick dwellings, not yet blackened by the fogs, which one now finds scattered through London, show the second method of solving the problem of homes for the people. Of these groups of buildings there are over sixty, utilizing above £2,000,000 capital, and housing, in round numbers, more than 10,000 families, or 50,000 persons—a good-sized city by themselves.

Everybody knows, in general, how George Peabody resolved to pay back into the lives of other people the good things life had showered upon him. The Peabody Institute in his native town of Danvers (the south part of which is now called Peabody), adjoining Salem, Massachusetts, and the other of like name at Baltimore, the scene of his early active life, testify to his appreciation of the needs of the higher nature. As the great banker who

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PEABODY BUILDINGS, GREAT WILD STREET.

had made his money and spent thirty-two years of his life in London, he desired to do what he could for its poor, and his great gifts "to the poor of London," beginning in 1862, reached £500,000, to which over £300,000 rent and interest had been added at the close of 1883. The "Peabody Donation Fund" is administered by six trustees, of whom the United States Minister is *ex officio* one. It was during Mr. Peabody's lifetime, and with his specific approval, that (after a delay caused by the curious lack of legal provision for trust gifts during a donor's life) these trustees determined to apply the money first to the pressing need of homes for the poor, by which the fund would become reproductive, to the good of *future generations*, in Mr. Peabody's own words, and defined the poor as the humblest industrious, but not the pauper, population. There was printed some time since a satire describing Mr. Peabody's statue descending from its pedestal behind the Stock Exchange in indignation that the pauper poor were not admitted to his homes; but the implied censure was refuted in advance by Mr. Peabody himself. Homes for the absolutely homeless is a cruel problem not to be met by further pauperization. The Peabody Trust, with its fourteen estates, provides 3533 dwellings of 7829 rooms for 14,604 persons (report for 1882), at an average weekly rent of 4*s.* 5¼*d.* ($1.07) per dwelling, or 2*s.* (48 cents) per room.

The "Great Wild Street estate," covering the old plague-spot off Drury Lane already spoken of, comprises thirteen "blocks," arranged on three sides and down the centre of an oblong. They contain 808 rooms, or 344 separate dwellings, accommodating healthfully 1536 people in place of the 1598 dispossessed from the old slums. The buildings are high, not ugly but not beautiful in appearance, clean and neat, and have abundant light and air, nearly half the acreage being cemented play-ground. The one-room dwellings rent from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* (60 to 72 cents) a week; those of two rooms from 4*s.* 3*d.* to 5*s.* ($1 02 to $1 20); those of three rooms from 5*s.* to 6*s.* 6*d.* ($1 20 to $1 56). Each applicant signs a form stating his occupation and weekly wages (the desire being to give preference to those earning not more than a pound), the number of rooms wanted, the number and age of children (the superintendent being particularly instructed to prevent overcrowding), whether all are vaccinated, "whether in receipt of parish relief," and the employer's name; and containing an agreement to abide by the rules printed on the application.* The superintendent looks up the employer, and admits or rejects according to the facts. The bugbear of "rules" (some of which, as the closing of the door at eleven, are not enforced) can not frighten away tenants. When the Bedfordbury buildings were opened, there were 2500 applicants for 146 dwellings.

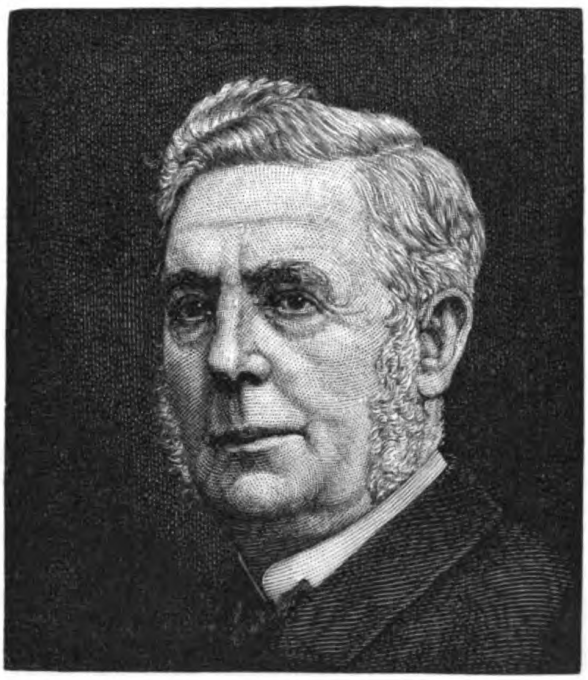
Entering the main gateway, the newcomer finds the entrance to his dwelling

* The essential rules (which are much the same in all the dwellings of this kind, English and American, vaccination excepted) are, briefly: all occupants must have been vaccinated; cases of infectious disease must be removed to the proper hospital; rents *must* be paid weekly, in advance, on Mondays; the passages, etc., must be cleaned weekly and swept daily by the tenants in turn; washing can be done only in the laundry, and that only the tenant's own; tenants must pay breakages; children can not play in stairways, passages, or laundries; dogs may not be kept; tenants may not paper, paint, or drive nails into the walls; underletting or keeping shop is forbidden; disorderly tenants must quit; the gas will be turned off and the outer doors closed at eleven, but each tenant may have a key; births, deaths, and infectious diseases must be reported to the superintendent.

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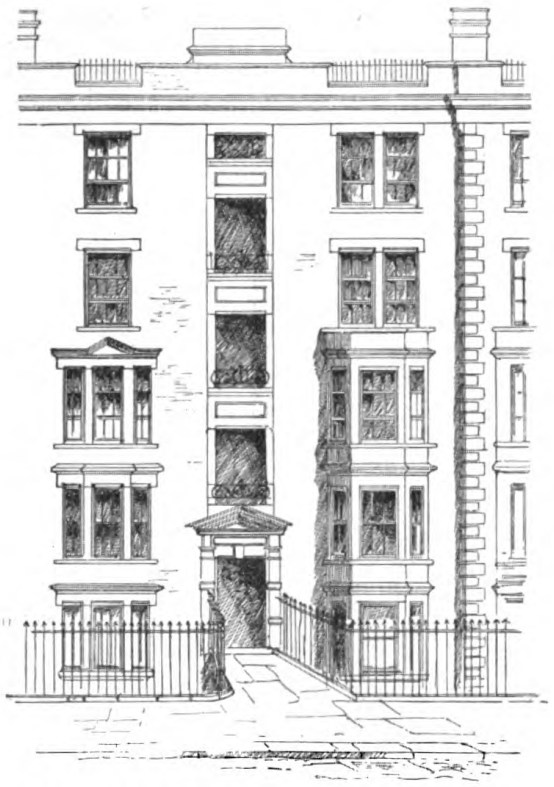
through a doorway leading to a single fireproof interior stairway, on each landing of which five suites of rooms at most abut. His rooms are neatly finished in buff distemper, and neat picture-rails of wood run along the walls. The ventilation is, if a suite, from front to back, but all rooms communicate with the open air or the passageway through little chinks high up in the wall. Each suite or room contains a grate with oven and boiler. There is a laundry on each landing, which the tenants have in turn, each on her regular day of the week; there are two closets, one on each side, ventilating outside; dust-shoots are just outside the tenant's door in the passage; and below-stairs there are baths without charge, for which, however, the demand is not equal to the supply.

The most extensive work in this field is, however, done by the "Improved Industrial Dwellings Company, Limited," of which Sir Sydney H. Waterlow, Bart., M.P., is the moving spirit and the chairman. Sir Sydney is one of the most live and useful men "the City" can boast, and one of the most practical philanthropists of philanthropic England. Born in 1822, he was at thirteen head-boy of the Southwark Grammar School, and the next year was apprenticed to the Government Printer, Mr. Thomas Harrison, who put him in charge, in his eighteenth year, of the private printing-press in the Foreign Office in Downing Street. At twenty-one, his apprenticeship over, he crossed the Channel, and while in Paris worked as a compositor in the Galignani establishment. The year following he joined his father and brothers in building up what is now the enormous stationery and printing business known as Waterlow and Sons, Limited. In those days printing and lithography had not superseded the "law writer," and Sir Sydney will tell of his own experiences in spending the midnight ink, when clerks from offices all over the city used to eke out their day pay by joining of an evening the great staff of copyists at "the writers'," whose pens were flying to make ready the Parliamentary bills for the next day. It was largely through Sir Sydney himself that improved methods came into vogue. Hard work brought success and honors. In 1856 he became Common Councilman for the ward of Broad Street, and in 1863 Alderman for the ward of Langbourn; in 1866, Sheriff, when he was knighted; in 1872, Lord Mayor, when he was made a baronet, Mr. Gladstone expressing his live-



SIR SYDNEY H. WATERLOW.

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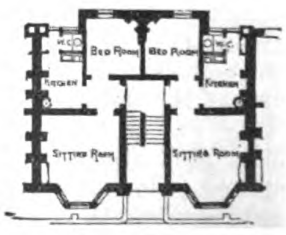


FRONT OF A WATERLOW INDUSTRIAL DWELLING.

ly satisfaction in tendering the honor to one "who, independently of the high office which he holds, has deserved so well of the people of this great metropolis for his intelligent and indefatigable philanthropy." He is the head, as Treasurer, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, to which, in 1872, he presented Lauderdale House, Highgate, with its fine grounds, newly fitted as a Convalescent Home. He was from 1874 to the general election in 1880 the associate of Sir John Lubbock as a member of Parliament for Maidstone, but since that year he has represented the important borough and port of Gravesend. To be at once an M.P., a London Alderman, and the head of a great hospital and of many philanthropies, demands an industrious devotion for which the honors do not pay extravagant interest. London also owes to him its police telegraph and the Hospital Sunday Fund. Sir Sydney Waterlow has recently resigned his position as Alderman, after a service of more than a quarter of a century. It will interest "kin across sea" to know that the present Lady Waterlow is an American lady.

The origin of the Industrial Dwellings Company was in an experimental block of dwellings, Langbourn Buildings, Mark Street, Finsbury, erected by Sir Sydney at his own cost and risk in 1862. These proving successful, the company was started in 1863, under the chairmanship of the present Earl of Derby, with £50,000 capital; it has now £500,000 capital, and has borrowed £327,000 from the Public Works Commissioners besides. It has always paid five per cent.; it has accumulated £52,500 for the equalization of dividends should bad years come, out of which, at the half-yearly meeting in August, 1882, £3000 was appropriated to start a pension fund for its officers and clerks; it sets aside yearly a repairs fund of one and a half per cent. on the cost of buildings; and it is accumulating a leasehold redemption fund. The company has (1883) twenty-eight estates in occupation, providing 4107 dwellings of about 14,250 rooms, accommodating over 20,000 persons of about 400 different occupations. The buildings in course of erection (1883) will furnish 615 more dwellings. All this is under the direct management of the Secretary, Mr. James Moore, who is entitled to much credit for the practical realization of the "five per cent."

It is a fine sight, when one thinks back to what used to be, to see one of these Waterlow buildings. There has been more attempt here than in the Peabody buildings to combine beauty with utility, and while expense must be kept rigidly within limits, and the external walls must shape themselves to the internal needs, bays not too regular break the horizontal lines, and dressings of artificial stone the perpendicular. The company dreads "architects" in the ordinary sense, for present plans are the direct evolution of all previous experience, and it is its own builder, reducing cost to a minimum by having its own yards and workshops, and even making its own



PLAN OF A WATERLOW DWELLING (THREE ROOMS).

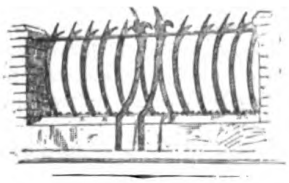
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artificial stone. This is a mixture of three parts of coke breeze (the refuse of gas-works), and one part of Portland cement, made in wooden moulds, first faced with



STOVE.

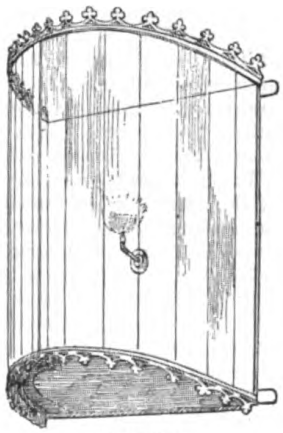
the cement, and then filled in with the mixture, the result being a stone of great strength and durability, remarkable lightness, good color, and adaptability to all sorts of purposes. Built of yellow brick and ornamented with this stone, the buildings at Chelsea, for instance, commanding one of the finest views in all London, with their outlook over the old gardens of famous Chelsea Hospital, the Thames with its bridges, and the fair expanse of Battersea Park across the water, compare favorably with most buildings in London. In fact, while all this view can be had for two and sixpence a room per week, the buildings are so attractive that many front rooms have been taken by people of means, who pay higher rents, and thus enable the company to house more poor elsewhere. Other buildings in Pimlico have tiers of continuous iron balconies around the interior court at each story and are crowned with Mansard towers. I was told that this was a provision of the Duke of Westminster, who, when informed that the limitations of the company did not permit these luxuries, directed his agent to reduce the ground-rent on land leased from him so that it might



ROOF RAILING.

afford them. The spacious courts between buildings are asphalted or cemented. Trees have not thriven, but are to be tried again.

The Waterlow dwellings differ materially from the Peabody in internal arrangement, their essential principle being that each tenement shall be absolutely complete in itself. The stairways — of course fire-proof—are all external, either fully open to the air, or occupying a shaft-way with large openings at each story; they are never surrounded by rooms. From the landings each set of rooms opens separately, and ventilation as well as privacy and the prevention of infection is insured by providing simply that each suite shall extend from front to back, so that there is a draft between the opened windows. This also, with the fire-proof ceilings at alternate floors, and iron-tied asphalt roofs, lessens the danger of fire, so that the insurance rate is but three-fortieths



LANTERN.

of one per cent. Sir Sydney puts it that you can't have a fire in a kettle when the lid is on tight, and there are here no shaft-ways through the lid of each dwelling. The rooms average 130 feet floor space (being usually 9×12 and 13×12) and 1000 cubic feet of air—about double the standard sanitary requirement of 400 per adult and 150 per child. The wood-work is grained, and the walls neatly papered. Each living-room has a fire-place stove which combines grate, oven, and boiler, costing 18*s.*, and a dresser, and each bedroom an open grate costing 12*s.* 6*d.* Off each set of rooms is a scullery with laundry appliances, and a dust-shoot and a water-closet opening upon an external balcony. Each tenant has free access to the fine flat gravelled roof for clothes-drying and for recreation; an ingenious wall along the front, with a curve at its base, and an

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equally ingenious curved and spiked railing, prevent children from climbing up and falling over. The stairways are lighted at night by lanterns made of perpendicular strips of waste glass, so that breakages cost little. Many of the blocks have shops on the ground-floor; but these do not always let as well as might be hoped, for the custom of the buildings has a tendency to go to other shops, lest one's neighbor should know too much about what one has to eat and drink.

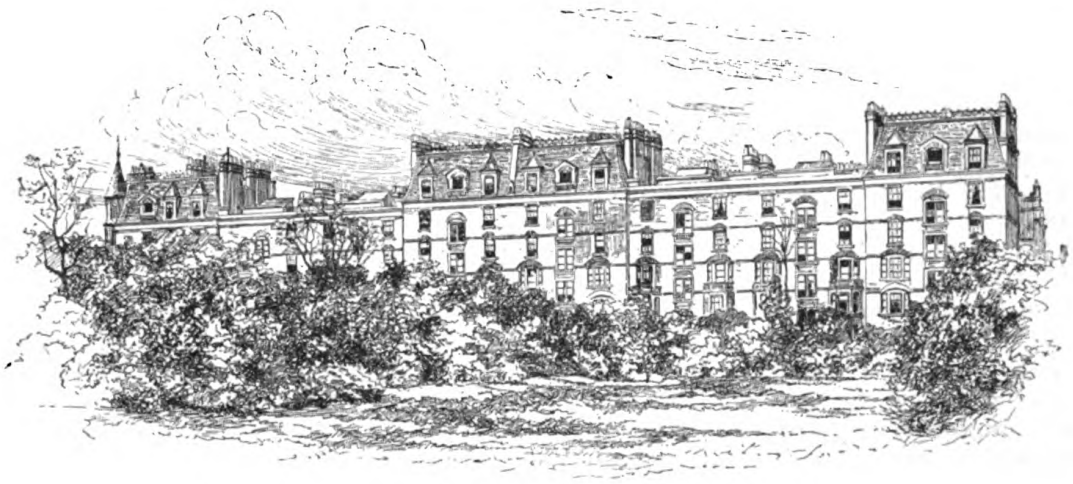
There are in London seven or more similar associations in addition to these two, besides the individual enterprises of Sir John Lubbock and others, and the work of the Corporation of London, which itself owns three blocks.* The pioneer of all is the Metropolitan Association, organized in 1841 (Mr. Charles Gatliff, secretary), which has fifteen estates, and provides for 1279 people, some of them in suburban cottages—a system which it especially emphasizes. The total result of the work of these associations suggests much encouragement and some discouragement. Fifty thousand people are well housed, but London adds some thousands over this number to its nearly five million people every year. In 1871 it contained 1,190,684 persons born outside its limits. It is asserted also that "levelling up" does not follow to the extent supposed—that thrifty people from other quarters are attracted to the new dwellings, and the habitants of the rookeries destroyed are crowded the closer into the slums that remain. The average earnings of the heads of families in the Peabody dwellings (end of 1881) was £1 3*s.* 7¾*d.* ($5 68) the week, whereas philanthropy emphasizes the need of providing "for the lowest self-supporting class, viz., laborers earning less than 20*s.* per week." A good home, however, increases wage-earning power, and as no tenants are turned out for earning too much money, it may be the buildings themselves that have led to the higher average. The Peabody trustees are thus tasked on the one side for not being charitable enough, and on the other side they are criticised for being too charitable, since, being content with three per cent., they to this extent compete against the commercially organized companies which must pay five. It is claimed further that it is unwise to oppose the laws of supply and demand that drive population away from localities needed for commerce by erecting these "bulwarks against trade," which can pay, in such places, only when the municipality which has bought in the land sells it for such use below its value

* Direct as well as indirect help is afforded to the cause of dwellings reform by state provision, which may be classed in five series of Parliamentary enactments. (1) The Nuisances Removal Acts, 1855 and 1860, and the Public Health Acts, 1866 and 1874, known in general as the Sanitary Acts, recognized as nuisances premises injurious to health, and provided for their "abatement." (2) Under "the Laboring Classes Dwelling-Houses Act," 1866, the Public Works Loan Commissioners are authorized to advance, for this among other purposes, half the value of land and houses for forty years, at four per cent.; and acts of 1875 and 1879, bearing more especially on artisans' dwellings, made similar provisions for varying periods and rates of interest. These acts have been taken advantage of by the Peabody Trust, Sir Sydney Waterlow's, and other companies, as an easy method of increasing working capital, though abundance could be had by the latter in open market. (3) An act of 1851 empowered vestries to build lodging-houses. (4) The acts of 1868 and (amendments) 1879, known as Mr. Torrens's Acts, empower the local authority to require the owner of individual property unfit for human habitation to improve, or remove, or, in default of his action, itself to improve at the owner's cost, or to shut up or pull down, the premises. The owner may, under the amended act, require the local authority to purchase the property, and the amending act also restored provisions which had been rejected in the passage of the original bill through Parliament, enabling the local authority either to rebuild or to open out streets on property acquired under the act. (5) The acts of 1875 and (amendments) 1879, known as Sir Richard Cross's Acts, provided for dealing with wider areas of objectionable character, the property of several owners, and including perhaps dwellings not individually bad, for purposes of wholesale reconstruction, in which even adjacent property, as for the widening of streets, might be included. The local authority is empowered, on the confirmation of such scheme by the Secretary of State or the Local Government Board, to make purchases by voluntary or compulsory arrangement, and to provide, by selling or leasing, for the housing of the same number and class of persons dispossessed on the same or neighboring sites, or (1879) in equally convenient localities. If the local authority does not so provide within five years, the confirming authority may sell the land by auction for the like purpose.

"The Metropolitan Street Improvement Acts," 1872, 1879, also bear upon the matter in London itself, by providing that where the opening of streets involves the destruction of dwellings of the laboring classes, the Board shall acquire or appropriate equivalent land to be sold or let as sites for such dwellings, and that before as many as fifteen dwellings so occupied shall be pulled down, it must be proved to the satisfaction of the Secretary of State that suitable accommodation for their inhabitants is provided elsewhere on such lands.

The cost of procedure under some of these acts, and the extreme restrictions under which land was offered, have seriously hampered their usefulness.

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WELLINGTON BUILDINGS, CHELSEA.

for commercial purposes. Against this it is said that the increased value of the improved property pays back good interest in increased taxes; that such buildings can house well as many as 1600 people to the acre, whereas some of the most crowded and pestiferous parts of St. Giles counted, street space excluded, but 400 to the acre; and that many buildings, as the Waterlow, have paid commercially on land bought in open market within easy "mid-day-meal distance" of work centres. The estimate of Mr. Moore is that land can be profitably built on at not more than 3*d.* per square foot annual leasehold per room. Also, the great fact remains that while in similarly placed slums the annual death rate runs to 40 and more per 1000 (and there are commonly at least six serious illnesses to one death), the Peabody death rate, 1881, was but 17.22, or 3.78 below the London average, and the Waterlow death rate for sixteen years but 16.7 as against 23.4 through the metropolis. Allowing this to be a population of "picked poor," these figures nevertheless tell a grand story. Let the reader think for himself what they mean when translated back into terms of human sorrow and joy and precious life. And when we add to this the great gain for the future, a money gain and a soul gain, in the prevention of crime by the better housing of the poor—for in Glasgow in five years from the demolition of the "wynds" crimes decreased from 10,899 in 1867 to 7869 in 1873—who shall tell the full tale of what such work as this is doing for humanity?

While the companies have been building their great fortifications against disease and death, and Miss Hill's modest but even more important work (for she claims to work profitably even at 9*d.* per foot ground-rent) has been permeating London, the law of supply and demand has been circling the great city with suburbs of small houses. The "speculative builder," a fiend in human shape, has built most of them, and built them badly. At Tottenham one tenant, stumbling in at night, walked through the hallway wall into his parlor, and another, leaning back in his chair, found himself presently, in the manner of Mr. Toole's "Auntie," on the wrong side of a four and a half inch brick wall, to the great surprise of his next-door neighbor. Yet the small house is the ideal home, and the "working-men's trains" of the suburban railways are doing missionary work. The Great Eastern Railway carries workmen to and from Enfield (eleven miles out) for a penny the trip. The Metropolitan Association has one or two suburban estates, and the speculative builder, learning by example and competition, is beginning to pattern the better industrial dwellings.

America is so far much behind England in providing good cheap dwellings for working-men in such of her great cities as are old enough to have slums. New York, as a report to the Citizens' Association, made in 1864, testifies, shows "relatively a vastly larger population in crowded tenant-houses than any other great city." In December, 1864, a tenement-

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house census found 495,592 persons in 111,000 families living in 15,309 tenant-houses and cellars; in 1873, in 8856 of the tenement-houses there died 14,109 persons, and in the hot weeks children under five died at the (annual) rate of 250 to 300 per 1000 of the living of their age; in 1878 the Board of Health reported 9846 out of the 18,582 tenement-houses in bad condition. The beginning of better things was made by Mr. Alfred T. White on the Brooklyn side of the river in 1876, and in some respects his experiments have been even more successful than any in London. The first "Home Buildings," with forty dwellings and five stores, on Hicks Street, Brooklyn, five minutes' walk from South Ferry, were opened February, 1877, and were immediately filled. A second adjoining block, facing on Baltic Street, without any stores, was opened October, 1877. Three "Tower Buildings," on the next block, very much finer in appearance than their neighbors, were opened in 1878 and 1879, the five aggregating 218 dwellings (1 of six, 25 of five, 147 of four, 45 of three rooms) and 15 stores, housing about 1000 people. Each of these dwellings has living-room and scullery as well as bedrooms, it being a cardinal principle, as in the Waterlow buildings, that each family shall have every requisite within its own private domain. Each family has also a storage bin for coal, etc., in the basement. The floors are planned alike from bottom to top, which permits a considerable saving by the duplication of materials. The buildings are of plain red brick; slate stairways wind up a shaftway, inclosed in a solid wall, opening *out-of-doors* upon balconies, whence each tenant has a separate entrance, and they terminate on a flat gravelled roof for clothes-drying and for play. In the "Tower Buildings" these shaftways constitute the tower, by which means an element of beauty is introduced which the "Home Buildings" lack.

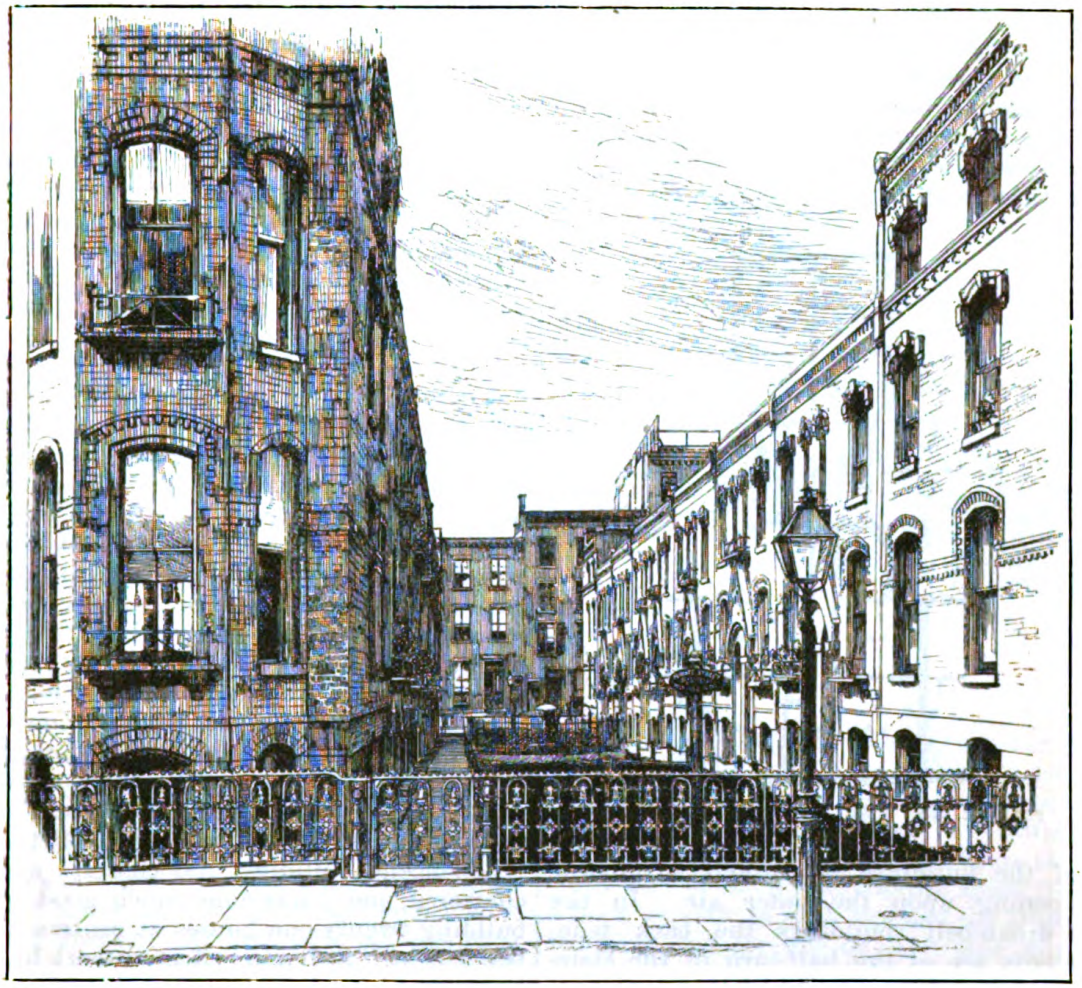
The cost of the first "Home Building" is given at about $7000 for the four lots of land, and $30,000 for the building itself. The average price of dwellings throughout the buildings is $1 93 per week for four, and $1 48 for three-room dwellings, the lowest prices $1 50 and $1 30, these last being on the top floor, whence ten cents is added each floor downward. Each tenant is given an account card for the year, with the rules and space for his weekly payments. Off these prices there is a discount of ten cents per week to those who pay four weeks rent at a time in advance, which one-fourth of the tenants have done regularly, and there is a second rebate of ten per cent. to tenants who, by remaining the full year, from 1st of May to 1st of May, save to the building the wear and tear of removals. The buildings have nevertheless earned a gross revenue of thirteen per cent., of which in round numbers two per cent. goes for taxes, two per cent. for repairs, one per cent. for expenses, while the net eight per cent. has been used two per cent. for improvement and extension, and six per cent. for dividends. Here is a prospectus for wise capitalists.

Among the features of these buildings are a free reading-room and lending library, and free baths; the home sense of the tenants is also encouraged by permitting each to choose his own wall-paper, within certain limits of cost. No rooms remain unlet. There is always a long list of applicants in advance for any vacancy.

The remarkable feature of Mr. White's miniature city is, however, the two blocks of dwelling-houses known as "Warren Place." On a plot of land of 112 feet frontage on Warren and Baltic streets, and running through 200 feet from street to street, this private way, with a tiny green its whole length, has been laid out, and on either side thirty-four little brick houses of two and three stories have been built. A cartway for ash-carts, grocery wagons, etc., runs in the rear of each set. The two-story and basement houses are 11½ by 32 feet, and have six rooms each. They cost but $1100 each, exclusive of land, and they rent for $18 per month. They are pretty, and have every convenience. By this experiment Mr. White has shown that even on city lots costing $4000 for 25 by 100 feet, such dwellings can be profitably rented for about $250 a year. It is not yet, however, the pre-millennial age, and capital still prefers the drifting sands of Wall Street to this building on a rock.

One of the New York art galleries, in 1879, saw a strange sight: beauty had gracefully made way for utility, and instead of pictures, mysterious diagrams adorned the walls. These were the plans in competition for a prize offered by *The Sanitary Engineer* for the best treatment of a city lot, 25 by 100 feet, for tenement-house purposes. The committee of award reported that an impossible problem had

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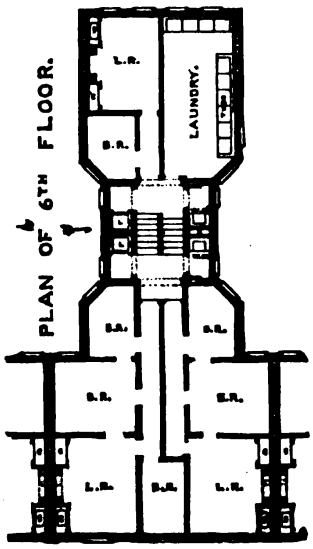
WARREN PLACE, BROOKLYN.

been put, in expecting to assure "physical and moral health within these narrow and arbitrary limits." But it awarded one of the prizes for what came to be known as "the dumb-bell plan," and this plan, with some modifications, has been applied through a part of its buildings by the New York Improved Dwellings Association, of which Mr. W. B. Cutting is president, and Mr. Henry E. Pellew, indomitable in good works, is leading spirit. Their first estate forms a series of buildings at First Avenue, Seventy-first and Seventy-second streets. A plot 200 feet square, costing $60,000, is occupied by three blocks, each fronting one of the three streets, and containing altogether 218 dwellings and 12 stores. The stores are all let to different staple trades, as the baker, the grocer, the butcher, the fish-dealer, and the druggist. The buildings were only completed in May, 1882, and some tenants moved into lower stories before the roof was on; but the means of access from Second Avenue are still imperfect, and the building is yet far from the centre of population. Despite this, the association is earning seven per cent. net on its capital of $300,000, of which about $280,000 has been used for the land and buildings. The rentals run from $1 75 per week for sets of two rooms to $14 50 per month for sets of four rooms.

The "dumb-bell" plan consists in putting the stairway midway between two sets of dwellings, the first occupying the full front of a lot, the other something less than the width of the back part of the lot. Thus the stairway shaft, or handle of the dumb-bell, being narrow, the front apartments secure back windows and the back ones front windows. Both the side-street

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blocks in the buildings of the association are built on a modification of this plan, the avenue block being more profitably treated otherwise. Every apartment in the avenue buildings has its own separate wash-room, and its own water-closet and ash-shoot, so that each is a perfect home within itself. No room or closet in any



PLAN OF NEW YORK "DUMB-BELL" DWELLINGS.

of the buildings is without a window opening upon the outer air. In the "dumb-bell" buildings the back tenements are at the half-turn of the stairways, the difference of level securing all the more privacy. The handle of the dumb-bell contains also the closets, a dust-shoot, and a lift by which each tenant may bring up coals and stores from his separate bin in the cellar—quite the conveniences of the most fashionable "apartment-house." Such, indeed, these buildings really are. There are laundries for common use, and the tubs contain an ingenious contrivance by which the water is raised to boiling-point by jets of steam from a steam-pipe laid along the bottom of the tubs. The flat roof commands a far prospect of Long Island and the New Jersey hills. Below, the asphalted courts form a fine play-ground for the children, but best of all is the cheery meeting-room for men, a charming, well-lighted room, with papers, books, tables for dominoes or chess, of which all tenants are made free.

Philadelphia has long been known as "the city of homes" and a model city, for there are reckoned to be 140,000 homes for its 890,000 people, covering 129 square miles, about 110,000 of which are owned by the occupants. Its shape is an advantage. New York is long, and can grow along its narrow island only to the north; Brooklyn is fan-shaped, radiating from the dip of the Heights at Fulton Ferry, and grows radially; Boston is a bulbous peninsula, and its "new lands" had to be filled in at great cost. Philadelphia is square, and, like some of the Western cities, can grow in every direction, except where the Delaware River restricts it at the east. Yet it also has centres of crime and slums. "This is the mouth of hell," said an English clergyman who went through the Alaska Street district. "The old style of property owners, the rum-sellers, and the ward politicians" were banded together to keep it so. Near by, in Bedford Street, an old rookery worth $500 brought eighty dollars a month rental from beggars and thieves; in a neighboring cellar, thirty feet by sixteen, a floorless hole, thirty men and women paid ten cents a night for lodging—$1000 a year. A "soup society" only helped out the wretches who spent part of the year in "the palace of Blockley, commonly known as the Almshouse," and the rest in these slums. Finally, in 1869, the "Beneficent Building Association" was chartered, and it has done much good in building twenty-one houses as centres of betterment. Still more effective work has been done by a private owner, Mr. Theodore Starr, who has built since 1880 several houses, paying five per cent. each, on St. Mary Street. The results are already evident, for when even one new neat house is built in a slum, "the change that comes over the street is marvellous. It is like throwing open the shutters of a long-closed room and letting in God's sweet air and sunshine." "For even in St. Mary Street," says Mr. Starr, "a man does not intend to pay the same price for a shanty that his neighbor does for a respectable dwelling-house." "There are so many changes," complained one of the unregenerate, "that the place isn't fit to live in." A "Day Nursery and Temporary Home for Children," charging two cents a day to busy mothers, has, with its free kindergarten, done very much good in this neighborhood, which now has also a well-planned, practical mission house.

The Philadelphia tendency is altogether in favor of individual houses, however small. Ground is not costly, and a small

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NEW YORK INDUSTRIAL DWELLINGS.

house, with ground, can be had for from $1000 up. The type of house upon which Mr. Starr has settled is a three-story brick building, one room to each story, about twelve feet square. The lower room is at once living-room and kitchen, with range and boiler, sink with hot and cold water, and dresser. At first sight no means of getting upstairs is visible, but a mysterious door, apparently part of the dresser, opens upon a winding stair whose top steps utilize the space over the dresser itself. The second and third story rooms are each a bedroom. Out of the second-story room opens a "hanging bath-room," a peculiar Philadelphia institution developed from the municipal provision that each house must have a yard twelve feet deep. The hanging bath-room, built out like a bay-window, does not encroach on the ground itself, and so is within the letter of the law. These four-roomed houses rent easily at nine dollars per month, which pays a fair return. The cost in one particular case was $374 45 for ground (12 by 35 feet), $949 29 for the building, $12 25 for "perpetual insurance"—in all $1335 99; out of the $108 rent comes $8 water rate and $18 50 taxes, leaving $81 50, or six per cent. In the north-western part of the city, which is largely covered by the self-built homes of owners who derived their capital for the purpose from the "building and loan associations," the type is different, following the "back-building" plan found in the finest old Philadelphia houses. The "back-building" is an extension narrower than the front part of the house, leaving space for a back window in each story of the front building, and for one or more side windows in each story of the back building. These houses are usually two- or three-story, of the inevitable red brick, with white stone steps and white shutters, usually with two, but sometimes with three, rooms to a story, and with the inevitable hanging bath-room.

The "building associations" proper, which have done so much to make Philadelphia a city of homes, are really not building societies at all, but co-operative banking associations, making loans on land and houses to their members. The first of these in America was started in 1831 by some English operatives at Frankford, Pennsylvania, but the real germ of the present organizations was in the Kensington Building Association of Philadelphia, started in 1847, of which John B. Duff, called "the father of building associations," was the inspiring spirit. He died only last year, and for a quarter of a century, being a "lumber counter" in the great lumber yards, he might almost any day be seen arguing the cause

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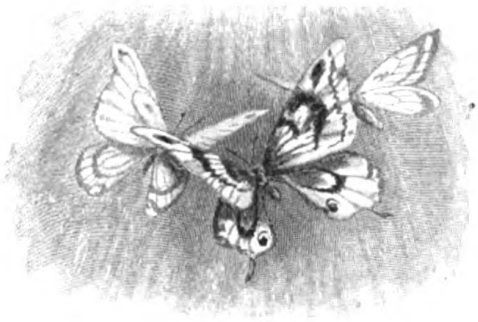
of thrift to his fellow-workmen with a piece of chalk on the nearest stick of lumber. The League in Philadelphia includes 223 associations; there are nearly a thousand in the State; and New Jersey, Massachusetts, and other States have many. A *Building Association and Home Journal* is edited, as a labor of love, by Mr. M. J. Brown, Secretary of the League, at 529 Commerce Street, Philadelphia, and it has done good service in insisting on careful management of accounts, so that discounts or bonuses shall not be recklessly paid out as dividends until the time that they are really earned. One of these societies, with about 200 members, received in six years $118,000 cash, and has handled this sum at $320 a year expenses. Its present loans foot up $40,500, and its total assets $53,000, so that its present members, who deposited $43,000, have gained nearly $10,000; while the security, by the addition of deposits, has become greater each month. The plan of operation is simple enough. The people who start an association take as many shares as each pleases, and undertake to pay monthly one dollar on each share. They elect a board of directors, serving without pay. Once a month a meeting is held in some small hall, the rent of which, and the payment of perhaps $200 a year to a secretary, are the chief expenses. The one dollar per share is paid in on or before this meeting. The cash thus paid in, with that received for interest, bonuses, etc., is then offered at this meeting for loan. Any member can bid, and the bidder offering the highest bonus (*i. e.*, the greatest discount) gets the loan, providing he or she offers real estate to the amount as security. The loans are in sums of $200, and the borrower must have or take one share for each $200 borrowed. It is this feature which helps the building of homes. Any member starting with a small saving can arrange to buy a piece of ground, and on this get a loan; with this loan he can build a first story, and on this get another loan to complete his house. On each $200 the borrower pays one dollar a month interest, or six per cent. The bonus or discount has run as high as ten per cent., but nowadays it is often nominal, thus making the interest the ordinary rate.

Each share is a part of some "series." When the deposits of one dollar per month per share and the gains bring the value of the series up to an amount which makes each share worth $200, the series comes to an end; the borrowers' debts of $200 are cancelled, and non-borrowing shareholders receive $200 per share cash. The series usually run about ten years. A non-borrowing shareholder can withdraw at thirty days' notice, receiving the full amount of his deposits and the calculated gain up to that date. There is thus no forfeiture, scarcely any loose capital to invite dishonesty, no hardship, a maximum of safety and return at a minimum of risk and investment. It is scarcely necessary to add that the plan has been one of the great uplifting institutions of our day.

These working-men's homes are sometimes spoken of by those who don't know as "homes for the poor" in a sense that stamps them as charities. The Peabody trust is in one sense a charity, to the extent that it is content with less than the usual market return for its money. The others are simply an endeavor to bring the advantages of capital to the service of those who have little capital of their own. The self-supporting men and women who occupy these buildings are no more pensioners than are those who live in the more costly apartment-houses. They stay or go at their own will; they pay their rent; they are one of the best classes of the community. It is by giving them the opportunity of such homes that the lower classes are brought up to their level.

There is a strong passage in Ruskin's *Bible of Amiens*, in which he contrasts "the modern aggregate of bad building, and ill living held in check by constables, which *we* call a town, of which the widest streets are devoted by consent to the encouragement of vice, and the narrow ones to the concealment of misery," with the great cathedrals and the spirit of their builders. But there was misery in the old days as well, and we too have cathedral builders. These men and women have "builded mightily" in the true spirit of Christianity for the service of humanity. Yet it is best of all that they have not *given*, but have garnered. These houses are not charities, but simply a way of investing money that gives tenants more than they could otherwise get for their weekly rent. This is a prosaic way of putting a great work; but, after all, life is mostly written in prose.

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EASTER WINGS.

A SHOWER of roses on a happy head
From hands beloved: the wintry day
Grew sweet as summers fled.
"And shall be aye,"
We said.
How bright
Their bloom, how brief;
Long had it passed from sight,
When higher life woke 'neath one withered leaf,
Spread golden wings, and floated into light.

So Love is born. Joy is its rosy bower,
In whose delight we say, "Ah, this
Is Love's own perfect flower,
Its fullest bliss
And power!"
But deep
Lie precious things.
Joy's soul is still asleep.
Earth fades, then open heavenly wings:
And this is Love, if Love be ours to keep.



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"HE SPOKE WITH AN AIR OF COOL AUTHORITY, WHICH SHE RESENTED."

JUDITH SHAKESPEARE:

HER LOVE AFFAIRS AND OTHER ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER X.

A PLAY-HOUSE.

BUT Judith laughed aside these foolish fears; as it happened, far more important matters were just at this moment occupying her mind.

She was in the garden. She had brought out some after-dinner fragments for the Don; and while the great dun-colored beast devoured these, she had turned from him to regard Matthew gardener; and there was a sullen resentment on her face; for it seemed to her imagination that he kept doggedly and persistently near the summer-house, on which she had certain dark designs. However, the instant she caught sight of Prudence, her eyes bright-

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ened up; and, indeed, became full of an eager animation.

"Hither, hither, good Prue!" she exclaimed, hurriedly. "Quick! quick! I have news for you."

"Yes, indeed, Judith," said the other; and at the same moment Judith came to see there was something wrong—the startled pale face and frightened eyes had a story to tell.

"Why, what is to do?" said she.

"Know you not, Judith? Have you not heard? The French king is slain—is murdered by an assassin!"

To her astonishment the news seemed to produce no effect whatever.

"Well, I am sorry for the poor man," Judith said, with perfect self-possession. "They that climb high must sometimes have a sudden fall. But why should that alarm you, good Prue? Or have you other news that comes more nearly home?"

And then, when Prudence almost breathlessly revealed the apprehensions that had so suddenly filled her mind, Judith would not even stay to discuss such a monstrous possibility. She laughed it aside altogether. That the courteous young gentleman who had come with a letter from Ben Jonson should be concerned in the assassination of the King of France was entirely absurd and out of the question.

"Nay, nay, good Prue," said she, lightly, "you shall make him amends for these unjust suspicions; that you shall, dear mouse, all in good time. But listen now: I have weightier matters; I have eggs on the spit, beshrew me else! Can you read me this riddle, sweet Prue? Know you by these tokens what has happened? My father comes in to dinner to-day in the gayest of humors; there is no absent staring at the window, and forgetting of all of us; it is all merriment this time; and he must needs have Bess Hall to sit beside him; and he would charge her with being a witch; and reproach her for our simple meal, when that she might have given us a banquet like that of a London Company, with French dishes and silver flagons of Theologicum, and a memorial to tell each of us what was coming. And then he would miscall your brother—which you know, dear Prudence, he never would do were he in earnest—and said he was chamberlain now, and was conspiring to be made alderman, only that he might sell building materials to the Corporation and so make money out of his office. And I know not what else of jests and laughing; but at length he sent to have the Evesham roan saddled; and he said that when once he had gone along to the sheep-wash to see that the hurdles were rightly up for the shearing, he would give all the rest of the day to idleness—to idleness wholly; and perchance he might ride over to Broadway to see the shooting-match going forward there. Now, you wise one, can you guess what has happened? Know you what is in store for us? Can you read me the riddle?"

"I see no riddle, Judith," said the other, with puzzled eyes. "I met your father as I came through the house; and he asked if Julius were at home: doubtless he would have him ride to Broadway with him."

"Dear mouse, is that your skill at guessing? But listen now"—and here she dropped her voice as she regarded goodman Matthew, though that personage seemed busily enough occupied with his watering-can. "This is what has happened: I know the signs of the weather. Be sure he has finished the play—the play that the young prince Mamillius was in: you remember, good Prue?—and the large fair copy is made out and locked away in the little cupboard, against my father's next going to London; and the loose sheets are thrown into the oak chest, along with the others. And now, good Prue, sweet Prue, do you know what you must manage? Indeed, I dare not go near the summer-house while that ancient wiseman is loitering about; and you must coax him, Prue; you must get him away; sometimes I see his villain eyes watching me, as if he had suspicion in his mind—"

"'Tis your own guilty conscience, Judith," said Prudence, but with a smile; for she had herself connived at this offense ere now.

"By fair means or foul, sweet mouse, you must get him away to the other end of the garden," said she, eagerly; "for now the Don has nearly finished his dinner, and goodman-wiseman-fool will wonder if we stay longer here. Nay, I have it, sweet Prue: you must get him along to the corner where my mother grows her simples; and you must keep him there for a space, that I may get out the right papers; and this is what you must do: you will ask him for something that sounds like Latin—no matter what nonsense it may be; and he will answer you that he knows it right

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well, but has none of it at the present time; and you will say that you have surely seen it among my mother's simples, and thus you will lead him away to find it, and the longer you seek the better. Do you understand, good Prue?—and quick! quick!"

Prudence's pale face flushed.

"You ask too much, Judith. I can not deceive the poor man so."

"Nay, nay, you are too scrupulous, dear mouse. A trifle—a mere trifle."

And then Prudence happened to look up, and she met Judith's eyes; and there was such frank self-confidence and audacity in them, and also such a singular and clear-shining beauty, that the simple Puritan was in a manner bedazzled. She said, with a quiet smile, as she turned away her head again:

"Well, I marvel not, Judith, that you can bewitch the young men, and bewilder their understanding. 'Tis easy to see—if they have eyes and regard you, they are lost; but how you have your own way with all of us, and how you override our judgment, and do with us what you please, that passes me. Even Dr. Hall: for whom else would he have brought from Coventry the green silk stockings and green velvet shoes?—you know such vanities find little favor in his own home—"

"Quick, quick, sweetheart, muzzle me that gaping ancient!" said Judith, interrupting her. "The Don has finished; and I will dart into the summer-house as I carry back the dish. Detain him, sweet Prue; speak a word or two of Latin to him; he will swear he understands you right well, though you yourself understand not a word of it—"

"I may not do all you ask, Judith," said the other, after a moment's reflection (and still with an uneasy feeling that she was yielding to the wiles of a temptress), "but I will ask the goodman to show me your mother's simples, and how they thrive."

A minute or two thereafter Judith had swiftly stolen into the summer-house—which was spacious and substantial of its kind, and contained a small black cupboard fixed up in a corner of the walls, a table and chair, and a long oak chest on the floor. It was this last that held the treasure she was in search of; and now, the lid having been raised, she was down on one knee, carefully selecting from a mass of strewn papers (indeed, there were a riding-whip, a sword and sword-belt, and several other articles mixed up in this common receptacle) such sheets as were without a minute mark which she had invented for her own private purposes. These secured and hastily hidden in her sleeve, she closed the lid, and went out into the open again, calling upon Prudence to come to her, for that she was going into the house.

They did not, however, remain within-doors at New Place, for that might have been dangerous; they knew of a far safer resort. Just behind Julius Shawe's house, and between that and the garden, there was a recess formed by the gable of a large barn not quite reaching the adjacent wall. It was a three-sided retreat; overlooked by no window whatsoever; there was a frail wooden bench on two sides of it, and the entrance to it was partly blocked up by an empty cask that had been put there to be out of the way. For outlook there was nothing but a glimpse of the path going into the garden, a bit of greensward, and two apple-trees between them and the sky. It was not a noble theatre, this little den behind the barn; but it had produced for these two many a wonderful pageant; for the empty barrel and the bare barn wall and the two trees would at one time be transformed into the forest of Arden, and Rosalind would be walking there in her pretty page costume, and laughing at the love-sick Orlando; and again they would form the secret haunts of Queen Titania and her court, with the jealous Oberon chiding her for her refusal; and again they would become the hall of a great northern castle, with trumpets and cannon sounding without as the King drank to Hamlet. Indeed, the elder of these two young women had an extraordinarily vivid imagination; she saw the things and people as if they were actually there before her; she realized their existence so intensely that even Prudence was brought to sympathize with them, and to follow their actions now with hot indignation, and now with triumphant delight over good fortune come at last. There was no stage-carpenter there to distract them with his dismal expedients; no actor to thrust his physical peculiarities between them and the poet's ethereal visions; the dream-world was before them, clear and filled with light; and Prudence's voice was gentle and of a musical kind. Nay, sometimes Judith would leap to her

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feet. "You shall not!—you shall not!" she would exclaim, as if addressing some strange visitant that was showing the villainy of his mind; and tears came quickly to her eyes if there was a tale of pity; and the joy and laughter over lovers reconciled brought warm color to her face. They forgot that these walls that inclosed them were of gray mud; they forgot that the prevailing odor in the air was that of the malt in the barn; for now they were regarding Romeo in the moonlight, with the dusk of the garden around, and Juliet uttering her secrets to the honeyed night; and again they were listening to the awful voices of the witches on the heath, and guessing at the sombre thoughts passing through the mind of Macbeth; and then again they were crying bitterly when they saw before them an old man, gray-haired, discrowned, and witless, that looked from one to the other of those standing by, and would ask who the sweet lady was that sought with tears for his benediction. They could hear the frail and shaken voice:

"*Methinks I should know you, and know this man;*
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is: and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia."

And now, as they had retired into this sheltered nook, and Prudence was carefully placing in order the scattered sheets that had been given her, Judith was looking on with some compunction.

"Indeed I grieve to give you so much trouble, sweetheart," said she. "I would I could get at the copy that my father has locked away—"

"Judith!" her friend said, reproachfully. "You would not take that? Why, your father will scarce show it even to Julius, and sure I am that none in the house would put a hand upon it—"

"If it were a book of psalms and paraphrases, they might be of another mind," Judith said; but Prudence would not hear.

"Nay," said she, as she continued to search for the connecting pages. "I have heard your father say to Julius that there is but little difference; and that 'tis only when he has leisure here in Stratford that he makes this copy writ out fair and large; in London he takes no such pains. Truly I would not that either Julius or any of his acquaintance knew of my fingering in such a matter: what would they say, Judith? And sometimes, indeed, my mind is ill at ease with regard to it—that I should be reading to you things that so many godly people denounce as wicked and dangerous—"

"You are too full of fears, good mouse," said Judith, coolly, "and too apt to take the good people at their word. Nay, I have heard; they will make you out everything to be wicked and sinful that is not to their own minds; and they are zealous among the saints; but I have heard, I have heard."

"What, then?" said the other, with some faint color in her face.

"No matter," said Judith, carelessly. "Well, I have heard that when they make a journey to London they are as fond of claret wine and oysters as any; but no matter: in truth the winds carry many a thing not worth the listening to. But as regards this special wickedness, sweet mouse, indeed you are innocent of it; 'tis all laid to my charge; I am the sinner and temptress; be sure you shall not suffer one jot through my iniquity. And now have you got them all together? Are you ready to begin?"

"But you must tell me where the story ceased, dear Judith, when last we had it; for indeed you have a marvellous memory, even to the word and the letter. The poor babe that was abandoned on the sea-shore had just been found by the old shepherd—went it not so?—and he was wondering at the rich bearing-cloth it was wrapped in. Why, here is the name—Perdita," she continued, as she rapidly scanned one or two of the papers—"who is now grown up, it appears, and in much grace; and this is a kind of introduction, I take it, to tell you all that has happened since your father last went to London—I mean since the story was broken off. And Florizel—I remember not the name—but here he is so named as the son of the King of Bohemia—"

A quick laugh of intelligence rose to Judith's eyes; she had an alert brain.

"Prince Florizel?" she exclaimed. "And Princess Perdita! That were a fair match, in good sooth, and a way to heal old differences. But to the beginning, sweetheart, I beseech you; let us hear how the story is to be; and pray Heaven he gives me back my little Ma-

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millius, that was so petted and teased by the court ladies."

However, as speedily appeared, she had anticipated too easy a continuation and conclusion. The young Prince Florizel proved to be enamored, not of one of his own station, but of a simple shepherdess; and although she instantly guessed that this shepherdess might turn out to be the forsaken Perdita, the conversation between King Polixenes and the good Camillo still left her in doubt. As for the next scene—the encounter between Autolycus and the country clown—Judith wholly and somewhat sulkily disapproved of that. She laughed, it is true; but it was sorely against her will. For she suspected that goodman Matthew's influence was too apparent here; and that, were he ever to hear of the story, he would in his vanity claim this part as his own; moreover, there was a kind of familiarity and every-day feeling in the atmosphere—why, she herself had been rapidly questioned by her father about the necessary purchases for a sheep-shearing feast, and Susan, laughing, had struck in with the information as to the saffron for coloring the warden-pies. But when the sweet-voiced Prudence came to the scene between Prince Florizel and the pretty shepherdess, then Judith was right well content.

"Oh, do you see, now, how her gentle birth shines through her lowly condition!" she said, quickly. "And when the old shepherd finds that he has been ordering a king's daughter to be the mistress of the feast—ay, and soundly rating her, too, for her bashful ways—what a fright will seize the good old man! And what says she in answer?—again, good Prue—let me hear it again—marry, now, I'll be sworn she had just such another voice as yours!"

"To the King Polixenes," Prudence continued, regarding the manuscript, "who is in disguise, you know, Judith, she says:

'Welcome, sir!
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day:—you're welcome, sir.'

And then to both the gentlemen:

'Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savor all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!'"

"Ah, there, now, will they not be won by her gentleness?" she cried, eagerly. "Will they not suspect and discover the truth? It were a new thing for a prince to wed a shepherdess, but this is no shepherdess, as an owl might see! What say they then, Prue? Have they no suspicion?"

So Prudence continued her patient reading—in the intense silence that was broken only by the twittering of the birds in the orchard, or the crowing of a cock in some neighboring yard; and Judith listened keenly, drinking in every varying phrase. But when Florizel had addressed his speech to the pretty hostess of the day, Judith could no longer forbear: she clapped her hands in delight.

"There, now, that is a true lover; that is spoken like a true lover," she cried, with her face radiant and proud. "Again, good Prue—let us hear what he says—ay, and before them all, too, I warrant me he is not ashamed of her."

So Prudence had to read once more Florizel's praise of his gentle mistress:

"'What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
No other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens!'"

"In good sooth, it is spoken like a true lover," Judith said, with a light on her face as if the speech had been addressed to herself. "Like one that is well content with his sweetheart, and is proud of her, and approves! Marry, there be few of such in these days; for this one is jealous and unreasonable, and would have the mastery too soon; and that one would frighten you to his will by declaring you are on the highway to perdition; and another would have you more civil to his tribe of kinsfolk. But there is a true lover, now; there is one that is courteous and gentle; one that is not afraid to approve: there may be such in Stratford, but, God wot, they would seem to be a scarce commodity! Nay, I pray your pardon, good Prue: to the story, if it please you—and is there aught of the little Mamillius forth-coming?"

And so the reading proceeded; and Judith was in much delight that the old

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King seemed to perceive something unusual in the grace and carriage of the pretty Perdita.

"What is't he says? What are the very words?"

"'*This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever*
Ran on the greensward: nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.'"

"Yes! yes! yes!" she exclaimed, quickly. "And sees he not some likeness to the Queen Hermione? Surely he must remember the poor injured Queen, and see that this is her daughter? Happy daughter, that has a lover that thinks so well of her! And now, Prue?"

But when in the course of the hushed reading all these fair hopes came to be cruelly shattered; when the pastoral romance was brought to a sudden end; when the King, disclosing himself, declared a divorce between the unhappy lovers, and was for hanging the ancient shepherd, and would have Perdita's beauty scratched with briers; and when Prudence had to repeat the farewell words addressed to the prince by his hapless sweetheart—

"'*Will't please you, sir, be gone?*
I told you what would come of this. Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep—'"

—there was something very like tears in the gentle reader's eyes; but that was not Judith's mood; she was in a tempest of indignation.

"God's my life!" she cried, "was there ever such a fool as this old King? He a king! He to sit on a throne! Better if he sate in a barn and helped madge-howlet to catch mice! And what says the prince? Nay, I'll be sworn he proves himself a true man, and no summer playfellow; he will stand by her; he will hold to her, let the ancient dotard wag his beard as he please!"

And so, in the end, the story was told, and all happily settled; and Prudence rose from the rude wooden bench with a kind of wistful look on her face, as if she had been far away, and seen strange things. Then Judith—pausing for a minute or so as if she would fix the whole thing in her memory, to be thought over afterward—proceeded to tie the pages together for the better concealment of them on her way home.

"And the wickedness of it?" said she, lightly. "Wherein lies the wickedness of such a reading, sweet mouse?"

Prudence was somewhat shamefaced on such occasions; she could not honestly say that she regretted as she ought to have done giving way to Judith's importunities.

"Some would answer you, Judith," she said, "that we had but ill used time that was given us for more serious purposes."

"And for what more serious purposes, good gossip? For the repeating of idle tales about our neighbors? Or the spending of the afternoon in sleep, as is the custom with many? Are we all so busy, then, that we may not pass a few minutes in amusement? But, indeed, sweet Prue," said she, as she gave a little touch to her pretty cap and snow-white ruff, to put them right before she went out into the street, "I mean to make amends this afternoon. I shall be busy enough to make up for whatever loss of time there has been over this dangerous and godless idleness. For, do you know, I have everything ready now for the new Portugal receipts that you read to me; and two of them I am to try as soon as I get home; and my father is to know nothing of the matter—till the dishes be on the table. So fare you well, sweet mouse; and give ye good thanks, too: this has been but an evil preparation for the church-going of the morrow, but remember, the sin was mine—you are quit of that."

And then her glance fell on the roll of papers that she held in her hand.

"The pretty Perdita!" said she. "Her beauty was not scratched with briers, after all. And I doubt not she was in brave attire at the court; though methinks I better like to remember her as the mistress of the feast, giving the flowers to this one and that. And happy Perdita, also, to have the young prince come to the sheep-shearing, and say so many sweet things to her! Is't possible, think you, Prue, there might come such another handsome stranger to our sheep-shearing that is now at hand?"

"I know not what you mean, Judith."

"Why, now, should such things happen only in Bohemia?" she said, gayly, to the gentle and puzzled Prudence. "Soon our shearing will begin, for the weather has been warm, and I hear the hurdles are already fixed. And there will be somewhat of a merry-making, no doubt; and—and the road from Evesham hither

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is a fair and goodly road, that a handsome young stranger might well come riding along. What then, good mouse? If one were to meet him in the lane that crosses to Shottery—and to bid him to the feast—what then?"

"Oh, Judith, surely you are not still thinking of that dangerous man!" the other exclaimed.

But Judith merely regarded her for a second, with the clear-shining eyes now become quite demure and inscrutable.

CHAPTER XI.

A REMONSTRANCE.

NEXT morning was Sunday; and Judith, having got through her few domestic duties at an early hour, and being dressed in an especially pretty costume in honor of the holy day, thought she need no longer remain within-doors, but would walk along to the church-yard, where she expected to find Prudence. The latter very often went thither on a Sunday morning, partly for quiet reverie and recalling of this one and the other of her departed but not forgotten friends whose names were carven on the tombstones, and partly—if this may be forgiven her—to see how the generous mother earth had responded to her week-day labors in the planting and tending of the graves. But when Judith, idly and carelessly as was her wont, reached the church-yard, she found the wide, silent space quite empty; so she concluded that Prudence had probably been detained by a visit to some one fallen sick; and she thought she might as well wait for her; and with that view—or perhaps out of mere thoughtlessness—she went along to the river-side, and sat down on the low wall there, having before her the slowly moving yellow stream and the fair, far-stretching landscape beyond.

There had been some rain during the night; the roads she had come along were miry; and here the grass in the church-yard was dripping with the wet; but there was a kind of suffused rich light abroad that bespoke the gradual breaking through of the sun; and there was a warmth in the moist atmosphere that seemed to call forth all kinds of sweet odors from the surrounding plants and flowers. Not that she needed these, for she had fixed in her bosom a little nosegay of yellow-leaved mint, that was quite sufficient to sweeten the scarcely moving air. And as she sat there in the silence it seemed to her as if all the world were awake—and had been awake for hours—but that all the human beings were gone out of it. The rooks were cawing in the elms above her; the bees hummed as they flew by into the open light over the stream; and far away she could hear the lowing of the cattle on the farms; but there was no sound of any human voice, nor any glimpse of any human creature in the wide landscape. And she grew to wonder what it would be like if she were left alone in the world, all the people gone from it, her own relatives and friends no longer here and around her, but away in the strange region where Hamnet was, and perhaps, on such a morning as this, regarding her not without pity, and even, it might be, with some touch of half-recalled affection. Which of them all should she regret the most? Which of them all would this solitary creature—left alone in Stratford, in an empty town—most crave for, and feel the want of? Well, she went over these friends and neighbors and companions and would-be lovers; and she tried to imagine what, in such circumstances, she might think of this one and that; and which of them she would most desire to have back on the earth and living with her. But right well she knew in her heart that all this balancing and choosing was but a pretense. There was but the one; the one whose briefest approval was a kind of heaven to her, and the object of her secret and constant desire; the one who turned aside her affection with a jest; who brought her silks and scents from London as if her mind were set on no other things than these. And she was beginning to wonder whether, in those imagined circumstances, he might come to think differently of her and to understand her somewhat; and indeed she was already picturing to herself the life they might lead—these two, father and daughter, together in the empty and silent but sun-lit and sufficiently cheerful town—when her idle reverie was interrupted. There was a sound of talking behind her; doubtless the first of the people were now coming to church; for the doors were already open.

She looked round, and saw that this was Master Walter Blaise who had just

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come through the little swinging gate, and that he was accompanied by two little girls, one at each side of him, and holding his hand. Instantly she turned her head away, pretending not to have seen him.

"Bless the man!" she said to herself, "what does he here of a Sunday morning? Why is so diligent a pastor not in charge of his own flock?"

But she felt secure enough. Not only was he accompanied by the two children, but there was this other safeguard that he would not dare to profane the holy day by attempting anything in the way of wooing. And it must be said that the young parson had had but few opportunities for that, the other members of the household eagerly seeking his society when he came to New Place, and Judith sharp to watch her chances of escape.

The next moment she was startled by hearing a quick footstep behind her. She did not move.

"Give you good-morrow, Judith," said he, presenting himself, and regarding her with his keen and confident gray eyes. "I would crave a word with you; and I trust it may be a word in season, and acceptable to you."

He spoke with an air of cool authority, which she resented. There was nothing of the clownish bashfulness of young Jelleyman about him; nor yet of the half timid, half sulky jealousy of Tom Quiney; but a kind of mastery, as if his office gave him the right to speak, and commanded that she should hear. And she did not think this fair, and she distinctly wished to be alone; so that her face had but little welcome in it, and none of the shining radiance of kindness that Willy Hart so worshipped.

"I know you like not hearing of serious things, Judith," said he (while she wondered whither he had sent the two little girls: perhaps into the church?), "but I were no true friend to you, as I desire to be, if I feared to displease you when there is need."

"What have I done, then? In what have I offended? I know we are all miserable sinners, if that be what you mean," said she, coldly.

"I would not have you take it that way, Judith," said he; and there really was much friendliness in his voice. "I meant to speak kindly to you. Nay, I have tried to understand you; and perchance I do in a measure. You are in the enjoyment of such health and spirits as fall to the lot of few; you are well content with your life and the passing moment; you do not like to be disturbed, or to think of the future. But the future will come, nevertheless, and it may be with altered circumstances; your lightheartedness may cease, sorrow and sickness may fall upon you, and then you may wish you had learned earlier to seek for help and consolation where these alone are to be found. It were well that you should think of such things now, surely; you can not live always as you live now —I had almost said a godless life, but I do not wish to offend; in truth, I would rather lead you in all kindliness to what I know is the true pathway to the happiness and peace of the soul. I would speak to you, Judith, if in no other way, as a brother in Christ; I were no true friend to you else; nay, I have the command of the Master whom I serve to speak and fear not."

She did not answer, but she was better content now. So long as he only preached at her, he was within his province, and within his right.

"And bethink you, Judith," said he, with a touch of reproach in his voice, "how and why it is you enjoy such health and cheerfulness of spirits: surely through the Lord in His loving-kindness answering the prayers of your pious mother. Your life, one might say, was vouchsafed in answer to her supplications; and do you owe nothing of duty and gratitude to God, and to God's Church, and to God's people? Why should you hold aloof from them? Why should you favor worldly things, and walk apart from the congregation, and live as if to-morrow were always to be as to-day, and as if there were to be no end to life, no calling to account as to how we have spent our time here upon earth? Dear Judith, I speak not unkindly; I wish not to offend; but often my heart is grieved for you; and I would have you think how trifling our present life is in view of the great eternity whither we are all journeying; and I would ask you, for your soul's sake, and for your peace of mind here and hereafter, to join with us, and come closer with us, and partake of our exercises. Indeed you will find a truer happiness. Do you not owe it to us? Have you no gratitude for the answering of your mother's prayers?"

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"Doubtless, doubtless," said she (though she would rather have been listening in silence to the singing of the birds, that were all rejoicing now, for the sun had at length cleared away the morning vapors, and the woods and the meadows and the far uplands were all shining in the brilliant new light). "I go to church as the others do, and there we give thanks for all the mercies that have been granted."

"And is it enough, think you?" said he—and as he stood, while she sat, she did not care to meet those clear, keen, authoritative eyes that were bent on her. "Does your conscience tell you that you give sufficient thanks for what God in His great mercy has vouchsafed to you? Lip-service every seventh day!—a form of words gone through before you take your afternoon walk! Why, if a neighbor were kind to you, you would show him as much gratitude as that; and this is all you offer to the Lord of heaven and earth for having in His compassion listened to your mother's prayers, and bestowed on you life and health and a cheerful mind?"

"What would you have me do? I can not profess to be a saint while at heart I am none," said she, somewhat sullenly.

It was an unlucky question. Moreover, at this moment the bells in the tower sent forth their first throbbing peals into the startled air; and these doubtless recalled him to the passing of time, and the fact that presently the people would be coming into the church-yard.

"I will speak plainly to you, Judith; I take no shame to mention such a matter on the Lord's day; perchance the very holiness of the hour and of the spot where I have chanced to meet you will the better incline your heart. You know what I have wished; what your family wish; and indeed you can not be so blind as not to have seen. It is true, I am but a humble laborer in the Lord's vineyard; but I magnify my office; it is an honorable work; the saving of souls, the calling to repentance, the carrying of the Gospel to the poor and stricken ones of the earth—I say that is an honorable calling, and one that blesses them that partake in it, and gives a peace of mind far beyond what the worldlings dream of. And if I have wished that you might be able and willing—through God's merciful inclining of your heart—to aid me in this work, to become my helpmeet, was it only of my own domestic state I was thinking? Surely not. I have seen you from day to day—careless and content with the trifles and idle things of this vain and profitless world; but I have looked forward to what might befall in the future, and I have desired with all my heart—yea, and with prayers to God for the same—that you should be taught to seek the true haven in time of need. Do you understand me, Judith?"

He spoke with little tenderness, and certainly with no show of lover-like anxiety; but he was in earnest; and she had a terrible conviction pressing upon her that her wit might not be able to save her. The others she could easily elude when she was in the mind; this one spoke close and clear; she was afraid to look up and face his keen, acquisitive eyes.

"And if I do understand you, good Master Blaise," said she, desperately; "if I do understand you—as I confess I have gathered something of this before—but—but surely—one such as I—such as you say I am—might she not become pious—and seek to have her soul saved—without also having to marry a parson?—if such be your meaning, good Master Blaise."

It was she who was in distress and in embarrassment; not he.

"You are not situated as many others are," said he. "You owe your life, as one may say, to the prayers of God's people; I but put before you one way in which you could repay the debt—by laboring in the Lord's vineyard, and giving the health and cheerfulness that have been bestowed on you to the comfort of those less fortunate—"

"I? Such a one as I? Nay, nay, you have shown me how all unfit I were for that," she exclaimed, glad of this one loophole.

"I will not commend you, Judith, to your face," said he, calmly, "nor praise such worldly gifts as others, it may be, overvalue; but in truth I may say you have a way of winning people toward you; your presence is welcome to the sick; your cheerfulness gladdens the troubled in heart; and you have youth and strength and an intelligence beyond that of many. Are all these to be thrown away?—to wither and perish as the years go by? Nay, I seek not to urge my suit to you by idle words of wooing, as they call it, or by allurements of flattery; these are the foolish devices of the ballad-mongers and the players, and are well fitted, I doubt not, for the purposes of the

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master of these, the father of lies himself; rather would I speak to you words of sober truth and reason; I would show you how you can make yourself useful in the garden of the Lord, and so offer some thanksgiving for the bounties bestowed on you. Pray consider it, Judith; I ask not for yea or nay at this moment; I would have your heart meditate over it in your own privacy, when you can bethink you of what has happened to you and what may happen to you in the future. Life has been glad for you so far; but trouble might come; your relatives are older than you; you might be left so that you would be thankful to have one beside you whose arm you could lean on in time of distress. Think over it, Judith, and may God incline your heart to what is right and best for you."

But at this moment the first of the early comers began to make their appearance —strolling along toward the church-yard, and chatting to each other as they came —and all at once it occurred to her that if he and she separated thus, he might consider that she had given some silent acquiescence to his reasons and arguments; and this possibility alarmed her.

"Good Master Blaise," said she, hurriedly, "pray mistake me not. Surely, if you are choosing a helpmeet for such high and holy reasons, it were well that you looked further afield. I am all unworthy for such a place—indeed I know it; there is not a maid in Stratford that would not better become it; nay, for my own part, I know several that I could point out to you, though your own judgment were best in such a matter. I pray you think no more of me in regard to such a position; God help me, I should make a parson's wife such as all the neighbors would stare at; indeed I know there be many you could choose from—if their heart were set in that direction—that are far better than I."

And with this protest she would fain have got away; and she was all anxiety to catch a glimpse of Prudence, whose appearance would afford her a fair excuse. How delightful would be the silence of the great building and the security of the oaken pew! with what a peace of mind would she regard the soft-colored beams of light streaming into the chancel, and listen to the solemn organ music, and wait for the silver-clear tones of Susan's voice! But good Master Walter would have another word with her ere allowing her to depart.

"In truth you misjudge yourself, Judith," said he, with a firm assurance, as if he could read her heart far better than she herself. "I know more of the duties pertaining to such a station than you; I can foresee that you would fulfill them worthily, and in a manner pleasing to the Lord. Your parents, too: will you not consider their wishes before saying a final nay?"

"My parents?" she said, and she looked up with a quick surprise. "My mother, it may be—"

"And if your father were to approve also?"

For an instant her heart felt like lead; but before this sudden fright had had time to tell its tale in her eyes she had re-assured herself. This was not possible.

"Has my father expressed any such wish?" said she; but well she knew what the reply would be.

"No, he has not, Judith," he said, distinctly; "for I have not spoken to him. But if I were to obtain his approval, would that influence you?"

She did not answer.

"I should not despair of gaining that," said he, with a calm confidence that caused her to lift her eyes and regard him for a second, with a kind of wonder, as it were, for she knew not what this assurance meant. "Your father," he continued, "must naturally desire to see your future made secure, Judith. Think what would happen to you all if an accident befell him on his journeyings to London. There would be no man to protect you and your mother. Dr. Hall has his own household and its charges, and two women left by themselves would surely feel the want of guidance and help. If I put these worldly considerations before you, it is with no wish that you should forget the higher duty you owe to God and His Church, and the care you should have of your own soul. Do I speak for myself alone? I think not. I trust it is not merely selfish hopes that have bidden me appeal to you. And you will reflect, Judith; you will commune with yourself before saying the final yea or nay; and if your father should approve—"

"Good Master Blaise," said she, interrupting him—and she rose and glanced toward the straggling groups now approaching the church—"I can not forbid

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you to speak to my father, if it is your wish to do that; but I would have him understand that it is through no desire of mine; and—and, in truth, he must know that I am all unfit to take the charge you would put upon me. I pray you hold it in kindness that I say so:—and there, now," she quickly added, "is little Willie Hart, that I have a message for, lest he escape me when we come out again."

He could not further detain her; but he accompanied her as she walked along the path toward the little swinging gate, for she could see that her small cousin, though he had caught sight of her, was shyly uncertain as to whether he should come to her, and she wished to have his hand as far as the church door. And then—alas! that such things should befall—at the very same moment a number of the young men and maidens also entered the church-yard; and foremost among them was Tom Quiney. One rapid glance that he directed toward her and the parson was all that passed; but instantly in her heart of hearts she knew the suspicion that he had formed. An assignation?—and on a Sunday morning, too! Nay, her guess was quickly confirmed. He did not stay to pay her even the ordinary courtesy of a greeting. He went on with the others; he was walking with two of the girls; his laughter and talk were louder than any. Indeed, this unseemly mirth was continued to within a yard or two of the church door—perhaps it was meant for her to hear?

Little Willie Hart, as he and his cousin Judith went hand in hand through the pórch, happened to look up at her.

"Judith," said he, "why are you crying?"

"I am not!" she said, angrily. And with her hand she dashed aside those quick tears of vexation.

The boy did not pay close heed to what now went on within the hushed building. He was wondering over what had occurred—for these mysteries were beyond his years. But at least he knew that his cousin Judith was no longer angry with him; for she had taken him into the pew with her, and her arm, that was interlinked with his, was soft and warm and gentle to the touch; and once or twice, when the service bade them to stand up, she had put her hand kindly on his hair. And not only that, but she had at the outset taken from her bosom the little nosegay of mint and given it to him; and the perfume of it (for it was Judith's gift, and she had worn it near her heart, and she had given it him with a velvet touch of her fingers) seemed to him a strange and sweet and mystical thing—something almost as strange and sweet and inexplicable as the beauty and shining tenderness of her eyes.

CHAPTER XII.

DIVIDED WAYS.

SOME few weeks passed quite uneventfully, bringing them to the end of June; and then it was that Mistress Hathaway chanced to send a message into the town that she would have her granddaughter Judith come over to see her roses, of which there was a great show in the garden. Judith was nothing loath; she felt she had somewhat neglected the old dame of late; and so, one morning—or rather one midday it was, for the family had but finished dinner—found her in her own room, before her mirror, busy with an out-of-door toilet, with Prudence sitting patiently by. Judith seemed well content with herself and with affairs in general on this warm summer day; now she spoke to Prudence, again she idly sang a scrap of some familiar song, while the work of adornment went on apace.

"But why such bravery, Judith?" her friend said, with a quiet smile. "Why should you take such heed about a walk through the fields to Shottery?"

"Truly I know not," said Judith, carelessly; "but well I wot my grandmother will grumble. If I am soberly dressed, she says I am a sloven, and will never win me a husband; and if I am pranked out, she says I am vain, and will frighten away the young men with my pride. In Heaven's name, let them go, say I; I can do excellent well without them. What think you of the cap, good Prue? 'Twas but last night I finished it, and the beads I had from Warwick."

She took it up and regarded it, humming the while:

"O say, my Joan, say, my Joan, will not that do?
I can not come every day to woo."

"Is't not a pretty cap, good gossip?"

Prudence knew that she ought to despise such frivolities, which truly were a snare to her, for she liked to look at Ju-

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dith when she was dressed as she was now, and she forgot to condemn these pretty colors. On this occasion Judith was clad in a gown of light gray, or rather buff, with a petticoat of pale blue taffeta, elaborately quilted with her own handiwork; the small ruff she wore, which was open in front, and partly showed her neck, was snow-white and stiffly starched; and she was now engaged in putting on her soft brown hair this cap of gray velvet, adorned with two rows of brass beads, and with a bit of curling feather at the side of it. Prudence's eyes were pleased, if her conscience bade her disapprove; nay, sometimes she had to confess that at heart she was proud to see her dear gossip wear such pretty things, for that she became them so well.

"Judith," said she, "shall I tell you what I heard your father say of you last night? He was talking to Julius, and they were speaking of this one and that, and how they did; and when you were mentioned, 'Oh yes,' says your father, 'the wench looks bravely well; 'tis a pity she can not sell the painting of her cheeks: there may be many a dame at the court would buy it of her for a goodly sum.'"

Judith gave a quick, short laugh: this was music in her ears—coming from whence it did.

"But, Judith," said her friend, with a grave inquiry in her face, "what is't that you have done to Tom Quiney that he comes no longer near the house?—nay, he will avoid you when he happens to see you abroad, for that I have observed myself, and more than once. What is the matter? How have you offended him?"

"What have I done?" she said; and there was a swift and angry color in her face. "Let him ask what his own evil imaginings have done. Not that I care, in good sooth!"

"But what is it, Judith? There must be a reason."

"Why," said Judith, turning indignantly to her, "you remember, sweetheart, the Sunday morning that Mrs. Pike's little boy was taken ill, and you were sent for, and did not come to church? Well, I had gone along to the churchyard to seek you, and was waiting for you, when who must needs make his appearance but the worthy Master Blaise—nay, but I told you, good Prue, the honor he would put upon me; and thank Heaven, he hath not returned to it, nor spoken to my father yet, as far as I can learn. Then, when the good parson's sermon was over—body o' me, he let me know right sharply I was no saint, though a saint I might become, no doubt, were I to take him for my master—as I say, the lecture he gave me was over, and we were walking to the church door, when who should come by but Master Quiney and some of the others. Oh, well I know my gentleman! The instant he clapped eyes on me he suspected there had been a planned meeting—I could see it well—and off he goes in high dudgeon, and not a word nor a look—before the others, mind you, before the others, good Prue; that was the slight he put upon me. Marry, I care not! Whither he has gone, there he may stay!"

She spoke rapidly and with warmth: despite the scorn that was in her voice, it was clear that that public slight had touched her deeply.

"Nay, Judith," said her gentle companion, "'twere surely a world of pity you should let an old friend go away like that—through a mischance merely—"

"An old friend?" said she. "I want none of such friends, that have ill thoughts of you ere you can speak. Let him choose his friends elsewhere, say I; let him keep to his tapsters, and his ale-house wenches; there he will have enough of pleasure, I doubt not, till his head be broke in a brawl some night!"

Then something seemed to occur to her. All at once she threw aside the bit of ribbon she had in her fingers, and dropped on her knee before her friend, and seized hold of Prudence's hands.

"I beseech your pardon, sweet Prue!—indeed, indeed, I knew not what I said; they were but idle words; good mouse, I pray you heed them not. He may have reasons for distrusting me; and in truth I complain not; 'tis a small matter; but I would not have you think ill of him through these idle words of mine. Nay, nay, they tell me he is sober and diligent, that his business prospers, that he makes many friends, and that the young men regard him as the chief of them, whether it be at merriment or aught else."

"I am right glad to hear you speak so of the young man, Judith," Prudence said, in her gentle way, and yet mildly wondering at this sudden change of tone. "If he has displeased you, be sure he will be sorry for it, when he knows the truth."

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"Nay, nay, sweet mouse," Judith said, rising and resuming her careless manner, as she picked up the ribbon she had thrown aside. "'Tis of no moment. I wish the young man well. I pray you speak to none of that I have told you; perchance 'twas but an accident, and he meant no slight at all; and then—and then," she added, with a kind of laugh, "as the good parson seems determined that willy-nilly I must wed him and help him in his charge of souls, that were a good ending, sweet Prue?"

She was now all equipped for setting forth, even to the feather fan that hung from her girdle by a small silver cord.

"But I know he hath not spoken to my father yet, else I should have heard of it, in jest or otherwise. Come, mouse, shall we go? or the good dame will have a scolding for us."

Indeed, this chance reference to the slight put upon her in the church-yard seemed to have left no sting behind it. She was laughing as she went down the stair, at some odd saying of Bess Hall's that her father had got hold of. When they went outside she linked her arm within that of her friend, and nodded to this or the other passer-by, and had a merry or a pleasant word for them, accordingly as they greeted her. And

Green sleeves was all my joy,
Green sleeves was my delight,

came naturally into her idle brain; for the day seemed a fit one for holiday-making: the skies were clear, with large white clouds moving slowly across the blue; and there was a fair west wind to stir the leaves of the trees and the bushes, and to touch warmly and softly her pink-hued cheek and pearly neck.

"Ah, me," said she, in mock desolation, "why should one go nowadays to Shottery? What use is in't, sweet Prue, when all the magic and enticement is gone from it? Aforetime I had the chance of meeting with so gracious a young gentleman, that brought news of the King's court, and spoke so soft you would think the cuckoo in the woods was still to listen. That were something to expect when one had walked so far—the apparition—a trembling interview—and then so civil and sweet a farewell! But now he is gone away, I know not whither; and he has forgotten that ever he lodged in a farm-house, like a king consorting with shepherds; and doubtless he will not seek to return. Well—"

"You have never heard of him since, Judith?" her friend said, with a rapid look.

"Alas, no!" she said, in the same simulated vein. "And sometimes I ask myself whether there ever was such a youth—whether the world ever did produce such a courtly gentleman, such a paragon, such a marvel of courtesy—or was it not but a trick of the villain wizard? Think of it, good Prue—to have been walking and talking with a ghost, with a thing of air, and that twice, too! Is't not enough to chill the marrow in your bones? Well, I would that all ghosts were as gentle and mannerly; there would be less fear of them among the Warwickshire wenches. But do you know, good Prue," she said, suddenly altering her tone into something of eagerness, "there is a matter of more moment than ghosts that concerns us now. By this time, or I am mistaken quite, there must be a goodly bulk of the new play lying in the oaken chest; and again and again have I tried to see whether I might dare to carry away some of the sheets, but always there was some one to hinder. My father, you know, has been much in the summer-house since the business of the new twenty acres was settled; and then again, when by chance he has gone away with the bailiff somewhere, and I have had my eye on the place, there was goodman Matthew on the watch, or else a maid would come by to gather a dish of green gooseberries for the baking, or Susan would have me seek out a ripe raspberry or two for the child, or my mother would call to me from the brew-house. But 'tis there, Prue, be sure; and there will come a chance, I warrant; I will outwit the ancient Matthew—"

"Do you never bethink you, Judith, what your father would say were he to discover?" her friend said, glancing at her, as they walked along the highway.

Judith laughed, but with some heightened color.

"My father?" said she. "Truly, if he alone were to discover, I should have easy penance. Were it between himself and me, methinks there were no great harm done. A daughter may fairly seek to know the means that has gained for her father the commendation of so many of the great people, and placed him in such good estate in his own town. Marry, I fear not my father's knowing, were I to

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confess to himself; but as for the others, were they to learn of it—my mother, and Susan, and Dr. Hall, and the pious Master Walter — I trow there might be some stormy weather aboard. At all events, good Prue, in any such mischance, you shall not suffer; 'tis I that will bear the blame, and all the blame; for indeed I forced you to it, sweet mouse, and you are as innocent of the wickedness as though you had ne'er been born."

And now they were just about to leave the main road for the foot-path leading to Shottery, when they heard the sound of some one coming along on horseback; and turning for a second, they found it was young Tom Quiney, who was on a smart galloway nag, and coming at a goodly pace. As he passed them he took off his cap, and lowered it with formal courtesy.

"Give ye good-day," said he; but he scarcely looked at them, nor did he pull up for further talk or greeting.

"We are in such haste to be rich nowadays," said Judith, with a touch of scorn in her voice, as the two maidens set forth to walk through the meadows, "that we have scarce time to be civil to our friends."

But she bore away no ill-will; the day was too fine for that. The soft west wind was tempering the heat and stirring the leaves of the elms; red and white wild roses were sprinkled among the dark green of the hedges; there was a perfume of elder blossom in the air; and perhaps also a faint scent of hay, for in the distance they could see the mowers at work among the clover, and could see the long sweep of the scythe. The sun lay warm on the grass and the wild flowers around them; there was a perfect silence but for the singing of the birds; and now and again they could see one of the mowers cease from his work, and a soft clinking sound told them that he was sharpening the long, curving blade. They did not walk quickly; it was an idle day.

Presently some one came up behind them and overtook them. It was young Master Quiney, who seemed to have changed his mind, and was now on foot.

"You are going over to Shottery, Prudence?" said he.

Prudence flushed uneasily. Why should he address her, and have no word for Judith?

"Yes," said she; "Mistress Hathaway would have us see her roses; she is right proud of them this year."

"'Tis a good year for roses," said he, in a matter-of-fact way, and as if there were no restraint at all on any of the party.

And then it seemed to occur to him that he ought to account for his presence.

"I guessed you were going to Shottery," said he, indifferently, and still addressing himself exclusively to Prudence; "and I got a lad to take on the nag and meet me at the cross-road; the short-cut through the meadows is pleasant walking. To Mistress Hathaway's, said you? I dare promise you will be pleased with the show; there never was such a year for roses; and not a touch of blight anywhere, as I have heard. And a fine season for the crops, too; just such weather as the farmers might pray for; Look at that field of rye over there, now—is't not a goodly sight?"

He was talking with much appearance of self-possession; it was Prudence who was embarrassed. As for Judith, she paid no heed; she was looking before her at the hedges and the elms, at the wild flowers around, and at the field of bearded rye that bent in rustling gray-green undulations before the westerly breeze.

"And how does your brother, Prudence?" he continued. "'Tis well for him his business goes on from year to year without respect of the seasons; he can sleep o' nights without thinking of the weather. It is the common report that the others of the Town Council hold him in great regard, and will have him become alderman ere long: is it not so?"

"I have heard some talk of it," Prudence said, with her eyes cast down.

At this moment they happened to be passing some patches of the common mallow that were growing by the side of the path; and the tall and handsome youth who was walking with the two girls (but who never once let his eyes stray in the direction of Judith) stooped down and pulled one of the brightest clusters of the pale lilac blossoms.

"You have no flower in your dress, Prudence," said he, offering them to her.

"Nay, I care not to wear them," said she; and she would rather have declined them; but as he still offered them to her, how could she help accepting them and carrying them in her hand? And then, in desperation, she turned and addressed the perfectly silent and impassive Judith.

"Judith," said she, "you might have brought the mastiff with you for a run."

"Truly I might, sweetheart," said Ju-

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dith, cheerfully, "but that my grandmother likes him not in the garden; his ways are overrough."

"Now that reminds me," said he, quickly (but always addressing Prudence), "of the little spaniel-gentle that I have. Do you know the dog, Prudence? 'Tis accounted a great beauty, and of the true Maltese breed. Will you accept him from me? In truth I will hold it a favor if you will take the little creature."

"I?" said Prudence, with much amazement; for she had somehow vaguely heard that the dog had been purchased and brought to Stratford for the very purpose of being presented to Judith.

"I assure you 'tis just such an one as would make a pleasant companion for you," said he; "a gentle creature as ever was, and affectionate too—a most pleasant and frolicsome playfellow. Will you take it, Prudence?—for what can I do with the little beast? I have no one to look after it."

"I had thought you meant Judith to have the spaniel," said she, simply.

"Nay, how would that do, sweetheart?" said Judith, calmly. "Do you think the Don would brook such invasion of his domain? Would you have the little thing killed? You should take it, good cousin; 'twill be company for you should you be alone in the house."

She had spoken quite as if she had been engaged in the conversation all the way through; there was no appearance of anger or resentment at his ostentatious ignoring of her presence: whatever she felt she was too proud to show.

"Then you will take the dog, Prudence," said he. "I know I could not give it into gentler hands, for you could not but show it kindness, as you show to all."

"Give ye good thanks," said Prudence, with her pale face flushing with renewed embarrassment, "for the offer of the gift; but in truth I doubt if it be right and seemly to waste such care on a dumb animal when there be so many of our fellow-creatures that have more pressing claims on us. And there are enough of temptations to idleness without our willfully adding to them. But I thank you for the intention of your kindness—indeed I do."

"Nay, now, you shall have it, good Prudence, whether you will or no," said he, with a laugh. "You shall bear with the little dog but for a week, that I beg of you; and then if it please you not, if you find no amusement in its tricks and antics, I will take it back again. 'Tis a bargain; but as to your sending of it back, I have no fears; I warrant you 'twill overcome your scruples, for 'tis a most cunning and crafty playfellow, and merry withal; nor will it hinder you from being as kind and helpful to those around you as you have ever been. I envy the dog that is to have so gentle a guardian."

They were now come to a parting of the ways; and he said he would turn off to the left, so as to reach the lane at the end of which his nag was awaiting him.

"And with your leave, Prudence," said he, "I will bring the little spaniel to your house this evening, for I am only going now as far as Bidford; and if your brother be at home he may have half an hour to spare, that we may have a chat about the Corporation, and the new ordinances they propose to make. And so fare you well, and good wishes go with you!"

And with that he departed, and was soon out of sight.

"Oh, Judith," Prudence exclaimed, almost melting into tears, "my heart is heavy to see it!"

"What, then, good cousin?" said Judith, lightly.

"The quarrel."

"The quarrel, dear heart! Think of no such thing. In sober truth, dear Prudence, I would not have matters other than they are; I would not; I am well content; and as for Master Quiney, is not he improved? Did ever mortal hear him speak so fair before? Marry, he hath been learning good manners, and profited well. But there it is: you are so gentle, sweetheart, that every one, no matter who, must find you good company; while I am fractious, and ill to bear with; and do I marvel to see any one prefer your smooth ways and even disposition? And when he comes to-night, heed you, you must thank him right civilly for bringing you the little spaniel; 'tis a great favor; the dog is one of value that many would prize—"

"I can not take it—I will not have it. 'Twas meant for you, Judith, as well you know," the other cried, in real distress.

"But you must and shall accept the gift," her friend said, with decision. "Ay, and show yourself grateful for his having singled you out withal. Neither himself nor his spaniel would go long a-begging in Stratford, I warrant you: give him friendly welcome, sweetheart."

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"He went away without a word to you, Judith."

"I am content."

"But why should it be thus?" Prudence said, almost piteously.

"Why? Dear mouse, I have told you. He and I never did agree; 'twas ever something wrong on one side or the other; and wherefore should not he look around for a gentler companion? 'Twere a wonder should he do aught else; and now he hath shown more wisdom than ever I laid to his credit."

"But the ungraciousness of his going, Judith," said the gentle Prudence, who could in no wise understand the apparent coolness with which Judith seemed to regard the desperate thing that had taken place.

"Heaven have mercy! why should that trouble you if it harm not me?" was the instant answer. "My spirits are not like to be dashed down for want of a 'fare you well.' In good sooth he had given you so much of his courtesy and fair speeches that perchance he had none to spare for others."

By this time they were come to the little wooden gate leading into the garden; and it was no wonder they should pause in passing through that to regard the bewildering and glowing luxuriance of foliage and blossom, though this was but a cottage inclosure, and none of the largest. The air seemed filled with the perfume of this summer abundance; and the clear sunlight shone on the various masses of color—roses red and white, pansies, snapdragon, none-so-pretty, sweet-williams of every kind, to say nothing of the clustering honeysuckle that surrounded the cottage door.

"Was't not worth the trouble, sweetheart?" Judith said. "Indeed, the good dame does well to be proud of such a pageant."

As she spoke her grandmother suddenly made her appearance, glancing sharply from one to the other of them.

"Welcome, child, welcome," she said, "and to you, sweet Mistress Shawe."

And yet she did not ask them to enter the cottage; there was some kind of hesitation about the old dame's manner that was unusual.

"Well, grandmother," said Judith, gayly, "have you no grumbling? My cap I made myself; then must it be out of fashion. Or I did not make it myself; then it must have cost a mint of money. Or what say you to my petticoat—does not the color offend you? Shall I ever attain to the pleasing of you, think you, good grandmother?"

"Wench, wench, hold your peace!" the old dame said, in a lower voice. "There is one within that may not like the noise of strangers—though he be no stranger to you, as he says—"

"What, grandmother?" Judith exclaimed, and involuntarily she shrank back a little, so startled was she. "A stranger? In the cottage? You do not mean the young gentleman that is in hiding—that I met in the lane—"

"The same, Judith, the same," she said, quickly; "and I know not whether he would wish to be seen by more than needs be—"

She glanced at Judith, who understood: moreover, the latter had pulled together her courage again.

"Have no fear, good grandmother," said she; and she turned to Prudence. "You hear, good Prue, who is within."

"Yes," the other answered, but somewhat breathless.

"Now, then, is such an opportunity as may ne'er occur again," Judith said. "You will come with me, good Prue? Nay, but you must."

"Indeed I shall not!" Prudence exclaimed, stepping back in affright. "Not for worlds, Judith, would I have aught to do with such a thing. And you, Judith, for my sake, come away! We will go back to Stratford!—we will look at the garden some other time!—in truth, I can see your grandmother is of my mind too. Judith, for the love of me, come!—let us get away from this place!"

Judith regarded her with a strange kind of smile.

"I have had such courtesy and fair manners shown me to-day, sweet Prue," said she, with a sort of gracious calmness, "that I am fain to seek elsewhere for some other treatment, lest I should grow vain. Will it please you wait for me in the garden, then? Grandmother, I am going in with you to help you give your guest good welcome."

"Judith!" the terrified Prudence exclaimed, in a kind of despair.

But Judith, with her head erect, and with a perfect and proud self-possession, had followed her grandmother into the house.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THE delightful series of biographies called "English Men of Letters," to which the Easy Chair has more than once alluded, continues to appear, and with undiminished interest. It may be read chronologically, although the volumes appear according to the convenience of the writers, and a pleasanter survey of English literature can not be found. It may continue for a long time yet, for there are noted authors who have not yet been treated: Coleridge, for instance, and Keats; and except for Mr. Warner's similar series of American authors, which is appearing in this country, Bryant and Longfellow and Irving and Emerson might have been included, as Hawthorne has been, in the English publication.

The latest addition to the "English Men of Letters" is Mr. W. J. Courthope's *Addison*. Mr. Matthew Arnold's recent estimate of Addison as one of the great prose writers, with Dr. Johnson's similar judgment a century ago, shows how sure is the essayist's hold upon the leaders of literary opinion; and it is not only as a master of style and expression, but as a positive social influence, that he still survives. Yet he had little creative literary power. He was not a great poet, nor dramatist, nor historian, nor story-teller. He was simply an observer and a commentator upon men and manners and books. But he observed and commented with so sweet and humane a spirit, with such a wholesome humor and rectitude and tact, that although his contemporary, the fiery and imperial Swift, sneered bitterly, "Let him fair-sex it to the world's end," yet he alone of Swift's contemporaries holds as permanent a fame as Swift, and an infinitely kinder and more grateful remembrance.

Mr. Courthope defines Addison's work as founding a public opinion. He brought to bear the influence of the diffused intelligence and conscience of the community—which except for him would have been unconcentrated and lost—upon the social, political, and moral conduct of life. This is an excellent estimate of Addison. But it is merely to say that he first turned the press, or the newspaper, to its true account. He made it something more than a gazette. In his gentle and firm hand it rose from a gossip to be a teacher. Yet it lost nothing of the gayety and light touch of the gossip. The grace and humor, without which the readers of that day would not have been attracted, were there. It was not a parson, an official moralist, who addressed them, but a man about town, a man familiar with the world as well as with literature, who sat with them in the coffee-house, and chatted upon the pretty panorama of London, the opera, the assembly, the new wig, the last Drawing-room, Westminster Abbey, and the theatre.

For it is by the *Spectator* that Addison's name lives, and that his fame is justified. His poems and his *Cato* only a few students read. But the general reader of our older literature turns probably to Addison's *Spectator* rather than to Shakespeare or Milton or Chaucer. It is essentially of a modern spirit, yet its form is just so far removed from ours as to have the racy charm of quaintness. Its influence is evident in Thackeray and in Washington Irving, and the reaction from any excess or grotesqueness or formality in literary style is always toward the simplicity and graceful humor of Addison.

It is because he frees moderation and morality of conduct from any kind of pretense, or "preachiness," or priggishness, and rests it wholly upon good sense, that his hold is so sure and his influence so permanent. Addison is the signal illustration of the wisdom of avoiding extremes. In this he is characteristically English. The English genius abhors radical change, or "a scene," or vehement expression. Theory and logical consistency it disdains. Reforms in England are mitigations of proved and familiar evils, not endeavors to reconstruct society upon abstract principles. Thackeray's defense of Sir Robert Walpole is an admirable specimen of the English practical grasp of affairs. "With his hireling House of Commons he defended liberty for us. With his incredulity he kept church-craft down. . . . He gave Englishmen no conquests, but he gave them peace and ease and freedom: the three per cents nearly at par, and wheat at five and six and twenty shillings a quarter."

It was this perception of the English character that made Emerson say, with the exquisite shrewdness which no one more than Addison would have enjoyed, that Macaulay's "good" is good to eat, and that if you pushed an English bishop briskly upon his Church, and he read fatal interrogations in your eyes, he had no resource but to take wine with you. It is this strictly conservative tone which distinguishes Addison, and disarms all suspicion. He did not seem to his readers what was a little later called an enthusiast. He was not a dreamer or a visionary. There was no sign of wooden shoes or of the fifth monarchy in his genial and pleasant talk; and so, quite unawares, even the coffee-house and the mall perceived that honesty and decency and education and generous humanity were excellent things, and not mere Sunday catch-words from a pulpit.

This is not a very heroic strain, you think. No, it is not. But that is only to say that it is not something else than it is. The Mendelssohn Glee Club sometimes sings—and the oftener it sings it the happier are the hearers—the "Finland Love Song." It is a melancholy, melodious, penetrating strain, which haunts the memory and imagination with tender pathos. But if some one should say to you,

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lapsed in soft reverie, and musing upon what Richter calls "things that are not, and never were," that the love song is not the "Hallelujah Chorus," you would not deny it, but surely you would smile as Addison smiled at the Tory fox-hunter.

It was a critical time for England, that of Anne and the first Georges. It is full of striking and powerful figures which England could not spare, for without them the course of English history would have been different. But among them all there is none whose influence has been more elevating, more strengthening, or more enduring than that of Joseph Addison.

THE other day a morning paper announced that on the previous evening there was a ball "which was attended by the highest rank of society people in the city." The house and its decorations were duly described, also the supper, and the "rich old silver" upon which it was served, and a list of the guests was added, that nobody might be in ignorance of who it is that compose "the highest rank of society people" in the city.

It is not, perhaps, a felicitous classification, that of society people. The collective word society used to suffice. To be in society, to get into society, everybody in society, were phrases which conveyed a distinct meaning. It meant, indeed, merely that you exchanged visits and invitations with certain persons, some of whom were scions of "old families," by which was meant families of which certain members had been conspicuous in public or professional or commercial life, and some of whom were of very new families, that is, families whose members were not formerly known in any of these ways, but who had accumulated money. "Society" was the assembly of these good folks at each other's houses to dine and dance and sup and wear costly clothes. They enjoyed it greatly, and if anybody who was invited disliked such assemblies, he could easily stay away. If, however, he were not invited, it was obviously wise for him to abstain from sarcastic comments, because they were liable to be suspected of a want of philosophic impartiality.

It was natural that the word "society" should become in this sense a descriptive epithet, and there is now the due classification of "society men" and "society ladies," "society girls" and "society young men," and, as in the text, "society people." But the text reveals something more. Formerly "society" was like heaven. You were in or you were out. But nobody could be more than in, nor insist that, once being in, anybody was more in than anybody else. All were, so to speak, angels. But there were no hierarchies; no higher and lower; no archangels, as it were, and inferior or single-winged, or clip-winged angels, as one might say.

We are now told, however, of "the highest rank of society people." The important point, therefore, among "society people" is to know whether they are in the highest or the lowest rank. If formerly it was enough to be in society, it is now not enough. To be in society means nothing if there be a highest rank in society. There is, then, after all, a cream of the cream, a finer bloom, a higher height. To be part of this can now alone satisfy. But how is the altitude to be gained?

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb?"

The qualifications for the highest rank are, however, readily described. Intelligence, refinement, generous sympathy, intellectual freedom, urbanity, tact, and good-nature are all of course indispensable. Affectation, vulgarity, ignorance, ostentation, selfishness, and boorishness are clearly incompatible with attainment of the highest rank of society people. Wit, cultivation, simplicity, and nobility of feeling—these supersede money as a qualification. Money, indeed, merely supplies the setting for the actual qualities. In the highest rank of society people of course you study at ease and in full play the qualities that have made the country, and furnish the bright promise of its future. Whoever was admitted to the charmed circle which was described so glowingly beheld, of course, the best of the chief city in the country.

It was always so. The sturdy virtues that asserted and maintained English liberty were found—were they not?—at the court of the Stuarts. The genius of social progress and of political reform in France dwelt—did it not?—in the palace of the royal Bourbons. Was it not at Versailles and Hampton Court that the highest rank of society people was found? Was it not therefore in the circle of the *Œil-de-Bœuf*, and in the pretty pastorals of the *Petit Trianon*, that the spirit of humanity and generous sympathy were enshrined? The highest rank of society people must be—must it not?—the class which is most truly mindful of the welfare of society, whose example is that of pure and honest living, moderate, gentle, wholesome.

For what kind of society must that be in which coronetted profligacy, or rich vulgarity, or courteous selfishness and sycophancy and moral cowardice figure as the highest rank? When this is the apex, what must the base and structure be? When a horse is consul, when a clown is king, what must the people be? Or was there some mistake at Hampton Court and Versailles? Was that perfumed and glittering crowd in velvet and silk and lace and flowing periwig not the highest rank of society people, after all, in any genuine sense, but only the richest and most conspicuous? Or, if the words must be accepted as strictly descriptive of the fact, if the hard-hearted, selfish, dissolute, corrupt throng at court were, whether we like it or not, the highest rank of society people, was not that class the most contemptible in the kingdom?

There was a social philosopher whom the

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Easy Chair once knew who insisted that the highest society is the society of people of the highest character. He held also that a gentleman was a man of gentle soul and of refined manner. But he had an odd way of declaring that a great deal of the highest society lived in a low part of the city, and that many a gentleman of his acquaintance did not own a dress-coat.

It was as true of Wendell Phillips as of the Chevalier Bayard that he was a knight without fear and without reproach. The tributes of sorrow and respect that attended his death made his death, like his life, most serviceable to young Americans. When they read the resolutions of affectionate admiration for this private citizen adopted by the Legislature of Massachusetts, and saw the touching respect of the crowded street as his body was borne to Faneuil Hall, and the long procession of people that passed through the Hall to gaze upon the dead face of one of the men who have made its great and distinctive fame, those youth saw that neither office nor conformity is necessary for honor, and that the public heart gladly acknowledges disinterested devotion to liberty and humanity, and the unselfish consecration of great gifts to a sense of public duty.

Phillips was so deeply mourned not because his fellow-citizens accepted all that he said, or approved all that he did. Upon many questions the best opinion of the community in later days was opposed to his, and he seemed sometimes to take pleasure in shocking public sentiment. The tribute was to his singular sincerity and courage, and the ability and grace with which he asserted the most unwelcome truths against the most powerful public opinion. It seemed to have been an early conviction of his that whatever prosperous respectability defended ought to be attacked, and that the *status quo* should be always suspected.

In his audacious generalizations, which apparently often involved injustice, it was plain that Phillips felt with chivalrous generosity how surely the public good sense would understand a vivid overstatement of his point, and accept it as the dash of high color indispensable to the due impression of the picture. For instance, when he said that he could count upon the fingers of one hand all the ministers in New England who were uncompromising antislavery advocates, he meant that not six, or a score, or a hundred of such might not be found, but to assert broadly, in the phrase familiar in antislavery circles, that the Church was the bulwark of slavery. So in his last great oration, the Centennial Phi Beta Kappa discourse at Cambridge in 1881, his theme was the recreancy of the scholarly class to reform. This proposition he illustrated and decorated with all his captivating skill. Yet he did not deny that scholars had been often leaders of progress—how, indeed, could a New England Puritan have done that?—but he maintained that in the antislavery and temperance reforms, the two movements of the greatest importance and significance in this country, the colleges had not been pioneers, but followers, and often revilers.

In the Phi Beta Kappa address occurred a striking illustration of his method. He was addressing the most cultivated and conservative audience in the country, and it was the semi-centennial anniversary of his graduation in the college of which he was one of the most famous living graduates, yet which during his long and active career he had often sharply condemned, and which had shown little sympathy with him, and indeed seemed not to be proud of her son. The audience, as he knew, and his doubting *alma mater*, were watching and listening curiously as the unquailing orator tranquilly challenged what he held to have been the recreancy of the college class. As the discourse proceeded he mentioned the French Revolution. Then pausing, as if searching his rich vocabulary for the most startling word to describe that event, he said, slowly, as if every syllable had been carefully weighed and chosen, "which, upon the whole, was the greatest, the most unmixed, the most unstained, and wholly perfect blessing Europe has had in modern times, unless, perhaps, we may possibly except the Reformation." This calm, deliberate, and amazing assertion was heard with a half-amused shudder of admiration. It was a generalization worthy of Mirabeau. It was simply Phillips's way of saying that the French Revolution was a beneficent event. But no one who heard it would ever forget it. "When Harvard asked me to come, I supposed she wished me to bring myself," he said to a friend afterward. Doubtless it was what Harvard desired, and certainly she was not disappointed.

Akin to this practice was his unsparing personal invective. It was in a sense, indeed, absolutely impersonal, because there was no individual hostility. Phillips's most caustic sarcasms and censures were bursts of righteous indignation, the expression of a moral judgment, and they were designed, not accidental. Once a friend asked him whether the effect would not be better for his own cause if he refrained from exasperating all the friends of the persons whom he assailed, and from shocking a certain public sense of propriety. Phillips smiled pleasantly, and answered that it was just that feeling which made speaking so ineffective. The best way to prevent sinning, he said, is not to describe its abstract wickedness, which nobody denies, but to denounce the sinner, the concrete illustration.

"For instance," he said, "if I exhort Boston boys to despise a formal and conventional virtue, to beware of confounding propriety with morality, and conformity with spiritual integrity, they assent, and drop asleep. If I warn them that a Pharisee is the worst kind of man, they snore. But if I say, I mean ——, they all

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wake up with a start, and begin to ask themselves whether I am calumniating the most respectable man in town, or whether they have accepted a counterfeit excellence for the true."

He was the only public critic who took the responsibility of the most stringent personal denunciation of those who, in his opinion, compromised in the least degree with the mammon of unrighteousness. If the faculty of Harvard College took part in a dinner to Paul Morphy at which there was wine, Phillips denounced them as unfit guardians of youth. If Abraham Lincoln voted as Phillips thought wrong upon a question involving slavery, Lincoln was the slave-hound of Illinois. If Rufus Choate spent his genius to secure the acquittal of an undoubted criminal, thieves inquired if Choate were well before they dared to steal. Respectability, public esteem, amiability, general good intention, were, in Phillips's view, evil spirits of a seductive spell who must be exposed. They were Lamias whom a steady glance must compel to reveal their nature, and to show themselves the serpents that they are.

The willingness of such a man to be the uncompromising censor of the community in which he lived, and to try his neighbors by the standards which they professed and extolled, was of the greatest public service. It is a part not infrequently taken, but seldom with such absolute intrepidity and commanding power. He knew the penalty of his conduct, and he paid it cheerfully. The price was heavier because of his sensitive and delicate temper. To be derided as a whimsical Cato and common scold—he the most exquisite orator in the land—was not very terrible. But his plain speech cost him the social intercourse which to so many men of his temperament is a constant delight.

His life was in this sense singularly solitary. He was one of the most distinguished citizens of Boston at a time when it contained the most famous group of men and women in the country, and he was as much a master as any of them, and a man of great renown. But from the dinners, clubs, assemblies, and associations of that particular group he was conspicuously absent. His genius and his position, his personal charm and power, were gladly conceded. But he did not care to come, and he was not urgently asked. Yet at the temperance meeting, the woman's rights meeting, the labor meeting, the meeting for Crete, or the Irish sympathy meeting, as at every public meeting to further the great cause of his life, the antislavery crusade, he was the most eminent and fascinating figure.

Phillips's life was one of the most inspiring in our history. It was a consecrated devotion to humanity, to succoring the oppressed, defending the defenseless, and pleading for the dumb. Eyes was he to the blind, feet to the lame. By genius and taste and temperament he was singularly fitted for the most brilliant success, political, social, or professional. To whatever was beautiful, sumptuous, refined, luxurious, even all the delights of scholarship and lettered ease, this urbane and graceful spirit was adapted. But, like the old apostle who preached only Christ and him crucified, he renounced all "delight of battle with his peers," all the prizes and laurels of pleasure and ambition, and with infinite sweetness, and with no air of sacrifice or of reluctance, he turned to know only the wrongs of his fellowmen. The lines of Boyle O'Reilly when he died tell only the truth in fervid music:

> "For his life was a ceaseless protest, and his voice was a prophet's cry,
> To be true to the truth and faithful, though the world were arrayed for the lie."

His modest house, the strict domestic simplicity, shared only by her whose heart and hope and aim were one with his, and to whose prolonged illness his home life was the most fond and devoted ministry of cheer and intellectual sympathy, were all harmonious with his chosen career. But to no house in that community of famous houses was the foot of the hapless wayfarer of every kind, or of the most enlightened and respectable inquiry and interest from all parts of his own country, and from foreign lands, turned more hopefully than to his. So great and unsullied a consecration, so signal an illustration of the moral sublime, explains the profound feeling that attended the death of a man of no official position, of no literary or scientific or social distinction, and publicly known only as an orator from whose opinions there was often general and strong dissent.

But that oratory was one of the forces of national and moral regeneration. The dissent will pass like clouds of the morning. It is not the Samuel Adams who was doubtful of Washington and opposed to the Constitution that we recall; it is the tribune of American independence. So, in Lowell's phrase, of which the orator was very fond, time will gather up into "history's golden urn" only the memory of the unquailing youth who, loyally co-operating with the great leader Garrison, passed into full maturity pleading with the hardened conscience of his country against the deadliest wrong to human nature that history records, and whose unselfish and resistless appeal at last drew from it the word that freed a race, as the sunrise drew music from the stony lips of Memnon.

AMERICA just now seems to have a singular fascination for the critical Englishman, and many of his comments are exceedingly amusing. He is quite sure that the English are not liked in the United States, and also that the American is a very different person from the Englishman. This last is certainly true; and it is because the American has lost his extreme sensitiveness to English comment that he is rather an annoying person to a certain kind of

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English critic. The time when a commentator like Fiedler or Captain Hall could trouble an American by his observation or his censure has long gone by, and the vigor of the onslaught by more modern hands produces no corresponding effect.

There are, indeed, as the Easy Chair has more than once remarked, some good Americans who can not tolerate what seems to them the patronizing tone of some English commentators, and who warmly resent the hearty American reception of many Englishmen. They are disposed to think that the British evacuation is very far from accomplished, and that there is an American snobbery toward England which is deplorable. A sharp and clever satire upon the mimicry of English ways by certain people in New York "lit up," as Eothen said of Eliot Warburton's *Crescent and Cross*, our last December. The *Saturday Review* has evidently read the pungent paper, and discusses Anglo-mania in this country. But it has the good sense to see that the people of the two countries are wholly different, and that the American Anglo-maniac is but a Brummagem barbarian.

It is quite right. The Anglo-maniac in America is a very small class, and Anglo-mania is but a cutaneous affection. It is wholly superficial, and not contagious. The Anglo-maniacs, whoever they may be, are by no means a new phenomenon, and they are strictly what the colored people call "no-account folks." They are amusing figures in a very limited society which represents nothing in American life, and contributes nothing to its character or development. The harmless young men whose clothes are made in England, who cultivate English expressions and intonations and manner, and who try generally to do and to look and to speak as much like Englishmen as possible, are what are known as innocents. They not only are not a force in American life, but it is part of their play to disdain American life; and, in fact, they do really know very little about it, and have small sympathy with it. As they would themselves say, "it is not good form" to get excited about politics, for instance; and American politics—good heavens!

The *Saturday Review* says truly: "Rich young men play polo in the broiling heat of an American summer. Attempts are made at fox-hunting. Unfortunately, the foxes are few, so that a drag has frequently to be employed." Alas! yes; and the "hunt," with horn and hound, follows the fleet aniseed bag, and rejoices in the manly sports of old England. Ho! gallants all! harkaway! tantivy! the bag is off! Why is not the string of the lively bag a noble "brush"? And hark! o'er yonder sunny hill, or skirting the dark wood along the road, what merry music greets the ear? 'Tis not, indeed, the wailing *mort* of the bag. No, i' faith! it is the cheery tra-la-la of the guard blowing bravely from the stage-coach of old England.

It is all the pretty play of a few persons who are not drawn to any serious pursuit. But it is only a group, a little circle, not a class. The coach whirls up the Avenue with its gay company and its pealing horn, and the droll pageant amuses the street boys and the loiterers and the busy citizens like the parade of a regiment, or the glittering procession of the menagerie and the circus. This is an innocent and diverting Anglo-mania, but it signifies nothing whatever except that a certain number of persons have nothing to do.

A certain Sir Lepel Griffin is a late English traveller who seems to have had an exceedingly dismal and dyspeptic journey in this country. It is obvious that for the general objects of the dyspeptic English traveller America is not a land of promise. There is a great want of any historical interest and association of legend and literature with which he is likely to be acquainted. There are few relics of an older day, and the country is so large that however its size may please the native, as Lord Coleridge is very sure that it does, it is more likely to fatigue the foreigner. The Englishman who lands in France, and passing through that country, crosses the Rhine, and from Germany and Switzerland descends into Italy, travels over a storied land, where every mile appeals to the most interesting historic or imaginative association. Here, however, he is apt to find but a halfpenny-worth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack.

Some travellers, however, to whom the interests of man are supreme, and who are mindful of the bird rather than of the plumage, have been often so interested in the experiment to promote human welfare which is proceeding here under such ample and promising conditions, that they have endured the inconveniences and annoyances of the journey with equanimity, and have even been interested to observe that the conveniences and comforts of journeying were in some respects much greater than those they had left behind them. But the hapless Griffin was of another kind. Like the romantic young woman who found her favorite poet to be a stout and solid person, and who could only cry, "Oh, disenchantment! disillusion!" so the worthy Griffin sighs with sorrow, "America is the country of disillusion and disappointment in politics, literature, culture, and art; in its scenery, its cities, and its people. With some experience of every kind in the civilized world, I can think of none except Russia in which I would not prefer to reside, in which life would not be more worth living, less sordid and mean and unlovely."

To this melancholy view the Easy Chair can but offer the response of a public man to a person who owned that as long as he did not know him he disliked him exceedingly. "Yes; and if I were the man you supposed me to be, I should greatly dislike myself." Moreover, the wail of the good Sir Lepel over a country which evidently did not even cure

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his dyspepsia recalls Mr. Gladstone's remark, that while after his own country he was interested in none more than in America, yet that, despite his careful talk with travellers in America, and careful reading of their books, he was conscious that he had no conception whatever of what the country really was. Mr. Parnell might tell him that he would have still less after reading the excellent Lepel's story.

Editor's Literary Record.

THE military history of the Union forces in the war of the rebellion has been fully and ably treated, on the Union side, by a number of soldiers and civilians, some of whom have made careful and exhaustive studies of limited fields of action, and others of the entire field of operations. It has necessarily happened, however, that, owing to misconceptions arising from their opposite points of view, their lack of personal knowledge, and the absence of authentic documentary evidence, they have not always been able to penetrate the plans and purposes of the Confederate leaders, or even to describe with entire accuracy the part borne by the Confederate troops in particular engagements. For these reasons the memoirs of those Confederate soldiers and civilians who bore a prominent part in the war, either in the field or the council-chamber, and who had a full knowledge of the facts, are diligently conned by students of military science and political history for the light which they throw on controverted points, and the important contributions they make to the general history of the war. Of such memoirs several have appeared which have a substantial value, notwithstanding the special pleadings by which they are occasionally colored, the personal ambitions, interests, rivalries, and jealousies with which they are overcharged, and the morbid anxiety their authors often manifest for their own reputation or renown. But it is not an impossible, though it certainly is an exceedingly difficult, task to winnow out the truth from even the most conflicting statements, and of these there have been many on the Confederate side. When the memoir is that of a gallant and straightforward soldier, the task is a comparatively easy one; but when it is that of a mere politician—of which an instance is afforded by Mr. Jefferson Davis's *Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*—the reader must be constantly on the alert in order to distinguish assertion from evidence, sophistry from a candid presentation of all the facts, and the specious pleas of prejudice or personal feeling from the statement of an honest and abiding conviction. The most thorough and elaborate work of this kind that has yet proceeded from the Confederate side, and the one whose statements throughout are the most clearly sustained by the evidence that is adduced—leaving out of view some aberrations from strict accuracy when the writer departs from the narration of military events and embarks upon the discussion of the causes and inception of the war—is a memoir describing in minute and orderly detail *The Military Operations of General Beauregard in the War between the States*,[1] which has been prepared by Mr. Alfred Roman, formerly colonel of the Eighteenth Louisiana Volunteers, and afterward aide-de-camp and Inspector-General on the Staff of General Beauregard. In this memoir Mr. Roman discloses, for the first, the exact facts as to the number, equipment, disposition, and services in action of such of the Confederate forces as were at any time during the war under the command or at the disposal of General Beauregard. He also discloses General Beauregard's various military plans and recommendations, and describes his defensive engineering labors, the results he accomplished with the inadequate means at his disposal, and his mode of handling troops in a campaign or in action, as exemplified successively at the Confederate siege and capture of Fort Sumter in 1861; at the first battle of Manassas, or Bull Run; during the campaign which practically closed with the battle of Shiloh and the evacuation of Corinth by the Confederate army; during his successful defense of Fort Sumter and Charleston from the separate and combined attacks by the Union fleet and army; and during his final campaigns at the close of the war while co-operating with Hood in resisting the advance of Sherman, and with Lee in the defense of Richmond. Mr. Roman's narrative reveals that from a very early period in the war—in fact, from the hour of General Beauregard's victory over our forces at Manassas—the Confederate general was systematically pursued at every step by the jealousy and suspicion of the Confederate President. Mr. Davis disregarded General Beauregard's far-seeing recommendation, made early in 1861, for the purchase in England of ten cruisers to be employed to run the blockade, then existing only in name, to bring in highly needed supplies and munitions of war, and to devastate the harbors of New York and Boston while the defenses of those important cities were yet in a most imperfect state, although these recommendations were based upon and accompanied by the positive assurances of an eminent firm of British shipowners that the proposed cruisers would be promptly forth-coming on the credit of the

[1] *The Military Operations of General Beauregard in the War between the States, 1861 to 1865.* Including a brief Personal Sketch and a Narrative of his Services in the War with Mexico, 1846-8. By ALFRED ROMAN. In Two Volumes, 8vo, pp. 594 and 691. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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Confederacy. The President also disallowed, or received coldly or with marked disfavor, General Beauregard's most studiously formulated plans for defense or aggression, was inattentive to his urgent appeals on critical occasions for men, munitions, supplies, and capable officers, and was deaf to his reiterated remonstrances against the wretched administration of the department upon which the armies in the field depended for supplies, munitions, and transportation. Still further, Mr. Roman reveals, and supports his revelations by satisfactory evidence, that from the very beginning of hostilities General Beauregard was a persistent and urgent advocate of a system of concentration instead of one of diffusion, and insisted that the Confederate forces should be hurled in large masses against the Union armies wherever and whenever they were distributed in fractions. If he had had the means of transportation furnished him, as he then requested, he would have acted upon this idea, and would have pushed on to Washington immediately after the rout of our army at Manassas, being satisfied that the Confederacy could afford to risk the loss of Richmond in exchange for the possession of Washington and Maryland; and, indeed, that to push on and take Washington and Baltimore was the best defense that could be devised for Richmond. Throughout it was his policy and his repeated urgent advice so to concentrate the Confederate forces that they might strike irresistible blows upon vital strategic or geographical points of the Union and its armies. But his counsels and pleadings uniformly fell on deaf or unfriendly ears; and in the most momentous of all his campaigns, that in Tennessee and Mississippi, not only were his plans regarded with disfavor or thwarted by the Confederate authorities at Richmond, but they strove to rob him of his just credit as an able, enterprising, and self-sacrificing soldier. Perhaps Mr. Roman dwells upon these particulars unduly, and arraigns Mr. Davis more persistently and vehemently than is necessary to vindicate General Beauregard's military reputation, or than is quite consistent with good taste. But if the reiterated changes which he rings upon the jealousy, the suspiciousness, the favoritism, the want of foresight, the general incompetency, the despotic obstinacy, and the chronic duplicity of the Confederate President become somewhat monotonous and tiresome, it is not to be denied that they are always accompanied by strong evidence of their truthfulness. To the military or historical student, however, this is the least valuable and interesting feature of his able memoir. Its intrinsic value and interest reside in the large mass of unpublished and hitherto inaccessible documentary and other materials which it contains relative to important strategic movements and military operations and conflicts, of which we have had only *ex parte* accounts by our own officers, whose versions of them we may now review in the light of these additional sources of information. No work that has yet appeared, on either the Union or the Confederate side, is supported as lavishly as this by original documentary evidence illustrative or corroborative of every step described in the text. It throws new and important light on some points that have been long and warmly controverted, and on this account will be consulted with eager interest by military students, more especially in view of the fact that although the narrative has been put together by Mr. Roman, every statement that occurs in it has been derived from notes and documents authenticated by General Beauregard, who certifies in a prefatory note that the memoir furnishes a correct account of his military services and conduct prior to and during the late war, and indorses all its statements and comments, excepting only such as are encomiastic of himself. We have not thought it necessary to dwell on the occasional rhetorical passages which the author has interjected here and there with reference to the political causes of the war, and giving his interpretation of the bearing of the Constitution upon the several States and their citizens. However full of error these may be as to the principles or the facts involved, the statement of them is so completely harmless at this day, and so entirely void of intemperateness, that we are disposed to permit the author and those who sympathize with him to derive whatever enjoyment they may from their utterance, without the alloy of our censure or criticism. The work is published in two large and elegant octavo volumes, embellished with portraits of General Beauregard, and is for sale to subscribers only.

A NEW series, entitled "American Commonwealths," has been projected by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., of Boston, and placed under the competent editorial supervision of Mr. Horace E. Scudder, which will be uniform in size and general appearance with their "American Statesmen" and "American Men of Letters" series, and in which it is proposed, not to present in detail the formal annals of all the States of the Union, but rather to sketch rapidly and forcibly the career of those which have exerted a marked influence upon the nation, or have embodied in their formation and growth some distinctive principles of American polity. The initial volume of the new series is a brilliantly executed monograph on *Virginia*,[2] by Mr. John Esten Cooke, in which, while not neglecting to afford a clear and satisfactory view of the general changes that have taken place in its civil structure, and of the political and military occurrences that have happened within its bounds, from its first settlement until the close of the first quarter of

[2] "American Commonwealths." *Virginia: a History of its People.* By JOHN ESTEN COOKE. 16mo, pp. 521. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

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the present century, he undertakes more especially to give a historical sketch of its people, embracing an outline portraiture of their temper and disposition, their life, manners, and literature, their personal, social, and intellectual characteristics, coupled with a succinct but spirited, and at times vividly dramatic, narrative of the stirring events in which they bore a part. Mr. Cooke treats the history of Virginia under its three natural divisions, the plantation, the colony, and the commonwealth, in each of which society wore a distinctive aspect. Epitomizing his extended analysis of the aspects of Virginia society as it existed in these three strongly marked periods, we may say that in the first, which extends from the landing at Jamestown to the grant of free government, Virginia society consisted of a handful of Englishmen buried in the primeval American wilderness, leading hard and perilous lives, in hourly dread of the savages, homesick, half starved, without the solace of the home and the family, torn by dissensions, and more than once on the point of sailing back to England. In the second, or colonial period, reaching from the accession of the first Charles to the throne of England until the Revolutionary war, we witness the gradual formation of a stable and vigorous society, a long struggle against royal and vice-regal encroachments, an armed rebellion against the crown, the turmoil of an age which originated the principle that the right of the citizen is not dependent on the will of the king, followed by the "golden age" of the colony—the serene and picturesque Virginia of the larger half of the eighteenth century, when society is in repose, class distinctions are firmly established, and the whole social fabric seems built up in opposition to the theory of republicanism, although that theory really lies at the very foundation of Virginia character. In the third and last period we see the repose of this picturesque and serene society rudely broken, and the people of all ranks, educated as they had been by five generations of stubborn resistance to absolutism, with their slumbering democratic and republican instincts at length fiercely aroused, hastening to array themselves, almost as one man, against the arbitrary exactions of a Parliament in which they were not permitted to be represented, and proceeding first to declare with calm deliberateness that "all men are by nature equally free and independent, and have certain inalienable rights, namely, the enjoyment of life and liberty, with the means of pursuing and obtaining happiness and safety," then to inaugurate the commonwealth and embark in the heroic struggle of the Revolution, afterward to assist in the formation of the Federal Constitution and the constructive processes of the post-Revolutionary period, and finally to participate in that gradual transformation of society which may be summed up in the term modern Virginia. In tracing the general outlines of the civil and political history of Virginia in these three periods, with its military episodes, its conflicts with the Indians, its combats with king and Parliament, its introduction of slavery, and its servile insurrections, Mr. Cooke has made a free and judicious use of the materials that lie at hand in the general or particular histories that have been written relative to Virginia and its sister colonies; but in depicting the character of the people of Virginia he has been obliged to have recourse to sources less known and less accessible than these—to the writings of the first adventurers, to forgotten pamphlets, to family papers, to parish church and county court archives, to the curious laws passed by the House of Burgesses, and to the traditions which are not to be found in any written or published records; and from these he has produced a series of life-like pictures of Virginia life and character in a great variety of phases, so that we are enabled to get close to the people, and to study the men of every class, whether Cavaliers or Roundheads, aristocrats or plebeians, tradesmen or artisans, lawyers, doctors, ministers, or statesmen—the beruffled planter in his great manor-house or rolling in his coach, the small land-holder in his plain dwelling, the parish clergyman in his pulpit, the Dissenting preacher declaiming in the fields, the rough waterman of the Chesapeake, the hunter of the Blue Ridge, the indented servant, and the African slave. He shows us all these in their daily life, as they go about their occupations or among friends and neighbors; gives us vivid glimpses of their social enjoyments, their class distinctions, their civic entertainments and stately balls and assemblies; tells us what they read, what they ate and drank, how they dressed, and how they deported themselves at the table, at social gatherings and receptions, at weddings and funerals, in church and at political conclaves; and draws graphic portraits of them as they appeared on the plantation, in the workshop, at the hustings, at the race-course, at the county court, at the mimic court of the province in the presence of reflected royalty, in the House of Burgesses, and in the family.

SINCE the publication of the volume just noticed, another has appeared in the same series, prepared by the Rev. Dr. William Barrows, which has for its subject *Oregon*,[3] or rather the prolonged struggle for its possession successively by Spain, France, Russia, Great Britain, and the United States. From the nature of the case the early history of Oregon is less rich than that of Virginia and the older Atlantic States in those social, personal, and political incidents and events and in those historical and traditional associations which strongly appeal to our sympathy by reason of the multiplied active human interests with which they

[3] "American Commonwealths." *Oregon: the Struggle for its Possession*. By WILLIAM BARROWS. 16mo, pp. 363. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

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are invested; and, moreover, Dr. Barrows is not gifted with the faculty so largely possessed by Mr. Cooke for condensed and spirited narrative, and for picturesque descriptions of men and events, society and manners. Nevertheless his volume is one of genuine value as a historico-political and geographical study, inasmuch as it gives a complete though somewhat prolix and disjointed résumé of all the exciting occurrences and momentous possibilities that attended, and of all the important problems and controversies that were involved in, the contest for the possession of the vast territory which is now an integral part of the Union. Dr. Barrows's outline of the claims severally of Spain and France, and of the efforts successively put forth by each for their maintenance, embodies the abstract of the title to Oregon which is now vested in the United States, and a study of it is an essential preliminary to an intelligent understanding of his statement of the more immediately interesting subject of the controversy between Great Britain and the United States relative to Oregon, including the dispute between the two nations over the northwestern boundary line, from its initiation until its final settlement in our favor by the award of the Emperor of Germany. Of this entire controversy, in all its stages and under all its phases and fluctuations, Dr. Barrows gives a lucid and fairly exhaustive account, which is rendered doubly interesting by the incorporation, at appropriate points in the narrative, of excellent summaries of the various explorations which finally led to the opening of the country to settlers, and of graphic descriptions of the competition for possession that took place between the Hudson Bay Company, backed by Great Britain, on the one hand, and the individual American citizen and settler on the other. In this contest the policy of the former was to prevent settlement and colonization, to keep the entire region a perpetual wilderness and game preserve, inhabited only by the wild Indian as a trapper of bears and beavers, and a collector of furs and peltries, by which means it hoped to perpetuate its monopoly of the fur trade, and insure immense dividends on its invested capital; while the aim of the latter was to occupy and develop the country, and to open it to the influences of civilization and Christianity. On the one side was a mammoth corporation, resolutely determined to keep out the settler with his grains and grasses, his plough and hoe and water-wheel, from an area one-third larger than Europe, and to dedicate it to the propagation of wilderness and beaver, with steel-traps and Indians and half-breeds to catch them. And on the other side were a few intelligent settlers, acting individually and without organization or wealth, and animated only by the spirit of patriotic or personal enterprise, and who were no less resolute in their purpose to reclaim the wilderness, to tame and Christianize the savage, to introduce husbandry and the useful arts, and to open the country to the trade and commerce of the world. As the situation is admirably summarized by Dr. Barrows, the Hudson Bay Company carried into the country only the single man. The settlers planted in it the family, and laid the foundations of social life. The one brought only his traps and snares, the other his seed-wheat, his oats and potatoes, his plough, harrow, and mill; one counted his musk-rat nests, beaver dams, and bear-skins, the other his hills of corn and stacks of wheat; one shot an Indian for killing a wild beast for food out of season, the other paid a bounty for the extinction of the wolf and other predatory animals; one took his twenty-four or thirty-six months' old newspaper from the dog-mail, and the other carried the printing-press along with him; one hunted and traded for what he could carry out of the country, the other planted and built for what he could leave in it for his children. In short, the English trader ran his birch canoes and bateaux up the streams and around the lakes to bring out furs and peltries, while the American immigrant hauled in with his rude wagon the nineteenth century; and, as was inevitable, he won the victory—which was a victory of the policy of colonization, settlement, and development, over that of exclusion, waste, and monopoly. Dr. Barrows gives some highly animated sketches of the devotion and enterprise of the early explorers and settlers—among others, of that energetic and far-seeing pioneer Dr. Whitman, the story of whose persistent and heroic efforts to hold Oregon for the United States by the agency of an overland wagon route is one of the most interesting episodes in our Western annals.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY has prepared *A Short History of Our Own Times*,[4] which is an abbreviation of his larger work, *A History of Our Own Times*, and more available than it for popular use. He has not rewritten any portions of the former work, nor made any changes in the substance of its current historical narrative, and has left intact its picturesque sketches of eminent men and notable events, and its comprehensive descriptions of the nature and progress of the political, social, literary, scientific, religious, and industrial forces and activities of the period, extending from the accession of Queen Victoria to the general election of 1880, which resulted in the overthrow of the Conservatives by the Liberals, and the exaltation of Mr. Gladstone to the premiership in place of Lord Beaconsfield. His reductions of the original have not involved the paraphrase or compression of its text, but have been confined to elisions of its more rhetorical passages, and of many of those brilliant reflections, moralizings, and philosophizings which give color and finish to its periods, without materially

[4] *A Short History of Our Own Times.* From the Accession of Queen Victoria to the General Election of 1880. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P. 12mo, pp. 448. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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adding to its intrinsic value as a popular historical record. In all other respects the new work is a literal reproduction of the larger history, condensed into a single convenient volume, and giving a full epitome of the history of Great Britain and her manifold activities during Queen Victoria's reign.

THE gracefulness and finish of the lyrics that Mr. Aldrich has grouped in his new volume, *Mercedes, and Later Lyrics*,[5] recall the inimitable workmanship of those clear-cut cameos finely carved on gems and precious stones, or of those chastely sculptured ivories and articles of bijoutry, that we sometimes see in rare collections of art treasures; but we should add that the poems glow with a warmth of color and feeling that is never found in even the finest specimens of these relics of old-time art. The peculiar nature of the subjects chosen for treatment by Mr. Aldrich in many of his poems, not only in the volumes before us, but in his previous publications—the exquisite lightness and delicacy of their fancies and conceptions, the simple grace of their thoughts and images, and their subtle and fine-grained ideality—has undoubtedly invested their fit poetical expression with peculiar difficulties, though of this the reader of his limpid and musical verse is rendered entirely unconscious by the perfect art with which the poet veils his art. Of all our poets Mr. Aldrich is, perhaps, the most sensitive to the musical properties of words, or, as an elegant modern critic has phrased it, "to the charm of sound which lies in words when metrically or rhythmically arranged." Moreover, not only is his verse rich in the melody of words, but everywhere he shows his ability "to marry sound to sense"—that is to say, recurring once more to the writer just quoted, "the ability to use words in that collocation by which the most perfect melody can be secured for the ear, and by which the lines in a poem shall be made to chime so as to extract from the language in which it is written all the music of which its sounds are capable, without impairing, and indeed while enhancing, the force with which the meaning is conveyed to the understanding." The most casual study of Mr. Aldrich's poems will reveal that his diction, and the sentiments to which it gives expression—whether the latter be grave or gay, sober or severe, sad or playful, lofty or familiar—are always harmoniously adjusted to each other, and preserve a perfect balance of sound and sense. If we should undertake to specialize the poems in the present collection which exemplify this criticism, we should be obliged to cite them all. But if the reader will turn to the "Soldiers' Song," which forms the lyrical interlude to the second scene of the prose poem "Mercedes," and to the tender cradle song, "Chiquita," at the close of the same scene, or to the delicious day-dream, "On Lynn Terrace," and the vision of "Pepita," in the collection of lyrics, or to any of the score of felicitous brief poems which the poet has aptly christened "Intaglios," and which he describes as "fancies long buried out of sight," "bits of rhyme, fashioned in some forgotten time and thrown aside, but found to-day," it will be discovered that we have not overrated Mr. Aldrich's perfection in the art of poetical expression, and, further, that each of his poems, to quote one of his own couplets, has a value of its own—

> "This, for the skill with which 'tis wrought,
> That, for the pathos of its thought."

MR. S. H. M. BYERS, whose occasional spirited contributions in prose and verse to this Magazine have been favorably received, has collected his poetical writings in a volume entitled *The Happy Isles, and Other Poems*,[6] which deserves and, we venture to predict, will receive a cordial welcome from those of its readers who have the gift of poetical discernment. The collection comprises a variety of forms—amatory and martial lyrics, narrative and familiar pieces, elegiac poems and poems of the affections, romantic ballads and versions in ballad style of ancient classical fables—all of which bear the impress of a chaste and lively fancy, and are presided over by supreme good taste. Mr. Byers's martial lyrics, among which we should particularize his stirring and popular ode "Sherman's March to the Sea," and his amatory poems, are fine specimens of their kind. Each is as brief and pointed as an epigram, yet brimming with emotion. Those of them which will have the widest popular acceptance are probably the ones in which the poet embalms the memory of a beloved child-daughter. These are "The Happy Isles," "Baby Hélène," "My Violet," "There is a maiden whom I know," and "Ione," poems of the tenderest pathos, whose gentle plaintiveness will awaken responsive echoes in thousands of loving hearts whom death has despoiled of their darlings, though it is doubtful if they will find their solace, as the poet found his, in the sensuous dreams suggested by the mysticism of Swedenborg. We can not lay down Mr. Byers's pleasant volume without further instancing as poems of more than ordinary merit his felicitous lines entitled "The White Rose and Red," the charming phantasy describing "The Marriage of the Flowers," and the ringing "Ballad of Quintin Matsys."

MORE than thirty years ago the Messrs. Harper published an edition of Coleridge's complete works, which was edited in this country by Professor Shedd, who prefaced it with an able critical and analytical essay, estimating the literary and imaginative genius of Cole-

[5] *Mercedes, and Later Lyrics.* By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. 12mo, pp. 111. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

[6] *The Happy Isles, and Other Poems.* By S. H. M. BYERS. 18mo, pp. 121. Boston: Cupples, Upham, and Co.

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ridge, describing the general spirit and tendency of his writings, setting forth the leading points in his philosophy and theology, and exhibiting the general drift and spirit of his speculations in these two highest departments of knowledge. This excellent American edition was based on the English edition of 1836, which had been prepared by Henry Nelson Coleridge, the husband of the poet's gifted daughter Sara; and from that day until the present it has been considered the standard edition of the works of that acute and many-sided poet and thinker. Although few of the topics discussed in Coleridge's various prose writings have lost their original interest, and his poetry has maintained all its pristine freshness, the edition of his works to which we have adverted is now out of print, and the new generation that has since come upon the stage has had small opportunity to study his methods of thinking and reasoning, to profit by his acute and brilliant criticisms, or to enjoy his keen speculations and the fine play of his vivid imagination. As the library of no lover of good literature can be complete from which the works of this suggestive and captivating thinker are absent, it is with a sense of lively satisfaction that we now announce the publication of a new edition of them by the Messrs. Harper. The edition will be a reproduction of the excellent one to which we have already adverted, and will comprise *Coleridge's Complete Prose, Poetical, and Dramatic Works*,[7] in seven volumes, and in handsome library form.

THE lovers of sterling fiction, and the critics as well, have encountered a genuine literary surprise, in the form of a new novelist, whose first production, *The Millionaire*,[8] evinces constructive abilities of a high order, extraordinary narrative and descriptive powers, and a rare faculty for the delineation of character. Although the novel, which originally appeared as a serial in an English magazine, was published anonymously, sufficient has transpired to fix its paternity upon a gentleman who several years ago was the editor of one of the leading morning journals of this city, and whose vigor and versatility as a writer were then very generally acknowledged, but who was never suspected of any leaning toward the department of literature for which he has now exhibited unusual aptitudes, and in which he must be accorded a very high rank. Aside from the intrinsic merits of *The Millionaire* as a story of absorbing interest, whose incidents and dramatic unfoldings are so ingeniously managed as to baffle conjecture and keep the curiosity actively alive until the *dénouement* is reached; aside also from its lush descriptions of English scenery, its firm delineations of vigorous and strongly contrasted character, and its delightful episodes, reminding us of favorite passages in Bulwer's novels, in which the vicissitudes and the careless *abandon* of vagrant and semi-vagabond life in the rural districts are graphically depicted, the author has added to its piquancy by the exercise of the old editorial tact which he once successfully employed to stimulate the popular interest and curiosity. To this end he has introduced as one of the leading actors in his story, and under a disguise so thin as to be easily penetrated, a well-known American financier, whose methods of influencing legislation and of conducting his gigantic operations and speculations are outlined with sufficient fidelity to fact to insure the recognition of the portrait, and sufficient exaggeration to satisfy the popular craving for highly seasoned entertainment. This strong and striking character is partly a caricature, partly a literal rendering of familiar lineaments, and partly an invention of the author's own fancy, but, as we have already intimated, the general resemblance is so obvious as to leave the most obtuse reader in no doubt as to the identity of the original. It may be objected by some critics that to single out and pillorize a contemporary in this wise is an offensive personality, which savors of charlatanry, and is inconsistent with true art. And the criticism is not without force, although there are high precedents for the practice. Nevertheless, after all is said, it still remains that *The Millionaire* is a novel of unusual power, and its author must be regarded as one of the greatest living masters of the art of telling a story.

The other more notable novels of the month are *Hester*,[9] a story of contemporary life, by Mrs. Oliphant; *The Canon's Ward*,[10] by James Payn; *One False, Both Fair*,[11] by John B. Harwood; *Beatrix Randolph*,[12] by Julian Hawthorne; *Little Loo*,[13] a sea story, by W. Clark Russell; *Some Other Folks*,[14] tales and stories by the author of *Cape Cod Folks*; and *Felicitas*,[15] a romance from the German of Felix Dahn.

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[7] *The Complete Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.* With an Introductory Essay on his Philosophical and Theological Opinions. Edited by Professor W. G. T. SHEDD. In Seven Volumes. 12mo. Vol. I.: *Aids to Reflection; The Statesman's Manual*, pp. 484. Vol. II.: *The Friend*, pp. 551. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[8] *The Millionaire.* A Novel. Duodecimo Edition, pp. 267. New York: Harper and Brothers.
The Same. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 65. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[9] *Hester:* A Story of Contemporary Life. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 94. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[10] *The Canon's Ward.* A Novel. By JAMES PAYN. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 93. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *One False, Both Fair; or, A Hard Knot.* A Novel. By JOHN B. HARWOOD. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 49. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[12] *Beatrix Randolph.* A Story. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. Illustrated by ALFRED FREDERICKS. 12mo, pp. 280. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co.

[13] *Little Loo.* A Novel. By W. CLARK RUSSELL, author of The Wreck of the Grosvenor. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[14] *Some Other Folks.* By SARAH PRATT MCLEAN. 12mo, pp. 287. Boston: Cupples, Upham, and Co.

[15] *Felicitas.* A Romance. By FELIX DAHN. Translated by MARY J. SAFFORD. 18mo, pp. 208. New York William S. Gottsberger.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 20th of February.—The following were the most important items of business transacted in Congress: The House, January 21, voted (185 to 11) to abolish the iron-clad oath.—The Greely Relief Expedition Bill passed the House January 22, and Senate January 24.—The Senate, January 22, instructed the Committee on Foreign Relations to inquire into the matter of the exclusion of American pork from France and Germany, and to report what legislation is needed to protect our interests.—Mr. Hoar's bill to provide against a possible vacancy of the Presidential office passed the Senate January 25. In case there is no President or Vice-President, it vests the office, in order, in the Secretaries of State, the Treasury, War, the Attorney-General, Postmaster-General, and Secretaries of the Navy and Interior.—The Sherman resolution of inquiry into the Danville massacre and the Copiah County murder was passed by the Senate January 29.—A bill to restore General Fitz-John Porter to the army, and directing the President to place him on the retired list, passed the House February 1.—A new tariff bill was introduced by Mr. Morrison in the House of Representatives February 4. In general terms it proposes an average reduction of twenty per cent. throughout the list.—The Mexican Land Grant Bill was passed by the Senate February 8.—Both Houses passed joint resolutions appropriating $500,000 for the relief of sufferers by the Western floods.

United States Senator W. B. Allison, of Iowa, was re-elected January 22.

The British Parliament was opened February 5. The Queen's speech was delivered by royal commission.

Mr. Charles Bradlaugh was excluded from the British House of Commons February 11, and on the following day he resigned.

The French Chamber of Deputies, February 2, by a vote of 254 to 249, appointed a committee to inquire into the needed reforms of the working classes. The Senate, by a vote of 136 to 117, rejected the clause of the Trades' Syndicate Bill legalizing federation trades meetings.

The Egyptian forces in the Soodan met with serious reverses. On February 4 Baker Pasha's army of 3500 men was almost annihilated near Tokar, and on the 12th Sinkat was captured, and Tewfik Bey and his garrison of 600 men were massacred.—General Gordon, whose mission is the adjustment of the Soodan difficulty, reached Port Said January 23. The Khedive appointed him Governor, with full powers. On February 16 he reached Khartoom, where he posted a proclamation recognizing El Mahdi as Sultan of Kordofan, remitting half the taxes, and placing no restriction on the slave-trade.

The Bey of Tunis has given M. Roudaire authority to transform a portion of the Sahara Desert into an inland sea.

A horrible massacre took place in Tonquin. One priest, 22 catechists, and 215 Christians were put to death, and 108 mission houses were destroyed.

DISASTERS.

January 15.—Forty natives killed in West Africa by an explosion of gunpowder.

January 24.—Fifty-seven miners killed by fire-damp explosion at Crested Butte, Colorado.

January 25.—Ship *Simla* sunk in the English Channel. Twenty-two of the crew drowned.

January 26.—Many ships wrecked and lives lost in a storm off the coast of Great Britain.

January 27.—Fourteen miners killed by an explosion in a Rhondda Valley Colliery, Wales.

January 30.—Steamer *Rhywabons* wrecked near Cardiff, Wales. Captain and ten men lost.

January 31.—Six persons killed and eight wounded by the fall of a railroad train through a bridge near Indianapolis, Indiana.

February 1.—Gasoline explosion in a store in Alliance, Ohio. Eight persons killed.

February 3.—News from Corunna, Spain, of the sinking of a Spanish vessel and the loss of nineteen men.

February 11.—Thirty-five members of a wedding party drowned by breaking through the ice on the river Theiss, Hungary.

February 14.—Fifty fishermen on the Caspian Sea carried out on the ice and drowned.

The floods in the Ohio River this year were the worst ever known. At Cincinnati the water was over seventy feet deep. Among the disastrous incidents was the fall of a large boarding-house in Cincinnati, killing fourteen of the inmates.

OBITUARY.

January 22.—In London, Earl Grosvenor, aged thirty-one years.

January 26.—In Lexington, Virginia, ex-Governor John Letcher, aged seventy-one years.

January 28.—In Washington, D. C., Hon. E. W. M. Mackey, Representative from South Carolina, aged thirty-eight years.

January 31.—In Albany, Dr. Elisha Harris, Secretary of the State Board of Health, aged sixty years.

February 2.—In Boston, Massachusetts, Wendell Phillips, in his seventy-third year.

February 3.—In Paris, Eugène Rouher, in his seventieth year.

February 8.—At Princeton, New Jersey, Professor A. H. Guyot, in his seventy-seventh year.

February 9.—In London, England, Sir Edward Mortimer Archibald.

February 11.—In Brooklyn, New York, Thomas Kinsella, editor of the *Eagle*, aged fifty-two years.—In London, Thomas Chenery, editor of the *Times*, aged fifty-eight years.

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Editor's Drawer.

HOW shall we meet the spring? This would be an easier question to answer if we knew how the spring, in this latitude, would meet us—whether half-way, or, indeed, at all. For in this matter we are not guided by experience. Hope springs eternal in the Northern breast. And we allow ourselves to be deceived by many artificial conditions we have created. We get seventy and eighty degrees Fahrenheit by telegraph, and fancy we are warmed. We eat green pease and strawberries and the shad out of season, and fancy that we have changed the course of nature. Lulled into negligence by these appearances, man leaves off his overcoat, and next day sends for the doctor. The doctor, who has all seasons for his own, regards spring as his harvest-time. He saves more lives then than in any other season. And lives are worth saving then, for the man who gets through spring is likely to be a good patient all the year. There never was a notion so without foundation as this, that doctors do not want patients all the year. This faith in spring is a beautiful trait in human nature. We always expect that *this* spring will be early and will be mild, and fifty years of disappointments do not sour us. If the winter is hard and heavy, we say *that* is a sign of early spring; if it is open and tolerable, we know that we shall have an open spring. More than this: our memory is colored like our hope, and as we go on in years we say that in our youth spring was early, mild, and jocund. No trout rise so readily and are so gamy as the trout of our youth—except the trout we expect to throw a fly to this spring. This is the nature of man. No wonder that the Psalmist exclaimed, What is man that Thou art mindful of him!

How shall we meet the spring? We have stood a long siege, from November to April. A part of the garrison have been "braced up" by it, as they call it; others are weary and worn out, and would have surrendered long ago if a flag of truce had appeared. Their energies are exhausted, and just when they need a tonic there comes upon them at a leap the debilitating heat of summer. This is, however, only one way of looking at it. More subtle influences are at work. The plants, the trees, have had as hard a time as we have; some of them are dead. But those that survive, as soon as they feel the coaxing sun and the increasing warmth in the soil, begin to get up their circulation, to quicken the pulse of their sap, and to bourgeon into the most exquisite life. We are much like them. Grumble as we will, we, too, feel to the core of our being the thrill of life newly beginning, and are born again. This is a delicious feeling, this tender sympathy in the renaissance of all things, this sentiment we feel about the voice of the frog, and the first flush of pink and green on the trees, and the south wind. For some days everybody, however old, is a possible lover, and for some hours everybody is a poet. He experiences a sensation that the poets never have fully expressed, and that he can not put into words, or even into music. The song of a bird swinging on a spray of apple blossoms comes nearest to expressing his emotion. It may not last long, but while it does last it is like a taste of paradise. This is one of the compensations of our climate. The people in the tropics know nothing of this sensation. They are not born again annually. They know nothing of the joy in contrast and change. Consequently they produce no poetry, no literature; they invent nothing; they make no "progress." And they are not unhappy.

We should go forth to meet the spring, as the poet says, with a stout heart. We have had a long rest from the innumerable insect, from the busy fly, and the expectant worm. We shall go forth to sow, and to fight all these enemies with new courage. Science is on our side to name all these destroyers of our labors and our peace, and to describe their habits. We feel a consciousness of superiority in this knowledge. There is an excitement in taking up again the life arrested for so many months. There is a perennial charm in the colored Easter eggs, although we know by experience that they will not all hatch. It does not matter. Hope is a thousand times better than fruition. In the spring everybody requests his mother to wake and call him early.

THE discussion in the January Drawer of the "appearance" to the mind of the weeks, the months, and of the numerals seems to have met, as we say, "a long-felt want." A correspondent, writing of the far South, says:

"December always seems to me set on a high hill very near the stars, and this I trace to seeing, when a child, the lanterns attached to long poles, and set up all along the San Pedro ridge, in San Antonio, on Christmas-eve, to light our Lord down to earth. During the last week I dip into the valley of humiliation, and then come out in January upon a new and beautiful stretch of country, just as one might in walking. After a while one begins to see that the spire is that of the church we know, and the woodland Farmer Dale's, and the thread of silver a brook we well know and love, and that only the point of view has changed it, and that yonder stretches the level high-road leading to the end of the world, along which we have trudged so or so many miles. The spring months I always spend in the South, no matter where I am, in a little heaven of warmth and color and sweet odors. You should see one of our swamps at that season, and the gardens, and the wonderful skies, and the moonlight. At the North, moonlight

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is but a feeble, dreary business, and seems to come from a dead world; but there it is living, vivid, enchanting, in its effects. Summer always lies in a valley for me—one of those prosperous, smiling meadow, field, and copse, river, castle, and hamlet, daisy-starred, cloud-shadowed, sun-lit, cattle-dotted valleys of the English midland counties that I so love—where I stay until October takes me up into the mountains. November has properly three months in it, and leads through a tunnel with a faint gleam of light at the end—another spring. I suppose it would be impossible to trace the source of such impressions with accuracy, but most of them in us all are doubtless made on the other side of seven."

Another correspondent has this conceit:

"In my own mind the months always assume the form of a half-ellipse—a road shady at the beginning, growing lighter, then sunny and bright, passing into shade again at the end; for between December 31 and January 1 is a long, dreary void. The two days seem as far apart in imagination as the north and south poles. The years seem like successive flights of stairs of ten steps each."

Another psychologist writes:

"I always see the days of the week, from Monday to Saturday inclusive, as small squares arranged side by side in a straight row. Sunday is an oblong, of the same width, but twice as high, and is placed on the same line, but, from its greater height, extending a little above or below the others. The months take no form in my mind, but a young niece tells me that she sees them in a straight line, but *shaded*, January being very dark, February lighter, and so on to July, when they grow darker again till December is reached. I wish I could show you my mental image of the word *soul*. I can not well describe it without a drawing, but I can tell you with truth that never in my life have I uttered, read, or thought that word without seeing instantly a small object, a little like a comma, perhaps even more like a tadpole, only colorless and translucent."

Poe seems destined to furnish material for contradictory reminiscences to the end of the chapter. A letter from an old resident of Philadelphia says:

"In the Editor's Drawer of *Harper's* for December I read, 'An intimate friend from boyhood of Edgar Allan Poe says he never saw him smile in his life,' the evident intention of the article being to show he had 'melancholy and peculiar ways, in keeping with his weird writings.' I was never an intimate friend of Poe, but I have often seen him *smile*, both in the Western technical acceptation of that term and in the ordinary and a very jolly way. When he came from Baltimore he brought to us a letter from my uncle, and we gave him the run of Peale's Museum, then in the old Arcade, where he spent many of his evenings. He became editor of *Burton's Magazine*, and I think his rooms were either over or next door to a restaurant on Decatur Street—a little street running from Market Street, between Sixth and Seventh streets, and ending against Carpenter Street, in the rear of the Arcade, which thus became the thoroughfare between Market and Chestnut streets. The restaurant was the nearest good one to the old Chestnut Street Theatre; a little room in its rear was the lunch- or dining-room of Burton and several others of the theatre people. My brother and myself often lunched with them in this little room, and there I have seen Poe so convulsed with laughter at some whimsicality of Burton or some of the others as to slide from his chair to the floor, crying, 'Oh, stop! for God's sake stop, or you will kill me!' Now the poor fellow is dead and gone, we would be made to believe he was so dismally weird as hardly to be considered human."

It is a pity to raise such a question, but *is* "Woodman, spare that tree," the poem upon which the reputation of George P. Morris largely depends, a plagiarism? Did Mr. Morris know any more Chinese than he found on tea-chests? Did he know the lovely ode "Kan-tang"? This ode can be found among the odes and songs collected by Wăn Wang and Duke Chan at the beginning of the Chan dynasty (B.C. 1126). The dates of this collection, says Dr. Wells Williams, in his great book on *The Middle Kingdom*, extend from B.C. 1719 to not later than B.C. 585. There is no telling how a Chinese compiler could include in his collection in B.C. 1120 a poem not perhaps composed till centuries after, but it is enough to say that Mr. Williams refers the ode "Kan-tang," or "The Sweet Pear-Tree," to the time of Wăn Wang, a contemporary of Saul. Here it is:

1. Oh, fell not that sweet pear-tree!
   See how its branches spread.
   Spoil not its shade,
   For Shao's chief laid
   Beneath it his weary head.

2. Oh, clip not that sweet pear-tree!
   Each twig and leaflet spare—
   'Tis sacred now,
   Since the lord of Shao,
   When weary, rested there.

3. Oh, touch not that sweet pear-tree!
   Bend not a twig of it now;
   There long ago,
   As the stories show,
   Oft halted the chief of Shao.

What is this but the Chinese way of saying:

Woodman, spare that tree;
Touch not a single bough.
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.

The Drawer does not pretend that there is anything new under the sun, and is not surprised to learn that a French epigram, of which the following is a translation, anticipated the

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point of an anecdote about Early and Magruder in our January number:

In ancient times—'twas no great loss—
They hung the thief upon the cross:
But now, alas!—I say't with grief—
They hang the cross upon the thief.

PRINTEMPS.

To the Editor:

Here is a balmy little thing
To fill your heart with joy;
But as it is a song of spring,
I send it by a boy.

THE POEM.

The vine on the cot is blowing,
The nest is built in the tree,
And the apple limbs are snowing
Their blooms in the fragrant lea.
The bird to his mate is singing,
The lambkin skips on the hill,
And the rosy clover's springing
Beside the gurgling rill.
Sir Strephon his love is sighing,
The cricket begins to chirp,
And the boy in the back yard's tying
The can to the brindled purp.

Above the lake in the hollow
That mirrors a cloudless sky
Is darting the airy swallow,
And the purple dragon-fly.
The bumble-bee in the garden
Runs riot the livelong day,
And Maud in her Dolly Varden
Plucks flowers along the way.
Sir Strephon his love is sighing,
The cricket begins to chirp,
And the boy in the back yard's tying
The can to the brindled purp.

POSTSCRIPT.

If this poetic daisy
Should make you sad and sore,
And get you wild and crazy
To spill me on the floor,
And hurl me through the casement,
Or maul me like a toy,
And drop me to the basement,
Why—take it out of the boy!

* * * * *

EPITAPH.

Beneath this stone lies Johnny Green,
An office-boy of modest mien,
Who found the pathway to the tomb,
Straight from an editorial room.

R. K. M.

It has occurred to me that the Drawer would be the proper place to preserve a group of anecdotes and incidents which have come to my knowledge recently, and which I have reason to believe to be strictly true. The first was related to me by Principal Lemen, of Shawneetown public schools.

"An uncle of mine lived on a farm in St. Clair County, Illinois. The nearest neighbor was half a mile distant. He and his good wife lived in simple style, and kept early hours. One night he had occasion to go to a neighbor's on an errand, and was as late returning as the unusual hour of ten o'clock. Trudging along, inside of his own field, near a line fence, he happened to notice what he supposed was the head of a horse raised above a top rail as if just about to jump over. Thinking to save trouble, he lifted his hand with a motion to wave the intruder away, when, to his horror, the supposed horse's head loomed up into a monster, lifting black brawny arms, and chattering like a maniac, all accompanied by the rattling of a chain. He waited not to take a second look, but started with a jump on a run for home. He cleared an intervening fence at a bound, and rushed against the door of his domicile with such a dash as to sorely frighten his already uneasy wife. 'The devil is after me, wife!' he exclaimed, and they hurriedly barred doors and windows. Presently they heard the chain rattling, as his Majesty rushed around the house. Trembling and sleepless, they watched till the morning brought relief. News of what had happened spread rapidly among the neighbors, and others had heard the rattling chain of some strange prowler of the night. My uncle would never have doubted to his dying day but that he had actually seen the devil had it not been discovered within a few days that a monkey had escaped from a menagerie, and was wandering about the country, dragging the chain of his captivity."

Being in a lawyer's office a few evenings later, I related this story to a circle of friends, when Deacon Potter was reminded of something similar. Said he:

"There were three of us on business in Hardin County, and night coming on, we, being somewhat bewildered, sought lodging in a cabin among the hills. Our host was an old settler, and for our entertainment narrated some of his early experiences.

"'It was my habit to work hard all week, and on Sundays take a little recreation in hunting. There was a pass near by between the hills, where deer and other game were accustomed to cross from one range to another. One Sunday morning in autumn I arose about three o'clock, and went by moonlight to the foot of the pass to watch for deer. Scarcely had I taken my position in a corner close by some great rocks, when up the pass there was heard a most unearthly scream, accompanied by a sharp bleating. Then a monster arose in the air, having gigantic wings and a great body, with long limbs dangling below. I felt myself riveted to the spot, and was conscious that my hair was stiffened into perpendicular bristles lifting my hat aloft. Suddenly the monster dropped down again out of sight, only to re-appear flopping as before, and with the same fiendish shriek. I thought it was the devil come for his prey, and I prayed the Lord to deliver me, with the vow that I would never be caught hunting on Sunday again. Presently an eagle, with talons clutched in the back of a spring fawn, fell under his too great load within a few paces of where I was stand-

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ing. Gentlemen, from that day to this I have never hunted on Sunday.'"

"Now, Robert, it is your turn," exclaimed we all to a typical Scotch elder. After a modest hesitation he was reminded of a ghost story.

"It happened in Scotland. One moonlight night my father was several miles distant from home, toward which he set out on foot along a pike. Happening to look up to the left, he saw a woman, dressed in a light garb, about a hundred yards distant. Frightened by the unexpected sight, he quickened his pace, and looked again, only to see the strange woman still there, and moving with like speed. Thoroughly alarmed, he broke into a run, and ran until he was out of breath and compelled to pause. The ghostly apparition continued to hold the same relative position, stopping as he stopped and moving as he moved. The perspiration in great drops was rolling down his face. He lifted his handkerchief to wipe his brow, and in the act brushed away a straw from over his eye, and the ghost vanished."

The next call was upon S——, a young law-student. He was reminded of a vow he had recently made.

"A dentist was stopping at our boarding-house. He said to me one day, 'I know a trick or two of sleight of hand, and as her kind are very superstitious, we can have some fun out of Nell, the cook.' That evening we were all gathered in a big room around a glowing grate. I opened the way by telling two or three ghost stories. Then the doctor caused a hat to dance and a poker to take strides across the floor. By this time the cook was beginning to breathe short, when the doctor, looking, said he could make Nell bound against the ceiling. We joined with her in begging him not to do it. To this he reluctantly consented, but said he could and would call up spirits. At this juncture a young girl, who was in the secret, slipped out of the room. The doctor called out: 'Are there any spirits about? Answer.' There came three thumping knocks on the outside of the house. 'Is the spirit any departed friend of mine?' No answer. 'Of S——?' No answer. 'Of Nell?' Three knocks again. By this time the poor girl was almost in a frenzy. Her eyes rolled up their whites, and her breath was labored. It was known that her mother was dead. 'Whose spirit is it? Her cousin?' No answer. 'Her brother?' No answer. 'Her mother?' Three knocks. At this poor Nell fell prostrate, her limbs rigid and her eyes glassy. We aroused her, and endeavored to allay her fears by telling her that it was all a hoax, and we were trying to scare her. She would not be comforted, neither would she stay in such a haunted house, and against our protests took her departure at once, making it necessary for our good landlady to find another cook. I retired to my room and to bed somewhat troubled in conscience. I dreamed of ghosts, and awoke with the nightmare. A bright fire was blazing in the grate. With a mighty effort I turned myself out upon the floor. Still I could hardly get my breath, and in my alarm I went to an adjoining room and waked the dentist, and asked him to go for a doctor. He laughed at my fears, and put me to bed again; but the moment I lay down my breathing grew quicker, and I imagined that I was dying. He shook me up, and succeeded in breaking the spell that bound me, but I promised the Lord then and there that, as I hoped to be forgiven, I would never again play upon the superstitious fears of the weak or ignorant."

Recounting these tales of a night in a lawyer's office to a physician of extensive practice in the country, he was reminded of what he had seen of the deadly aim of an eagle.

"Riding along a ridge in the woods one day, my attention was attracted to a flock of wild turkeys that appeared to be in great consternation, and running about in a circle, each trying to hide his head under another's wing. All at once they scattered, except one that crouched helpless to the ground. The next instant an eagle, dropping on it like a shot, fastened its talons in the neck and head. The flock seemed to be aware that some one of their number was doomed, and that the head is the point aimed at, hence their efforts to shelter the vital part. When once some one discovers that he is singled out as the victim, he is paralyzed by the very helplessness of his situation, and sinks prostrate to the earth, while the rest make their escape."

It is the habit of an eagle, when about to seize such prey, to circle around at a considerable height above the object in view; then, as if the aim is fixed, he folds his wings, and drops down like a bullet shot from a gun. Sometimes his talons become fixed on a weight too great, and he labors in vain to disengage himself. A fisherman of these parts relates that he once saw an eagle fall upon a fish, but instead of rising with his booty, he was carried under. Once he was seen to rise to the surface, and then sink to rise no more. Not long since a dead eagle with talons fastened in a dead fish was found in an Ohio River drift.

J. M. R.

YOUR story of General Hardee, writes an esteemed correspondent, brings to my mind another. When the C. S. army was in camp at Tupelo, Mississippi, after we had run the Federals out of Corinth (*i. e.*, we ran, and they ran after us), among the troops which flocked to the standard came a fine Alabama regiment—the Thirty-ninth—under Colonel Clayton, afterward general, who now wears the ermine of an Alabama judge with the same credit that he wore the gray. Upon reporting to General Bragg for assignment to

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a brigade, Colonel C. invited General B. to ride over and see his troops. General B. accepted, and invited his staff (of whom the writer was one) to accompany him. As we rode on, Colonel C., with a just pride, beguiled the way with many a brag as to the material and discipline of his regiment. As we approached his camp we saw a soldier sitting on a stump, while his musket rested against a tree across the road.

"Is that one of your men?" said General Bragg.

COLONEL C. (*addressing the man*). "What regiment do you belong to?"

SOLDIER. "Mr. Clayton's."

COLONEL C. "What are you doing here?"

SOLDIER. "I am a sentinel."

The colonel's wrath rising with the peals of laughter from General B. and staff, the poor Confed then and there got a severe lecture on the duties of a sentinel.

As we rode on we heard from the man a loud call: "Mister! I say, mister!" As we stopped he said, "Say, ain't you Mr. Clayton?"

"Yes" (quite short), said Colonel C.

"Well," said the soldier, "what arrangement have you made about our washing?"

I know it will sadden Judge C. when he remembers that, of all the large party who enjoyed the scene (as did he when his wrath cooled), he and the writer only are left alive.

T.

PARROTS are queer creatures, and, like monkeys, sometimes seem like a very burlesque upon humanity. One South American bird had unfortunately learned on shipboard the habit of profane language. The mate, a little ashamed of the creature's profanity, undertook a cure by dousing it with a bucket of water at each offense. Polly evidently imbibed the reproof, for during a gale, when a heavy sea broke over a hen-coop, and deluged hens and cocks pretty thoroughly, she marched up to the dripping fowls and screamed out, "*Been swearing again, hain't ye?*"

THE amusing controversy and correspondence growing out of Secretary Marcy's court-dress circular when James Buchanan was minister to the court of St. James, described in an article on Buchanan in the January number of this Magazine, reminds a correspondent of an occurrence that took place at Marshfield in Mr. Webster's time.

Mr. Webster and Judge Duane Doty, then of Green Bay, Wisconsin, were warm friends, and the judge at one time was a visitor at Marshfield. Mr. Webster was very fond of fishing—the only out-door sport in which he indulged. While the judge was his guest it chanced that a fine day for this sport presented itself, of which Mr. W. was anxious to avail himself. He accordingly invited the judge to accompany him in this piscatory sport. The judge didn't want to go, and tried his best to get off, saying he would much prefer, with his consent, to pass that rainy day in Mr. W.'s library among his books and papers. Mr. W. wouldn't listen to him, said he could pass any and as many days in the library as he chose, but such a day as that for fishing might not occur again while they were at Marshfield. The judge, as a last resort, said that he really could not go, as it would spoil his clothes, that the handsome black suit he had on was his best, and all he had, and that to go fishing in it would spoil it. To meet this objection Mr. W. directed his servant George to go upstairs and bring down the dress in which he was presented at court in England, which George did. As soon as he appeared with it Mr. W. said, "There, Doty, is a dress for you; put it on, and come as soon as you can, for we are losing valuable time."

The judge replied, "Surely, Mr. Webster, you are not in earnest in what you say—that you want me to go fishing in that elegant suit, and spoil it?"

"Yes, I am," he replied; "that is what it has been brought down for."

The judge still lingered, when Mr. W., to settle the matter, said to him: "Have no anxiety about injuring the dress, for to fish or hunt in it is the only way it can now be made useful. Could I wear it in Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, or even here? If I did, wouldn't everybody laugh at me?"

The judge was compelled to answer affirmatively to the question.

"Well, then," he said, "pray what is it good for but to go fishing in?"

This settled the matter. The judge put on the dress, and went fishing in Mr. W.'s court suit, and saved his own. Thus, you see, Mr. Webster, with his well-known willingness to oblige, had no objection to appear before England's Queen in the dress prescribed; and what a good use he made of it after his return home!

LINES

WRITTEN WHILE SUFFERING FROM A "COLD IN THE HEAD."

SPEAK! O lovely Ann Eliza, with a terrible coryza,
And a wheezing respiration full of sighs and husky moans;
With a constant lachrymation, and a nasal intonation,
From catarrhal inflammation o'er the turbinated bones!

Why, thou young and happy maiden, is thy conversation laden
With a copious addition of abortive *b*'s and *d*'s?
And from whence did you derive a red and swollen conjunctiva,
And a frequent inclination to incontinently sneeze?

Is this malady outrageous which you suffer with contagious,
Epidemic, or endemic? Tell from whence the thing arose,
Where its place of incubation, what its future destination!
Spake the lovely Ann Eliza, smiling sweetly, "No one nose."

E. S. M.

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AMONG THE DAFFODILLIES.

See "A MAY-DAY IDYL OF THE OLDEN TIME," *Page* 823.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCVIII.—MAY, 1884.—Vol. LXVIII.

A MAY-DAY IDYL OF THE OLDEN TIME.

SUNDRY LETTERS FROM RALPH CUNNYNGHAME, GENT., TO SIR ROBERT STAYPLETON, IN LONDON, A.D. 1610.

I.

April 2nd, 1610.

MY DEARE COUSIN,—Thou knowest that hauing consulted thy greater experience in things concerning my prosperitie, and hauing continuallie found thee so true to me that I regard thy love as next to Heaven itselfe in friendlinesse toward me, I haue intentioned keepinge thee well posted as to my affaires down here in Devon.

Thy lettre in regarde to the sale of my booke of sonnettes was received in due season, and I would furthermore saye that I haue reckoned not too much upon its sale, for notwithstanding what thou and deare Arcadian John Fletcher are pleased to saye regardinge it, I am but a sorrie poet, and would, I verilie believe, starve to deathe in a pennie-room, but for my luckie adventure to the Americas with my deare Capitaine Sir Francis Leighton and that famous cargoe of sassafrace spyce woode, and soe am free of trouble.

Likewise, concerning thy writing, I would saye furthermore that for anythinge to be passt* to Mr. Trot, such is his kindnesse that he demandeth it not; wherefore thou mayst send to me freelie with no paynes to thyselfe.

It came strangelie upon me to see how lyttle consideration is felt for my father's being deade; but it is alle in regard to the tyme since passt, which I reckoned not of, beinge so far away when it happed, and never reaching Englande till nigh a twelvemonthe after, therefore, tho' it seemed sudden to me, others were used to it.

In tyme passt, as well thou knowest, I would amost as lief eat coles with a madd cat as dwell with my brother Watt, albeit I haue thought that were he my fulle brother, instead of my halfe brother, thinges might haue gone more smoothe awaye, and I not haue been compelled to leave home for my Lord of Essex's Household. But certainlie thinges haue changed since I saw Watt last, and now I reckon him to be no such Harrie Groate as thou and I took him; and furthermore I do believe that he doth grieve heartilie for our father, likewyse with alle sinceritie, wherefore I feel ashamed that I grieve not more mine owne selfe. But shoulde I show grief it woulde but be hypocrisie in me, who haue seen my father but a score of tymes in tenne yeares, and was always beloved less than Watt.

To-morrow certaine papers of necessitie must be submitted to me for my thoughtfull consideration; what importe they be, if in any great measure, I will convey to thee speedilie.

This by Mr. Cooke, the carrier, by whom thou mayst return what poste thou choosest thro' his willingnesse. Meantime I do commende thee to Heaven's good preservation from paynes.

Thyne assured lovinge cousin,

RALPH CUNNYNGHAME.

* *I. e.*, money given.

II.

April 3rd, 1610.

DEAREST COUSIN,—This parcelle close upon the other, so that thy kindnesse doth surely well perceive that somethinge hath happed most untoward; and truly I haue beene vext till my spleene is sour as e'er a gooseberry foole; but alle in proper sequence.

Now thou mayst well recollect that when we were together as gentlemen pages attendante upon my Lorde of Es-

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sex's Householde I did unbosome myself to thee, as thou to me, freelie, lykewise tellinge thee alle concerninge me as to no other in alle the worlde. So, therefore, I pray thee to incline thy thoughts as to remember that which I tolde thee concerninge old Sir Gilbert Heywarde and my father, and how that they were so close knit in love that they had a minde to marrie Sir Gilbert's daughter Anne to me, passing by my elder brother Watt, to whome he did bear not overmuch love. Wherefore a foolish ceremonie was gone through with whereby I was solemnly plyghted as the future husband of Anne, albeit I was but seven yeares of age and she a babe of two yeares. I haue told thee how alle was accordingly brought to issue saving the final ceremonie, the banns being published thryce, so that she and I, though not legally bounden, were lyttle lesse than husband and wyfe.

I know my father did not meane amiss, neithere did he meane to overbeare me by his desires; but certainlie he hath wronged me in that he hath adhered to that which passt soe long agoe, not reckoning that meantyme I haue grown from boy to man with different wishes from then; accordinglye he hath so fixt it in his testamente that I get seven thousande poundes, but onlie upon the final concluding of my marriage with Mistress Anne Heywarde before reaching my three-and-twentieth birthday, failing whereof I haue nothing, but alle passeth to my brother Watt.

Mine own trust and wish is, in true sinceritie, that I should fully satisfie alle my father's desirynges in reason, but thys thinge I cannot doe, regarding mine own honour, nor would I selle myself to any woman neither for seven thousand pounds nor for seventy times seven thousand; moreover I was madd that I shoulde be solde as it were bodie and soule to any woman. My brother, whom I cannot believe meanes amiss in anythinge whatsoever, seemed as angrie at thys clause as mine own selfe, and said he had not seen it before, and furthermore said that if Mistress Anne Heywarde winneth not a man in thys wyse she is like to goe single alle her lyfe, for by no other meanes will she be lyke to marrie, being so curst a shrew. So to think of my being solde to such a woman that no man would marrie, tho' an heiress and scarce yett seventeen yeares of age! Whereupon down I sat and wrote a letter to Justice Windslowe, her uncle (her father being dead and her mother alsoe), the letter to be shown to Mistress Anne, in which I spake plaine and to the poynt, and in wordes not over choice, saying that as she was so undulie anxious to buy an unwilling husband, I would undoe the testamente, even though it would coste me seven thousand poundes, and that I would own some men had paid more for the lyke privileges.

Yet now I do own to thee that I am vext at hauing writ in such haste and heate of anger and so rudely withal; for no matter how curst a shrew Mistress Anne be, she coulde not holpe my father pleasuring himself in the matter. For I say trulie that the letter was unworthy of me, yett as my brother Watt advised me to send it, and the cat is out of the bagge and away, I can doe no more. I would saye furthermore that thou must doe justice to Watt hereafter, for he hath uphelde me in alle thys coyle and approved alle I haue done.

I doe hate thys dull countrie life awaye from alle the gentle witts of London Town. Commend me, I pray thee, not onlie to mine own deare John but to Ben and Frank, and grant Heaven that I soon be with you alle. So no more presentlie but to wish thee all increase of joys and blessings.

Thy true loving kinsman,
RALPH CUNNYNGHAME.

The unmanliness of hauing sent such a rude letter for Mistress Anne's readinge hath so weighed upon my minde that I haue just sent post praying her uncle to show it not to her. R. C.

III.

April 9th, 1610.

DEARE COUSIN,—I haue received your salutation yestermorne by Mr. Cooke, who alsoe delivered to me the *Gazette* with the advertisemente of John's new playe of the *Faithfulle Shepherdesse*. I doe wishe with alle sinceritie our sweete poet alle successes, and trulie from what I saw in brief of the plott, etc., with sundrie poems and odes belonging to it, I think the onlie thinge to marr its succeedinge is the daintie poetick fancie, too fine for grosser men to catch.

I haue much to tell thee of, but ere beginning let me saye that thou dost wronge my brother Watt by telling me that I must

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ever keepe a keene eye upon him lest I marr my prosperitie by suffering him. I doe thinke latterways he increaseth in gentlenesse and kindnesse toward me from day to day, his speeche being ever full of brotherlie tendernesse, so that I can not but trust him whollie, next to Him above alle others and to thee. Likewise thou sayest lastly that I should haue held converse with Mistress Anne Heywarde ere I threw seven thousand poundes from me soe. Also let me saye that I do feele thy kindnesse in not blaminge my follie in writing such a rude letter to her, but in keeping as thou dost dead silence upon that score.

Peradventure I haue acted in haste in these thinges, but now, now, my cousin, my Amadis, were Mistress Anne as fayre as Aphrodite, as patient as Grizzle, and were she to bring me alle the wealth of the Indies in her fardengale, I would haue her not; for, listen to what I haue to recount, it being such and soe strange as ne'er woulde I telle to any one in alle the worlde saving thee, mine owne deare friend.

Yestermorn I was abroad while the dewe still laye upon the grasse, for it was sweete and bright, and my brother doth, with greate detriment to his digestion, drink late o' nights and lay abed late o' th' morninges.

I knowe not what it is that bringeth at such tymes of spring a fullness of joye to the heart, but so it is, and certes was with me especiallie on this sweet daye, for alle thinges were budding tenderlie, and the whole worlde seemed full of pure delighte. And soe I walked through the meadowes, and alle the grounde beneathe my feet was carpeted with the daintie beauties of manie flowers, and over my heade the larke his songe fell like a sweete meteor from the bright golden skye, so that what with alle the deare fullnesse of spring my hearte did fairlie ake with keene blissfulnesse. And soe I came at last to a certaine spott I wotted of where alle around the bankes of a tiny lakelet stood a whole hoste of daffodillies grown talle and statelie and fayre; neither coulde there haue been lesse than thousandes of them, so that the whole earth coadjacent seemed strewn thick with bright yellow flakes of golde; and whenever a smalle wynde came they bowed in greate rowes lyke a sea of golden starrs. I know not why it was, Amadis, but certes my hearte was so flooded with a bliss and a strong love-longinge that teares of a tender joye did fill mine eyes. And soe I lay me downe upon a greene banke of grasse and sweete herbes and gazed at those fayre blossoms with gentle joyance. Thus lying, suddenlie I saw the sweetest mayde that e'er mine eyes behelde come walkinge through this platt of flowers, and meantyme, moving not, I laye and gazed lyke one enchanted, and scarce dared breathe lest I should fright the fayre vision and dissolve alle into nothingnesse. And oh, Amadis, never saw I so sweete a young mayde in alle my life before, nor lykewise one with eyes so brighte and countenance so gentle and yett withalle soe arch; and I saw that her armes were alle overladen with daffodillies like a greate cluster of beauteous starrs; and soe she walked amid the flowers that reached nigh to her knees, and came, and was gone, leaving me lying as tho' entranced with what I had beholden. And alle the rest of the daye ever and anon woulde come greate waves of happinesse that flooded my heart full, even in the midst of grosser thoughtes, whene'er somewhat touched the chord that awakened the memorie of that scene.

Againe to-daye I went with tender hopes to the same platt of daffodillies, and there remained a longe tyme, but my mayde of the flowers came not againe.

Trulie, my friende, tho' towne is merrie, neverthelesse I do love the countrie, its joyous beauties of meadowe and meade, and coulde dwelle blissefullie here forever.

But noe more now saving to wish thee alle happinesse. And so betake I thee to Heaven's grace.

Thy lovinge kinsman,
RALPH CUNNYNGHAME.

IV.

April 16th, 1610.

MY OWNE DEARE FRIENDE,—Grace and healthe, that they increase and compasse thee aboute!

O my deare friende and the one I dare speake to among alle others, what tyme hath been since I writ thee! Hath it beene one shorte se'ennight or seven yeares? For soe haue I wandered in a dreame that I knowe not aught of tyme, nor scarce whence I move or what I saye or where I am, for in very truth I love the sweeteste mayde that e'er the sunne behelde. Thou shouldst beholde her, how sweete and beautifulle she is, deare friende, then

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thou wouldst knowe why I am soe overcome by my passion, for she is talle and gracefulle as the daffodillies that she doth love soe; her hair is golden browne like a hazel nutt and her eyne as blue as the dewie violet. Likewyse I do saye that never was there man in alle the worlde that loved a mayde as I do love myne owne gentle Deare. Nevertheless, Amadis, my hearte doth falle awaye at tymes like to slacked lyme, and a greate rush of feare cometh over me till it standeth stille in my breaste, for in veritie I knowe not that she dothe love me, neither haue I spoke worde of love to her nor dared soe to do, yett nevertheless my hearte whispereth to me that which I scarce dare speake even to thee. For seven days haue I seen her and spoke to her, the first tyme but briefly lest I shoulde fright her; but each daye we spoke together longer yett of indifferente thynges; nevertheless I know not how she could holpe to feele the greate love that did encompasse her about. Still she ever met me without feare. Onlie thys morne, when coming to her where she stood among the flowers, now well nigh gone, she turned her face away (which, albeit, grew tenderlie rosie lyke the earlie dawne) and sayd to me nothinge; nor coulde I saye aught to her but only stood, seeing her sweete bosome quickly rise and falle, mine owne hearte beatinge as it woulde smother me meantime, alle its chordes aking with love most keenlie. So I stood saying naught, but every tyme her dresse touched me alle my soul did quiver with a keene delight. But to-morrow, Amadis, when I see her— But, O deare friende, what wilt thou saye when I telle thee that I knowe not whom she may be?

To-day I spake to my brother of my love, but guardedlie and not as I do to thee. He did waxe redde and looked at me in such wyse that I knew he did not lyke what I had sayde, nevertheless, tho' he opened his mouth as if to speake in anger, he brydled his tongue and reproached me not with my follie. So after a space he questioned me about her closely, meditatinge deeplye upon my answeres, then suddenly wishinge me joye he left me quicklie.

Tenderest greetings from me, deare friende, and mayst thou be kept safe from alle unhappinesse.

Thine own loving cousin,
RALPH CUNNYNGHAME.

V.

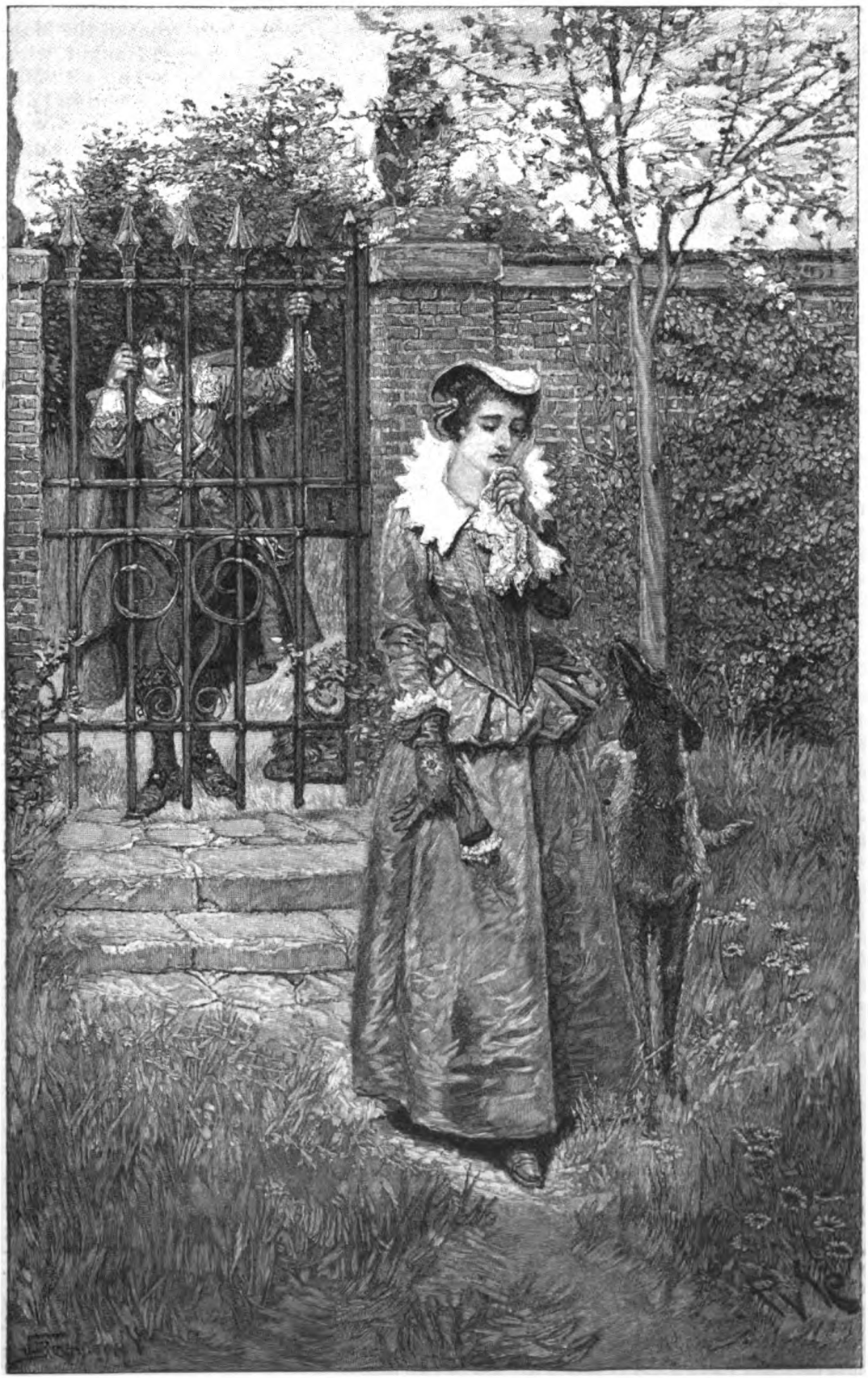
April 29th, 1610.

DEARE GOOD FRIENDE,—Because of evil humoures that haue besett me and much bitternesse of spirit, I haue forborne to visit thee wyth a letter any tyme sooner. Neither coulde I haue tolde thee anythinge beside that thine advice doth continuallie poynt to me the path of wisdome, which I with mine unballanced minde am as continuallie leavinge; but thys being an olde songe it were needlesse for me to repeate it. Thou art right, that I shoulde not entangle myselfe with my foolish fancyinges, for it now cometh that I can clearlie see to what my haire-brayned follie was lyke to haue led me, meaninglie to entanglements with one whom I knew not, whether countesse or wenche. But alle is over nowe, and I knowe not what strange fancie it was that soe encompassed me aboute, nor why soe greate a passion did sweep me awaye; for altho' I am given over to fancies, never before haue I beene in such a sweete delirium as possessed me that se'nnight, soe that I coulde welle haue believed that sundrie potions or powders had been given me. Nevertheless, as I sayde, alle is bye now and my follie ended, nor am I lyke to give myself over to it agayne, even tho' I meet my mayde of the flowers face to face, for even the silliest fowle flyeth not twice into the nett. But, O my friend, I was in a sorrie stewe, awakeninge from this bewilderinge dreame.

Now will I telle thee that I went to that certaine patch of daffodills, as was intentioned by me, but my mayde of the flowers came not tho' I waited a longe tyme, nigh madd with vexation, for her coming. So, going back to my brother's house anon, I found him, who took me by the hande and askt me whether I did love that mayde with alle my heart; whereupon I told him alle, and that I feared I were lyke to die did I not possess her. At this he did turne his face awaye sorrowfullie, but finallie pluckt up heart to tell me that he had found who my mayde was, and that, likewyse, she was the daughter of a neighbour of his, Sir Thomas Wynwoode, who that very day was awaye to London and she with him.

Att this, to think of her being gone, my heart shrank within me. Nevertheless I cryed in a loude voice that were she gone to the Valleye of Deathe I would follow and finde her. Then my brother

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"SO SAYING, SHE TURNED AND LEFT ME."

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shook his heade and sayd that even did I find her it woulde better me not, for that she woulde not haue me. To this I sayd that she shoulde haue me tho' I laboured for her as Jacob for his love. Att this he waxt madd, and sayd in a harsh voice that being so weake a foole I should knowe alle. That she was wedded wyfe to Master Franke Beauclerke. Att this alle fell awaye from me, nor knowe I how I gat me from the roome.

Betwixt then and nowe a fortnight hath passt in such unhappinesse as I cannot tell thee of; but nowe my wound hath ceased bleedinge, and I do verilie believe is scarred over.

I will follow close on the heeles of thys, for I am dead sicke of this dull countrie. Meantyme I pray thee charge mine olde Capitaine Sir Francis to save me a place in his adventure to the Americas next June.

Soe I do wish thee such happiness as this entyre without flawe or spott of discontente.

Thy very true friend and cousin,
RALPH CUNNYNGHAME.

VI.

April 30th, 1610.

This is writ at the Bulles Heade Inn at Westleigh, for I cannot wayte till after I haue seen my brother agayne and helde converse with him in such wyse as will be lyttle to his lyking, but must unburthen myself to thee forthwith.

Thus it is: I haue seene her againe, mine owne sweete mayde, and never shall they take her from me, tho' they haue sett her so agaynst me (and likewyse I myself, tho' unwittinglie), for she is mine before alle other men in the wholle worlde. I am alle stinginge, as tho' I had been whipt, with the payne of the wordes she sayd to me; and yett I do love her more than ever, and none coulde helpe to do otherwyse and behold her in the indignation of her young maidenlinesse as I haue done.

But staye! I haue not told thee that my deare love is none other than sweete Anne Heywarde.

But I must telle thee directlie how it came about, tho' my head is alle of such a whirle that I know not what I indite. Thus it was: I had left my brother's house and was started to London, my way happening to lie by the parke wall of Westleigh Hall, soe I bethoughte me of lookinge thro' the great iron gate surmounted by carven images of lyons that oped on to the lawne in front of the Manor-house, so to discover, if I might, what manner of place I had given up with Mistress Anne Heywarde. Therewithin I discovered a lady walking nigh the gate, with a greate hounde beside her; neither coulde I wholly believe my eyes when I saw who it was. Then suddenlie she lookt up and saw me, and her face flusht as with fyre; nevertheless she drew herselfe up and lookt at me haughtilie, as she were a younge queene, tho' peradventure she was as amazed to see me as I her. Then I leapt downe from my horse and strove to open the iron gate, but found it lockt; whereupon I spake, but what I sayd I know not, for my heart sprang to my lipps in speeche. But she cut me short, asking me in effect whether I knew one Master Ralph Cunnynghame, and, did I soe perchance, to be pleased to tell him that she had read a certaine letter he had writ for her surveyinge, and had considered it intimatelie. Somewhat more she sayd, by which I discovered that my brother Watt and her uncle had used that foul letter that I had writ in such haste to my undoing; but that they had not shown it her till that they found that she was well affected toward me, which was upon the very day that I had seen her last.

O cousin: how haue I been deceived by my brother whom I trusted soe! and into what a pitt hath my madd haste and follie led me!

I coulde answer nothing to what she sayd, but onlie stood sick at heart with shame, thinkinge of what I had writ and to what a mayde. Then after awhile, I standing dumb as if of stone, suddenlie her indignation fell awaye, and, her whyte throate alle quivering, she askt me how I could haue found it in my hearte to write so cruell a letter to any mayde as I to her. Then she sayd that never could she trust anie man agayne, soe had she been deceived in me. So saying, two bright teares ran slowlie down her face, whereat my hearte was lyke to breake. I would haue spoke, but she stoppt me, and sayd that sooner woulde she die than haue me bounden agayne after what had passt, and therefore to satisfy my mind never to see her more. So saying she turned and left me standing with my face close presst agaynst the cold bars of the iron gate, gazing after her.

Nevertheless I shall see her agayne, for never haue I loved her soe as when I

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found how lyttle I coulde move her to my desires. Likewise alle of them that are so plotted agaynst me shall see that passion such as mine shall compasse its endes tho' all the Pitt do blow agaynst it. For she is mine owne deare betrotht wyfe in spyte of what I haue writ, and I will haue her, for I know she loveth me, tho' her will (not lyke mine blown by everie wynde) resembleth a block of marble sett in the path of my wishes. Meantime I goe forthwith to my brother, and will haue it out agaynst him, for he hath deceived me vilely in all this.

I was madd and overwhelmed with passion when I wrote what I haue, but now mine anger hath cooled. Nevertheless let it stand. Therefore I do but add somewhat, expungeing naught.

Entering the Inn, as I was about leaving it upon a fool's errand of anger agaynst my brother, who comest in, thinkest thou? Marry, none but John Fletcher, come downe to the countrie with a simple Masque writ for none other than Justice Windslowe, who wishes so to celebrate this Maye-day, and accordinglie payeth John a good round sum for saddling his Pegasus for these poore countrie squires to ryde. I told him alle my troubles, and, comforting me, he presentlie, with readie witt, sett about devising some plan to aid me in my perplexities. He hath hitt upon one, but what it is I will not tell thee till tryall be made of its succeedinge. Accordinglie I go not to my brother's house in anger, but calm myself, in conformitie with John's desires.

Alle the village is making greate stirr in the mellowe twilight with preparings for the morrowe's Maying, so their voices come in merrilie thro' the casement with soundes of distant laughter and songe.

But, O my friend, how my hearte is nowe lifted up with hope and nowe cast downe with feare, alsoe riven with manie uncertainties!

So no more but Earnest of happinesse to thyselfe.

Thy true loving kinsman,
RALPH CUNNYNGHAME.

VII.

Maye-Day, 1610.

DEARE COUSIN,—Manifolde greetinges of happinesse from me to thee.

Soe hath passt by the most eventfulle daye that ever I haue lived in alle my life. Here am I now writing this to thee with deare John beside me. Alle this afternoone since dinner time I haue been in such a turmoyle that I was lyke a seaman buffetted with storm-beaten and angrie waves; but nowe, after alle this troublous time, my brayne being as lympid as a fountaine of cleare waters, I can looke calmlie behind me and before, lyke that seaman when the storme is stilled.

Last night, what with alle the passions of the day before, I coulde sleepe but ille, soe was awake ere the dawne of day, and forth to coole my fevered brayne in the freshe dewinesse of the earlie morne. Never shall I cease to remember the blessed peace that came upon me thro' the sweetnesse of the tyme. The East was rosie lyke my Love's sweete face when first my hearte tolde me that her hearte inclyned toward me; likewyse a tumulte of sweete sounde went up from the throates of a thousande birdes till alle the ayre both far and neare was fulle of the sounde of theire lovelie jubilate, and alle the breath of the morne was laden with the bitter fragrance of the Maye.* Then after a while the sunne leapt up and shot its brilliance and gentle warmth afar over meadowe and copse and hedgerowe, alle lyke a silvery light from Fairie Land, soe tempered was it with dewe and the earlie mistes of dawne. Soe I wandered, my heart now calme within me with a blessed peace, till I came to that deare spott where first I beheld my Love in alle her beautie, and there I sat me downe in deepe meditation. How long I sat there I knowe not, but I was aroused from my thoughtfulnesse by the merrie sound of pypinge and sweete laughter of youths and maydens, and presentlie over the hill came a partie the most joyous that ever I haue seen, that had gone forth at dawne to gather the Maye, and nowe were returninge to the village with pypinge and songe, alle laden with the blossoms lyke greate heapes of fragrant snowe. Soe they passt me and were gone, the noise of manie voices and of musick growing fainter till it was nigh stilled by the distance.

They haue deckt the village alle out, lintel and beame, with these blossoms, and alle is joyousnesse and mirthe.

This morne, thinking to distract my thoughtes from their trouble and uncertainties, I went forthe with John to behold

* Hawthorn.

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them raise the Maye-pole, alle bedeckt with flowers, and streaming ribands wreathed upon greate hookes hanginge from the top of the pole. This they raised with vast shoutings of merrie voices. This done, sundrie youths and maydens took eache one a riband that hung from the pole, and with musick danced in and out and back and forth, but ever around the pole and nigher it, till with their dancing they had woven the ribands in prettie patternes from the top to the bottom, manie standing around watching the joyous sight. Alle morning they haue beene dancing and makinge merrie, the Landlord of the Bull's Heade hauing broached a greate barrell of October ale for their pleasuring. I tell thee this to lett thee see howe here they celebrate the cominge of Maye, tho' I could enjoy it not fullie myself, being distracted by other thoughtes.

The morninge passt, comes the afternoone and the tryall of the plan that deare John had devised for my benefittinge, which time drawinge nigh I was full of hearte tremours of keene uncertaintie. And thus it was: That I should, as the heroe of the Masque, appear before my Love, thus gaining accesse to her, and pleading my cause in verse woven into the tale, as thou shalt presentlie perceive.

The Masque was to be held in the courtyarde of Westleigh Hall, whereinto opened a greate stone gatewaye in the walle, through which gatewaye were the diverse masques to come. Here within the courtyard were fixt rowes of seates for those who lookt on att the spectacle; likewyse a throne alle of flowers, the use of which thou shalt presentlie see. I, standing among the masques with a vizard masque to conceal my features, sawe mine owne deare younge Love, but paler than when I sawe her laste, so that my hearte yearned over her. There too I saw my brother, and, by his manner, what I had not known before, that he loved mine owne Deare.—But no more of that nowe, for I do forgive him for alle he hath done to deceive me.

Thus understand the Masque, as told alle in rhyme by a fayre younge boye bedeckt with garlands, who acted as Prologue:

That there was a knighte held beneathe the bondes of a certaine enchanter who could onlie be overcome by the three fayrest of twelve sisters. Those three maydens, because of a deadlie dragon that was to be slayne, woulde overcome the wizard and liberate the knighte; but upon liberating him they finde he hath no power to move till that the fayrest ladie in alle the worlde giveth to him as a talisman that which she holdeth most precious. After this he becometh strong enough to slaye the vile worme. That this was alle a symbole of the tyme; that the Wizard was Winter; that the Knight was the Earth; that the three Maydens were the three Monthes of Spring; that the Dragon was dearth and barrennesse; and that the fayre Ladie who alone could aide the Knight to overcome it was the light and warmth of the sun, that bringeth vitality to the earth. But beside this was another meaninge alsoe, which was that alle signified the love of man and woman, when the Knight could only overcome the dragon Despair by the gift of that which is most precious from her he loved.

Then the Prologue went away, and the Masque was begun in this wyse: First came Winter as an olde man with a lanthorne, bill-hooke, and bunch of faggots, who, in merrie verse writ by John, told who he was. Then came three fayre maydens as the Months of Spring, and these Winter bade begone. But first answered him March, then Aprille, and lastlie Maye, alle in verse writ by me. In Aprille's verse, halting and writ in haste, I meant to tell my Love that I was nigh and bethought me of her. And thus it ran:

"Begone thyselfe, in speedie fashion,
Winter olde;
Thou who art but dearthe of passion,
Love grown colde.

"With a wande of daffodillie,
Golden-starred,
Thus I conquer thee, so chillie,
Lovelesse, harde.

"Waking in the soul unmoving
Of yon Knight
All that's pure and good in loving,
Tender, bright."

(Here she turned direct to Mistress Anne Heywarde, and sayd:)

"O, be kind, thou dear one, seeing
Certainlie
That he hath no life nor being
But thro' thee."

So it ran, but a simple verse, a shaft, as it were, to carry my meaning home; and as a shaft I perceived it struck, for she turned quick and lookt at Master John Fletcher where he stood as she would pierce his very heart.

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"BRINGING IN THE MAY."

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Thus the Months, hauing spoke each in turne, began pelting Winter with bunches of flowers, till alle the court was strewn with pretty blossoms, and so chast him awaye.

And now came that project that John had counted alle upon for success in the devising of the scheme, and thus it was:

Aprille, going direct to my fayre Anne, sayd in verse that she, being the loveliest ladie in alle the worlde, was the onlie one that could give the knight strength to slay the dragon of Despair; thereupon she tooke my deare Love by the hande and led her, alle too bewildered by the sudden happeninge to knowe what she did, and seated her upon the throne of flowers; then straightway they brought me in thro' the gateway, seated upon a milk-white horse, which they ledd with ropes of flowers, I wearing a fantastick garb and a vizard masque to disguise me. Then they brought me to her, and I dismounted and kneeled att her feete, alle my soule trembling within me. There I knelt silently for awhile, seeking for wordes, till presentlie I beheld that she knew me, for, after looking deepe into mine eyes, the blood rushed to her face and throat and even her fayre bosom, till alle was of a rosie glow. Then, she still looking att me, I tooke her deare hand in mine, and, in a trembling voice, I spake this sweete ode of John's, scarce knowing what I did or said by reason that the deepe love stirred by the tender wordes did overcome me:

"Beautie cleare and fayre,
Where the aire
Rather like a perfume dwelles,
Where the violet and the rose
Their blue veins and blush disclose,
And come to honour nothing else;

"Where to live neare,
And planted there,
Is to live, and stille live newe;
Where to gain a favour is
More than life, perpetual blisse.
Make me live by serving you.

"Deare, againe back recalle
To this lyfe
A stranger to himself and alle.
Both the wonder and the storie
Shall be yours, and eke the glorie.
I am your servante and your thralle."

Then, all overcome, speakinge the last wordes in a trembling voice and everie thinge swimming to mine eyes, I did strip the masque from my face (for it seemed lyke to smother me), and seeing nothing in alle the universe but my Love, I presst her dear hand to my lippes agayne and agayne.

Following this I scarce know aught, tho' I rather felt than saw that my brother satt staring att me, his face alle as white as anie chalke, likewyse did heare confusedlie that Justice Windslowe did shoute something, and that, with manie voices, the servants came running as tho' to drag me awaye. Then mine owne deare love arose to her feete, and stooping, whilst I still knelt gazing into her face, she kisst my foreheade withe her sweete lippes before them alle. Then she spake clearlie, saying, "Silence!" And straightwaye alle the tumult was husht. Then turning to where the others were, she sayd unto them alle: "This is mine owne true betrothed husband, and lett me see who dare turn him from my house! Mayhap, uncle, thou mayst dwelle here sometime by his sufferance, and not he by thine."

And so alle was ended, which deare John's masque never was, I being so overcome in the midst. But never shall I forget what I do owe to our friend so longe as I live, for it was his poem did crack the barrier betwixt my Love and me.

She would not suffer that we shoulde goe back to the Bulles Heade Inn, but doth entertain us here at Westleigh Hall, and it doth make me proud to see how lyke a young princesse she is in her gentle dignitie, yet how courteous withal in entertainment. But my heart is too full for more, so will I bid thee adieu; nor can I wish thee more happinesse than is mine this daye.

Thy true loving cousin, RALPH.

SACRILEGE.

THEY walked in the clover-haunted fields—
A weary worldling and dainty child;
He sated and worn with the love of self,
She fresh as the dew on the upland wild.
He stole the blush from the sweet wild rose,
And proved that the mornings grew less fair;
That a taint of poison lurked in the bloom,
And hung on the breath of the summer air;
That life is not as good as it seems;
That faith and virtue rarer grow;
That the worm is hiding with greedy mouth
At the heart of all that we love or know.
And a shade fell over the summer fields,
And the sun in its brightness seemed to wane.
Her heart's song faltered—alas! for her.
His doubt crept into the perfect strain.

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AIRWAN.

DESPITE its beautiful situation, at the very doors of Europe, on the Mediterranean, little is known of Tunis. The principal cities of the coast are, indeed, easy of access, but their population, composed chiefly of Maltese, Greeks, and Italians, resembles that of any of the ports of the Levant, and has little of the individuality of character which belongs to an indigenous people. Beyond these the traveller, owing to the stupid exclusiveness of the inhabitants, sees nothing closely, and returns from his wanderings in the interior with nothing to tell us apart from the petty incidents of travel. Only some Carthaginian and Roman ruins have been fairly studied, since to such investigations, concerning things so foreign to himself, the faithful Mussulman submits without alarm.

Kairwan the Holy, the African Mecca, guarded by popular fanaticism, carefully maintained by its imams, has until recently remained impenetrable. No infidel sullied it by making his dwelling there; a few only passed through it, and these not without peril. Yet how rich a mine it offers to the observer! It is to-day, with the exception of Mecca, the only city where one finds the characteristic type of the Arab, the traditionary lore of the race and epics of its origin, intact as in the primitive days of Islamism. These Arabs who, at the height of their power, were the progressists of Europe, and had, if not advanced, at least saved science from the darkness and the barbarism of the Middle Ages, have to-day no sciences except that which they call their science of God, no physicians, no lawyers, no bankers; but priests everywhere, under the varied forms of imams, muftis, koodjas, and marabouts, whose lives are passed in writing dull commentaries on the Koran, and in seeking new interpretations of obscure texts. These casuists are the same here that they are everywhere, and in order to diminish the moral effect produced by the fall of Kairwan into infidel hands, they have managed to find the French invasion predicted in a passage of the sacred book!

These Moors of Kairwan, to-day in their decadence, have nevertheless a glorious title to the interest and recognition of the world. Was it not they who, led by Tarik, a Kairwan general, made the conquest of Spain, and reared there that marvellous Hispano-Moresque civilization of which Seville, Granada, Cordova, still attest the splendor? It was the khalifs, descendants of Ibrahim-ibn-el-Aghlab, who mastered southern Italy, Sardinia, Corsica, and Crete. The African metropolis of Islam, remaining poor, has not equalled the splendor of her richer colonies, but the parentage is everywhere visible, and here and there a panel of arabesque, or an airy colonnade, reminds one of the Alhambra. Later, Kairwan again gathered to herself her children driven from Europe, and to-day has for governor a descendant of the Almoravides who in palmier days reigned over Spain. The city lies in an immense plain, partly of marshy, partly of sandy soil, slightly undulating toward the sea; it is bordered on the north by the high ridge of Zaghouan (4432 feet), and on the west by the chain of the Sefaya.

In spring-time the approach to it is charming. The ground is covered with barley, wheat, and tiny tufts of alfa, of a

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beautiful dull green, already yellowed and scorched by the sun, almost disappearing amidst a dazzling multitude of flowers with their flaunting colors. Here and there the lower lands, covered with water, glisten in the sunlight. The plain spreads out in monotonous uniformity, and the eye seeks in vain a tree, a rock, on which to rest. Dark specks, sometimes light columns of smoke, indicate the douars—the Arab villages. Caravans pass slowly in the distance. The silence is broken only by the plaintive and curiously modulated Arab songs taken up, one by one, by the camel driver. The simple calm of the landscape, the primitive costumes of the nomads, bring to mind familiar Bible scenes.

From the top of a knoll a faint white line appears in the distance: it is the Holy City. Following the accidents of the ground, one loses sight of it for some moments, to find it presently the more visible. In the crystalline air the embattled walls are clearly defined against the mountains. Toward the northern end the lofty minaret of the Grand Mosque stands out clear-cut and isolated; presently, little by little, as one approaches, the wall seems to be crowned with kobbas, green or white, and with minarets. Scarcely expressible, but giving to the picture a halo of enchantment, are the transparency of the atmosphere, the clear-cut silhouettes, the fineness of color of the mountains in the background, their silver gray pearled with all lovely shades of rose and blue of an infinite sweetness and delicacy.

Arriving at sunset, the hour of prayer, a sad and contemplative mood steals over one; the harsh voice of the muezzins from lofty minarets, calling the faithful ones to prayer, alone breaks the stillness of the plain, aglow in the setting sun: one half fancies these may be other Jeremiahs lamenting over the ruins of their country. A ruin indeed, and a desolate ruin, is this Kairwan, which has just presented herself to us from afar in all the subtle charm of her Eastern adornments. Any traveller who knows Constantinople, Smyrna, or Jerusalem, knows also how false is the poetic Orient, the Orient of pictures and books; how shocking on nearer view are these cities so brilliant from a distance. Kairwan is no exception to the rule. A hundred yards from the walls the city is half masked, as it were, by a series of hillocks like Monte Testaccio at Rome, which form a continuous girdle about her; these are nothing more or less than fragments of pottery, bones, and filthy rubbish accumulated through numerous generations—sad and nauseating witness to Arab negligence and filth. The ramparts of the city are huge walls of brick, badly built and without character, hardly justifying the epithet bestowed upon it by the Arabs: "M'dint el Kairwan el Mahrota"—"Kairwan the well-guarded." Two adjoining suburbs, Jebliyeh and Klebliyed, are backed up against these walls. Although the special fortifications of these suburbs have been destroyed, and only vestiges remain, they are shut in on every side by numerous gates—a necessary precaution against surprises from the unsubjected tribes.

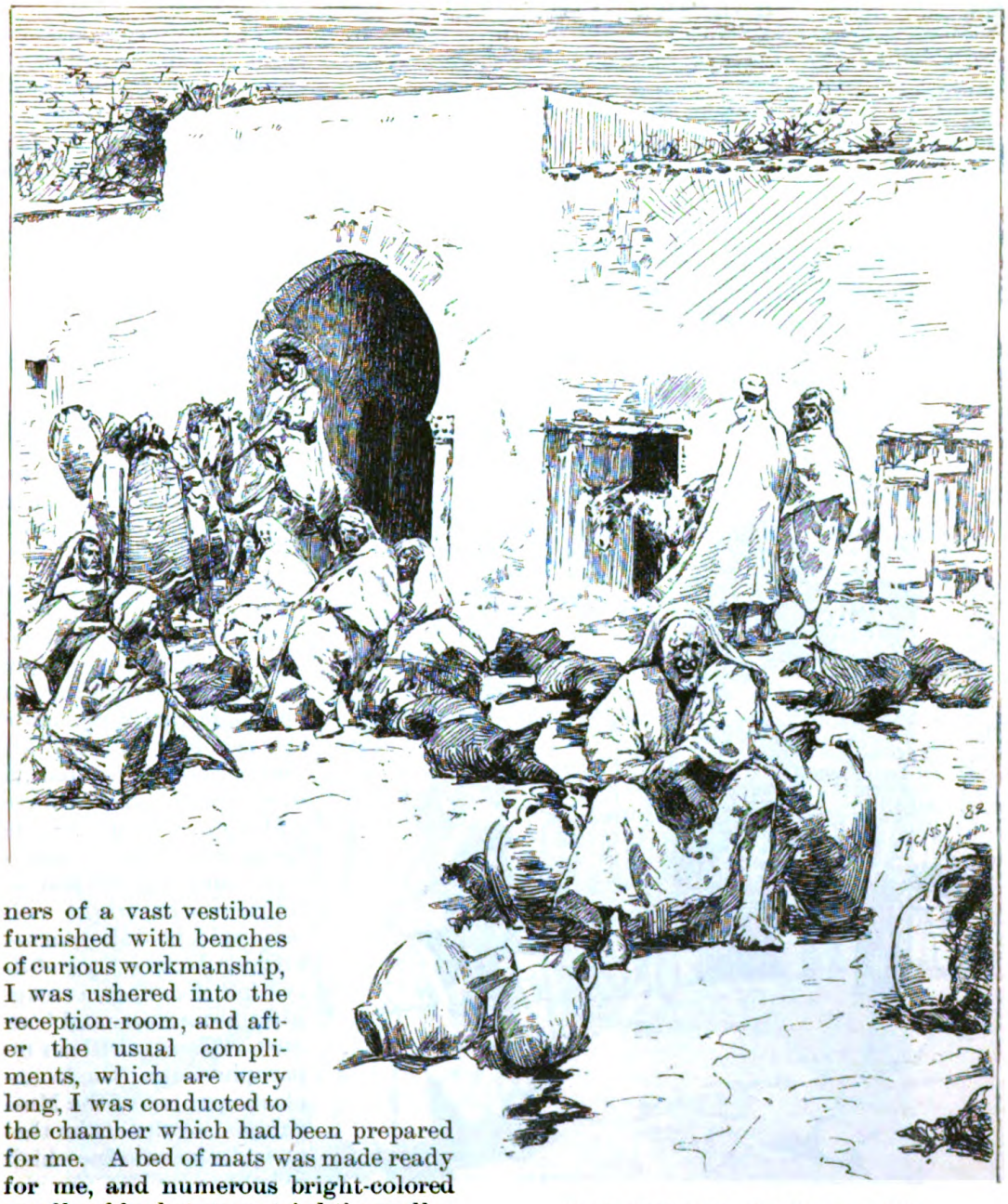
Five gates of the same date (1180 A.H.) and of similar construction give access to the city proper. Bab-el-Tunis (the Tunis gate) is the most frequented. Externally it is a fine specimen of Moorish architecture. Cut into the battlemented wall, its form is that of a horseshoe arch, resting on slender Romanesque columns. Two marble tablets ornamented with old-Arabic inscriptions, exquisite in design and workmanship, add to the effect. A road at right angles, adorned with shops, leads to an inner gate, more massive but less elegant, at the head of the principal street.

Entering, you make your way among dirty, narrow, irregular, melancholy streets. Arabs of wild mien, barefooted, pass silently along; an old woman, shrouded in her black veils, glides furtively past the miserable stalls and deserted-looking houses. But here and there a dilapidated moucharabey, marble columns, sculptured cornices in the cracked front of a house, the graceful frame-work of a door, reveal an ancient splendor and relieve the unpleasant impression.

I had made at Tunis the acquaintance of a Kairwan notable, who, aware of my intention of visiting the Holy City, offered me his hospitality. The absence of hotels obliged me to accept his invitation and to knock at the door of his dwelling, the fondouks (caravansaries) being veritable charnel-houses, where they have at the disposition of travellers only dungeons without windows, filled with dung and innumerable swarms of insects.

Passing some queer, squalid-looking creatures who were crouching in the cor-

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PITCH MERCHANTS IN PLACE DE TUNIS.

ners of a vast vestibule furnished with benches of curious workmanship, I was ushered into the reception-room, and after the usual compliments, which are very long, I was conducted to the chamber which had been prepared for me. A bed of mats was made ready for me, and numerous bright-colored woollen blankets tapestried the walls.

The next morning as soon as I rose I hastened to the Grand Mosque, famous by so many titles, the eloquent witness of conquest, the bulwark of Mussulman fanaticism and superstition in Africa.

Excepting the French officers, only a single traveller had entered there before me; this was Mr. A. M. Broadley, the *Times* correspondent, whose article on Kairwan had already made a sensation. The general plan of the Grand Mosque takes the form of a parallelogram. The exterior, although imposing, is meaningless enough, and resembles by its massive solidity a fortification rather than a mosque, save that in the middle of the northwest face a remarkable minaret, an enormous square tower built of dressed stone, rises to a great height, surmounted by two tiers of open-work tracery, which stand out in blazing whiteness against the blue of the sky. Two principal doors on the sides merit examination: they are almost the only feature of interest on the exterior.

If the outside had not satisfied me, the interior offered me much more than I had hoped. At first sight one feels that the breath of inspiration has passed there; one recognizes the hand of those "masters

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MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE GRAND MOSQUE.

of living stones," as they said in the Middle Ages, whose art, infused with a deep and burning faith, wrought into the materials they used the very glow of their souls.

Like the Mosque of Cordova and the basilicas, with which it has more than one point of resemblance, the Djemma-el-Kebir has much more breadth than height. Unlike the Gothic churches, which shoot toward heaven, the dome of the Mihrab (sanctuary), so thick that eight days were necessary to pierce a hole for the suspension rod, is little more than seventy feet high. A mystic shadow fills the holy edifice, which is only lighted by a large door and by some glass windows of marvellous brightness, due, without doubt, to processes now lost.

Columns of porphyry, of jasper, of marble, and of other precious materials, one hundred and ninety-four in number, form a veritable forest. These columns, of Romanesque and Byzantine origin, are of the most varied forms. Smooth or fluted, surmounted by Greek, Roman, Maltese, and still other capitals, incongruous, contradictory, they form, notwithstanding, an *ensemble* which enchants the beholder as much as, and perhaps more than, a more regular architecture could do. Unity results from multiplicity: acanthus and clover leaves, flower-work, bright colors, and old dull tones—all combining gracefully and forming a magnificent monumental bouquet. There is little or no paraphernalia; the iconoclastic genius of the Mussulman revolts at the theatrical *mise en scène* which in other worships impairs the sanctity of the idea of God. No altars, no statues, no images, nothing of that which materializes for men the sovereign Author of the world. Summer and winter, a mat on the pavement, a raised seat, and a pulpit for the man who comes to read and explain the Koran; lamps, some old pieces of faïence and polychrome ornaments in the sanctuary—these are all. No spectacle distracts the thought, no liturgy imposes upon it an obligatory formula; the senses are impressed only by the majestic grandeur of the monument, a majesty sweet and simple, which uplifts the soul.

The cloister or interior covers nearly

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twice the area of the room for prayers. It is surrounded by a double colonnade, except on the minaret side, where are the rooms for ablutions, and the stores where are arranged the matting, lamps, etc., which ornament the edifice at the grand fêtes. The cloister and the room for prayers form the mosque.



SANCTUARY OF THE GRAND MOSQUE.

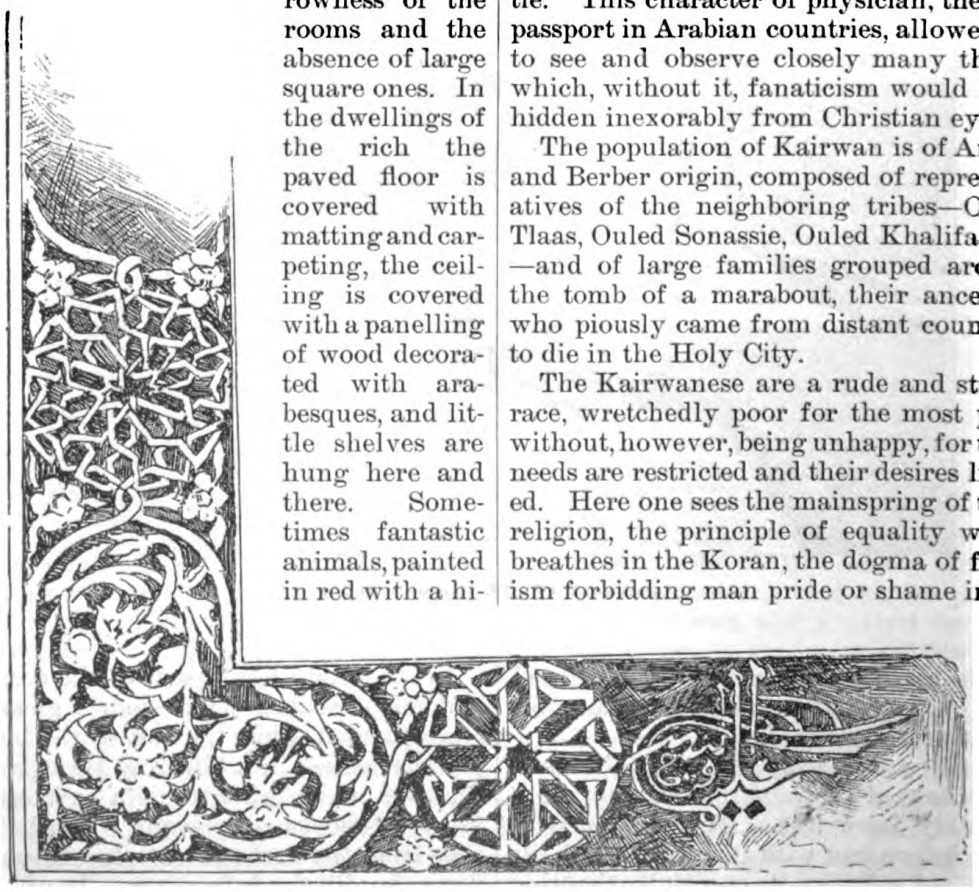
In going back from the end of the court to the foot of the minaret the *coup d'œil* is nearly fairy-like. The sanctuary is there before you with its grand porch, its columned galleries, its gracefully shooting arches, its aspect of temple and basilica. Strange edifice, exquisite and barbarous—a heaping up of incongruous materials, a veritable church of pirates, made of pieces robbed or conquered from many civilizations.

In the strong light, parts of the cornice and melon-shaped white domes gleamed and sparkled, while the rest of the building was bathed in a blue and transparent shadow, which gave to it a mysterious aspect. Flocks of pigeons winged their way from the arches, and came fluttering down familiarly before me. It was an Oriental dream turned into stone.

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The architectural disposition of nearly all the houses in Kairwan is the same: a square block, in the middle of which is a square court. The door is low, strengthened by nails, and furnished with large bolts; it only opens half-way, with a terrible grating. The rooms are arranged around the court, which, as well as the terraced roofs, slants in order to facilitate the running of the water into a cistern. They drink only rain-water; the water of the wells contains much magnesia, but serves for all household purposes.

The living-room of the family serves at once for reception, dining, and bed room; it is the only one decently furnished and clean. It is in the shape of a Latin cross, taking away the foot, and forms, in fact, three distinct compartments separated by curtains. To the right and left are the beds; in front, low divans furnished with cushions; the walls are hung with variegated carpets, or ornamented with encaustic faïence to the height of a man. The ceiling is made of young olive trunks placed transversely upon the walls, which explains the narrowness of the rooms and the absence of large square ones. In the dwellings of the rich the paved floor is covered with matting and carpeting, the ceiling is covered with a panelling of wood decorated with arabesques, and little shelves are hung here and there. Sometimes fantastic animals, painted in red with a hieratical rigidity and barbarism, relieve the bareness of the whitewashed walls. During the hot hours of the siesta, the door, carefully shut, preserves in the interior an agreeable freshness. A little window furnished with glass gives a discreet light, which leaves all the objects in a shadow-like obscurity propitious to nonchalant reverie. The other rooms serve as stable and kitchen. There are no cellars, but in the pavement of the floor of the court and rooms one notices large square flagstones, the situation of the silos—a kind of great hole, with careful mason-work, where the provision of grain is kept for the whole year.



WOOD-CARVING IN THE GRAND MOSQUE.

These houses, veritable gynecæa, shelter the women, whose husbands are arbitrary and jealous masters, and seclude them from all contact with the outer world. To enter here is an especial favor reserved for the physician and the marabout. Fortunately for me, I had brought a travelling case of medicine, and the very first days I had to attend several neighbors. I had regular patients, and my reputation extended itself little by little. This character of physician, the best passport in Arabian countries, allowed me to see and observe closely many things which, without it, fanaticism would have hidden inexorably from Christian eyes.

The population of Kairwan is of Arabic and Berber origin, composed of representatives of the neighboring tribes—Ouled Tlaas, Ouled Sonassie, Ouled Khalifa, etc.—and of large families grouped around the tomb of a marabout, their ancestor, who piously came from distant countries to die in the Holy City.

The Kairwanese are a rude and strong race, wretchedly poor for the most part, without, however, being unhappy, for their needs are restricted and their desires limited. Here one sees the mainspring of their religion, the principle of equality which breathes in the Koran, the dogma of fatalism forbidding man pride or shame in his

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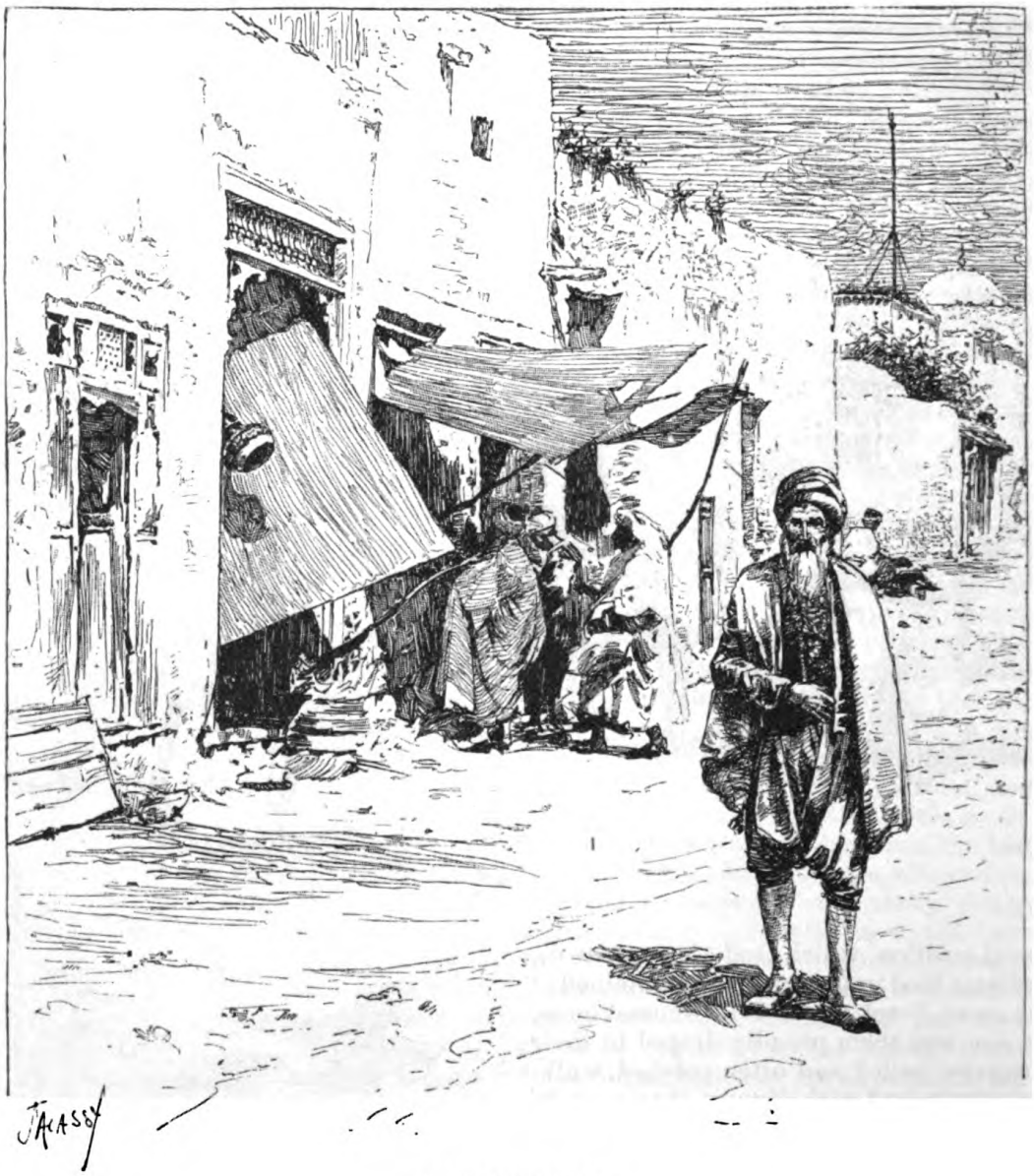
CAVALIERS AT THE DOOR OF A CHIEF.

social position, which God alone controls, explains that impassiveness maintained at the same level under all circumstances. As one sees them proudly draped in their burnoose, soiled and often patched, walking slowly and with dignity, they seem to wear the unconscious nobility of the Roman peasant.

The principal occupation of the people is agriculture. Their very primitive manner of cultivating indicates the richness of the soil. In autumn, armed with iron-pointed sticks, they lightly turn up the earth dried by the summer's sun; then they sow, and without further disquieting themselves about their fields, they return to pass the rainy season in town. In spring-time they go out for several weeks to gather in the harvest. The earth being so good a foster-mother to them, it is not there one seeks the reason of their misery. All their ills result from the insufficiency of their social organization. Ignorance or pride led the conquering Mussulmans to despise the Roman traditions, which they met at every step, and they attached themselves to those primitive legal notions which one finds in the infancy of all peoples, and which, barely sufficient for the nomads, are incompatible with the establishment of a durable power. Since the seventh century time has brought about many radical changes in Europe; in Africa dynasties have succeeded one another, governments have become established, and yet nothing has changed the first constitution, the condition of the people has not been ameliorated. The Koran alone, with its innumerable commentaries, decides upon all; it is the one code of the law.

Despite the liberal spirit of Islamism, which "in the kingdom of Allah recognizes neither mendicants nor monarchs, but only Mussulmans," the territorial organization, the base of the social organization, is strictly feudal. The soil be-

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A BIT OF KAIRWAN.

longs almost exclusively to two sorts of holders: the religious establishments, which have obtained by will and by conversion of other property nearly a third of the territory; and the officials, who have acquired another third without undoing their purse, by the sole fact of their power. The remaining third, besides being bad land, does not tempt any one, because the proprietorship is placed under a system which renders its possession very precarious to one who is not powerful.

The only grade of court is the tribunal of the Cadi; and this magistrate, who in this part of the regency does not submit to the control of any official oversight, decides upon everything at his pleasure, without the condemned having the power to appeal. They say that in Europe trials at law make the lawyers rich; here it is the judges who profit; and, without being essentially bad, they generally allow themselves to be guided by motives of personal interest in pronouncing their judgment. One understands that with a legal system capable of such abuses, which always favors the rich and the powerful, the people of the inferior class do not care to become proprietors. They fear, with reason, that this position will provoke the jealousies of the chiefs, who will point them out to the assessors of taxes, whose demands have no fixed basis. But if they

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are not proprietors proper, they nevertheless enjoy in reality that which does not belong to them. The chiefs of the tribes (caïds), large possessors of the soil, and collectors of taxes, assign to them every year land which they may cultivate. Practically, then, the soil does not go untilled, and it is very fertile; but what benefit can one expect poor people to derive in one year from lands which are thus parcelled out to them? They do not dare to attempt improvements, which, after costing them much labor, would profit others; and simple tenants whom a proprietor's fancy may dispossess from one day to another, they confine themselves to doing that which is barely necessary to live.



STREET SCENE.

Money is scarce, and everywhere very dear; provisions, on the contrary, have little value in the place where they are produced, and the difficulty of transportation allows but a meagre profit from exportation; moreover, the rich expend little money on their rural possessions. They select, in the district of which they are masters, the best parts to be cultivated by hired men for the necessaries for the consumption of their families, and in their shops in the city they receive the products of the harvest from the poor people who have worked in the portion assigned to their tribe.

The lack of roads and cultivation has done much to develop pastoral industry. Numerous herds wander in the uncultivated plain about Kairwan. This simple and primitive employment occupies more

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than one-sixth of the population, but the flocks are owned by a small number.

The rest of the inhabitants devote themselves to small local industries in the mercantile quarter, which is limited to the souks and neighboring streets. Their



SOLDIER IN "TLAAS" COSTUME.

small dilapidated shops are two or three feet above-ground, and are furnished with awnings of boards, with matting at the sides, to protect them from the sun. Open during the day, they are closed at night by a large door as high and as broad as the shop. One may see every workman prepare his products for market, and that is a sight not without interest. On one side the tailors sit crouched, spectacles on nose, gravely plying their needles, following with a paternal eye some little children with Semitic faces who gambol in the shop when they are not occupied in winding skeins of cotton, or in reading in a shrill voice from old greasy cardboards chapters from the Koran, of which they do not understand a word. Elsewhere, the braziers hammer those curious brass vases whose original forms make them sought for as ornaments. Here, others are polishing the long gun-barrels, and incrusting and damascening with arabesques the butt ends of muskets and blunderbusses. There, still others are stitching with silver and bright woollen threads saddles and game-bags and pieces of harness. Further on, others are kneading cakes, while near them are cooks tending the hot display of *merca* (meat with sauce) and of *mergaz* (fried sausages), which they sell by the portion.

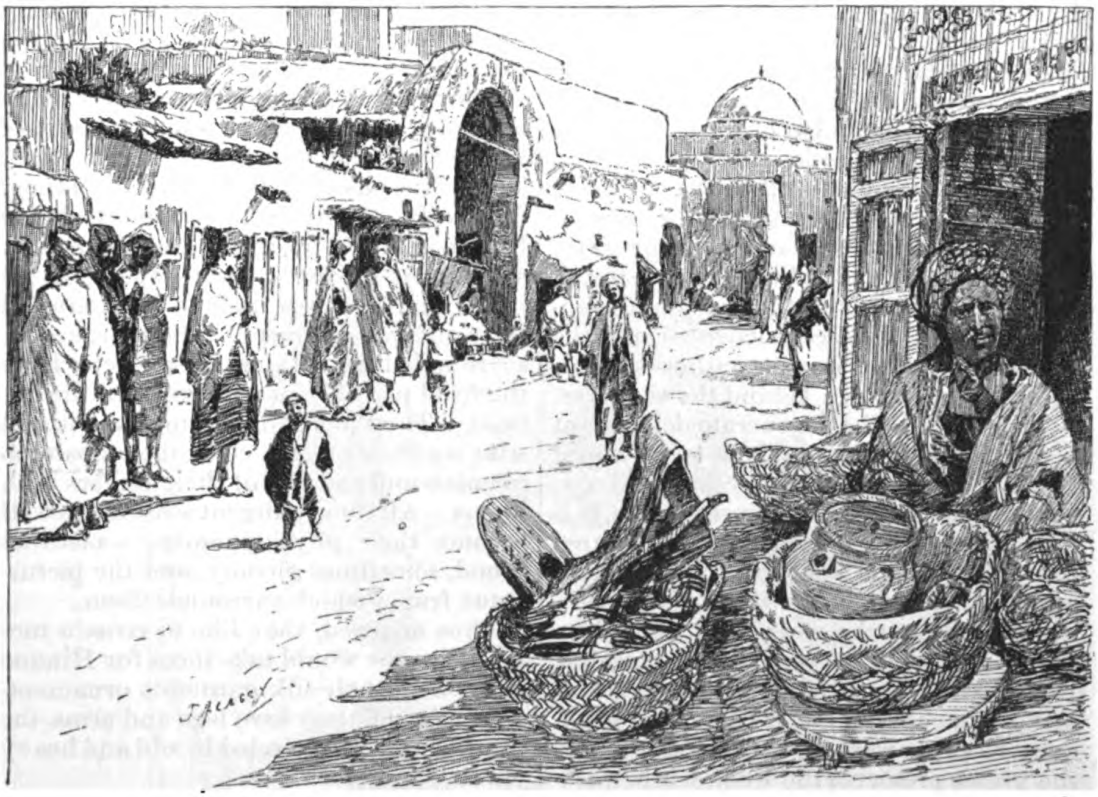
All this is truly animated and picturesque; but it is especially in the souks and bazars that the scene becomes extremely characteristic and singular. A souk is an assemblage of shops of people of the same profession. The dean of each corporation thus grouped is the chief (Amîn), and it is he who fixes the price at which the makers shall sell their wares, and who cuts short the disputes between buyers and merchants. If one of these last has tried to cheat in the weight or in the price, the Amîn orders the bastinado to be administered on the soles of his feet. At the next offense the dishonest merchant is expelled from the city, and his goods are confiscated. The principal souks and the bazars are situated under arched passages, and are those of the saddlers, the makers of Turkish slippers, the manufacturers of woollen stuffs, and the spice and herb mongers. The bazars (there are two of them, the Great and the Little), presided over by a single Amîn, form a sort of commercial *sanctum;* the objects which they sell here—carpets, silk, cloth and linen stuffs, burnooses, coverlets, jewels, etc.—seem to the Kairwanese the most precious in the world. No stores in which these various articles are sold are authorized to establish themselves in the city elsewhere than here, and for precaution they are closed at night by heavy doors, the keys of which are in the Governor's hands.

The first impression as one enters is vague and confused, like the atmosphere in which one moves. From the narrow streets, crudely bright, one passes under dark arches, where objects can be distinguished with difficulty; where the side galleries open, the light varies sharply in intensity. Sometimes a bright ray of sun cuts the shadow like the flash of a Damascus sword, and makes the millions of impalpable atoms sparkle in a golden haze; then little by little the eye accustoms itself to it, and one may admire at leisure the bits, the bridles, the velvet and morocco saddles constellated with embroideries, the rare rich stuffs woven with gold. It is curious and amusing enough to look about the shop of an Arab, and these good people allow you to inspect everything,

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and in order to detain you, hospitably offer you coffee. The real charm of the bazar is in contemplating the movement about one. The shops, which one may best compare to the theatres set up in country fairs, are surrounded with narrow stone pavements two feet high, serving as a show place, between which the roadways, like little ravines, are packed away. There, encountering and mingling with each other, are the cavaliers, the frightened camels, the caravans of asses, caïd, draped in his silken burnoose, advances with superb indolence in the path which respect widens before him. We know that Mohammed was a merchant, and that he commended commerce to his disciples; as one sees the animation with which they give themselves to it, one feels that they have made the best of the advice.

Immediately after the prayer of the hasarr (at three o'clock in the afternoon) the galleries of the bazars are the theatre



PRINCIPAL STREET AND ENTRANCE TO THE SOUKS.

with their modest gait, sometimes loaded with bricks, filling the baskets attached to their pack-saddles, sometimes with wood, or with fresh herbs. Their leaders make their way through the confusion, crying out for room to pass. In the confused crowd which comes and goes, the nomads are distinguished by their energetic faces and soiled garments. The caouadji (coffee-house keeper), with his little vest and coarse linen drawers, his head covered with a bright fringed turban (the distinctive sign of his profession), glides quickly about, carrying his little cups; while the of an auction sale. It is then that the tumult becomes indescribable. One's ears are deafened by the various noises, and it is with the greatest difficulty that one succeeds in moving about. Kairwanese and nomads come to put up for sale carpets, coverlets, burnooses, made by their wives, and old gold and silver jewelry. They cry the prices with a deafening voice, meanwhile, making the tour of the galleries, holding above their head the objects for sale, in order to attract attention.

All the transactions are made for ready money, and, a very typical detail, only

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between men. The Turkish women, much freer than one supposes, frequent assiduously the bazars of Stamboul, but here one rarely sees even old ones concealing themselves in dark corners. Carefully veiled, they have the sinister aspect of the masked penitents of the Italian fraternities.

What struck me the most from the first of my sojourn was the monotony of costume, which is nearly the same for both sexes. At Constantinople the ample *féredgé*, by the variety of its shades, offers some scope for coquetry; the *habbara* of the Egyptians, where the white veil held by a clasp between the eyes contrasts so vividly with the ample folds of black silk, does not lack a certain richness; but the *voussoura* of the Kairwanese—an ample black or white woollen cloak four or five yards long, and bordered with fringe in the absence of a hem—offers none of these compensations. The men of the tribe of the Tlaas wear the jâram, white or gray, a covering like that of the women, but of somewhat stronger stuff, draped in the antique method, the face uncovered, and the corner, which the women gather in folds before them, thrown behind the shoulder.

The jâram is the degenerate descendant of the Roman toga, but it is to be hoped that the Roman togas were clean, and covered cleaner citizens. One sees some, it is true, of very fine texture, manufactured in the Djerid (the country of golden dates and silky sheep), but, owing to the negligence of those who wear them, these luxurious garments are soon unrecognizable. Like the burnoose, the jâram serves at once for a coverlet and a cloak. It is seldom, if ever, washed, because, they say, the grease preserves the wool, while washing wears it out.

Under this outer garment, jâram or burnoose, the people of a certain class wear the jebba and the Arab costume—a little silk vest and wide breeches. Poor people have only a jebba and cotton drawers. The peasants have nothing but the burnoose, which forms their entire wardrobe. The jebba is a sort of gown falling very gracefully below the knee, open at the chest, without sleeves, but with large holes through which to pass the arms. The most common are brown with wide red bands; the front is ornamented with fine designs stitched with brilliant green or yellow silk. The women of the tribe drape themselves in a cloak of dark blue, of which two ends are fastened at the breast with a big brass ring, or with pins furnished with rings. This covering—their only garment—is brought over the head to protect it from the sun; the arms and the legs remain bare, and are tattooed, and sometimes ornamented with big brass or silver bracelets. The rich women have under-garments which are complicated enough, and not at all graceful—something like the costumes of their husbands, vest, drawers, and jebba, besides three or four chemises of linen and silk placed one over another. Confined as in bags, they have scarcely a human appearance. It is true, the complete costume is only put on for grand occasions, so rare in the life of an Arab woman.

The features of the Kairwanese women are pure, but without character—a sort of general regularity uninteresting in itself, and which does not appeal to the fancy. One seeks in vain in their almost classic faces something to reveal the individual, something of the deeper experience of life which discloses itself in the harassed faces of Northern races. Their large eyes, surrounded by a thick dark circle, have the fixed placidity of expression of the animal. They put white cosmetics without stint on their breasts, color their lips with carmine and the tips of their fingers with henna. All these pungent seasonings well become their physiognomies, sometimes proud, sometimes gloomy, and the picturesque frame which surrounds them.

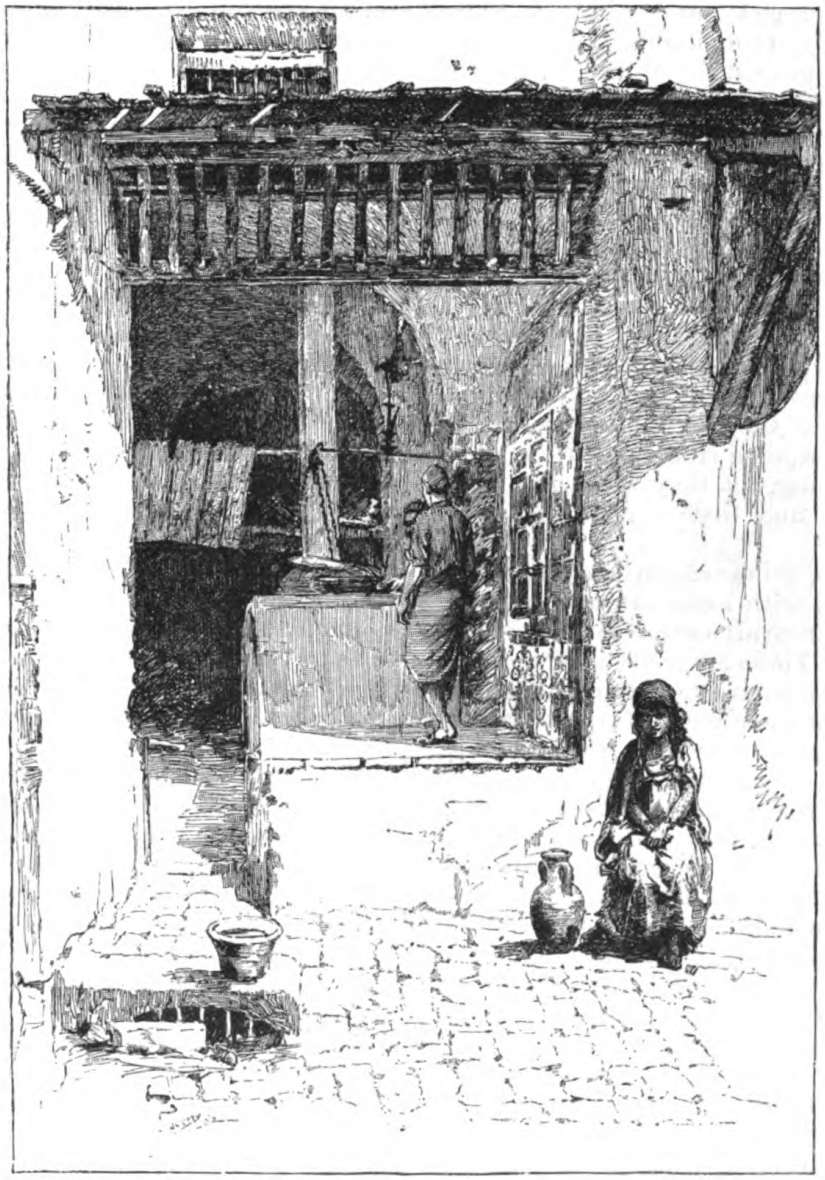
Thus adorned, they like to remain motionless; one would take them for Hindoo idols, with their silk garments ornamented with gold, their bare legs and arms, the color of amber, encircled by old and heavy jewelry of silver.

Poor daughters of a condemned race, plunged in a profound stupor, their life passes in household work and the manufacture of carpets and woollen stuffs. Sometimes they practice singing while playing the tabor and the *darbouca*, or move nonchalantly through some measures of the dance. Women of means, the happiest of them, interrupt their employment by long naps. This is their greatest pleasure, their greatest luxury—to sleep. Their favorite distraction in summer is to mount for a few moments in the evening to their terraces, and exchange greetings with each other and some brief gossip. They must return only the more depressed to that cloister-like solitude which characterizes all Arab dwellings, and where alone is re-

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vealed all the jealous suspicion, all the ferocious surveillance, of Mussulman life.

Parents do not always wait till their daughters are marriageable to sell them, time on their wedding day. Marriage, far from emancipating the women, only changes their prison. The tyranny of the husband is even harsher than that in the



THE CAFÉ.

after a disputed bargain, to an old or a young man. The price of the women varies from one hundred francs to five or six hundred. This great difference comes from the fact that the future husband pays according to the importance of his wife's family, but the degree of beauty never enters into consideration, since the couple are supposed to see each other for the first family where the father loves his daughter, since his caprice is absolute law. The man always eats alone, the woman is not admitted to the honor of sharing his meal; she serves, standing respectfully before him.

Both the men and the women of Kairwan have a number of singular practices for which there is no theoretical ex-

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planation, though they are of common use. Here are some of them: In eating they take particular care not to let an atom of food fall, which is quite difficult, since they eat with their fingers. If this misfortune happens to them, they rise immediately and pick up the fallen morsel respectfully, pronouncing the formula, "God be praised!" With friends they avoid interchanging from hand to hand sharp objects, as knives or scissors; the instrument must first be placed on some motionless object, where it loses its evil spell. The *nazar* (evil-eye) is mentioned in the Koran, and all Mussulmans believe in it. To guard against its malign influence, they use certain words and gestures. Generally they menace the person possessing the evil-eye, extending the five fingers of the left hand and saying, "Jamsafi aird" ("the fire in the eye"). The Neapolitans, on a similar occasion, do not say anything, but they make horns with the index and little fingers of the left hand.

Women, children, and domestic animals are loaded with amulets designed to protect them from all sorts of misfortunes and diseases. These are pieces of sewed linen, like the scapularies of Roman Catholics, except that their form is triangular, containing a paper on which is written a passage from the Koran. They protect the houses and drive away the envious by coarse paintings of red hands applied above the doors, on the columns, etc., and often also by amulets of a particular kind, which I can not resist the pleasure of describing. These are some cloves of garlic, an old Turkish slipper, various herbs, and some bones carefully wrapped together and tied. They put them in the corner of a house, and all within it is sheltered from harm. I think that this last superstition comes from Congo, for it is very much practiced by the negroes of the French colonies of the Antilles, originally from that country, where, far from protecting the house and its inhabitants, it casts an evil spell upon them. Such stupid and barbarous practices constitute the real religion of the women, who in Arabian countries are excluded from the mosques, and do not receive any kind of religious instruction; in retaliation they see frequently the wandering dervishes, who are the great colporteurs of superstition.

These wandering dervishes are not attached to a society, but become sometimes the founders of sects, like Si Abd-el-Kader Kadria and Sidi Ahmid-el-Tidjani, who here founded sects which are to-day very prosperous. These are not scholars, although nearly all have passed some months in a medressa (religious college); they have studied little outside of some passages from the Koran, which they know by heart, and which they adapt in a hundred different ways. However, they are received everywhere with deference; every one speaks with them on a familiar footing, and bestows alms upon them. It is because these religious Bohemians possess an especial industry: they are miracle-workers.

Their performances, though of a very simple kind, deserve mention. The holy personage, dressed in rags, his head covered with an immense straw hat furnished with bells, runs through the streets like a crazy man, agitating his arms, brandishing an enormous iron cane with a ball on the end, pronouncing mysterious unconnected words. Sometimes he stops short in the midst of the crowd, in order to give himself up to some curious devotional exercise, which he invents, then takes a stand before the doors of the houses, and a musician, who accompanies him, plays on a reed flute or pounds relentlessly on a tabor. The door opens almost immediately, the worthy man enters, and distributes at his ease his amulets, his counsels, his benediction, in exchange for gifts in money or of like nature. As one sees, the process is simple, and the wandering dervishes multiply. Caring little for decorum, they indulge a rude competition, insult each other occasionally, and say plain truths to one another before the public without its robust faith being shaken. When they are rich and famous, they change their titles and become marabouts, that is to say, saints, recognized by the mosques. When they die they have a tomb surmounted by a dome erected to them, and their sacred remains still enjoy the privilege of working miracles.

The marabouts form the first of a family branch; holiness is hereditary in their families, as also the privileges which result from it. They are exempt from all contributions; they become the auxiliaries of power, and profit by it. I knew intimately one of these grand personages, an old man of eighty years, who had a wife and house at Kairwan and at Tunis.

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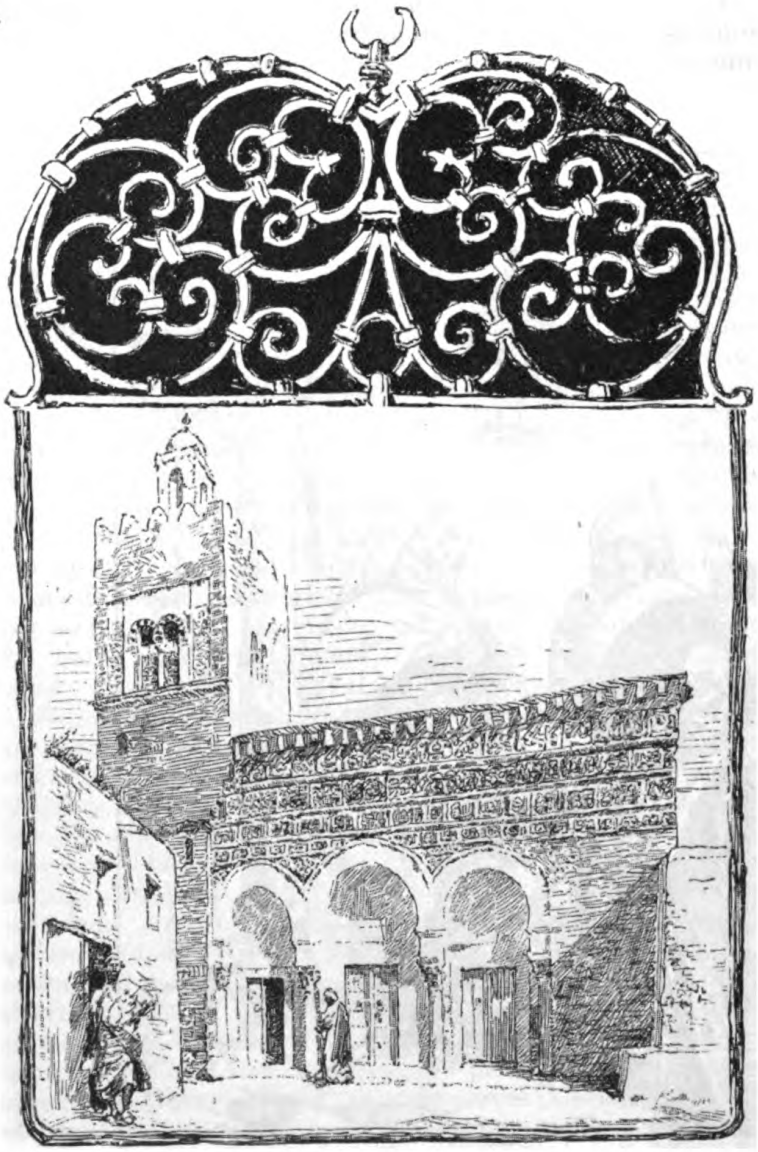
The Bey ordered him to come every year to his palace at Bardo, and loaded him with presents. I suppose he thus sought to attach to himself a marabout whose influence was great over all classes of society at Kairwan. The latter's house was an arsenal of curious objects—furniture, garments, head-dresses, and gifts of faith.

Among the curious spectacles of which Kairwan offers a choice, none are more likely to attract the stranger than the exercises of the regular dervishes. Indeed, they have, for each class of travellers, an interest equally engrossing. To fervent souls of their own faith they give an opportunity of glorifying their worship in



WANDERING DERVISHES AT THE DOOR OF A HOUSE.

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MOSQUE BON TELETHA BIBAN.

comparison with the strange rites of the Mussulman sectaries. Those who seek nothing more than keen sensations, find amusement in the singularity of their practices; the mysterious prepossession of their senses raises to the minds of thinkers the most interesting problems of philosophy, history, or of religion. Two orders of dervishes flourish in Africa, the Aissaouia and the Sulemi. One may say, as a general rule, that they divide among themselves all the illiterate people, which is an immense part of the population.

The Aissaouia are established in the suburb, at the gates of the city, in the zaouia of Sidi Ben Aissa, the monastery of this strange sect, which is at once their sanctuary and the scene of their exercises. It is a large, square room with domed ceiling, having two small side aisles; the walls are covered with poniards, long sharp-pointed knives, sabres, and little chains furnished with balls or nails. Here and there are barbaric instruments of music, tambours, and darboucas. In the middle hangs an old Venetian lustre, and scattered all about, without order, little lamps, ostriches' eggs, and small balls of plaster brought from Mecca.

The Sulemi, established near the Aissaouia, in the zaouia of Sidi Abd-el-Selem, inflict upon themselves the torture of fire. Clothed in long smocks, and armed with enormous resinous torches, they burn their breast, head, and arms while executing a curious waltz, like that of the reeling dervishes of Stamboul.

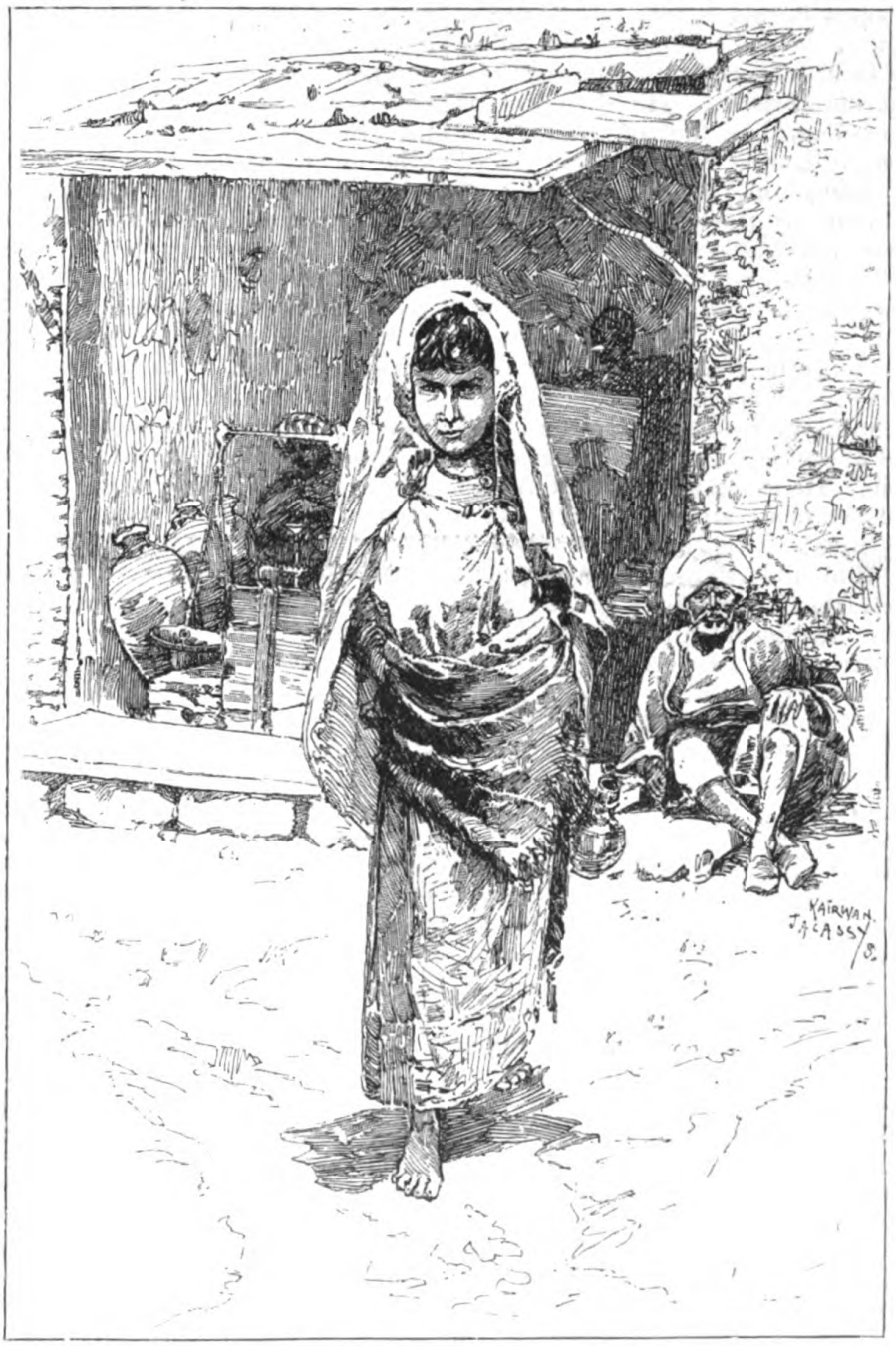
I once witnessed in their zaouia a hideous spectacle. A French officer present that evening had ordered a sheep, which he offered by way of acknowledgment to the Sulemi who had taken part in the exercises that night. These ignoble Arabs precipitated themselves upon the beast, tore it apart, and ate it. Even the skin and the bones were devoured. I could not escape the horrible scene by flight, and could only turn my eyes away in disgust.

The zaouia of Sidi Abd-el-Kader Kadria shelters the rich associations of the literati and the notables of Kairwan. It is a large house, the great simplicity of which

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accords well with the modest rites of the Kadrii, who, far from torturing, confine themselves to prayer and to partaking in common of frugal love-feasts.

is but a fine mask, and often hides a negative, indolent character and the absence of all moral virtues. I have already said that he was of the family of the famous



YOUNG GIRL OF THE PEOPLE AND OIL MERCHANT.

Si Mohammed-el-Mourabet, the Farik (Governor) of the city and of all southern Tunis, is a member. He is a fat old man, with that external Oriental dignity which

and valiant Spanish khalifs Almoravides, but he is a degenerate descendant, who has but the name of his race, without their intelligence and valiant qualities.

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General receiver of the taxes of half the regency, his under-hand dealings have acquired for him a large fortune, which he devotes to the maintenance of his wives and the luxury of his house. His power is immense, and without restriction. He concentrates in his hands the finances, justice, and the police, chooses the office-holders in all departments, and dismisses them at his pleasure. His despotism is more merciless than that of the caïds of the tribes, because a regular troop, placed at his disposition, is always ready to march to enforce the execution of his decrees, while the caïds are obliged to manage their subordinates to be sure of them in the perilous hour of the razzias and the harvests.

His two brothers occupy eminent positions; one is commandant of the city, the other a military colonel. His son, who is called to succeed him, sometimes came to see me. He asked me the most absurd questions, showing an extreme ignorance of everything. I could never succeed in making him understand that America is separated from Europe by a great sea besides the Mediterranean. Maps, reiterated explanations, all were useless. The end of the world remained for him, Stamboul on one side, the Soudan on the other. When I spoke of the rotundity of the earth, he gazed at me with an amused smile.

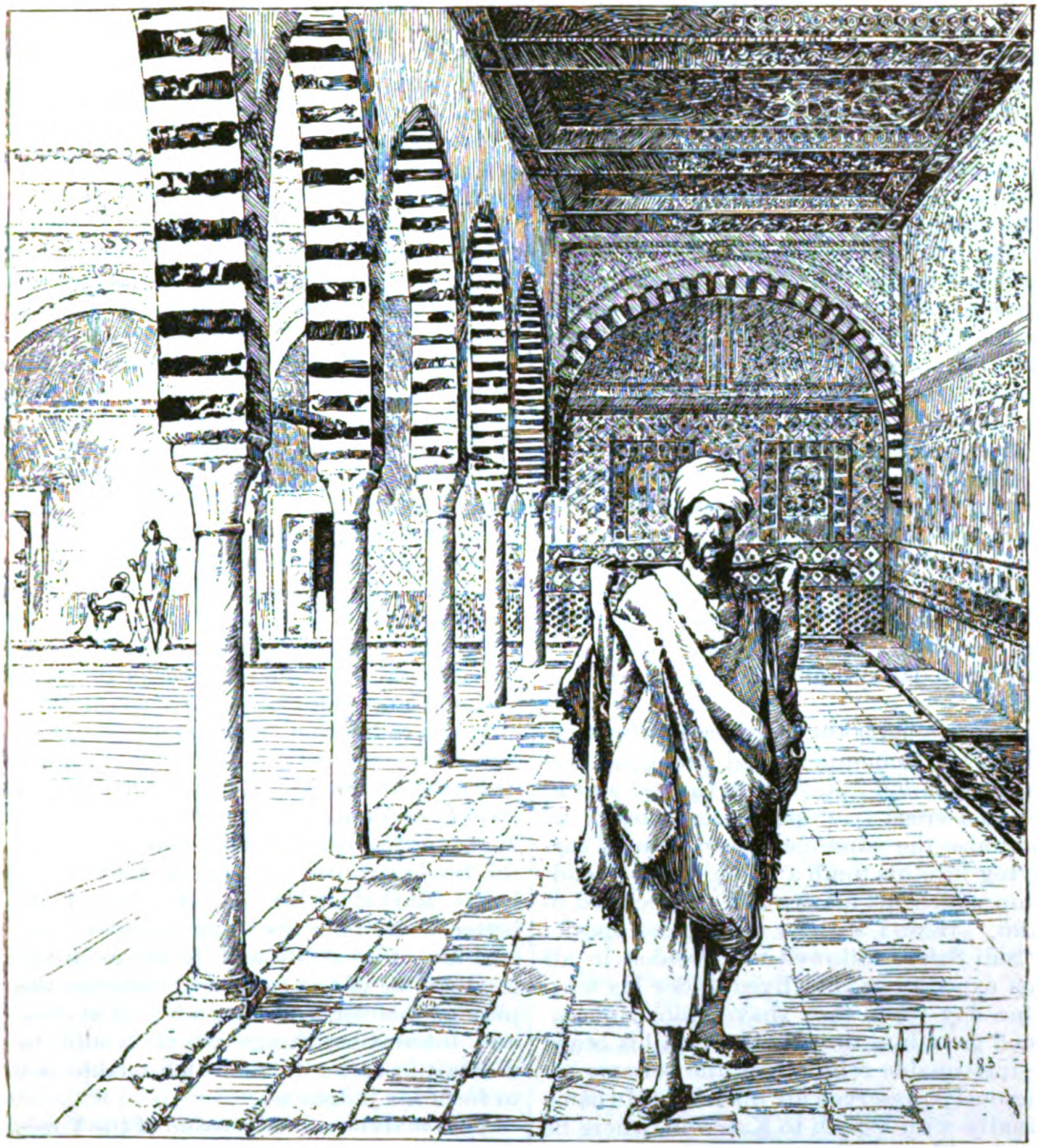
Although no priesthood, properly speaking, exists among the Mussulmans, that does not prevent their having a numerous juridical clergy, composed of literati, of whom the first dignitary is here the Cadi. This very important personage, than whom no one is more influential, they say, except the Governor (of whom he takes precedence on certain solemn occasions), is a broken-down old man, very grave, with malicious little eyes twinkling with cunning. He discharges the functions of supreme judge; the muftis (ordinary judges) are his councillors and his creatures; the koodjas (notaries) are placed in entire dependence upon him. The whole forms the juridical clergy, a formidable and well-regulated power, which formerly believed itself superior to the soldiers and administrative functionaries, but which to-day makes common cause with them. "Wolves will not eat each other," says a French proverb.

Kairwan counts sixty-three mosques and more than one hundred sanctuaries (tombs or zaouias), common buildings which would make a dreadful appearance in our cold latitudes, but which, despite the neglect and abandon in which they lie, have a certain artistic stamp given them by Dame Nature. The rough-cast of the walls is peeling off, the rains of winter have glazed the base with a greenish tinge, and pellicles are incrusted on the disjointed bricks; some silent passers-by, draped like Bible personages, stop to pray, the head erect, the hands extended. Such a scene is frequent; and the African sun—incomparable magician!—which, under this deep azure sky, outlines objects with such clearness, makes of all this misery and these rags a splendid picture.

The most ancient mosque, after the Djemma-el-Kebir, is that of the three doors—Djemma Bon Teletha Biban. Its old façade is adorned with old-Arabic inscriptions and archaic ornaments, interesting alike from an artistic and archæological point of view. Its doorways have antique columns, of which two of Byzantine origin testify to Mussulman iconoclastic zeal. The fantastic birds which form the corners and capitals, and the rams' heads in the middle, have been disfigured by hammers. Apropos of this, all the débris, columns, capitals, sculptured cornices and carved stones, so abundant in Kairwan that one can scarcely take a step without seeing some, come from the ruins of Roman villas in the suburbs. It was at first Sabra (twelve miles to the north), the ancient Colonia Sabrata, fortified by Justinian, from whence were taken the most of the materials of the Grand Mosque; then the Vecus Augusti (ten miles east), situated near the marabout of Sidi-el-Nane.

These large cities, of which there remain but vestiges and the site, some roads still discernible, ruins of fortifications elevated on almost all the hillocks of the plain, numerous wells and cisterns scattered in the desert, prove the force and grandeur of Roman colonization. I measured one of the cisterns to the right of the Si-Nasseur-Allah road, five miles from Kairwan, in a good state of preservation, which, measured by paces, is over 150 yards wide and 250 long, with a conduit-house and four strongholds built at the sides. As stone is wanting in the plains, the material for all these works must have been brought from quarries which have been discovered in the sides of Djebel-Strozza, forty miles to the west. What an enor-

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CORNER OF COURT AT THE TOMB OF SIDI-EL-SAHEB.

mous amount of energy all that represents!

The most important and the most venerated of the sanctuaries of Kairwan, that which incloses the relics of Mohammed, on which account the city is holy, is the marabout of "Sidi Saheb Ennabi ou Sajebi," "the holy companion and friend of the Prophet." Formerly, when Kairwan was in the days of its splendor, this important edifice was in the middle of the city, so large at that time that parents, to prevent their children being lost, put placards on their necks to indicate their neighborhood. To-day it is a quarter of a mile from the city. A mass of recent structures (1132 A.H.), as different inscriptions testify, incloses the tomb, a mosque, and a medressa (college). The ensemble is rather inconsistent, and has neither style nor character. A vestibule, a small square room, capped with a dome constellated with arabesque in fretwork, and a beautiful cloister, well designed, and of fine proportions, lead to the tomb. Their walls are covered with old Persian faiences of very original design and marvellous colors, surmounted by panels of very varied fretwork, comparable to those of the Alhambra. Unfortunately all this, badly kept up, is falling to ruins; the old bits of faience which fall are replaced by Italian

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tiles discordant in color—horrible specimens of modern industrial art.

The ceilings of wood are painted in close design in a magnificent scale of color, rich and sombre, which sets off the white arabesques, the gay color of the faience, the fine tints of the marble columns.

The tomb is in a small room with an elevated dome. The sarcophagus of wood, covered with green velvet embroidered with silver thread, is surrounded by a high wire lattice, to which are attached stones from Mecca and ostrich eggs (*ex voto* of the faithful). Some twenty magnificent standards of precious stuffs overshadow it, and an old Venetian lustre ornamented with iron lances hangs from the centre of the dome. The ground is covered with rich carpets, and the walls are adorned to a height of thirteen feet with Persian faiences above arabesques painted in black on a white ground. This very harmonious ensemble has a fine heroic stamp.

There reposes the old warrior who, worshipping Mohammed, had the good fortune to be his faithful companion, and to see his creed triumph in the world; he had also the supreme consolation of carrying into his tomb a token of the friendship which his master had consecrated to him. Here I will let the legend speak: "Sidi Saheb followed the Prophet in all his expeditions, and lived under his tent. One day when they shaved him Mohammed gave him three hairs from his beard—inestimable relic, which the believer religiously preserved all his life. He came finally with Ogbah to Kairwan, where he died. Then, following his instructions, they placed one of these hairs on his tongue, the other two on his eyes." This beard is the cause of the confusion which has given foundation to the belief prevalent in Europe that the barber of the Prophet reposes at Kairwan.

The medressa at Sidi Saheb is a vast court-yard surrounded by little cells, where lodge students, who are poor devils from distant tribes—old enthusiasts, or young men of the people who seek to acquire by learning a better material position. The sons of the cultured and important personages are educated at Tunis. The programme of studies is by far too primitive and restricted: it embraces only the Koran and the Arabic language. This shows that this very religion, the cause of the greatness of the Moors, is also the cause of their ruin, for, from the first, exalting by fanaticism their warlike virtues, it made them superior to their still barbarous adversaries, while to-day, shutting them within insurmountable barriers to progress, it leaves them stationary, inferior, and strangers to civilized peoples. From this material inferiority results the sentiment, keen and persistent with them, of a blind and profound hatred for the infidel, the *Roumi*. They end by accepting it all as a demonstrated and incontestable truth. By a wise and interested calculation, parents keep these hostile sentiments concealed; but the children betray them, and do not spare the foreigner, insulting him in a thousand ways. That happened to me frequently in the first days of my sojourn, but after some merited corrections the little rogues behaved themselves discreetly.

Ophthalmos (the eye), employed in metaphor, signified with the Greeks the central and important place of a country or city, where life and movement centre, and where characteristic manners come more distinctly to notice. Every large city has its eye: at Venice it is the Square of Saint Mark; at Naples it is the Toledo; in Paris the Boulevard des Italiens; at Kairwan it is the Market of Tunis. Here one gets, better than anywhere else, many of the customs of local life and details as to the productions of the country, character, the play of interest, and a number of typical and interesting things which would be difficult to recount, but which enable one to form his judgment.

This market is held outside of the Tunis Gate in a large irregular square, surrounded by fondouks and shops. It is always crowded. Here they sell at auction horses (which they cause to prance about in the crowd at the risk of crushing the people), camels, cattle, and conveyances; in the corners are held the Souk-el-Kamel, "louse-market," where are sold old clothes, shoes, etc.; the Souk-el-Kallelgia, for jars and earthen bricks; the Souk el Cotran, for pitch, of which there is a great sale for the healing of animals; the Souk-el-Edina, for camels, goat-skins, etc. Oftentimes, seated in the shade of a baraque, I have remained for hours contemplating these animated scenes, this perpetual stir of men and animals. The square has for frame a beautiful sky, proud mountains, distant views of the desert covered with its mantle of pale yellow. Scattered here

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and there are posts supporting roofings of matting, tents sheltering nomadic merchants, whose wives, veritable beasts of burden, attend publicly to their household cares, their indescribable rags drying everywhere in the sun. But the scene changed when I arose to mingle among the groups: the naked children who rolled themselves in the dust fled at my approach with frightful shrieks; the mothers took refuge under their screens, hiding their faces in their hands; the men glared upon me with wild and hostile looks; and all the dogs who guarded the cattle accompanied me with a furious barking.

Here is a sketch of a day of Kairwanese life: It is morning, the voice of the muezzins announces that the sun is about to rise. Bourgeois Kairwan still sleeps profoundly, but the poor devils who sleep on the ground in some tumble-down hovel have already quitted their beds and shaken their rags. The caouadjis (coffee-house keepers) are washing their shops, beating the mats which cover the benches, polishing their cups, and putting to rights in order to be ready for the call of custom. The milch cows and the goats leave the houses to wander all day in the open country in search of meagre nourishment; camels pass laden with fresh herbs, and leave behind them the pleasant odor of vegetation, which contrasts with the pungent smell of oil transported in dirty skins or in large amphora. Asses laden with coal and wood stop a moment at the doors of the houses to deliver their merchandise, and then plod on their peaceful way. But here are two whose loads catch on each other and fall. One of the guides has heard too late his fellow's cry of warning. A Homeric dispute ensues, in which the two heroes pour forth their vocabulary of invective, which is inexhaustible. All this with furious gestures which make one think that they are going to fight, but they take good care not. A point to notice is that the vociferations are louder in proportion as they move off and find themselves out of reach. Nothing is more amusing. During this time, one by one the shops have opened, some artisans have set themselves to work, the streets become peopled. The hour of business has struck. All becomes animated. A pungent exhalation arises from the kitchens of the meurgagia, who hasten to compound those inexpensive dishes to which southern idleness so easily accommodates itself; the caouadjis run anxiously at the call of business men; the dark dens of the blacksmiths are illumined with red reflections. Buyer and seller conciliate each other, seek to convince one another, or dispute sharply.

Toward eleven o'clock in summer all this animation disappears. It is the hour of the siesta. The traveller wandering through the solitary souks at this moment would fancy himself in a necropolis.

Business recommences at three o'clock, continuing until sunset. In summer the evenings are passed before the cafés in open air. In winter the streets are rendered impracticable by the rains; there is not even a cat out-of-doors.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

High in the dark Franconia Notch,
Between the sunset and the lake,
Alone on his eternal watch,
From under brows that ache
With corrugated centuries, behold
The Old Man of the Mountain, passing old!

A Memnon to the sunbeams mute,
In vain the blush of morning burns,
Or ripe eve mocks the Hesperian fruit,
To left nor right he turns;
The lake which glasses him, in its romance
Of mural rounding, never wins a glance.

And more than Memnon's years are in
The weakness of that senile mouth,
But strength is in the massive chin,
Firm-set. And, facing south,
He looks with level eyes, and looks afar,
As over him in heaven the polar star.

The heavens are old, and so is he;
And when in torrents through the gorge
The mist is pouring like a sea,
When equinoxes scourge,
Or whips of winter, when the lightnings strike,
Grand his appeal as Lear's is—like to like.

And now, all thunder-scarred and worn
With tempest, how sublime a thing
I see him, lonely and forlorn,
Yet "every inch a king."
Nay, wherefore with an alien atmosphere
Invest this monumental mountain? Here

The Red Man's Manitou he stood;
Here like an ancient brave he stands,
All pathos, patience, fortitude,
The dispossessed of lands.
The sunset clouds, the autumnal foliage,
Against the solitude of his great age

Like billows break. From crag and cliff,
For all the aerial gold he wears,
And glory of the maple leaf,
On and away he stares,
Right on into the dumb eternity,
And lets unchallenged time and tide go by.

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KAISER WILHELM.

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KAISER WILHELM.

THE first Emperor of the New Germany is one of those historical personages who, without possessing remarkable talents, are nevertheless called upon to act important parts, and upon whom their peoples, after the lapse of centuries, look back as political benefactors. He does not possess the gifts of his deceased brother, is not, like him, keen and witty, a scholar and a connoisseur of art, but he has other qualities, and the very ones which Germany, on account of its internal weakness, and its position between two powerful and ambitious military states, most needed, if it was to escape the fate of Poland. With his clear understanding and firm will, his determination, his spirit of self-sacrifice, his conscientiousness, his consistency in pursuing the objects set before his eyes, he is exactly the prince whom our country had to find in order to make Germany strong through unity, and to raise her to her proper place among the nations of Europe. Freedom at home was not our first need, but freedom from foreign influence and restraint; the other, so far as useful and possible to a state like Germany, was sure then to follow and gradually develop itself. It is folly to cherish any fears in this regard.

The Emperor William is, above all things, a soldier; he is the type of the Prussian officer. His spirit quickens the leaders of the army, and from them is transmitted to the lower ranks and the private soldiers. He is not a great general like his strategist Moltke; but he created the army which triumphed at Sadowa and Sedan; his correct judgment selected and supported the men who knew how to manage the powerful machine so that it would work fruitfully in all its parts, and it remains to the present day the object of his most conscientious study and attention. He has indeed conquered; but he is without greed or lust of conquest. He has only won what Germany had to win for her own security against envious and ill-disposed neighbors: good frontiers; a disposition of the ports to the best advantage of the whole in the interior; and the extension of the Prussian military system over the whole people—a measure which was required as much by a sense of equity as by political prudence. When this was accomplished, the man of war with the imperial crown transformed himself into the most pacific monarch which the world has seen in this century.

The time and the circumstances in which the Emperor William received his first impressions of life and his first impulses were of great influence upon the development of his character. His youth fell in the years, beginning with the unlucky day of Jena, of Prussia's and Germany's deepest humiliation. This period, with its trials and its shame, was calculated to impress itself indelibly on the memory, and to direct the efforts of the young prince toward the one end of bringing about a rise after the fall, and making the return of such misfortunes impossible. To this view of his duty he was materially aided by his mother, Queen Louise, the royal martyr, who died at the time of a broken heart, and for whose cruel treatment by Napoleon he obtained in 1870 an ample retribution. When, in the third week of October, 1806, in the flight after the battle of Jena, the Queen overtook at Schwedt her sons, who had been sent on in advance with their tutor, she addressed to them the following exhortation:

"I see in a single day an edifice destroyed on which great men have labored for two centuries. There is no longer a Prussian state, a Prussian army; no longer any national glory. Oh, my sons, you are of an age when your minds can appreciate and feel the great events which have overtaken us. In the future, when your mother no longer lives, call this unhappy hour up in your memories. Shed tears over your mother's memory, as I now weep over the prostration of my country. But do not be satisfied with tears. Act; develop your powers. Perhaps Prussia's protecting spirit may descend upon you; then deliver your nation from the shame, the disgrace, the debasement, under which it now suffers. Strive to reconquer from France the glory, just now obscured, of your fathers, as your ancestor, the Great Elector, avenged upon the Swedes at Fehrbellin the outrages committed against his father. Let yourselves not be carried away, my princes, by the degeneration of this age. Be men, and strive for the name of soldiers and heroes. If you wanted this ambition, you would be unworthy descendants of the great Frederic. But if

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with all your efforts you fail to raise up the fallen state, then seek death, as Louis Ferdinand sought it."

The protecting spirit of Prussia did in fact descend upon the Prince William. The Queen's words fell like good seed upon rich soil. His growth and maturity were completed by the military education which, like all Prussian princes, he enjoyed. On the 1st of January, 1807, being then not yet ten years old, he was appointed an officer by his father. On the 20th of January, 1813, a few weeks after York's convention, which began the release of Germany from the yoke of the foreigner, he replied to the bishop who at his confirmation asked him what effect at that gloomy time the belief on an all-wise and all-good Providence had upon him:

"This belief will elevate and strengthen me. I believe firmly and steadfastly on Him who says to the presumptuous, 'thus far and no farther; here shall thy proud waves be stayed.' The dawn of a better day breaks. I hope with joyful confidence that the almighty and gracious God will be with my royal father, his house, and his faithful people."

This faith accompanied the Prince as, by his father's side, he took part in the two campaigns of the war of liberation. Near Mannheim he was present for the first time at a fight with the French; in the battle of Bar-sur-Aube he won by his gallant conduct his first military decoration, the Russian Order of St. George; and at La Fère Champenoise he carried, through the heaviest artillery fire, the order to press forward and fire with cartridge.

Returned from the war, the Prince resumed his interrupted studies under his governor, Colonel Von Brause. Characteristic of his way of thinking are the life principles and vows which the eighteen-year-old youth wrote down, and from which I select, as especially laudable, and worthy of imitation by other high persons, the following:

"I take pleasure in my high station, not on account of the distinction which it gives me among men, but because in it I can work the better and accomplish the more. My rank ought always to remind me of the great duties which it imposes upon me, the great exertions which it requires of me, and the great temptations against which I have to battle. I will never forget that a prince is also a man, and before God only a man, sharing with the meanest of his people the weakness and the wants of human nature; that the laws which control others are written likewise for him; and that he, like others, will one day be judged according to his conduct. . . . I know what I owe, as a man and a prince, to my honor. Never will I seek it in things where only madness can find it. My powers belong to the world, to my country. I will therefore be unweariedly active in the sphere assigned to me, employ my time in the best manner, and accomplish as much good as lies in my power. I will maintain an honest and hearty good-will toward all men, even the humblest, for they are all my brothers. I will use my dignity as a prince to the disadvantage of nobody, oppress nobody by my own superior facilities; and when I have demands to make of any one I will be gracious and friendly, in order to render the execution of the demands as easy as possible. I esteem it much more highly to be loved than to be feared, or merely to enjoy the consideration of a prince. . . . Flatterers I will firmly repel. The best, the most open, the most sincere, shall be the most welcome to me. I will hold those to be my best friends who tell me the truth, even when it may seem likely to displease me."

These principles were not simply written down; they have been realized in life. They adorned the Prince, and became the daily guide of the King; they made him great; they won and preserved for him the love of his people. In obedience to them he has always taken his mission strictly and earnestly, first as soldier, then as ruler.

In 1817, having carefully prepared himself for the post, he received a seat and voice in the Council of State. Still for a long time the military rather than the civil service claimed his attention. Having already during the war reached the rank of major, he became successively during the following ten years of peace colonel, major-general, and (1825) commander of the Third Army Corps. In his youth somewhat delicate, he became, three years later, at which time he married a princess of Saxe-Weimar, the present Empress Augusta, a vigorous and stalwart man. "Prince William," wrote Gagern at that time to Stein, "is the noblest figure that can be seen, the most imposing

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of all; besides that, he is comely and chivalrous, spirited and gallant, yet always with dignity."

After the accession of his brother to the throne, the subject of our sketch, who thenceforth bore the title of "Prince of Prussia," applied himself more than formerly to civil affairs. In 1840 he was appointed Governor of Pomerania, and two years later, during the absence of his brother in England, the conduct of all military and civil affairs was intrusted to him. In 1844 the Prince himself made a journey to London. Bunsen wrote of him then: "The Prince is greatly taken with England; he admires her greatness, and perceives that it is the consequence of her political and religious institutions."

When the insurrection of March, 1848, broke out in Berlin, and the weak King yielded to the demands of the democrats, the Prince was understood to disapprove, and to lean toward reaction. The first supposition was certainly unfounded. He was at the time again in England, and Bunsen says of him, in a letter to Dahlmann: "Is the Prince an absolutist or reactionist? That he is thoroughly honest, open, and consistent even the ill-disposed have never denied, if they speak with any knowledge of the man. In the very first days, and with the quick yet firm intelligence which is peculiar to him, he revealed a perfect clearness of view in regard to his own and Prussia's situation. The exchange of ideas with Peel, Russell, Palmerston, and, above all, Prince Albert, has made past and future only clearer." Recalled by the King, he wrote to him on the return journey: "I cherish the hope that the free institutions, to the firm organization of which your Majesty has summoned the representatives of the people, will gradually develop themselves, with God's gracious aid, to the welfare of Prussia. I shall devote to the service of this development, with confidence and loyalty, all my forces." And in the Prussian National Assembly he declared, a little later: "The constitutional monarchy is the form of government which our King has introduced. To it I consecrate my powers, with the conscientiousness and the fidelity which the country has a right to expect from my well-known character. This is the duty of every patriot, especially mine, as the first subject of the King."

The National Assembly called by the King went so far in its demands that to govern with it was impossible, and its dissolution became necessary. The Prince approved this decision. He had previously declared that the rights and franchises of the people must be held sacred, but not at the cost of the rights and powers of the crown; that order and law, not anarchy, ought to rule.

In the summer of 1849 the Prince commanded the army which was sent to put down the insurrection in Baden and the Palatinate, and in the period of six weeks this task was fully accomplished. The same year, in October, he was appointed military governor in Westphalia and on the Rhine, and changed his residence from Berlin to Coblentz. In 1854 he became governor of the federal fortress of Mayence, and was simultaneously made colonel-general, with the rank of field-marshal. The reaction which in consequence of the extravagance of the liberals had set in in Prussia failed also to keep within the bounds of moderation, and was guilty of many coarse excesses against the press and the new institutions generally; and in ecclesiastical affairs its pressure was heavily felt. The Prince did not sympathize with this policy; and, as this was soon known, it produced a revolution in the public sentiment toward him. He who had hitherto been counted among the friends of the past and the advocates of a return to absolutism, passed thenceforth for a moderate liberal; so that when after 1854 the rivalry between Prussia and Austria became keener, and the former began better to understand its mission in Germany, to respond to the national expectations—the impulse being given by Bismarck, at the time Prussian envoy in the federal Assembly—Prince William was recognized as the silent head of the party which was striving for the regeneration of Germany under the lead of the state of the Hohenzollerns. Accordingly, when his brother, King Frederic William IV., was taken ill, and it became necessary to appoint a regent, who, his Majesty having no children, could be only Prince William, the heir-presumptive, the hopes of all German patriots were centred in him.

The justice of these hopes was vindicated; a revolution took place in the home and foreign policy of Prussia. The Regent dismissed the existing reactionary cabinet, and appointed men of moderately liberal views. At the same time, in a rescript of

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November 8, 1858, he made known his political principles and aims. He there declared, it is true, that there could be no discussion about a rupture with the past, but promised "to apply a reforming hand wherever the arbitrary or the inadequate still showed itself." "What has been promised," continued the rescript, "must be religiously performed; what has not been promised, firmly prevented. Above all, I warn the public against the stereotyped phrase, 'The government must continue steadily to develop liberal ideas, otherwise they will open their own road.' If in all its acts truth, legality, and consistency speak, a government is strong, because it has a clear conscience, and with this it is possible to resist firmly every form of evil." Passing to the subject of the Church, the Regent observed: "In the Evangelical Church an orthodoxy has intruded which is not reconcilable with its essential spirit, and has hypocrites in its train. All phariseeism, all ecclesiasticism, if merely means to selfish ends, should be rooted out wherever possible." Then further: "The army has accomplished great things for Prussia; the neglect of it brought upon us a great catastrophe, which has been gloriously wiped out by the opportune military reforms that the victories of the war of liberation made possible. An experience of forty years and two brief war episodes (Baden and Schleswig-Holstein) have nevertheless convinced us that many things which have not justified themselves by trial need amendment. To this end are required political calm and money. It would be a fatal error to be satisfied with a cheap military establishment, which, in the hour of danger, would disappoint our expectations. Prussia's army must be strong and able to command respect, in order, when it becomes desirable, to throw a heavy weight into the balance." Finally, coming to the German question, the Regent declared: "In Germany Prussia must make moral conquests through a wise legislation at home, the recognition of all ethical forces, and the seizure of elements of union, like the Zollverein. The world must learn that Prussia is ever ready to protect the right. A firm, consistent, and energetic conduct in politics, aided by prudence and good sense, is sure to gain for Prussia the consideration and the influence which it would not be able to command through its physical means alone."

Of these passages of the rescript, that which was directed at the hypocrisy of clerical reaction, and that which explained the attitude of the Regent to the German question, found hearty applause among the people, and in the newly elected liberal House of Deputies; that which set forth the necessity of military reforms, and of money to carry them out, found, on the contrary, no appreciation, but rather distrust, among the short-sighted and narrow-minded Deputies. In this measure the Regent saw, however, his first and most important task—an opinion which the events of the year 1859 were only calculated to strengthen. Unfortunately the popular representatives were in this matter unable to shake off their prejudices and suspicions; and in 1860 they refused to authorize the expenditures for the reorganization and enlargement of the army, which had in the mean time been begun. Full of doubt and impatience, they wished first to have practical evidence of an energetic and fruitful policy before their eyes, not considering that, without a strong army, energy could not be displayed.

The discontent of the liberals increased. A fanatical young man, the student Becker, saw in King William — for he had just ascended the throne on his brother's death—an enemy of freedom, and July 14, 1861, on the promenade at Baden-Baden, made an attempt to shoot him—an attempt which happily effected only a slight wound. The style and manner in which the King caused himself to be crowned, in October of the same year, at Königsberg, strongly emphasized the principle of legitimacy, irritated the radicals, and made them the more suspicious of his purposes. In view of this feeling it caused no surprise when the next elections went in favor of the opposition; and when the King suffered the nerveless and incapable "ministry of the new era" to fall, because it failed to procure the approval of the Diet to the scheme of army reorganization, there began the momentous four years' constitutional conflict, which did not reach its end until the King and Bismarck, his new Premier, had shown the skeptics on the battle-fields of 1866 why the army had been reorganized, and what it could accomplish. In the interval King William, although the rapid decline of his popularity closely touched him, held steadfastly to his purpose, and supported the Bismarck

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cabinet, hated as it was, with all his authority. I subjoin a few of his utterances, which will show his loyalty to the constitution.

In the speech from the throne of January 14, 1862, he said: "The development of our institutions must be made to serve the strength and greatness of the country. I can never consent to see the progressive unfolding of our state life endanger the rights of the crown, the strength and security of Prussia." In a rescript dated March 19, and addressed to the ministry, it is said: "It is my duty and my firm intention to maintain the constitution and the rights of the representatives of the people, according to my oath, in all their integrity; but, at the same time, to vindicate and preserve unimpaired the rights of the crown, which Prussia needs for the execution of its mission, and the weakening of which would involve the ruin of the country."

On the 13th of October Bismarck declared, on closing the session of the Diet: "The government would be guilty of a grave neglect of duty if the reconstruction of the military establishment, begun on the strength of former grants of the Legislature, should now be abandoned, with the sacrifice of previous outlays, and at the cost of Prussia's interests, because of a vote of the House of Deputies. We find ourselves obliged to provide for the expenses of the government without that legislative authorization for which the constitution provides. We are fully conscious of the responsibility which this unfortunate state of things imposes upon us; but we also remember the duty which we have toward the land, and in that we find our authority for making, without the sanction of the Diet, the outlays which are necessary to the maintenance of the existing institutions of state, and to the furthering of the public welfare, feeling sure that eventually they will receive the constitutional ratification."

The King's theory in regard to the justification for a budgetless régime was set forth in the rescript of February 3, 1863, in reply to an address of the House of Deputies: "The address characterizes the control of supplies as the supreme right of the representatives of the people. I recognize this right, and shall ever insist that it be observed, so far as it is contained in the constitution; but I must call the attention of the House to the circumstance that, according to the constitution, the members of both Houses of the Diet represent the people, and that the annual budget can be authorized only in the form of a law that is a concurrent resolution of both Houses duly approved by me. Is such a concurrence unobtainable, then it becomes the duty of the government to see that in the mean time the administration goes on without disturbance. It would have failed in its responsibilities if it had not done this." At the close of this rescript the King, while emphasizing his own efforts and sacrifices for the sake of harmony, calls upon the Deputies to meet the government half-way, "since a reconciliation is for him a heart-felt want."

All in vain. The majority of the Deputies held stubbornly to their pretended rights, and the conflict became from session to session more bitter and more violent. In such circumstances the internal reforms came to a full stop; but in the German question the King followed, under Bismarck's bold and sagacious guidance, a very decided policy. He declined an invitation to take part in a congress of German princes at Frankfort, since it evidently contemplated a reform of the confederation under Austrian auspices, and promised no adequate representation of the people. In alliance with Austria he began a war for the release of Schleswig-Holstein from the tyranny of the Danish democracy, and conquered the duchies for Germany. Finally, setting aside his legitimist theories, he entered upon the war against Austria and her allies, in order to bring about a reconstruction of German affairs, which was absolutely necessary, but could not be effected by pacific measures. Like Charles Albert of Sardinia, he risked much, but he was more fortunate than he, because better prepared. The Prussian army, remodelled by him in spite of the opposition of the Diet, was everywhere victorious, and in seven days the greatest revolution which Germany has ever seen was entirely accomplished. But the victory was used with moderation. From the conquests only the absolutely necessary was retained. The King wished to annex Austrian Silesia, North Bohemia from Reichenberg to Eger, to take from Saxony the Lausitz, and from Bavaria the northern part, which had once been in possession of his house. Bismarck advised that only so much be taken as was necessary: he had in view an

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early understanding with Austria and Bavaria, and did not wish to make them irreconcilably hostile through loss of territory. The King suffered himself to be convinced, and gave up the fulfillment of his wishes. Returned home, he showed himself in internal politics equally ready to follow the advice of his minister, and to offer the hand of reconciliation to the House of Deputies, by authorizing him to ask indemnity for the past. Surrounded by the halo of a great victory, borne aloft on the enthusiasm of an immense majority of the people, brilliantly vindicated in respect to his new military creation, he needed no indemnity, and could perhaps have overthrown the whole constitutional system in Prussia without running any serious risk. He preferred the other way, and proved thereby that his views were moderately, indeed, yet honestly, liberal. The larger number of the Deputies respected this line of conduct, and harmony was restored between monarch and people. The fruit of his moderation toward the South German states was a secret alliance, offensive and defensive, between the newly founded North German Confederation and those states—a treaty which proved later to be of service.

By the constitution of the North German Confederation King William became President of this union of the larger part of the German states. In Prussia as in German affairs he and his minister went as far as possible hand in hand with the moderate liberals; and the completion of the new institutions, in which the life of the nation was thenceforth to develop itself, united and powerful, was greatly accelerated by the harmony which followed from the happy compromise. The cabinet of the King also received a more liberal character, and at the same time a larger element from the bourgeoisie, as one after another the ministers who had made themselves hated during the "conflict" were replaced by statesmen of more reasonable views. Bismarck remained at the head of the affairs of Prussia and of the Confederation. Not only gratitude moved the King to continue to govern with his aid, but also the conviction that his genius was absolutely indispensable. He above all others had planned and carried out the work of union; he alone possessed the sagacity to preserve it diplomatically against foreign dangers, and in the interior to keep it firm and fruitful of blessings. That the King recognized this, and supported, though sometimes hesitatingly, the reforming schemes of his Chancellor, is one of his most noteworthy virtues. It must often have been far from easy for him to yield.

The Emperor Napoleon had not seen with pleasure the issue of the war of 1866. He had expected from it some advantage for France, and it had not come. He regarded with uneasiness and jealousy the growing power of Germany, which was not withdrawn from the old influence of the West, and as early as 1869 he began to prepare for war. The election of a Hohenzollern as King of Spain furnished him with a pretext. Although King William showed himself conciliatory in the affair, and responded to the wishes of France as far as was consistent with his honor, the latter grew more and more exacting, and at length presented grossly humiliating and impossible demands. By Bismarck's advice they were refused, and the Emperor of the French declared war on the King. He saw all Germany in arms against him; from the Baltic Sea to the Bavarian Alps, the suddenly reunited nation roused itself; its armies hastened to the frontier; the King followed to take the chief command against the hereditary foe; battle after battle, ever greater and bloodier, was fought and won by the Germans, and at Sedan the Emperor Napoleon, hitherto the all-powerful dictator of Europe, laid his sword, as a prisoner, at the feet of the King. Paris also fell finally, after a long and brave defense, and at Versailles the new German Empire was founded. The peace restored to the Germans all the lands of which in the time of their discord they had been robbed by the ambition of France, and with them a good frontier, a strong wall against this ambition. It was the greatest and grandest time that Germany had seen for centuries; the joy over their victory in a most righteous war resounded through the whole broad land, and found an echo in the most remote backwoods of America, where German hearts beat and the German tongue was spoken. The Germans in America lived far from the bosom of the mother; they were republicans; but they were sensible that our blood ran in their veins; they were "our kin across the big water," and they revelled in the glory with which God had surrounded their brothers in the old country. The

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ravens flew no more about the Kiffhäuser. The old Kaiser in the mountain was released; but the new Kaiser might have said to himself, on the occasion of his triumphal entry into Berlin, June 16, 1871, that the foresight and the persistence with which he had labored to arm first Prussia and then the entire father-land had been not the least of the causes of the successful issue of the terrible struggle.

The Emperor William had begun his career as an enlarger of the empire; he declared that he would continue it as guardian of the peace, and kept his word, to the advantage not only of his own people, but also of Europe, by using his best efforts and those of his Chancellor to reconcile differences, allay animosities, and prevent collisions between neighboring states. With this object in view he brought about, in September, 1872, the triple alliance, which was to unite Germany, Austria, and Russia in the bonds of friendship, and especially to effect a *rapprochement* between the last two powers. The same purpose was served by the visits which he made in 1873 to St. Petersburg and Vienna, and in 1875 to Milan, and by the policy of Germany in the Berlin Congress, which aimed to modify the demands of Russia, after her victory over the Turks, in such a way as to make them reasonable without threatening the interests of England and Austria. The vanity of Gortschakoff and the fantastic aspirations of the Muscovite panslavists were not satisfied with this policy. A keen irritation against Germany took possession of that class; war preparations were heard of in Western Russia; there were rumors of attempts on the part of the Russians to gain France for an alliance against the two middle European states. This was the moment for Bismarck to carry into execution a long-cherished and well-prepared plan, namely, to restore the connection with Austria, so far as it was desirable, and to establish a firm alliance between the two states for the defense and maintenance of the peace of the world. The Emperor William was at first averse to this policy. He was influenced by the most amiable considerations; he was held to the Czar by the bonds of personal friendship, and long hesitated to affix his signature to the compact for which the Emperor Francis Joseph was eager. In the end, however, sentiment gave way before a calm study of the situation, the influence of the somewhat doubtful Russian assurances of friendship before considerations for the welfare of Germany. He yielded to the representations of the Chancellor, who in this matter saw further and thought clearer than he, and an alliance was closed—an alliance which not English voices alone greeted with the words, "A great blessing has befallen the world" —words which received more weight in 1883 by the adhesion of Italy to the powerful league of middle Europe.

If Kaiser William bore after 1871 the olive-branch in the laurel wreath, it was above all the case in respect to his foreign policy. In home affairs the restless energy with which he applied himself to affairs had indeed rich results to show; the military organization of the German Empire on the Prussian model was carried through, and the reform of the Prussian administrative system also made progress. But soon after the war with France, began the war with Ultramontanism, the so-called "Culturkampf," which was not directed, as alleged, against the freedom, much less the existence, of the Catholic Church in Prussia, but against the efforts of a party dominant in that Church, and aided by an infallible Pope, to abridge the freedom of the state, and according to the principles of the Syllabus to banish free thought, with its consequences, from society and the schools. As in everything else, the Emperor supported his ministers also in this conflict loyally and with strict legality, and neither the threats nor the flattery of the clericals, neither the intrigues of a party of court "bonbonnière" favorable to them nor the pressure of a very exalted lady seeking in the guise of an angel of peace a voice in the government, were able to seduce him from this path. Yet he showed himself ready to give his sanction to Bismarck's change of front, when the Chancellor saw that the new Pope was of a conciliatory disposition, and that the measures which had been taken against the aggressions of the Ultramontanes could be modified without injury to the state; for his chief desire was the welfare of all his subjects, and the Church and the worship of the Prussian Catholics had in truth suffered under the Falk laws.

Another contest arose in 1877. Up to that time occupied above all things with questions of foreign policy, Bismarck found time then to study two great domestic problems, and to undertake their

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solution. Germany's industry had suffered greatly under a system of legislation inspired by extreme free-trade principles, and demanded protection against the powerful competition of foreign countries. At the same time it was desirable to place the empire on an independent footing as regards finance by means of rich revenues to be derived from the tariff and the tobacco monopoly. On the other hand, the Socialist movement, which had been started by the laboring classes in Germany, and in spite of restrictive laws was daily gaining ground, demanded measures which should serve to improve the condition of and to pacify the working-men. Their lot was to be made easier, their future made secure, through a system of insurance against accidents and decrepitude, as well as through invalid funds; they were to learn that the state had a heart for them, and instead of simply exacting tributes in money and blood, would also give them aid and sympathy in the struggle for existence. The invalids of the manufactories were no more to be suffered to go to ruin than the invalids of the army or the civil service. That was Christian and also politic, for it was hoped that by such laws the empire would win millions of hearts which were bitterly hostile to it, and expected relief only from a cosmopolitan revolution. The Imperial Diet showed little friendliness toward these projects of the Chancellor. It contained many fanatical free-traders, and many who feared that the tax and tariff reform would abridge in some way the parliamentary control over the budget. The state should not become strong by coming forward as a benefactor of the poor, should not interfere at all in economical questions. Strong opposition from the liberals followed, therefore, when the government refused to grant the desired constitutional guarantees, and to make certain of their leaders ministers. A large part of the liberals which hitherto had generally supported the government went over into the camp of the opposition; and the struggle over the above-described question took on more and more the character of a contest about the line of division between the power of parliament and that of the crown. The reform of the tariff was carried through with the aid of the clericals; but the others were checked, and the new elections resulted on the whole unfavorably for the government.

In this struggle the Emperor-King stood throughout on the side of his Chancellor and minister. This he often proclaimed in the most solemn manner before the nation, especially in regard to the social-political views of Bismarck.

The Emperor William is a man of large stature, imposing figure, and regular and friendly features. A strictly regulated activity, and simple, temperate habits have preserved in him in his advanced age a rare physical vigor and an uncommon intellectual freshness. He is little bent as he walks, and at parades or manœuvres can even to-day be seen sitting erect many hours in the saddle. If he has shown great moral courage in various situations, he has likewise proved—and as an old man—that he possesses the physical courage of the soldier. At Sadowa as at Gravelotte he rode dauntlessly up to positions upon which the hostile shells rained, and was only persuaded by his suite with great difficulty to retire. "Simple, honest, and sensible," thus his mother characterized him in the year 1807, and thus he grew harmoniously to manhood. He is not animated by a strong interest for the efforts and creations of art or science, and shows a penetrating knowledge and an independent judgment only in military and political matters. To the characteristics already mentioned should be added his moderation in prosperity, his modest estimate of his own services as compared with those of his subordinates, especially Bismarck and Moltke, and his high conception of his public duty, which teaches him to regard the welfare of the state and people intrusted to him as the chief object of his thoughts and actions, and not only to bow in special cases before the law, but even to sacrifice long-cherished views and projects to the obligations which his high office imposes upon him.

The private life of the Emperor flows along very simply. When in Berlin he occupies a comparatively small palace on the corner of Unter den Linden and the Opera Place, his presence being made known to the Berliners by the red flag with the Landwehr cross, which is then hoisted over the roof. The window of his study on the ground-floor looks out upon that point in Unter den Linden, where Rauch's statue of Frederic the Great stands. Ordinarily the Emperor rises between six and seven o'clock in the

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morning. He dresses at once completely for the day; the convenience of dressing-gown and slippers is unknown to him. The room to which, after a slight breakfast, he goes for work is rather plainly furnished. There is a mahogany writing-table, covered with writing materials of every kind, packages of letters, small presents from members of his family, and mementos of battles in the form of paper-weights. Smoking implements fail, for the Emperor is no friend of tobacco. On a long and broad table near by lie books, maps, bundles of documents, and papers of various kinds. The Emperor sits at his work on an ordinary chair covered with leather, and receives personally all communications, opens them himself, writes his decision on the margin, and hands them to his secretary to be disposed of. One of his peculiarities is his economy in the use of paper and envelopes. In Versailles one evening he announced a new victory of the Germans to the Chancellor on a piece of paper which had been torn from a letter. In Berlin the envelopes which reach him with reports from the Foreign Office addressed, "To his Majesty the Emperor," go back with the "to" erased and "from" substituted, so that the envelope reads, "From his Majesty the Emperor," with "To the Chancellor" written beneath. The Emperor's extraordinary capacity for work makes it possible for him to dispose, as a rule, personally of the affairs connected with his office, or at least to direct their disposition in his own way.

Upon his rustic castle at Potsdam the Emperor has expended more than upon his city residence in Berlin. Potsdam, with its groves and parks, its contrasts of wood, meadows, gardens, and especially the Havel inlets, which look like great mirrors in settings of hills, is one of the most beautiful points in Brandenburg—nay, in northern Germany; and Babelsberg, the Tusculum of the German Emperor, is perhaps the most charming corner in this paradise, so gracefully favored alike by nature and art. Its owner spends, however, only a few weeks each winter here, although the castle can be reached in less than half an hour from the railway. The greater part of his time is passed in Berlin, which is the seat of the central government and the Diet. Wiesbaden, Ems, and Gastein are his favorite health resorts. Grand hunting parties sometimes take him away, for he is a friend of the chase, and even yet is a skillful and lucky sportsman. But the days which he passes at Babelsberg, resting from the fatigues of his position, are especially helpful to him.

The Emperor William is a great friend of the corn-flower (the bachelor's-button). In regard to the cause of this preference the following old and pretty story is told: "One day—it was at Königsberg, and in the gloomiest period of Prussia's history—the Queen Louise sat in the garden of the house on the 'Hafen,' which the royal family then occupied, when a young girl approached, and, without knowing whom she had before her, offered a bouquet of fresh corn-flowers for sale. The Queen, full of sympathy, spoke kindly to the thinly clad child, and learned that she had a sick mother at home who could earn nothing. She thereupon, with tears in her eyes, took the flowers from her, rewarded her generously, and then called her children, who were playing near by. She showed the Princess Charlotte, afterward consort of the Czar Nicholas of Russia, and the Prince William, how a wreath could be made of the flowers without shears, called the attention of the children to their simple beauty, and then drew the moral that in nature, as in human character, plainness and simplicity coexisted with beauty. This lesson, taught by the royal mother in such a graceful form, together with the pretty wreath, which she finally placed on the head of the Princess Charlotte, made the blue cyane the favorite flower of the future Empress of Russia and her brother, the present German Emperor; and when, a few years later, the Queen died, the corn-flower became for both a memento of their sanctified mother. When, in the year 1817, the Princess, in company of her brother William, journeyed by way of Königsberg to St. Petersburg as the bride of the Emperor Nicholas, she found her room in the castle of the first-named city richly decorated with corn-flowers; and as they both crossed the Russian frontier the Princess wore on her head a wreath of such flowers, which had been handed to her at the last Prussian station.

If we now look back over our recital, and consider once more particularly the political character of the Emperor William, we see in him a prince who, never forgetting the obligations imposed upon him by the Prussian and German constitutions,

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has kept strictly within the bounds of legality, but is quite as little as Prince Bismarck a friend of parliamentary absolutism, which, for the rest, is not to be found in those constitutions. The parliamentary régime, the successive rule of two great parties, has arisen in England naturally, is equitable and useful. But it is not therefore a panacea for all nations. The relations and circumstances on the continent of Europe are, at least as yet, essentially different from those upon the group of islands which compose the British Empire. Germany's situation permits perhaps less than that of any other great state of the Continent a serious curtailment of the monarchical power; and that the Prussian constitution contains no such curtailment is, as Bismarck declared to the opposition in the Imperial Diet two years ago, a great good fortune for Germany. Reflect, said the Chancellor, in substance, on this occasion, that if the case were otherwise there would now be no German Diet. If King William had interpreted the constitution from 1860 onward as the liberal majority understood it; if, accordingly, he had continued to follow the foreign policy of the two predecessors of Bismarck, and to choose ministers who would represent and carry out the views of each successive parliamentary majority, then the reorganization of the Prussian army would never have been carried through. For the then liberals had no conception of what was alone possible and politically right in the German question; that is to say, they had not convinced themselves that in order to be able to restore German unity a strong Prussian army was indispensable. Instead of willingly granting the King the necessary support, a majority of the Diet opposed most desperately his efforts to create a military force, with which German unity could not only be restored, but also defended in battle against foreign foes; and if the King had not then remained firm and carried out his plan, Germany would to-day be as bad as it was before 1866—nay, in all probability even worse.

Furthermore, if King William had not been in a position to enforce his own policy in 1863, but had been compelled to follow that of the Diet, Prussia would have necessarily taken sides with the Polish insurrection, and against Russia, which would thenceforward have been our enemy, have hindered and disturbed our German plans by every means in her power, and probably have joined France in an attack upon us. It was in no sense merely from family affection for the Czar, or from admiration of the Russian governmental system, that the King acted contrary to the wishes of the liberals, who felt sympathy for the Poles simply because they were resisting a government. Russia ought rather to be conciliated, put under obligations of gratitude, and made a good neighbor in future wars; and this policy approved itself in 1866 and 1870 as perfectly sound. It would have been our ruin if the Diet had then had the right and the power to compel the adoption of the opposite policy.

Finally, to mention one more example, if things had gone according to the will of the majority in parliament in the Schleswig-Holstein question of 1864, the King would have been forced to put himself at the service of the small German governments which represented the Confederation—that is, state rights—and sought to elevate Duke Frederic of Augustenburg, a supporter of their aims and pretensions, to the throne of the duchies. For that, and nothing else, was then the leading opinion in the Prussian House of Deputies. If that opinion had prevailed, Prussia would have executed in the service of the Frankfort majority a decree of the Confederation, and with its own means have created a new enemy on its flank. The proceedings of the Prussian House of Deputies at that time seem now almost incredible, so great was the blindness of the liberals toward what the interest of the land clearly and plainly demanded. Had the King yielded, and the Diet carried its point, the shrewd plan of Bismarck to win Austria for common action with Prussia in the matter of the federal project would have been defeated of its results. It would have been necessary to give up the transaction with the Vienna cabinet, to abandon the idea of a joint campaign of the two great powers, and to carry out the federal decree without any other reward than a certificate of merit from the President of the Confederation. The Confederation would have been strengthened, would have existed even to-day, to the great injury of Germany, and would probably have a better prospect of continued life than at any time since its foundation. Still greater was, however, the probability that Prussia, adopting this course without Austria, would have been restrained by

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the other European powers, and have been reduced by the Federal Diet to the inevitable fate of experiencing a second Olmütz. The absurd scene on the Eschenheimer Gasse in Frankfort would have continued, amid the laughter of Europe, and to the shame of the nation, and of a German Diet there would be even to-day no question except in dreams. It was therefore no disadvantage, but a blessing, that King William held firmly to his own policy, although it was supported by only eleven voices in the House of Deputies, and that he resolutely followed the traditions of the Hohenzollerns, and the line of conduct which his German instincts and his patriotic heart set before him as the true ideal. He said at the time to Bismarck, who seemed at first not to view the Holstein question with German, with national, eyes, "Are you, then, not also a German?" and in truth, though appearances might be otherwise, the views of the King were directed in this, as in other affairs, toward the greatness and welfare of Germany, toward strengthening it through union. He changed his advisers until he found a ministry which understood him, and was ready to carry his purpose into execution, to cut loose from the scruples of former governments, and to support a national policy that was about to draw the sword and cut the Gordian knot.

King William, the German Emperor, created and recognized our constitutions by giving them his approval. He has faithfully observed them, has always ruled constitutionally; but he has never consented to be a mere royal figure-head, without any will of his own, and in whose name ministers govern who are mere creatures and servants of the majority in parliament. He will not let himself be metamorphosed into a mere principle, but is determined to be a living prince, standing in direct relations to the people and its representatives. The great majority of Prussians are accustomed to this, and demand nothing else.

"What we have"—thus Bismarck closed one of his great parliamentary speeches—"we owe not to parliamentary but to royal measures. For that reason we should be the last to assail that vital correlation between King and people as it has always, and never to the injury of the land, existed in Prussia. On this basis the kingdom has become so great and strong that you, gentlemen" (he turned at these words toward the Left), "are unwilling to come into immediate contact with it, but desire to have royalty concealed behind a curtain. But when we see what monarchy has done for us, we should strive to further, to cherish, to animate it, not to suffer it, as it were, to become obsolete through disuse. Everything which is put away in a closet and not used loses the quality of usefulness, and so it is with the, for Prussia, indispensable monarchical principle. If that be taken from us, what can the gentlemen put in its place? If this strong King, so deeply rooted in the glorious history of centuries, is to be hewn in pieces, ruined, dissipated into clouds so high that we can no longer see him, then chaos will be the result."

This speech contains the last article of the Emperor's political creed; its principle illustrates his leading trait as a ruler.

DIGNITY OF LOWLY WORK.

"*Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?*"—St. Mark.

A lesson, Lord, those eighteen years to me;
Not elsewhere I could so divinely learn
That humble tasks are best, howe'er I yearn
For higher sphere where I may work more free.
Blest were those patient toiling years to Thee,
Their secret kept within Thy lonely heart,
While Thou wast trained by daily skill of art
To build new world for human destiny.
Thy Future was the *Now*. 'Twas from its height
Thine eye read meanings in the passing day.
If cross of Death cast shadows on Thy way,
What sun was that so darkened in his light?
O Nazarene, out of these toils there came
That which we prize most dear—a Brother's name.

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CONTROL OF THE DANGERS FROM DEFECTIVE VISION.

IT is already some five years since the dangers from defective vision among mariners and railroad employés were pointed out, and a knowledge of them brought before the community, especially in reference to the color sense. Time has shown that these dangers were real. Investigation of accidents has proved that they were caused by both imperfect eyesight and color-blindness. The specialists in Europe and in this country who, from their experience, declared that about four per cent. of males were color-blind, claimed that such was most probably the case among those who give or read colored signals on the land and sea. Examinations have shown that they were right, and further disclosed the fact that there is a still larger number having eyesight so poor as to render them dangerous in the positions they occupy. The evidence of the medical men both here and in England who have discovered these cases and reported them is startling. Locomotive engineers of express trains "too blind to drive a cart in the street," or "too color-blind to tell a red or green signal six feet off"; ship-masters and pilots "too blind to read, or count fingers at ten feet," or "too color-blind to distinguish the port and starboard lights the length of a room"; officers and sailors too near-sighted to see anything without glasses, or with cataract or diseases of the eye wholly unfitting them for their duty; collisions on land and sea proved to have been caused by men who had dangerously defective vision—all these cases among those in active employment, and the reports steadily increasing in number. Could space be given to their detailed recital, it would be found rather exciting reading. They do not all come from official investigation, as examination of the eyesight of those implicated in disasters on sea or land seems to be as studiously avoided in England as in the United States. On this account it can not at present be known how many more of the accidents daily occurring are due to defective vision. Men of special training and experience have thus proved the practical application of their scientific knowledge. The persistent efforts to belittle it, or regard it as exaggerated, have failed in the light of facts as startling as hitherto unknown. These facts have now awakened the interest of the community, whose alarm has, however, been quieted by the general feeling that such palpable dangers to life and property would, of course, be guarded against by those in authority, and by the repeated official declaration that, "as now the conditions were known, self-interest would induce private corporations to avoid such dangers," and "that all necessary was being done." The truth is the very reverse of this. Notwithstanding the extensive array of evidence already collected, so startling that could it here be given the reader would fairly shudder, the opposition to any and all control, "from ignorance, prejudice, and pecuniary considerations," has prevailed against the earnest efforts in England and this country to establish rules and regulations necessary for the safety of life and property.

What, now, has been done on the railroads of the United States for the protection of life and property? In Connecticut a law of control of defective vision was first passed, the carrying out of which was left with the State Board of Health, who unfortunately were quite ignorant of the meaning of the rules and regulations they established, and therefore unable to defend them before the political demagogues who had the law repealed, but not before its necessity was thoroughly proved by what the expert examiners found both as to defective eyesight and color-blindness. The Connecticut Railroad Commissioners advocate a law of control.

In Massachusetts a compromise law was passed which neither defended the employé nor protected the community. Desperate attempts by railroad employés and officials have been made to repeal or nullify it, but it still stands on the statute-books in the following form (chapter 194):

"SECTION 1. No railroad company shall employ or keep in its employment any person in a position which requires him to distinguish form or color signals unless such person has been examined for color-blindness or other defective sight by some competent person employed by the railroad company, and has received a certificate that he is not disqualified for such position by color-blindness or other defective sight.

It fails in not providing for standard requirements for the several classes of employés, and standard methods of determining these by competent experts appointed by the Executive.

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The subject has been brought to official consideration in Alabama, Iowa, California, and New York. The only railroad corporation that has given it thorough investigation is the Pennsylvania, with the natural result of establishing regulations controlling the hearing, eyesight, and color sense of their employés engaged in moving trains.

In the army a standard of visual power has been adopted, and recruits are tested also for color-perception, but when color-blind are not rejected except for the signal corps. In the navy, officers and men are examined, with a very recently suggested standard of visual power, but no measured standard of color-perception. In the revenue marine service, officers and men are tested for hearing, eyesight, and color sense, but under no definite and required standards.

As to the merchant marine, the only tests required are for color-blindness in *pilots* licensed by the United States inspectors of steam vessels. No test of their eyesight is required. The board of inspectors have recently voted to have their and the engineers' hearing tested. No tests of any kind are required of masters, mates, or seamen. They may all be deaf, purblind, and color-blind. Considering the number of these latter reported dangerously defective by the physicians who have examined them, these facts will seem perhaps almost impossible to the community, who have, however, the redress in their own hands. It must be remembered that only United States pilots, masters, and mates come under the United States board of inspectors of steam vessels. Sailors and sailing vessels are under the Treasury Department, subject to acts of Congress. But there is here so little control that the present Congress is petitioned to put them under the steamboat inspectors. There is no required examination of *State* pilots licensed by the pilot commissioners of the individual State. This very inefficient action on the part of those officially bound to protect the community against human greed and human carelessness is not from lack of due representation on the part of those who have earnestly, honestly, and with dignity asserted the rights of the community *versus* the individual.

In England the agitation, reports of examinations, etc., coming from this and other countries, finally induced medical experts to commence investigation, with the result of dispelling the doubts they at first expressed. These pages might be filled with the startling reports of cases of dangerously defective vision among those whose calling requires the best sense of form and color. Mr. McHardy, of London, says, "Railway directors and officials allow the fastest trains to be driven by men whose defects of vision preclude them from distinguishing any form of signal." As to the merchant marine, printed reports must be quoted to have it believed that Great Britain is not better off than our country. It was asserted by those interested in preventing any control that "tests sufficient for all practical purposes are already in use." The secretary of the London committee, Dr. Brailey, replies to this: "Before encountering the second objection it may be well to explain the condition of things at present existing in the United Kingdom. The Royal Navy and the mercantile marine are under the control of the Admiralty and Board of Trade respectively. Pilots are independent of either of these, some being under the London Trinity-House, some under the Hull Trinity-House, and some under the independent pilotage boards of the various principal ports. But notwithstanding this, few will be prepared to believe that there is absolutely no test of sharpness of sight for form for either officers or sailors of the British mercantile marine. There is an examination in colors, but only officers are compelled to attend it. Moreover, it is of an extremely imperfect and inefficient nature, and it appears not to be exacted from the officers of ships engaged in what is officially known as the 'coasting trade,' so that the captain of a steamer, of however so great size and speed, trading, for example, in the crowded waters between London and Newcastle, or between London and Havre, may remain perfectly untested as to his eyesight so long as his vessel does not carry passengers. And though the officers of foreign-going vessels, who have attained their grade within the last five years, have been at the time of their admission subjected to a color test, their failure in distinguishing the red card or light from the green one, or in naming them correctly, does not disqualify them from the command of any vessel not carrying passengers. But their incapacity to distinguish colors is simply indorsed upon their officer's certificate, and it is left to the discretion of the owner, who may

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even be the candidate himself, to decide whether such a defect is sufficient to disqualify from the command of a ship. The Board of Trade appear to have made, two years ago, one step in advance, in refusing to admit to his first step as officer any one failing to pass the color examination. But the examination once surmounted, future failures are simply indorsed upon his certificate, as before mentioned. The matter appears to be even worse as regards pilots. I have communicated with the independent pilotage boards of two important harbors, and I find that neither of them exact any test of vision from the pilots either at entrance or at any subsequent period of their career.

These are the facts in reference to *any* examination. As to the examination itself, and the defects of vision the tests will expose, Dr. Brailey says: "How common these defects are we shall never know exactly till the authorities wake up from their present apathy, and step in with some legislation. Probably as little is known on the entire question of signals at sea by her Majesty's ministers as by any member of the public. Mr. Chamberlain, answering last year in the House of Commons a question put by Mr. Gibson, stated that 'all persons applying for certificates as masters or mates had to undergo an examination for color-blindness.'

"He did not state that any officer failing to pass such an examination was still perfectly free to become captain of a steamer of the greatest size and speed trading in the most crowded waters of the world. Nor did he state—for how should he, with his engagements and temporary tenure of office, know?—that the examination for color is little more than a farce, and that there is no guarantee whatever that the persons appointed by the Board of Trade to conduct it know one tittle about the subject."

These criticisms would equally well apply to the United States. But turning now to the British navy, Mr. McHardy, above quoted, "considered that the present medical examination of candidates for cadetship in the Royal Navy, so far as it concerned the fitness of their eyes for navigating purposes, was altogether delusive. He regretted that Dr. Brailey should, by his constant allusion to the mercantile marine, have appeared to imply that his strictures upon professed visual tests were not equally applicable to the Royal Navy."

This article is too brief to quote statistics, etc., but the evidence of Sir Thomas Brassey, Civil Lord of the Admiralty, must be given. He says: "Seven hundred and thirty *reported* collisions in five years before 1882 were found due to 'neglect to show lights,' 'neglect of sailing rules,' 'general negligence and want of caution,' and 'errors in judgment.'"

Of the loss of the *Vanguard*, of the Royal Navy, September 1, 1875, he reports: "The seaman placed as a lookout was an ordinary seaman, and it was in consequence of his reporting a ship ahead that the *Vanguard* stopped, and the collision followed. It turned out that this seaman had been twice treated for blindness in his right eye, which was the organ directed to the supposed ship. The state of the signal department in the *Iron Duke* was most unsatisfactory. Not only was the officer of signals imperfectly acquainted with his duty, but the signal-man whose duty it was to report signals, and whose efficiency depended on the full possession of the faculty of hearing, was stone-deaf in one ear."

Again, as to the merchant marine. In the *Log of the "Sunbeam,"* his own yacht, he says: "At midnight, in a thick squall of rain, the lookout man reported a green light on the port bow, and in a few minutes more said, 'Hard a-starboard!' The helm was put down, while I rushed forward to reconnoitre, and the *Sunbeam*, coming suddenly to the wind under a press of sail, plunged into a heavy sea, and the jib-boom was carried away. In a few moments more the light was made out to be the mast-head light of a steamer, and we bore away on our course."

Mr. Walker, of Liverpool, says, "There is no system of testing sight on board the training-ships."

As to the other maritime countries of Europe, space fails to give the details of their regulations. They all have such, far above those of England or the United States. The most thorough and practical are those of Sweden, established in 1883 by royal edicts. The first movement for control on land and sea was made in Sweden through the earnest work of Professor Holmgren. His efforts were strongly seconded by his Majesty King Oscar, who, in his edict as to the merchant marine, says, "That the purpose of such edict can not be gained on seas navigated by foreign vessels, since the maritime nations

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have come to no international agreement as to control of defective vision."

In 1879, at the International Medical Congress in Amsterdam, the medical experts who had in the various countries tested practically railroad employés and mariners joined in a proposal as to what was safe and right to require as to the color sense and visual power of these classes. The same Congress, in London, in 1881, repeated this, and, still further, formulated definite requirements, through experts representing twelve different countries, under resolutions passed by the whole Congress. They reached the same conclusions in regard to the sea as had been previously arrived at, viz., the need of international agreement as to standards of requirements for officers and men and standard methods of testing. The resolutions say:

"ARTICLE 8. That an international commission should be constituted, to fix upon such further measures as to signals as may be necessary for safe navigation, and specially upon the standard colors, and the sizes of the signals employed."

In explanation of this article, the resolutions say:

"The measures recommended in the articles regulating control should be brought into operation without delay. But an international commission would still have to determine the precise color of the glass, securing uniformity in that as well as in the size and disposition of the signal lights.

"The Congress lay the greatest stress upon the appointment of this commission in respect of marine signaling, as quite indispensable for the attainment of the object in view. The commission would have to inquire into and decide upon many matters on which information is at present incomplete, and regarding which only a few points have been touched upon in Article 8.

"Every government, especially the maritime governments, should be requested to place one or more members on the commission, and chiefly experienced naval officers and medical specialists.

"It is understood that this question of an international commission is about to be submitted to the legislature of the United States of America, supported by a petition largely signed by scientific men of that country."

Dr. Brailey, of London, well says: "In the first place, ships' lights are not uniform in color, but vary according to the fancy of the manufacturer; therefore lights of a standard color are necessary."

The question of better colored lights has been practically met in this country, as far as steam vessels are concerned. It was shown to the Board of Supervising Inspectors at Washington, in February, 1881, that the glasses they authorized were positively dangerous, and they

"*Resolved*, That this board request the honorable Secretary of the Treasury to furnish to each local board of inspectors standard colored and white glasses, used as 'signal lights,' for the use of the local inspectors; and that hereafter all new lights required on steam vessels shall be of the standard furnished by the department."

Glass to meet the requirements was finally produced, as seen by this order:

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *November* 18, 1881.

"*Agent of New England Glass Works, 67 Federal Street, Boston, Massachusetts:*

"SIR,—You are hereby authorized to furnish to each of the thirty-six boards of local inspectors of steam vessels named in the inclosed list one red and one green lantern of the exact shades of colors of the samples furnished by your company and now in the office of the Supervising Inspector-General, which have been adopted by the department as the standard shades to be used on steam vessels of the merchant marine of the United States, in accordance with the resolutions of the Board of Supervising Inspectors of Steam Vessels, adopted February 4, 1881.....

"Very respectfully,
"CHARLES J. FOLGER, Secretary."

The United States have been first in practical steps toward the proposed international commission, concerning which Professor Snellen, of Holland, well says, "It is the duty of every citizen to insist on this with the government of his country."

The only way a commission can be initiated is by act of Congress authorizing the President to constitute one. This means getting a bill through Congress by the moral force of the expressed will of the people. Therefore a petition was sent to the Forty-sixth Congress largely signed by the heads and the professors of our universities and colleges, who were conversant with the subject. That petition has been supported since then by very many others from scientific and maritime societies. It was referred to the Naval Committee, and they reported and strongly advocated a bill authorizing action on the part of the President. That Congress adjourned without reaching the bill. The petition was again referred to the Naval Committee of the Forty-seventh Congress, who, as before, heard the petitioners, and reported a bill more complete, that could

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not be reached by the House except by unanimous consent. It is as follows:

"*Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,* That the President is hereby authorized and directed to appoint, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, some suitable person qualified for such service, who, with one line officer of the navy and one medical officer of the navy, to be detailed or designated by the Secretary of the Navy, shall attend and represent the United States in any international congress or convention held by authority of law in any European nation to consider and act on said subject; and the sum of ten thousand dollars is hereby appropriated, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, to be used and expended, or so much thereof as may be needed, under the direction of the President, to compensate the person so appointed, and defray the necessary expenses of the person so appointed, and of the officers of the navy so detailed or designated. And the person so appointed and the officers of the navy so detailed or designated under the provisions of this act shall join in a report of the proceedings of such congress or convention, and of the conclusions reached thereby, if any, to the President, to be by him laid before Congress, to the end that an international system of examinations for color-blindness and tests for visual acuteness, and standards for colors for signals used at sea, may be established by law."

The bill was therefore again brought up in the present Forty-eighth Congress, and referred to the Naval Committee, who have heard the original petitioners as before. Their report is awaited.

The Secretary of the Navy, in report of 1880, says: "The safety of a vessel and crew may turn upon the accuracy of the powers of vision, and hence the importance of ascertaining the soundness of the eye, both as regards color-perception and refraction. It is to be regretted that no uniform standards for such examinations exist among the various maritime nations as seem to be demanded in the interest of the safe navigation of the seas. Some movement upon this important subject is desirable, and I recommend that Congress authorize the creation of a commission, under the national sanction, to determine these matters by scientific and uniform methods."

President Arthur, in his first Message to Congress, called attention to the necessity of action to prevent the present frequent collisions at sea. He has sent the following message to the present Congress, who will, if the Naval Committee report as before, have the bill under their consideration:

"*To the Senate and House of Representatives:*

"I transmit herewith for the consideration of Congress a communication from the Secretary of the Navy, dated the 10th inst., inclosing a letter from the Surgeon-General of the Navy respecting the advisability of providing for representation on the part of the United States in any international convention that may be organized for the purpose of establishing uniform standards of measure of color-perception and acuteness of vision.

"CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, *December* 17, 1883."

Whilst this international commission would have to investigate and report on defective vision as to the form and color sense in reference to mariners, and hence be in part composed of those capable of doing this, yet in reality that would be only a part of their work. The question of standard colors as to signal lights, the size of these lights, and how to be carried, are very important points, concerning which there is no concurrence. Even the international code of signals agreed to in 1880 applies only to *naval* vessels outside of the navigable waters of the United States. Within these waters the regulations of the Revised Statutes prevail. A change of a few miles alters the signal code. The international code, when adopted for all merchant marines, calls for good visual power and freedom from color-blindness on the part of those governed by it. But no provision exists for the assurance of these, which must be internationally agreed to as well. It is by no means understood, and it would hardly be believed, that, from want of *international* action and agreement, rules and regulations, even when existing, are habitually disregarded. The frightful losses on the ocean confirm this. England reports a collision "once in four hours." It is, of course, human greed and human carelessness *versus* human life and property. But international agreements can not be slighted as can national regulations. Official neglect to enforce international laws can not hold its place against complaint from friendly powers. The report of an international commission would carry such weight that the adoption of agreements would, by teaching the community, produce a moral force not to be withstood by political pressure.

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MOUNT RAINIER.

FROM THE FRASER TO THE COLUMBIA.

Second Paper.

FROM Port Townsend one can take a steamer every morning for the ports "up the sound." It is a very delightful trip in pleasant weather. The bay is seldom so wide that from the middle you can not plainly distinguish objects on both shores, while the course of the steamer often brings one or the other beach within a few rods. The shores are irregular, the green forest everywhere coming down to the very water's edge, or held back only by a yellow bluff and narrow pebbly beach. When the clouds and mists hang low, as they are likely to do the greater part of the year, this tells the whole story of the scenery, and one looks for its beauty in the changing effects of light and shadow; but on clear days there is displayed on the western horizon such a picture as Whittier imagined:

> "The hill range stood
> Transfigured in the silver flood,
> Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
> Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
> Took shadow, or the sombre green
> Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
> Against the whiteness at their back."

Eastward, fir-clothed foot-hills bound the view, except that the alabaster cones of Baker in the north and kingly Rainier in the south are reared far above the dark green of the wide waste of forests.

Vessels are almost constantly in sight, usually full-rigged foreign ships, or ocean-going steamers, with black hulls and enormous banners of coal smoke. Porpoises leaping now and then, the black dot of a guillemot, the watchful swimming of a sooty shag, the swift flight of ducks close along the gray water, or the circling of a fish-hawk overhead, diversify the scene; but any signs of humanity on shore are rare, except at the red-capped lighthouses terminating the locally characteristic sand spits that here and there reach out from the shore, and lie dangerously low in the water.

At the entrance to Hood's Canal lies the little mill village of Port Ludlow, remembered particularly for an old water tank supported on a trestle, and become a hanging garden of the most luxuriant mosses, ferns, and richly flowering weeds

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SHORES OF PUGET SOUND.

that had rooted themselves over the whole of its black and oozy exterior.

At Port Gamble, a few miles above, is a somewhat larger settlement. Here also are saw-mills, and at the wharf lie several ships loading for foreign ports or for our own Atlantic cities. Opposite Port Gamble stands an Indian village and mission of old date, its church and houses appearing quite as habitable, as far as could be seen at a distance, as most of those on the white side of the channel. These Indians are nearly all employed about the mill or in the logging camps, and offer few signs of savagery. Crossing the inlet, the next stop is at Port Madison — a very pleasant place, upon a little bay wrapped in foliage, amid which gleam home-like white houses, orchards, and pretty gardens. Port Madison forms a supply point for considerable agricultural and shore country, and is largely engaged in boat-building. Here, too, Indians have a village, occupying a sandy peninsula, behind which is a lagoon where they beach their canoes, moddled after a style a trifle different from those seen in the strait.

Three o'clock in the afternoon (Port Townsend is left at 9 A.M.) finds one at Seattle, the metropolis of the sound. Its site is well chosen, the town occupying a crescent hill-side, with a level shore giving room for wharves. It is a pity to spoil this imposing effect by closer inspection.

Begun almost half a century ago, when old chief Seatl was alive, the settlement had no growth until the recent impetus given it by the introduction of efficient transportation into the Territory, and the opening of coal seams. Immigrants and speculators fed the town after that, until now it numbers perhaps five thousand population, and has the conveniences of a city—gas-light, water-works, police, daily newspapers, etc. But as yet everything at Seattle is in a scattered, half-baked condition. The town has grown too fast to look well or healthy. Everybody has been in so great haste to get there and get a roof over his head that he has not minded much how it looked, or pulled many of the stumps out of his door-yard. Exceptions to this ragged, flimsy aspect show what possibility the future holds of making pleasant homes there; and I have no doubt that when the frontier spirit shall have ripened into a better tone, Seattle will become a beautiful city, rising like a well-filled amphitheatre, and looking out upon a magnificent water-front populous with commerce.

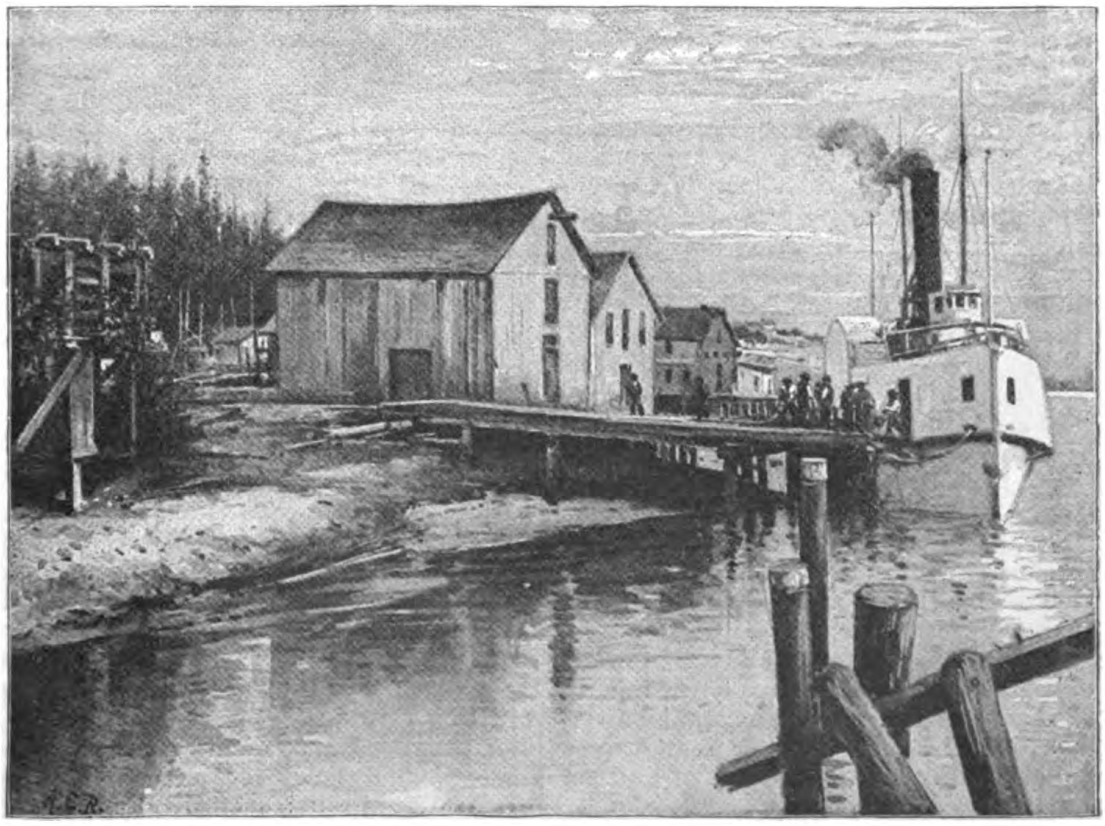
The streets are filled with bustling crowds, while the wharves swarm with

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shipping and lumber rafts: I saw four ocean steamers loading at one time. The shops all prosper, and merchants, manufacturers, and builders are overworked. This condition of things, together with the fact that the population has increased twenty per cent. during the past twelvemonth, causes property to be held at a high price; nevertheless, it is constantly changing hands, showing self-confidence in the minds of the citizens. The magnitude of Seattle's commerce is more easily accounted for when we remember how much distant outside trade comes to this largest town, especially from the logging camps, and how much shipping is supplied with stores for long voyages and with refitting work. But the appearance of excessive activity is partly owing to the great number of persons who are constantly coming and going. Three large hotels and countless little ones open their doors, yet it is often difficult to get a bed.

This floating crowd is not all of it new to the country, however, and the majority hails from Oregon and California, for as yet little of the forth-coming tide of Eastern and foreign immigration has reached these parts; but the people of the Pacific coast are strangely nomadic—a fact especially true of the unmarried. You can hardly enter into conversation with a working-man who can not give you some account of almost any settled district west of the Rocky Mountains, often including the Sandwich Islands, Australia, and the Chinese ports. It is one of the great drawbacks to large industrial enterprises that steady labor can not be counted upon. Partly because of their feeling of independence, partly the vagabondish spirit engendered by their long and gradually progressive journey hither from the Atlantic States, men are likely to forsake their employers at very short notice, and go somewhere else with ill-defined purpose. It is largely in attempting to protect themselves, against this annoyance, which is fatal to success in many commercial schemes, that the Chinese have been encouraged by capitalists.

The greatest source of wealth to Seattle and all this half of Washington Territory is the lumbering.



PORT LUDLOW.

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The only escape from the unbroken forest anywhere west of the mountains is to go out upon the water. As this forest is the main feature of the scenery, so is it the chief factor in local wealth. Yet it was not until 1853 that the first saw-mill was built here. It had a daily capacity of eight to ten thousand feet of lumber. Now the aggregate cutting of the mills is over a million feet every day. The area of these vast woods—counting nothing in the passes or east of the Cascades—is nearly as large as the State of Iowa, and is estimated to hold 160,000,000,000 feet of timber, not more than three per cent. of which has been sawed or destroyed during the past twenty-five years.

This great timber tract is so penetrated by the ramifications of Puget Sound (as all these waters south of the Strait of Fuca are popularly termed, though originally the name was applied to only a portion) as to make more than 1500 miles of coast-line, at almost any point of which ships may approach very close to the land to be loaded. Through it, also, flow many navigable rivers, whose banks are not too abrupt to prevent easy handling of logs, which are often chuted down from the lofty ridges directly into the water, and rafted from far inland at trifling expense.

The principal growths are, fir of two kinds, three sorts of spruce, cedar of two species, larch, and hemlock; in addition to which, white oak, maple, cottonwood, ash, alder, etc., occur. The yellow or Douglas fir, a stately tree often 250 feet in height, exceeds in value and quantity all the others combined, the cedar ranking second. Then comes the pine, 120 to 160 feet in height; the silver-fir, 150 feet; white cedar (cypress), 100 feet; and black spruce, 150 feet. Cedars are known of 63 feet girth and 120 feet height.

The best timber flourishes somewhat back from the mixed forest of the shore, where the foot-hills begin. In such localities the tall and vertically tapering firs, unsurpassed in all the world for size, length, toughness, and durability, are peculiarly fitted for naval construction, equalling the Eastern white oak. Hence this wood is used exclusively for shipbuilding on the Pacific coast, and is exported for the same purpose to an increasing extent. This is true not of hull material only, for the largest and finest masts and yards carried by the ships of England, France, Germany, China, South America, and to a growing degree of the Eastern United States, come out of these forests. At Port Gamble the visitor is shown the base of the tree that nourished the spars of the *Great Eastern;* and he is told of the flag-staff, 185 feet in length, and straight as a plummet, which would have been sent to the Boston Peace Jubilee had not a crooked road prevented getting it out in time.

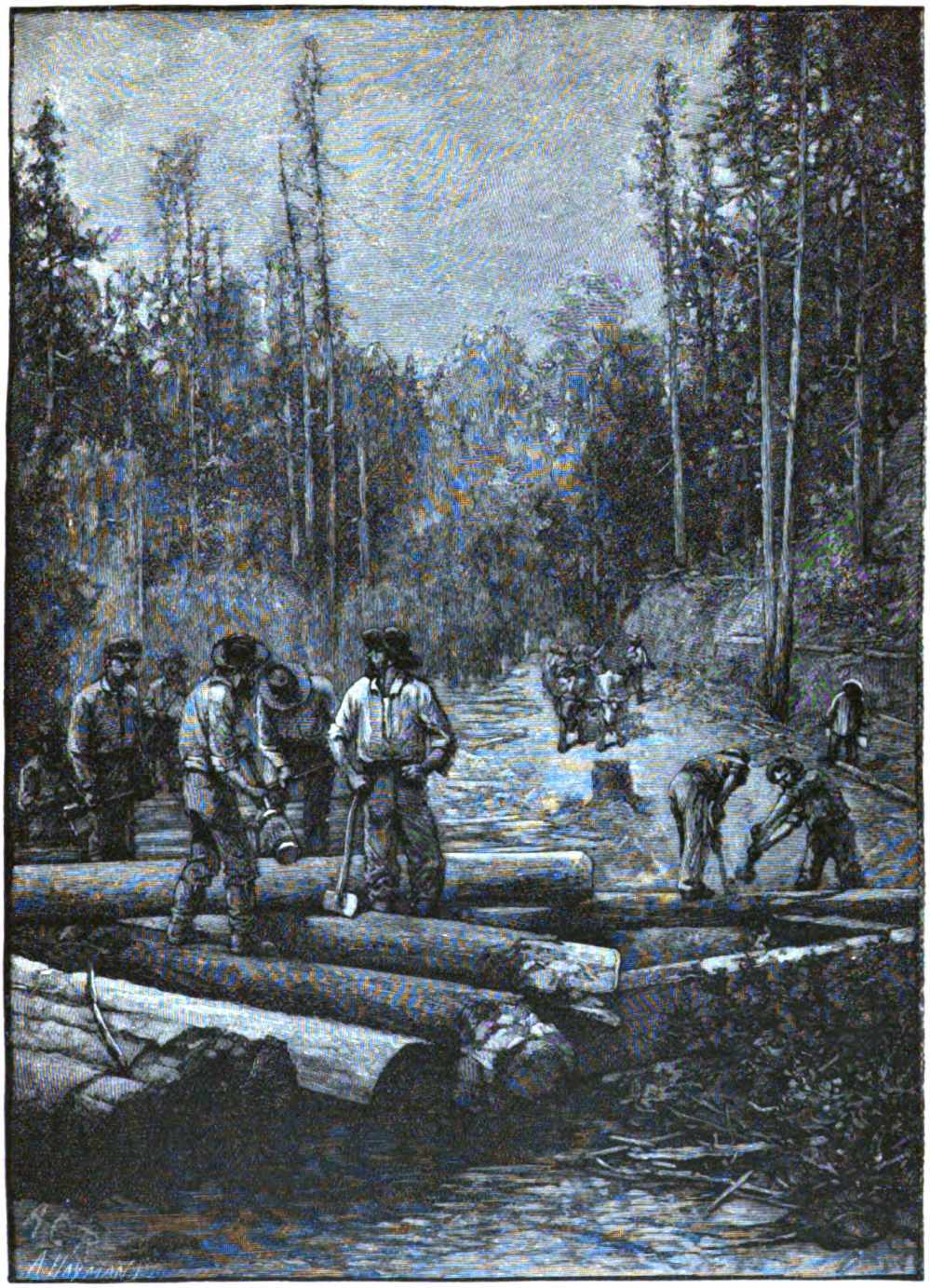
Spars and ship timbers, however, form only a fraction of the business of the mills. The principal demand is for building material of all kinds; and to supply this a vast capital is invested in securing the right to the forest, in cutting the trees, transporting the logs, and sawing the bright, fragrant planks and scantling.

The cutting and hauling out of the logs are usually committed to contractors, who receive about $6 a thousand feet for logs delivered in navigable waters, the mills always buying logs in preference to encroaching on their own property. A contractor's method is to hire six or eight men, and provide several yoke of oxen. He builds a rude camp in the place chosen for chopping, and boards his crew, who are paid from three to five dollars a day, and will produce perhaps 30,000 feet of logs daily. These are hauled out of the woods by the ox teams, or by windlasses, or (in a few localities) by short railways, and are slid into the water of river or sound, where they are made up into rafts, and towed by powerful tug-boats to the mill. The general length of the logs is twenty-four and thirty-two feet; but sometimes logs of one hundred feet are prepared for special purposes.

As fast as needed, the logs in the boom at the mill are seized by the iron grappling-dogs of an endless chain, and drawn up an incline into the mill, where cross-cut, rotary, circular, and gang saws, planing and lath machines, convert it into every variety of lumber. The slabs are utilized somewhat in making fence pickets for that sort of small palisade called in Louisiana *pieu;* the sawdust and refuse, beyond what the engine furnaces can make away with, are burned, or stacked solidly at the water's edge, and underneath wharves as "filling."

The lumber that enters into the commerce of Puget Sound is mainly the product of eight mills, exclusive of those at Burrard Inlet, British Columbia, which saw enough to load fifty vessels a year,

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LOGGING ON PUGET SOUND.

their cargoes aggregating over thirty millions of feet. Since the great depression in the lumber business a few years ago a powerful combination has closed many mills by subsidies. Of the largest, however, Port Discovery, Utsaladdy, Port Madison, Port Blakeley, Seabec, and Tacoma are all in operation. At Port Ludlow we found nearly ready for work a mill larger than any of the foregoing, or, for that matter, of any on the Pacific coast, since by the time this article meets the reader's eye it will be able to turn out 250,000 feet of lumber daily.

All these mills are on tide-water, and own fleets of steam and sail vessels for the carriage of their surplus product, while also supplying the cargoes of vessels sent hither. The largest of them will employ 150 or more men in and about the mill, and

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perhaps 250 in the logging camps, their combined patronage giving a livelihood to several thousand persons, and sustaining half a dozen villages, which otherwise would not exist, where trade thrives, agriculture centres, schools and churches arise, and the roots of a civilized community are planted.

In the case of Ports Discovery, Ludlow, Gamble, Seabec, Madison, and Blakeley, the villages are literally owned by the mill companies. The land was bought before the saws were set up, and houses built for the families of the force, with offices, shops, hotel, etc. These houses are rented, or else are furnished free, and less wages paid. The supply stores, too, are managed by the mill owners, who thus control everything in the settlement.

Only second in importance to the lumber interest in the western half of Washington is the coal interest, about 200,000 tons having been sent to San Francisco in 1881. The main fields lie in the outer foot-hills of the Cascades, centring at Newcastle, twenty miles east of Seattle, the present terminus of the Columbia and Puget Sound Railway, projected to run from Seattle to Walla Walla. Both the road and the coal fields are now a part of the Northern Pacific monopoly—a monopoly which Mr. Henry Villard happily styles "benevolent," and which is popular here.

The rough little railway makes its path through solid forest, and after leaving the valley of Cedar River it crosses some exceedingly broken country, deep cuts alternating with remarkably high curved trestles in quick succession. There is here and there a cabin along its course, but no clearing until Renton, on Cedar River, is reached. The bottoms along this rapid stream give about one farm's width of valley space, easily cleared and suitable for cultivation; and they are thinly settled for twenty miles up from Seattle, the land proving very rich. The same remarks apply to the valley of White River, a few miles southward, where are raised marvellous crops of grain and the most delicious fruits. These two valleys, the logging camps and mills on the island, and the young city, make King County the most populous in the Territory.

Seven miles east of Cedar River the valley of a creek is reached. Here, twelve years ago, a man following the trail of a deer up the bed of the half-dry watercourse discovered a broad stratum of solid coal exposed by the current. Taking squatter right, and afterward perfecting his claim, he was able in a few months to sell his title for $30,000. The present company have about four and a quarter miles of under-ground workings, and are able to ship 800 tons a day.

This coal is a lignite. Five strata have been discovered, the two now being penetrated having a thickness of ten and a half and six feet respectively, throughout which there is only one thin streak of impurity. The strike of the rocks here is directly east and west, and they lie very regular, dipping about forty degrees to the south. This, then, is the angle of descent upon the coal bed, and the main entrance to the mine is an incline several hundred feet in depth. At the bottom small drifts or gangways are run laterally, but the principal galleries are higher up, and extend 2000 feet each way from the entrance. Up and down the incline run platform cages, actuated by a hoisting engine on the surface, which carry the loaded cars, after they have been dragged by mules from the diggings at both ends of the mine, up to a "level" still nearer the surface, where they are run off upon a track, and made into a long train in exchange for "empties."

Here a locomotive is waiting to haul them far away, out to daylight. This locomotive is a grimy, deformed little gnome, so diminutive that you might accommodate it in the box of a lumber wagon, and so compressed that a man's head stands higher than the hood of the cab; yet it is powerful enough to drag out fifty car-loads of coal at a high speed. The engineer is a young Scotchman, who tucks himself away on one side of the cab, and lets me squeeze into the other corner, the flaring little lamps in our caps furnishing the light by which to see to operate the machinery.

"You have no smoke-stack?" I say, while we are waiting.

"Naw," he answers; "except the whole tunnel; and in warm weather, whaän the air is verra hot aboove, the draught is sa great here a mon can hardly kep his lamp lit. It's verra cauld too, sir; espaycially near the openin', where the air sucks in. They ha' sma' need o' their ventilatin' fire durin' the simmer."

We soon emerge into the open air, and find ourselves in the midst of the village and surface works of the com-

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pany at Newcastle, where the train is broken up, and the car loads dumped into the bunkers preparatory to shipment. These bunkers are so combined that the coal falls upon screens permitting all the small pieces to drop through upon other screens that give it a second sifting, below which the dust is carried away in a flume. It is necessary, however, to pick over the main body of the coal in order to reject slaty fragments. For this duty Chinese are employed, their ability to stand all day bending over a sliding stream of coal and rapidly pick out the waste being far superior to that of any white man, who grows lame and impatient at such confining and pernickety work.



IN THE COAL BUNKERS, NEWCASTLE MINES.

They are paid $27 a month, and "find" themselves—which is more than I could do until I chanced upon the colony honey-combed away in an old engine shed that had been patched up for their occupancy. Thither rushes a riot of screaming Celestials when the noon whistle blows, for the winner has the first big dip into the common kettle of luncheon

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rice, after which the scrapings left for late-comers are extremely meagre. John's house here is wholly unnoticeable, but down at Renton the Chinese have built for themselves among the trees a group of small huts, steep-roofed, weather-reddened, and long-shingled; have planted narrow gardens on the river-bank, and have set up tiny coops for the beloved ducks and chickens, until they have made as picturesque and foreign a scene as though it were a home village on the Yang-tse-kiang.

The great body of men employed at the Newcastle mines—250 to 300 in number, outside and in—is made up of Welsh, Scotch, English, and Irish—just the same crowd of heedless colliers, physically and morally, that you will see everywhere else under similar circumstances. Common laborers receive $2 25 a day at the least, and miners are paid $3 a day in wages, while those who are able to get contracts earn four or five dollars a day; yet out of the whole community only a small number have laid any money by, and all ceaselessly complain of their poverty. The town itself straggles in and out of the great dumps of clay and waste that extend like black spurs from the foot of the mountain, the cottages being grouped upon the rocky, stump-infested, forest-bound hill-side, without an attempt at order or comeliness. Nevertheless, there are churches, two public schools, a music teacher, half a dozen civic societies, and not a saloon in the place—they all being just beyond the company's line, about five hundred yards away.

This coal is of poor quality compared with the bituminous coals of Vancouver or of the southern portion of this Territory, except for use in the stove or grate, where it burns very freely, and with vast heat. It consumes with great rapidity, lasting only two-thirds as long as the Wellington coal, so that, although it is two dollars a ton cheaper, it is less economical. The best result for domestic purposes is got by mixing the two. As a steam-making coal it is extensively used, but it will not coke. Sale is found, nevertheless, for about twenty thousand tons a month, keeping four large screw-steamers busy carrying it from Seattle to San Francisco.

Before the railroad was built the company had a tramway that hauled the small coal cars down to the border of Lake Washington, an irregular body of water, twenty miles long, which lies behind Seattle. Thence they were run upon a huge barge, and towed to where a portage railway a mile long hauled them over to another fresh-water pond, Lake Union, on which they were towed within a couple of miles of the port. There has long been a project under discussion for finding a very different utility for these lakes, which are formed chiefly by the drainage of the surrounding country. Lake Union has a slender outlet into Puget Sound through Salmon Bay, which it is proposed to deepen into a ship-channel admitting the largest vessels. It is proposed, also, to cut the narrow land between Lake Union and Lake Washington, and by means of locks open the larger lake to the lumber ships for a long distance inland. As for Lake Union, its fresh-water would make it an invaluable anchorage for ocean-going ships, especially iron hulls, whose bottoms would thus be rid of the accumulation of barnacles and other marine parasites gathered in a long voyage; and it would be an admirable place for the navy-yard which it is understood the government intends to build somewhere upon Puget Sound. To make these ship-canals and locks, about a million dollars would be required.

There is still another project. Lake Washington empties through a small stream into the Duamish River, and thence into Seattle Bay. The fall is so slight that freshets flow backward from the Cedar, White, and Black rivers (which unite with the Duamish below the lake) instead of outward. This raises the water in the lake, and submerges wide areas otherwise profitable. Those who profess to know say that if a channel were cut through the portage between Lake Washington and Lake Union, a remarkable benefit would follow. The greater lake would drain itself out to the sea through a channel which would widen and deepen until adequate to all requirements, and then no freshet would appreciably affect its level. Relieved of this overflow, the three rivers south of it would be able to dispose of their water in the full season without its backing up. Thousands of acres now frequently under water would thus become permanently dry, and a wide strip of marshy or thinly covered lake margin all the way round—a strip three or four farms wide in many places—would be laid bare and re-

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DECK PASSENGERS.

claimed for agriculture, while Lake Union would be opened for shipping, as before stated. A company, it is reported, has already been formed to do this whenever they can get government aid; or they will do it alone if the commonwealth (this must be after Washington becomes a State) will give them the reclaimed lands. In the latter case there ought to be some public provision to pay for quinine and fever-and-ague physicians.

The third most important interest here is probably ship-building. This is engaged in everywhere, but especially at Seattle, where have been constructed a score of the stern-wheeled steamboats navigating these waters, and many wooden sailing vessels. Local shops are able to furnish any repairs or make ordinary machinery, and the demand in this direction gives a living to a large class of shipwrights, boiler-makers, machinists, and laborers.

Various manufacturing industries requiring less capital than lumber-mills or ship-yards or railways are coming to the surface also. I heard a man stoutly maintaining that this region would soon become renowned for its success in cotton manufacturing, the humid climate having precisely that quality which is necessary to give the fibre its highest elasticity, and which prevails in England. Rather more feasible is the movement to establish woollen mills for spinning the six or seven hundred thousand fleeces coming annually from the local shearings. A beet-sugar factory is in the air of rumor and expectation; and— But really what is *not* to be done shortly in Seattle?

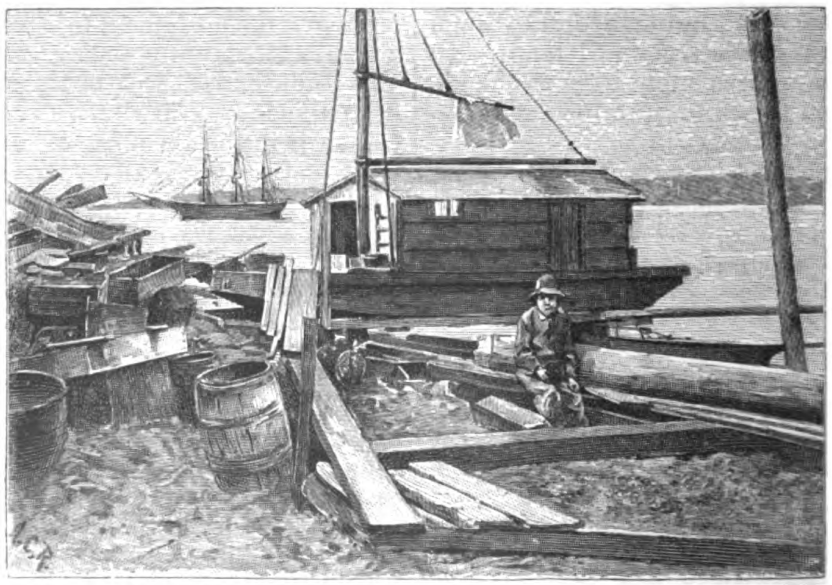
Yet I must say something about their railway outlook. Of course they expect to be the terminus of the transcontinental line. "We *must* be," they declare. But in this, like the hope of heaven, they are sharers with all the towns on the sound, from Tacoma to Townsend. A railway already their own is the Puget Sound and Columbia River, now running to Newcastle; when it will ever go further, no one is brave enough to predict. Another pet project with the Seattle citizens, also wholly their own, is the Seattle, Walla Walla, and Baker City Railway—a standard-

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A GOOD SLEEPER.

gauge road to meet the Union Pacific's "Oregon Short Line" at Baker City, Oregon, and so make a through route eastward *viâ* Omaha. The principal argument is not this fact, however, so much as the opportunity it would afford the wheat-growers and cattle men of the upper Columbia and lower Snake valleys to ship their products directly to the Puget Sound port, instead of sending them eastward or down to Portland. Some such line will doubtless be built at no distant day. The route proposed is through Snoqualmie Pass, which is the lowest gateway of the Cascade Range, and where there has long been a wagon-road. This part of the route runs all the way through fine timber for seventy miles, and traverses regions of coal, iron, limestone, and gypsum, which must remain undeveloped until some such means of transportation reaches them. Eastward of the range the projected route descends into the valley of the Kittitas, which is said to contain about five hundred square miles of good wheat lands, and to be surrounded by a grazing region; it has at present a scattered population. Thence the line would proceed along the Yakima, passing near the large arable valleys of the Natchee, Cowlitz, Ahtanum, skirt the Simcoe reservation (described as a paradise for the farmer when the Indians shall have been got rid of), thence down the farming tracts of the lower Yakima to the Walla Walla, and beyond. The projectors think they have

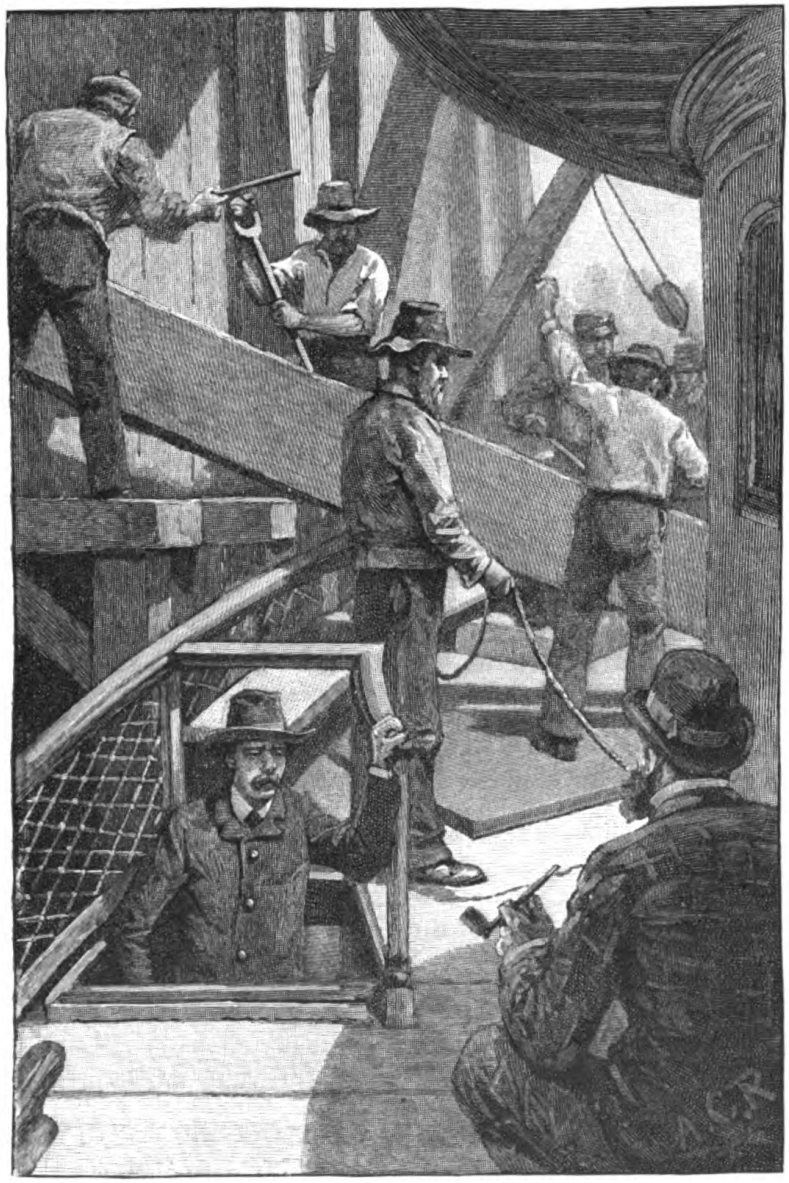


ALONG SHORE AT NEW TACOMA.

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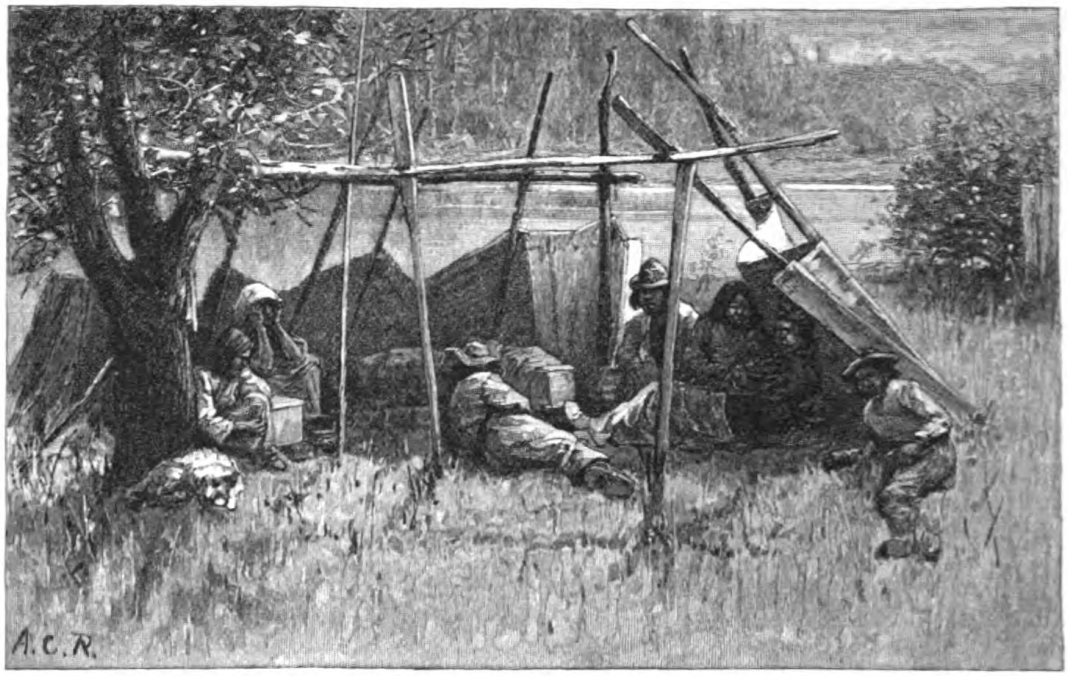
good reason to hope to induce immigration the moment the building of the road is assured, and hence can count upon a very profitable local business. I can promise them a good tourist traffic, for they certainly will traverse one of the regions best worth seeing in all this grand Northwest. But as yet the railway is all "on paper."

Though Seattle has no railway outlet to her active sisters south and east, she has plenty of steamboats by which to travel, and these are preferable, so far as comfort is concerned. Twice a day one may go up to New Tacoma, whence every morning the trains of the Pacific division of the Northern Pacific Railway will carry him to Kaláma, on the Columbia. There he may take a steamer to Astoria, up the Columbia, or to Portland, Oregon. This trip is always interesting. The scenery of the lower sound continues, but the wooded, totally uninhabited shores come nearer, and straight ahead is upreared the



COALING AT SEATTLE.

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HOP-PICKERS' CAMP.

mighty beacon of Mount Tacoma. No matter how often they have passed it, or how lively may be the chatter of tongues, everybody's eyes are held by the glorious beauty of this monarch of mountains, whose grandeur forces itself into the minds of the dullest and most giddy.

At the time of our last trip along this course the days of grace for Chinese immigration were fast expiring, and the large steamers were carrying huge steerage loads of fresh Mongolians, going to work upon the Northern Pacific Railway. The lower deck was given to them, and we of the cabins had abundant opportunity to study the characteristics of the race, or, at any rate, of this the slave caste of that race, and to familiarize our ears with the sing-song of their strange language. They had all their luggage along, and kept it close to them. It consisted everywhere of two packages. One might be either a small trunk (often of sandal-wood and ornamented) or a tea-chest, or else a big round covered basket. This held their small articles. The other package was a scant roll of bedding, wrapped in the coarse mat of rushes or bamboo upon which it was spread out, or in which it was folded when packed. Lastly, each man had a bamboo stick about eight feet long. When he moved, his box or basket was slung to one end of the pole and his bedding to the other. Balancing this burden across his shoulders, he slips on the white Zouave gaiters that will be the first of his Chinese fashions to disappear from American view, and, with the dancing, bobbing gait his burden makes necessary, he trots out into the strange scenery of his new home, an object to make us laugh now, but by-and-by perhaps to make all of us weep. On shipboard, where we saw most of him, he was quiet and timid, but with a dogged, despairing timidity, warning aggressors not to go too far. However, he was rarely molested, or further ill-treated than to get his shins kicked by a deck hand as an intimation to move out of the way, and to be called bad names in a language he didn't understand. He seemed to have no amusements beyond smoking his tiny pipe, and talking, as he sat cross-legged with a knot of friends or stretched full length upon his mat in a dark corner between-decks, varied by occasional gymnastics—in one case upon portions of the steering-gear, with rather serious consequences to the vessel in a piece of intricate navigation. He was a good sleeper, curling up like a mouse, with black shaven head at one end of a confused bundle of blue cotton and silk, and two bare feet at the other. John's idea of life evidently is that it is a serious matter, and he never seems to be quite as happy or natural as when he is hard at work.

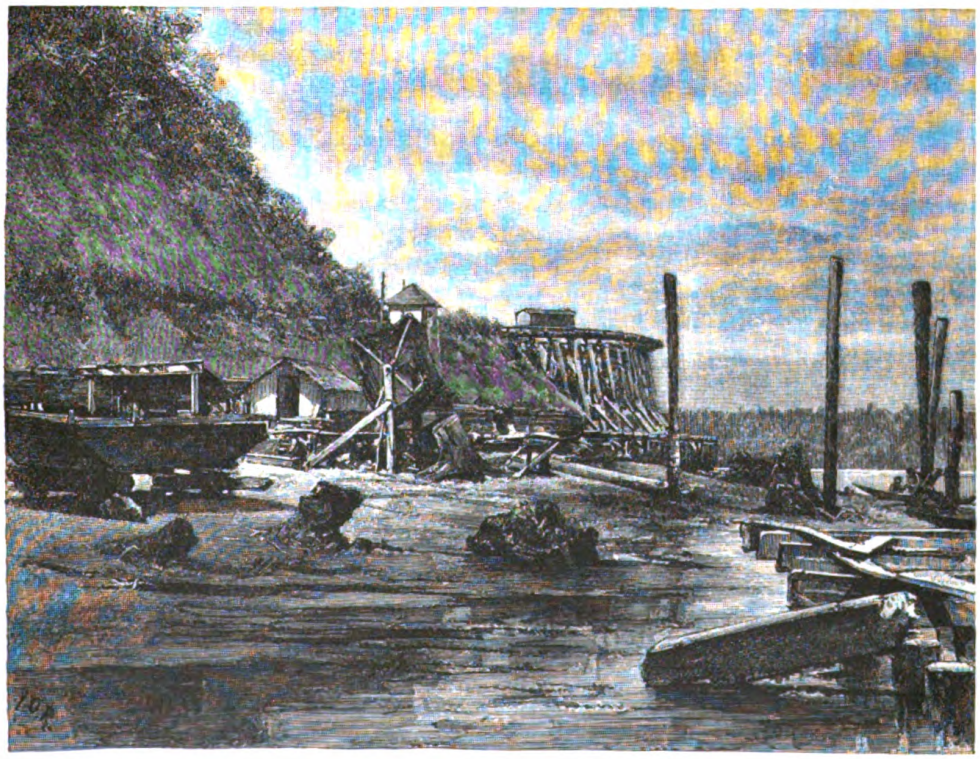
As noticeable to us as the absence of

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humanity on the shore was the entire absence of anything that looked like fishing, yet the fisheries of Puget Sound will hereafter form one of its strong points. At present the markets are supplied chiefly by Indians, and a few Italians who have wandered up to Seattle from California.

The approach to the Tacomas brings first into view the *old* town, built upon a hill-side looking directly down the sound. Near the shore stands a saw-mill, whose never-extinguished waste-fires are like old-fashioned beacons guiding the belated sailor. This village heard she was to become the water terminus of the railway from the Columbia River. Owners of real estate put a high price upon their corner lots, and speculators bought largely in the vicinity. Merchants came in with big stocks of goods, and a grand "boom" began. All at once it was discovered that a "town site company" within the railway management had laid out a harbor town a mile eastward, to be called New Tacoma, and that it was *there* the port was to be established. That was a death-blow to the older place, which ever since has been gradually losing its prestige, privileges, and inhabitants in favor of its upstart rival.

Reaching the port, which is at the mouth of the Puyallup River, one finds a large area of wharf covered with warehouses, railway tracks, general offices, and (fortunately for us) an excellent hotel—Blackwell's. A track also passes behind the wharf to some great coal bunkers farther on, where ships are taking cargoes. The village stands upon the bluff, and is reached by a road graded slantwise up its face. The most productive part of this portion of the Territory is up this very valley of the Puyallup, a strong stream whose milky flood tells of its birth in Tacoma's glaciers. For twenty miles along its banks there are frequent clearings, and in one district, at the village of Puyallup, some thousands of acres have been wrested from the thick forest covering the whole of the bottom-lands. The resources of this Northwest are all expressed in monosyllables; *Iron* and *fish* on the strait; *grain* over in the Swinomish; *coal* on the foot-hills; *logs* on the islands and everywhere; in the Puyallup, *hops*. The soil here is a deep black humus of almost inexhaustible richness, and it produces hops so abundantly that 1800 pounds



TERMINUS OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD AT NEW TACOMA.

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to the acre is an average crop. All the fields are set with a new leafless forest of poles, and I heard of one man last year who cleared $50,000 off a farm of no very large area.

That was a good season; but there have been bad ones. Then the farmers had nothing to fall back upon, for they plant nothing else whatever, and are scarcely more than speculators in hops. They might raise an abundance of fruit, but few orchards have been planted; cows could find rich pasturage, but the people buy milk in Tacoma, and bring butter from Oregon. When the full year comes, and they make a large profit, they spend most of it in having a luxurious time, and very little in improvements. This shiftless procedure uses up in one poor year all the gain of a good one; and if two bad seasons occur, money must be borrowed at from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. interest. Thus a large portion of this rich valley is overlaid by heavy mortgages, and its development will be slow until a wiser and more enterprising generation arises.

The picking, in September, is done wholly by Indians, who gather with their families from the region around, excelling every other nationality in this work. Merry times are seen then. Most numerous, of course, are the Puyallups, whose reservation is at the mouth of the river. These Indians live in cabins and frame houses for the most part, and the majority of them cultivate land to pretty good advantage, though they never work as hard for themselves as when they hire out to white farmers.

Southward and westward of Tacoma stretch the copse-dotted plains of Steilacoom, ruddy with sorrel, over which you may drive your carriage miles and miles in any direction as upon a natural road. On the further side is the fine old post of Fort Steilacoom, now abandoned and given to the Territory for an insane asylum. It was army head-quarters in this region during the Indian wars of 1855–8, of which the block-houses, encountered here and there, are also reminders. On their western border is Olympia, the old Puget Sound port, and now the capital of the Territory—a pretty, maple-shaded village, with many very pleasant people, who have more leisure to enjoy life than occurs elsewhere. Olympia has almost nothing to live upon beyond the crumbs that fall from the government tables, except the custom she derives from the Chehalis Valley, which lies west of her, since the more adjacent district is heavily forested, and its sandy soil is of small worth while so much superior land is available.

The Chehalis rises in the Olympic Mountains, and, flowing southward and westward, empties into Gray's Harbor. Those who have seen it grow enthusiastic over the timber that clothes its upper drainage, and the arable fields lying along its lower course. A considerable population is gathered there now, growing wheat and oats and planting fruit trees. These settlements trade at Olympia; but already a railway is projected to come up from Astoria, and there is talk of another to enter from the westward, with a line of steamers from Gray's Harbor to San Francisco, while a third line is intended to tap the upper valley on its way northward. I should like to know a piece of Washington valley land ten miles square that has not had a railway surveyed over it; and all the lines seem in a fair way to be built.

The anticipations of all the sound towns depend upon the fixture of that mysterious, speculator-plaguing will-o'-the-wisp "the terminus" of the Northern Pacific Railroad. New Tacoma has it now, and purposes to keep it, claiming that her distance from the sea matters no more than in the case of Baltimore or New Orleans. Seattle agrees that distance is nothing, since the waters are thoroughly navigable, but says she is nearest the centre of resources, and has greater wharf facilities. The lower sound towns, Port Townsend, Port Discovery, and Port Angeles, urge their contiguity to the ocean, offer their fine harbors, and say that by rail they are only about thirty miles farther from Portland than Seattle, while twice that distance of slow and expensive towage is saved. It is understood that measures have already been taken to construct a railway from Port Townsend along the west shore of Hood's Canal to Skookumchuck or Tenino, on the Northern Pacific. This project may not in the rapidity of its progress meet the expectations now entertained; but before long I think a railway will be extended along that route, and I can not but believe that the harbor of Port Townsend will ultimately become the actual if not the nominal terminus, which is now a matter of universal forethought.

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TRANSCRIPTS FROM NATURE.

I.

SAND HILLS, NORTH WALES.

NORTH, east, and south the mountains loom
  Through shades of purple densely deep
  Reflected from the clouds that creep
Above the eternal mountain gloom;
Beneath, the sand hills shine with pale
And tremulous light, as when clouds sail

Thin-fleeced before the moon, which shines
Therethrough with rainy, sickly lines.

II.

THE ISLAND BURYING-PLACE.

(WESTERN ISLES, NORTH BRITAIN.)

Large, round, and full, and amber-hued,
  The August moon hangs o'er the waves,
  Hangs o'er this desolate isle of graves.
Long lullabied by surges rude
From hoarse Atlantic seas they lie,
The dead here, sleeping silently.

Safe, sound they sleep, although the sea
Is lawless everlastingly.

III.

A FORSAKEN CHURCH-YARD.

The church's ruinous decay
  O'ertops the graves, as on a strand
  A wrecked ship lies half sunk in sand,
Half watched by jagged rocks and gray—
The lonely graves that never know
Spring's breath in flowers above them blow,

But only o'er their words effaced
The weeds and nettles of the waste.

IV.

EVENING ON THE FROZEN THAMES (1881).

Through smoke and frost mists sunset-flushed
  The domes and shadowy spires arise
  From where, dim, unsubstantial, lies
The city vast. The Thames is hushed
To cold and death-like sleep, and white
Its ice-bound breast gleams through the light.

The stars shine faint and far, and high
The moon's pale crescent cleaves the sky.

V.

THE SCUIR OF EIGG.

(WESTERN ISLES, NORTH BRITAIN.)

Washed by the gray Atlantic seas,
  Swept by all winds that blow thereo'er,
  Eigg dwells, girt round by a wild shore;
And on the Scuir, where the osprey flees
And shrieks unheard, a forest lies
Frozen and dead, whose pine-trees' sighs

Filled oft, far hence, an antique wind
Within a land no man can find.

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"SPRING.—THE CUCKOO."

VI.

SPRING.—THE CUCKOO.

Hark! the spring's joyous pulse doth beat,
  Thrilling the soft, luxurious air
  With welcome music everywhere!
It is the cuckoo's voicing sweet.
The world is thine, O wandering bird;
Summer wakes laughing at thy word!

O season of green leaves and songs,
Manhood in thee his youth prolongs.

VII.

THE AFTER-GLOW.

The sun is gone: a pale light dwells
  In delicate lemon o'er the west;
  The purple heather on the breast
Of yon far hill, within whose dells
And glens the shades of dusk move slow,
To deeper violet doth glow.

Each moment yon low star more bright
Leaps with a flashing, changeful light.

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THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

PREVIOUS to the establishment of the Bank of England much of the nation's spare money was deposited with the goldsmiths, and the receipts they issued circulated from hand to hand, and were negotiable much as bank-notes are now. But the first banker, pure and simple, was Francis Child, once the apprentice of a goldsmith, who lived frugally and decently, and pointed his career with a moral by marrying his master's richly endowed daughter, not clandestinely, but as became a prudent and virtuous youth, with her father's full consent and blessing. This was two hundred years ago, and he invested her dowry to such advantage, and on so secure a basis, that Child's Bank still prospers, with an unsullied history, at Temple Bar, where the successful apprentice opened it in 1663.

One of the best customers of the goldsmiths was Charles the Second, or at least it seemed that the chronically impecunious King was a most profitable client while he accepted loans with interest at as high as thirty per cent., pawning every grant of Parliament and every prospect of money in order to secure them. But as his necessities increased with his dissoluteness, all his scruples disappeared, and one day he repudiated his obligations by locking up the Exchequer—an act which created general consternation, and drew the goldsmiths into the common financial ruin. The amount confiscated was over a million and a quarter pounds, and it was never repaid, though the King, alarmed by the clamorous indignation of the public, allowed six per cent. interest on it from his revenues during the rest of his disgraceful reign, while the principal was added to the national debt.

The desirability of a national bank became apparent in many ways. It was necessary for the support of the national credit, and for the security of a paper currency. It promised to be a means of reducing the rate of interest paid by the state, and of restoring the coinage, which had become vitiated through fraud and wear, to a legitimate standard. In 1678, sixteen years previous to the foundation of the Bank of England, proposals were made for a model bank, and in 1683 a "national bank of credit" was projected. Neither of these was exactly what was wanted, and neither was carried out.

The people at this time were speculation

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mad, and no scheme seemed too fatuous for them, no financial will-o'-the-wisp danced before them that they did not follow, to find too late the treacherousness of the phantasm and the rueful consequences of avaricious ambition.

The national treasury was empty, and the war with France was languishing, to the English disadvantage, for want of means. The government came begging to Guildhall, and Guildhall went in procession through the wards of the city to solicit money for this most impoverished of administrations. "The regiments have been unclothed when the King has been in the field," states a contemporary historian, "and the willing, brave English spirits, eager to honor their country and to follow such a King, have marched even to battle without either stockings or shoes, while his servants have been every day working in Exchange Alley to get his men money of the stock-jobbers, even after all the horrible demands of discount have been allowed; and at last scarce fifty per cent. of the money granted by Parliament has come into the hands of the Exchequer, and that too late for service, and by dribblets, till the King has been tired with the delay."

To relieve the penniless government was one of the objects of the founder of the Bank of England, and though his motive was not unconditionally patriotic, though he was opposed with great bitterness by the usurer and others who had profited by extortionate discounts and the helplessness of the government, and by a numerous class who declared that such a bank would become a dangerous monopoly, and engross the whole money of the kingdom, and that it would be arbitrary in its powers, he not only obtained a charter, but was very soon justified in affirming that the bank had spared the ministers their humiliating processions into the city to secure loans at ten and twelve per cent. interest, given life and currency to double or treble the value of its capital in other branches of public credit, and been the principal means of the success of the campaign in 1695, particularly in reducing Namur, the first step toward the peace of 1697.

This man, William Paterson, who also founded the Bank of Scotland, was a dreamer of a lofty and generous nature and large ideas, which sometimes carried him into the impracticable, though usually there was a substratum of utility to what seemed to be the least substantial of his schemes. It was he who led the Darien expedition, that wild attempt to establish another East India Company and to found an Arcadia on the American isthmus. He knew the country well, and had once lived an adventurous life in the Antilles. On the 26th of July, 1698, twelve hundred persons, many of whom were of high birth and influence, embarked with him from Leith, and in due time they reached the site of their proposed colony. He had purchased the land from its Indian possessors, and proclaimed as the two leading principles of his commonwealth freedom of faith and freedom of trade to all sects and to all nations. His generosity was unbounded, and when the colony seemed most likely to succeed, he voluntarily surrendered the large share of the profits which belonged to him. The adventurers were first charmed with their new home, but their subsequent fate is well known. They fell victims to famine, disease, and the attacks of the Spaniards. Utopia was once again laid waste, and of the number which left Leith only thirty ever again set foot in their native land. One of these was Paterson, of whom a letter of the period said, "The colonists give him due praise, for he hath been diligent and true to the end."

The chivalrous and high-minded man was followed by misfortune. For one year only was he among those who managed the bank which he founded. It is said of him that he was intrigued out of his post and his honors; that the persons to whom he applied made use of his ideas, were civil to him for a while, and afterward neglected him.

The terms of the charter which Paterson procured were that the sum of £1,200,000 should be raised by voluntary subscriptions, and that the subscribers should form themselves into a corporation styled The Governor and Company of the Bank of England. The whole of the capital was to be loaned to the government, and the corporation was to be allowed to issue bills to an equivalent amount, which could pass from hand to hand by successive indorsements. The Bank was also to receive from the government interest at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, together with £4000 per annum for management, being £100,000 per annum on the whole. It was not to trade in any goods, wares, or merchandise, but it was to

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be allowed to deal in bills of exchange, gold and silver bullion, and to sell any wares and merchandise upon which it had advanced money and which had not been redeemed within three months of the time agreed upon. The whole of the £1,200,000 was subscribed in ten days' time by about 1300 persons, and the charter was issued on July 27, 1694. The management of the corporation was intrusted to a governor, a deputy-governor, and twenty-four directors, all elected annually, and all subjects of England, the governor being required to have at least £4000 of the capital stock in his own name, the deputy-governor at least £3000, and each director £2000. When the subscription was complete the sum was handed into the Exchequer, and the Bank procured from other quarters the funds which it required for the transaction of its current business.

The current business at the foundation was not large, and all of it was done in one room; but from that time to this, when its capital is £14,553,000 and the price of its shares is £295, it has held up its head through all vicissitudes, and has been inseparably connected with the fortunes of the English government. It has been now a supplicant, then a dictator, nurtured by Halifax, bullied by Walpole, and coaxed by Pitt. If it has not always been generous in time of adversity, it has been prudent, and its influence has been against chimeras and reckless speculation. At least once—in December, 1825—it saved the country from bankruptcy; and because it has not in all seasons of commercial distress been willing to play the part of benefactor, it has been assailed by so many choleric pamphleteers that the titles of their effusions cover some thirty pages of the British Museum catalogue.

Its own early years were full of difficulties. "Looking upon the Bank in its present pre-eminent position," says Francis in his history, to which we are largely indebted, "it is not easy to imagine it borne down by jealous rivalry, struggling for a precarious existence, its notes at a heavy discount, without specie to meet the demands of its creditors, compelled to advertise for defaulters, and actually obliged to cash the notes payable on demand in quarterly installments."

At the present time, to be qualified to serve as a director, the candidate must possess not less than £500 of the stock in his own right. No partner or officer in any other bank can be an officer of the Bank of England. Of the directors only seven-eighths are each year eligible for re-election, while the governor and deputy-governor are elected annually by the proprietors. It is the custom to choose the same governor and deputy-governor for two successive years, and for the latter to succeed the former on his retirement.

Though the coinage was much worn and clipped, the Bank was required to receive it at its nominal value, but when the recoinage began in 1696 it was obliged to redeem its bills with new coins of full weight, and thus, perhaps, for seven ounces of silver received it was bound to pay twelve. Its enemies collected and presented the notes to a large amount, and it was obliged to suspend payment, at first partially and then generally. In February, 1697, its notes were twenty-four per cent. below par, but with a new charter and an increase of capital they were brought up to par again. A century later it was once more in serious difficulties. Immense sums of money had suddenly been withdrawn, and its reserve greatly reduced by advances unwillingly made to the government. On Saturday, February 25, 1797, it had only £1,272,000 available, and there was every prospect of a continuance of the "run" on the following Monday. In the emergency the government met in council on Sunday, and prohibited the directors from paying their notes in cash until the sense of Parliament had been taken on the subject. Parliament agreed to continue this restriction for an indefinite period, and a committee was appointed to investigate the affairs of the Bank. The committee found that at the moment the Order in Council was promulgated, the Bank possessed property to the amount of £15,513,690 above all claims upon it. The "run" did not originate in any overissue of paper, but in the unsettled condition of the country, owing to the war caused by the French Revolution, and the fears of an invasion, which led the people to convert their notes into gold. Specie payments were not resumed until 1821, and while the government and the business men of London did their best to hold up the credit of the notes during the suspension, the notes were not a legal tender.

Nearly all the great difficulties of the Bank arose from its efforts to serve the government, but it enjoyed in return, up to 1826, the distinction and advantage of

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being the only bank in England having more than six partners which had the privilege of issuing bank-notes.

First extended to 1716, its charter was renewed from 1708 until 1733; in 1713 it was extended to 1743; in 1742 to 1765; in 1764 to 1787; in 1781 to 1813; in 1800 to 1834; and in 1833 to 1856. In the year 1844 Parliament passed the Bank Charter Act, which separated the issue from the banking department, and placed the note issue upon its present basis. The extensions of its corporate existence just noted were not always voluntarily granted, but were the occasion of bitter controversy, and were dearly paid for. Over and over the Bank accommodated the government, and sometimes accommodations were wrung from it as a condition of the continuance of its existence.

Up to 1844 the Bank of England, and private banks out of London with not more than six partners, could issue any number of notes, the "promise to pay" on the face of which was guaranteed only by the desire and ability of the issuers to keep faith with the holders of them; but by the act of that year all banks established subsequently were prohibited from issuing notes, and the issue of banks then existing was limited. In the case of the Bank of England the same act, in separating the issue department from the banking department, defined the limits within which the issue of notes upon securities must be confined, and provided that the Bank should purchase any amount of gold offered to it at a certain fixed rate, or, in other words, receive in deposit any quantity at a certain rate in exchange for notes. Since 1844 the governors and directors of the corporation have had practically no control over the issue of notes.* The reader wonders, perhaps, how it would be possible to pay all notes in gold when £15,000,000 of them are not represented by gold in possession of the Bank, but by securities. The method has been thus lucidly explained by Thomson Hankey, Esq., an ex-governor and one of the directors of the Bank. Supposing that all the notes outstanding, except the £15,000,000, were presented for payment, there would be enough gold in the Bank to meet them at any hour of any day, and long before the funds could be reduced to fifteen millions by any legal process the Bank would begin to realize on the £15,000,000 of securities. Four millions of the securities are of a class salable at all times, and the remaining £11,000,000 are loaned to the government. If there should be any need of that sum, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would have no difficulty in turning the government's debt to the Bank into three-per-cent. stock, which he would assign to the governor and company, and they would sell the stock as required, receiving in payment their own notes, which would be immediately cancelled.

A Bank of England note is the safest piece of paper in the world, and under any circumstances the Bank could pay every one in circulation without touching a shilling of its capital. The great object of the charter of 1844 was to secure at all times and under every possible contingency the conversion of every bank-note into gold whenever presented for payment, and that object has been completely attained. The effect has been to accumulate much more gold than would have been necessary had the interests of the shareholders alone been considered; and while this stock of bullion, bearing no interest and held only for the integrity of the bank-note, is a drawback from one point of view, the enormous benefit which the country derives from the absolute equality of the note and the coin far outweighs any attendant disadvantage.

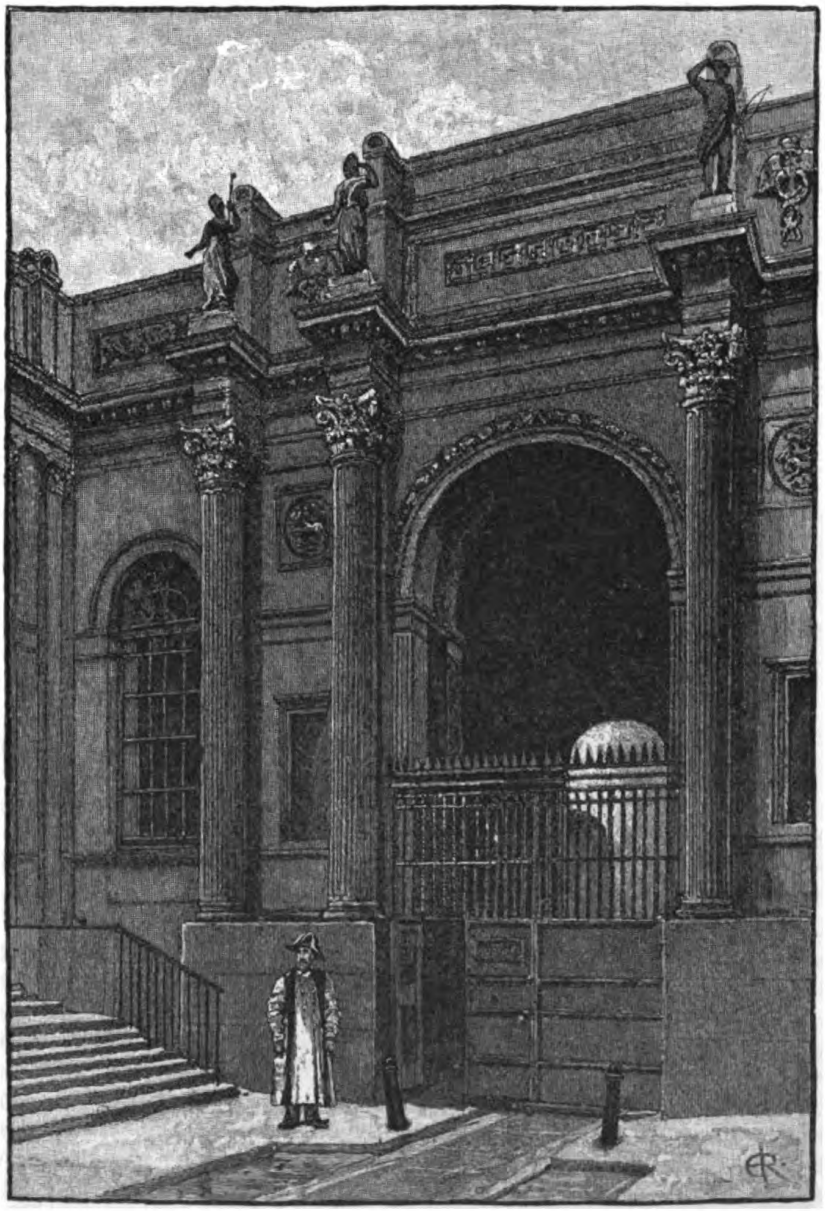
The enmity manifested toward the Bank has not always been without justification. Its critics allege that it has suddenly and unnecessarily thrown out the "paper" of substantial firms, and caused more than one panic which its forbearance would have averted. In 1835 it refused to discount any bills drawn or indorsed by other joint-stock banks, and it adheres to this rule. About 1745 it was customary to deliver for money deposited an accountable receipt, which could be circulated like a modern check. The receipts of "Child's" were at par while the notes of the Bank were at a discount, and the latter institution secretly collected a large amount of the receipts with the intention of presenting them suddenly and breaking its rival. "Child's" learned of the design, however, and borrowed £700,000 from the Duchess of Marlborough. The officials of the Bank appeared with receipts to the amount of about £600,000, and demanded payment, which was blandly made in their own dis-

* The act providing that any excess of issue above £14,000,000 (now £15,750,000) represented by securities shall have its equivalent in bullion.

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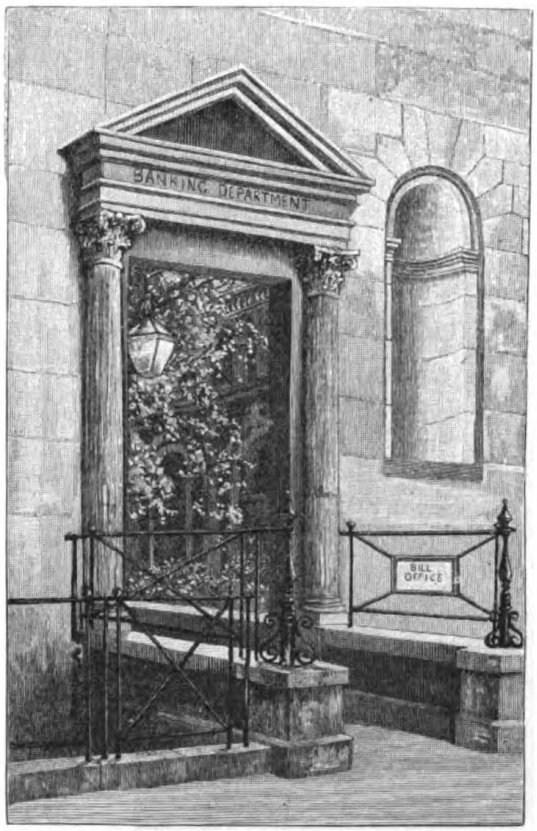
counted notes, much to the profit of the goldsmith's house at Temple Bar, and to the discomfiture of the governor and company of the Bank of England. The Bank has also played a trick or two more characteristic of Wall Street than Threadneedle Street.

The Bank of England is now one of the most revered of English institutions, and the rural visitor to the metropolis regards it with little less awe than he feels when he looks on the halls in which the liberties of his country were nursed at Westminster. Locally speaking, it is a centre of London; in a larger sense, it is the pivot of the world. The omnibuses of nearly sixty different routes converge at it, and in whatever part of the vast city you may be, you are certain to hear the indefatigable "cad" of the popular conveyance soliciting you with a quick repetition of the word "Bank! Bank! Bank!"—usually pronounced "Bink! Bink! Bink!" All down Oxford Street and Holborn, all



LOTHBURY COURT.

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ENTRANCE TO GARDEN.

along Parliament from Westminster to Trafalgar Square, through the Strand and Fleet Street, this sharp cry is dinned upon the ear, as if the Bank were the destination of all men. The traffic has embarrassing proportions in these thoroughfares, and at the Bank it seems to become hopelessly entangled. Lombard Street, Cornhill, Cheapside, King William Street, and Queen Victoria Street have their confluence here, and empty into an irregular space, with the Corinthian portico of the Royal Exchange on one side, the similar architecture of the Mansion-House nearly opposite, and the front of the great monetary institution on the third. Both of the former buildings have architectural pretensions, while the Bank has none whatever. Its exterior gives one the impression of a strongly built granite inclosure, treated with heavy Ionic decoration, pierced with a ponderous gate, and surrounded by a weighty iron railing, which separates it by a foot or two from the sidewalk. Like everything else in the city, it is blackened by the soot-laden atmosphere, and its general aspect is unprepossessing. Within is a court-yard guarded by a gorgeous creature in a cocked hat, a sentinel or porter, arrayed in flowing crimson and gold lace, and bearing a staff. From this court-yard there are doors or gates by which the various divisions of the inclosure are reached, all of them low, solidly constructed, and modest, and grouped about, in all, nine court-yards. Of these the one on the left contains one or two stalwart elms, which in early summer seem to fill the entire space of it with bright and luxuriant verdure, while beneath them is a fountain, a neat bit of soft, well-kept turf, and clusters and hedges of rhododendrons. The transatlantic visitor is hardly prepared to find a green court-yard, great robust trees, and the sentimental music of a fountain in the heart of the greatest bank in the world. His thoughts recur to Wall Street, and he speculates upon what would be the moral effect of half a dozen elms in the United States Treasury, or of some stalwart oaks in the Drexel and Morgan building opposite, or of some venerable sycamores in the Third National Bank around the corner. Probably no other trees in the world grow in such expensive soil, and to the visitor who sees them for the first time the incongruity of their position is very striking.

The interior of the Bank has little special interest. It is full of respectability and business. Its air is one of conservative solemnity and decorous activity, and the demeanor of its employés and various officials is saturated with formal propriety. The various halls are spacious and modern in appearance, and the transactions during business hours seldom involve any crowding. There are files of clerks paying out money and receiving money from all sorts of people, other clerks bending over ledgers with intense application, and bank messengers in waiting, who are dressed in swallow-tail coats of a delicate salmon-color, with silver buttons, flaming scarlet waistcoats, black trousers, and high silk hats. So much is open to the world; and even if the spectator is provided with a director's order to view the Bank—a privilege not loosely granted—there is little of real interest for him to see.

He will be taken into the basement and through a carefully guarded iron door into

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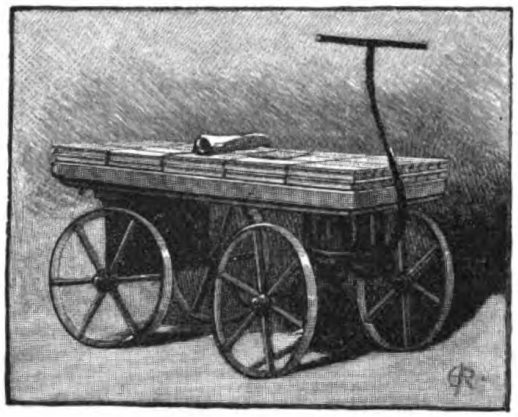
a warm, low-roofed, circular vault, around which are a number of small trucks loaded with gold ingots, the collateral for the notes. The ingots on each truck are built up in stacks to the amount of £80,000, and



THE GARDEN.

in other parts of the vault there are boxes of Spanish dollars and some Nevada silver. The attendant removes a cloth cover from a glass case, and discloses an assortment of pure gold ornaments—bracelets, rings, necklaces, and coronets, unburnished and rude in execution, but often admirable in design. This is the residue of the Ashantee indemnity, the larger part of which has been melted and coined. In the basement, also, are the barracks, wherein thirty-six soldiers are quartered from seven o'clock every evening until the next morning for the protection of the Bank. There is a library for the use of the men, who are provided with supper, and the officer of the company is not apt to find fault with the post to which he comes marching from the Tower. The governor and company are hospitable, and for him and any two friends he chooses to invite

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BULLION TRUCK.

a table is set, which includes a precious old port that has lain long with the other treasures in the cellars.

It has been the custom to quarter soldiers in the Bank since the Lord George Gordon riots, when it was threatened by the mob. After burning Newgate, and delivering the prisoners, the rioters bethought themselves of the treasure-house in Threadneedle Street, and advanced upon it with the intention of sacking it. Had they come earlier, they would undoubtedly have succeeded; but the attack was not made until the fourth day of the riot, and the Bank was then fully prepared for them. A number of soldiers were placed outside the walls, and the roof was occupied by the clerks and other officials, who were provided with bullets made out of their ink-pots. The first fire of the military repulsed the mob, which, after a second attempt to storm the place, fell back in dismay, while John Wilkes rushed out alone and valiantly collared the ringleader.

Perhaps we should amend our assertion that the sights of the Bank are uninteresting, by admitting that it depends on the imaginativeness of the spectator. By themselves these ingots are simply tablets of dull yellow metal, and the operation of printing the notes is little different from what may be seen in the printing of handbills: the printer's "devils" are like other printers' devils—a little cleaner, maybe—and the rollers pass softly over the plate as they do in most presses. But if the spectator's vision penetrates beyond the mechanical process into the capabilities of money, the substantial walls dissolve, and innumerable enchanting possibilities fill the brain. If one of the little presses could be our servant for a day, we should have an income superior to that of all the Rothschilds put together; it, as it were, fills a basket with sovereigns every minute; it pours out fortunes with no more ado than a gentle click-clack; it seizes slips of white paper and converts them into thousand-pound notes in an instant. Most wonderful and adorable of machines! This is what it seems to do, but it does not really add a single penny to the capital of the world, and the value of the notes exists in the bullion which represents them in the vaults. Were there no collateral, the press might go on printing forever without making anybody richer. Political economy is not as picturesque as imagination.

No notes of a higher denomination than £1000 are issued, and as the press is capable of producing these at the rate of 3000 an hour, this part of its work is soon accomplished. There are several other presses printing five and ten pound notes, some completing with one, and those of older date with two impressions. The number and date of each note are printed at both ends of it, and as the separate halves are thus easily identified, it is common in England to remit money by cutting a bank-note in two equal pieces and transmitting each by different mails or in separate envelopes. Not the smallest scrap of paper is wasted, and if a note is spoiled in the printing, it has to be accounted for no less than the perfect ones.

While for beauty of design the notes of the Bank of England are inferior to those of the United States, they are securer and more durable. The paper is made at a special manufactory at Laverstock, Hampshire, and about 14,000 reams are supplied to the Bank yearly, at a cost of about one pound or five dollars a ream. The dies by which the water-marks are made, and the plates used in printing, are manufactured in the Bank itself. Brittle to the touch as the paper seems, it is almost as strong as parchment, and it is possible to hold a piece no larger than a note by the edges and place a fifty-pound weight upon it without tearing it. Its thinness and transparency prevent erasures and other illegal alterations. In an album kept at the Bank the various counterfeits discovered are preserved, and the best of these is one executed by a French-

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man. It would take an extremely experienced eye to detect any fault in the engraving, but the spuriousness of the paper is visible at a glance. Most of the imitations could not deceive a child, and the poorest of them is a one-hundred-pound note, which was inclosed to a charitable institution with a benevolent letter. But the penalty is so heavy, and the detectives of the Bank are so vigilant, that few criminals have courage enough to exercise their ingenuity in forging notes, and at the present time no forged notes are known to be in circulation. In earlier times, when the design of the notes was ruder, forgeries could be attempted with greater impunity, and the history of the Bank contains many instances of daring and brilliant roguery.



BANK-NOTE LIBRARY.

The most illustrious knave sent down to posterity through these annals was known from a part of his disguise as "Old Patch." In 1780 a note was paid which passed through the hands of several of the Bank officers before it was discovered to be a well-executed counterfeit, and others followed it in which the engraving, the water-mark, and the signature were reproduced with perilous fidelity. The detectives sought the felonious printer in vain for months without finding him, but it was noticed that more of the notes were passed just previous to the lottery drawings of the period than at any other time, and this circumstance supplied the first clew leading to his capture. A young man who had answered an advertisement for a servant was called upon by a coachman one day and told that the gentleman who wished to engage him was in a carriage outside, where he desired to see him. In the vehicle he found an elderly man, who appeared to be in a condition of great debility; several yards of flannel were wrapped around his legs, a surtout was buttoned up to his throat, and his face was concealed, except on the left side, where a patch could be seen over his eye. Did a mysterious stranger ever enter the pages of Mr. Wilkie Collins more propitiously? The elderly man, with many feeble coughs and cries of pain, represented himself as the guardian of a young nobleman, said he was pleased with the youth's appearance, and hired him to come to 29 Titchfield Street. There, at a subsequent interview, he complained that his ward was infatuated with lotteries, and that the new servant would have little else to do than purchase tickets for

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him. These purchases were made in large amounts, and always paid for with Bank of England notes, the tickets being handed to Mr. Brank, as the invalid called himself. Left to himself, Mr. Brank showed recuperative powers of no ordinary kind; his infirmities vanished, and he became a young and vigorous man. Wherever the servant went, he was followed by a woman, who was prepared, in case the notes were discovered, to fly to Brank and warn him. The servant at last fell into the hands of the officers, assured them of his innocence, and informed them of his employer's house. But before they reached Titchfield Street "Old Patch" had flown, and the infirm old gentleman had ceased to exist. His success in assuming different disguises defeated the police, and it was not long before he was again uttering forged notes, an occupation which he occasionally varied by raising checks, which with the greatest audacity he personally presented at the Bank. His ostensible business was that of a lottery agent, and the tickets which he purchased with the spurious notes were sold again. He lived in splendor, and gave entertainments which were graced with displays of costly plate. He had innumerable names, innumerable lodgings, and innumerable disguises. But when he was finally captured his ingenuity failed him, and he courteously saved the hangman the trouble by hanging himself from the ceiling of his cell.

While "Old Patch" was flourishing, another batch of counterfeits was discovered. A London merchant received a letter from one of his correspondents in Hamburg minutely describing a person who had defrauded the writer of £3000. The letter continued to say that the delinquent was occasionally to be seen near the Royal Exchange, and it requested the receiver to obtain an interview with him, and compel him to refund the money, adding that if he did so, and showed any signs of repentance, he might be dismissed with a caution and £500, as he was a near relative of the writer. When the merchant found him and informed him of his knowledge of the crime, the cheat, who was a young man, displayed great alarm, and begged that his disgrace might not be made public. To this the merchant consented, providing the money was returned. The culprit sighed that to return all was impossible, as he had spent some. What he had he surrendered, however, and the merchant, after lecturing him on the error of his ways and the goodness of the man he had robbed, handed him a check for £500. The check was immediately cashed by the person who received it, but the notes which the merchant had accepted proved to be counterfeits, and on inquiry he found that the letter from Hamburg was also a forgery, and that he had been the victim of a clever plot. The reader may reasonably ask why the merchant did not pay the impostor the £500 out of the notes which he surrendered, and how the impostor could have known, as he must have done, that he would receive a valuable check for the worthless bills. We can not say. It is not politic to go behind history, and though the story needs some explanation which we can not give, it at least deserves some respect as one of the traditions of the Bank of England.

The album in which specimens of the various counterfeits discovered are preserved also contains some interesting proofs of the extraordinary durability of the notes. There are three notes for twenty-five pounds which passed through the Chicago fire, and were sent in for redemption by Mr. R. H. Nottin, Paymaster of the Chicago and Alton Railway. Though they are burnt to a crisp black ash, the paper is scarcely broken, and the engraving is as clear as in a new note. There are also five five-pound notes which went to the bottom of the sea in the unfortunate training-ship *Eurydice*, and were recovered after six months' immersion. They are not even frayed. The paper is stained a light brown, and that is the only effect their long exposure to salt-water has had. We are shown in a small case covered with a magnifying-glass a few charred fragments of paper for which the Bank paid £1400. They are the remains of several notes destroyed in a fire, and were redeemed at their full value, the holders being able to give their numbers and dates, and to satisfy the Bank that they had actually been destroyed. There is another note in the album which was in circulation 125 years before it was returned to the Bank for payment. No note is issued twice. As soon as a note is returned, even though it has been out but a few hours, it is cancelled. Very often a note issued in the morning is brought back to the Bank in the afternoon of the same day, but on

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an average a five-pound note is out about eighty days. The notes have many strange adventures. One of a large denomination was found keeping the wind away in the broken pane of a cottage window, neither the cottager nor his wife having any idea of its value. Another, also for a large sum, the disappearance of which had led to many wrongful suspicions and accusations, was discovered, after many years, inclosed in the wall of the house from which it had mysteriously disappeared. One thing the notes will not endure. They will hold together at the bottom of the sea, and come out of a furnace intact, but they will not outlast the scrubbing, the bleaching, and the mangling of the laundry. That trial, to which they are sometimes subjected through the inadvertence of ladies who send them to the wash in their dress pockets, usually defaces them, though even after it their genuineness is still recognizable.

Three more "sights" are open to visitors provided with the coveted governor's pass — the sumptuously furnished and decorated Bank parlor, the treasury, and the weighing-room. No gold coin brought to the Bank is again put in circulation until it has been weighed in the room provided for that purpose. Here all the sovereigns and half-sovereigns are put into long brass tubes, which feed them to exquisitely adjusted scales. If they are of the full weight, they are automatically thrown by the scales into a box on one side; and if deficient, into a similar box on the other side, the operation being performed with a fastidiousness which reminds us of some great lady preparing a visiting list—though, as in her case, the line between the elect and the rejected is extremely fine. The slow and judicatory process of the scales is very different from the emphatically condemnatory motion of the machine by which the light coins are defaced. The latter seizes them in a peremptory way, as if conscious of their faults and impatient with them, crushes the design upon them, nearly cuts them in two, and dismisses them in the form of a battered disk of gold, which is sent to the Mint to be recoined. The loss on light coins is borne by the person who deposits them; and though, when informed of their deficient weight, he should desire to reclaim them, the Bank is compelled by law to "clip" them before returning them to him.



BULLION CELLAR.

The last thing of all shown to the visitor is the treasury—a sombre-looking room surrounded by fire-proof cupboards, in each of which about eighty thousand sovereigns are stored or an equivalent amount of notes. The custodian gravely unlocks one of them, and takes out a bundle of thousand-pound notes, which he places in the visitor's hands. Each note is for one thousand pounds, or five thousand dollars. There are just a thousand of them in the bundle, which weighs about ten ounces, and is worth a million pounds, or five million dollars. As the custodian tells you this, and adds that they represent nine tons of gold, he watches so closely for an expression of awe or wonderment that it would be unkind were one not to respond to his expectations with some acknowledgment that he has duly impressed you. But the bundle is really insignificant, and a few of the notes in one's own wallet would be very much more impressive. He tenderly takes the package from you, re-

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places it in the safe, and turns the lock upon it. This is the *dénouement*, the culminating point of interest in a visit to the Bank of England.

But we have yet to learn what the functions of the Bank are, and these are of a threefold nature. When it was opened, and for many years subsequently, it was principally used for government purposes, and it was not until the middle of the last century that it became to any large extent a public concern. Now, any one may have an account with it, as with any other bank, provided that his balance is large enough to be remunerative. No particular sum is arbitrarily insisted upon as a cash balance, but the officials of the Bank consider that unless it profits to the amount of sixpence for every entry of a check paid, the balance does not afford adequate remuneration, and the account is declined. The Bank affords every convenience to its customers, and buys or sells or takes care of securities, receives dividends of all kinds, and makes payments anywhere required. Although the accounts are not allowed to be overdrawn, it is always ready to discount satisfactory bills for its customers, and to make advances on a certain class of securities. In brief, it is what all other banks are, and this part of its business is conducted on substantially the same basis as theirs, with perhaps a little more caution and exclusiveness. No interest, however, is allowed upon cash deposits, and, as we have said, no accounts are allowed to be overdrawn.

The Bank is so large a holder of money that to some extent it controls the rate of discount; the discount it demands determines all other banks in fixing their rate. Many persons believe, the late Walter Bagehot has written, that the Bank of England has some peculiar power of fixing the value of money. They see that the Bank varies its minimum rate of discount from time to time, and that, more or less, all other banks follow its lead, and charge much as it charges, and they are puzzled why this should be. The explanation is simple. The value of money is settled by the law of supply and demand, as that of all other commodities is. The Bank of England used to be the predominant, and is still a most important, dealer in money. It states the lowest price at which it will dispose of its stock of money, and its quotation enables other dealers to obtain that price, or something near it. The reason is obvious. At all ordinary moments there is not enough money in the market unless some is taken from the Bank of England. As soon as the Bank rate of discount is fixed, a great many persons who have bills to discount try to see how much cheaper than at that rate they can get them done for. They seldom can get them done for much less than the Bank would charge, for if they did every one would leave the Bank, and the outer market would have more bills than it could bear. Should the Bank see this beginning, it would lower its rate, so as to secure a reasonable portion of the business to itself. The notion that the Bank of England has absolute control over the money market, and can fix the rate of discount as it likes, has survived, continues Mr. Bagehot, from the days before 1844, when it could issue as many notes as it liked, and even then the notion was a mistake. There is no ground for believing that the value of money is settled by different causes from those which affect the value of other commodities, or that the Bank of England has any despotism in the matter. It has the power of one of the largest holders of money, and that is all.

The second function of the Bank is the management of the national debt, by which it relieves the government of all the clerical details attending the purchase and transfer of stock and the payment of dividends. No one would be willing to lend money to a government without an engagement for repayment at a fixed time, nor without some arrangement enabling the lender to transfer his interest in the debt to any one willing to purchase it, and it is a condition of every loan made to the British government that it shall be transferable, and that the dividends shall always be paid half-yearly at the Bank of England. The certainty of the fulfillment of this condition has been one of the elements which have made the government stocks a favorite form of investment. The national funded debt of the United Kingdom is now upward of £700,000,000, divisible into any number of accounts, and any person whose name has once been entered as a holder of stock in the Bank books may sell all or any part of his stock at almost any time, and without cost transfer it to as many different persons as he chooses to deal with through his broker. The broker is necessary to the transaction that the Bank may be sure that the

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transferer is the person he represents himself to be, and the only essential qualification of this agent is membership of the Stock Exchange, and a personal introduction to the Bank officials. There are several hundred thousand of these accounts, which, if more persons desired to invest their money in government securities, might be multiplied tenfold, the only limit placed upon them being that none shall be for less than one penny. No matter how many separate accounts are opened, the Bank is bound to keep them; and on every account a separate order or "warrant" is made out every half-year for the payment of the dividend, from which a deduction has to be made for the property tax and paid to the government. The dividends are paid to any one applying for them when they are due, and more than half of them are usually collected by the stockholders' private bankers, who transmit the amount to their customers, or advise them of it by the evening mail of dividend-day; thus all holders in Great Britain may either receive their dividends or hear that they have been collected for them on the same day, and it is unusual for an error of even one penny to be made in this vast operation. If desired, the dividend



F. MAY, CASHIER OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

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warrants are sent by the Bank to the stockholders by post. For this service the Bank receives from the government about £200,000 a year, or £300 for every million of the national debt below six hundred millions, and £150 for every million above six hundred millions.

The third function of the Bank is the issue of notes, and this department is entirely distinct from both of the others. The notes are issued to any one in exchange for gold or other notes. The notes are generally issued to bankers in bundles containing five hundred each. For every note issued an entry has previously been made recording its number and the date of issue. This entry is not closed until the note is returned to the Bank and cancelled. The note may be out for years, or only for a few hours; in any case the book in which it has been entered is kept open to receive the completion of its history. Ordinarily about 50,000 notes are paid by the Bank in a day, and about as many new ones issued. Those which have been in circulation are at once cancelled, the corner bearing the signature of the cashier being torn off, and the words indicating the denomination punched out. When they are thus cancelled, and have been accounted for in the books, they are arranged according to their numbers and dates in parcels of from 300 to 1500, and are marked in such a way with references to the balance-sheets that a clerk can readily ascertain by whom and when each was paid in. The parcels are then deposited in the accountant's library, and preserved for five years, at the end of which they are burned. The accountant's library usually contains nearly one hundred millions of these cancelled notes, any one of which can be referred to in four or five minutes.

In its threefold functions the Bank employs over a thousand persons. Its capital is larger than that of any other bank, and no other monetary institution in the world possesses the confidence of the public to the same degree. It is practically the only issuer of notes in England. The circulation of other notes is limited to the places in which the banks issuing them are situated, and the average returns show that for the week ending December 30, 1882, the whole amount of such notes in circulation was only £3,380,868.

DR. SCHLIEMANN: HIS LIFE AND WORK.

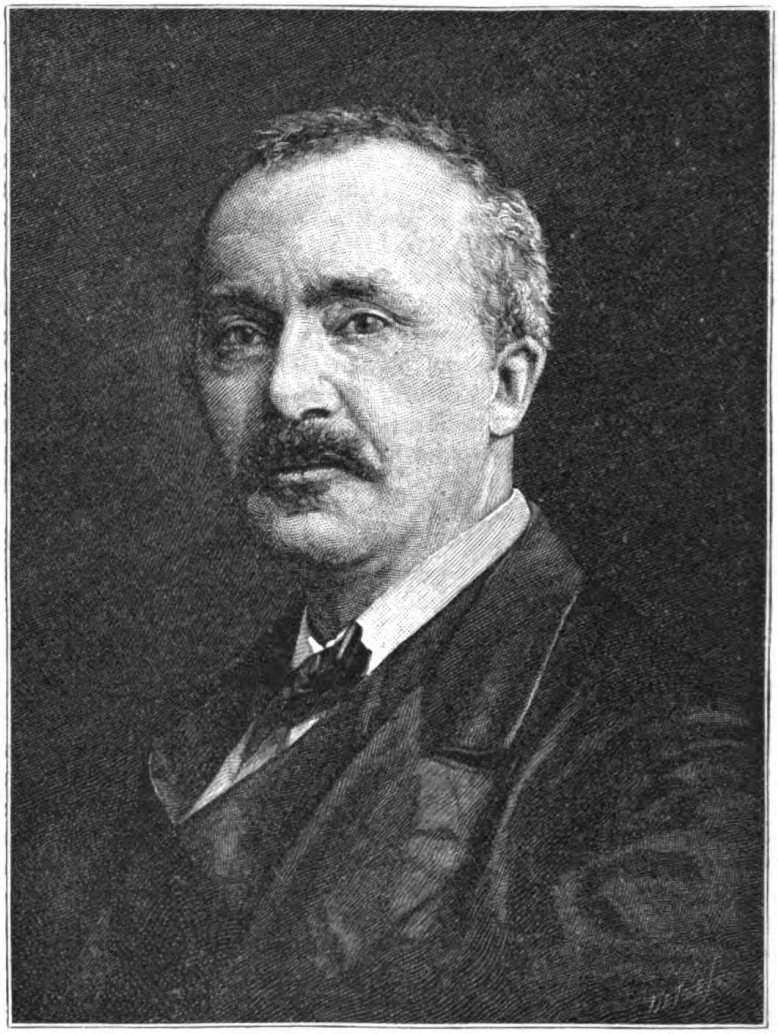
IN the present age we have many scholars, but few discoverers; we have many who will criticise, but few who can construct; many who live by their studies, very few who live for them. If Dr. Schliemann had been, like the old *dilettanti*, endowed with large fortune and high position, he would have deserved, as they do, no small credit if he had spent both in the interests of archæology. But what shall we say to the man who struggles all his youth with adversity, and having won his fortune in middle life, devotes the larger part of it to the interests of science? We may rejoice that he has received a splendid reward—a reward which the carping of a few poor pedants can not mar, and which gilds for him his declining years, and supports his failing health. Honors and decorations are a very small part of it; the applause of Europe but little more; his true reward is the extraordinary success of his undertakings, the verification of his conjectures, the response of facts which has established his theories. No true inquirer is afraid of confessing mistakes, of receiving correction from inferior men, of abandoning a favorite hypothesis in the face of conflicting facts. And yet how few scholars in the present day possess that honesty of mind! How many there are—and the present subject suggests some prominent instances—who will distort facts or torture texts to escape such a confession! how many there are who will sneak through a literary life with the object of keeping up a reputation by not committing themselves! How many look upon those who correct them as their personal enemies! Such are the reflections suggested by Dr. Schliemann's latest (may it not be his last!) contribution to archæology. He has again visited the Troad; he has again hired laborers, and lived in tents, and brought with him great experts, in order to clear up and verify what remained obscure and doubtful in his former investigations. The main difficulty in his mind was the apparent smallness of the early city which he found to have been burned, and which seemed certainly the city which gave a basis and a local habitation to the traditions embodied in the Iliad. The gold found there im-

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plied considerable wealth; all the legends pointed to the spot having once been occupied by a powerful and civilized people, and yet there seemed no room for them. His new book gives us the natural solution. He had mistaken the acropolis of the "second city" for the whole of it. His architects proved to him that there had been an extensive lower city around the "Pergama of Priam," which was also burned in the great catastrophe, but was not resettled or built on again. From that time small and obscure descendants occupied the royal site, and left poor and shabby traces of their life. It was not till the successors of Alexander enlarged and beautified the town, and the Romans, with the sentimentality of vulgar upstarts, began to parade Ilium as the home of their ancestors, that another important town marked the persistent site.

Moreover, he had also failed to distinguish clearly the second and third layers of remains on this ever re-established site, for the settlers who came after the great conflagration did not level more than they wanted, and the older buildings here and there reach up through the stratum produced by the third settlement. Again, what he calls the sixth city was not marked by a layer of soil, but only by a large assortment of very peculiar non-Hellenic pottery, which he had called Lydian, but which he now declines to call by any name, while insisting upon the fact of its presence and peculiar character. The outcome of his long labor is, therefore, briefly this: on the site of Hissarlik, and there only in the Troad, there are piled up one upon the other a great series of human traces, reaching from the most remote antiquity into the decline of the Roman Empire. These human traces were separated into periods, in that each of them is covered by a more or less distinct layer of earth and ashes, upon which the next is laid. There are at least six of these layers; and what is most important and remarkable, only the topmost (sixth or seventh) is of what we call a historical character. It alone shows a distinctly Hellenic character in both its pottery, its utensils, and its buildings, and reaches a very little way (not more than six feet) into the earth. Nevertheless, we know that a small Greek town existed there for at least six centuries before Christ. If, then, the remains of such antiquity reach down only to six feet under-ground, what shall we say of the antiquity of the older settlements, which are to be traced down to fifty-two feet under the present level? The mind recoils somewhat aghast from so gigantic a computation. But the character of these older remains corroborates our conclusion. They all bear a distinctly prehistoric character. There is no trace of coinage, of writing, of painting on terra-cotta, nay, in the deepest layers even the potter's wheel seems hardly known, and the wares are of the rudest hand-made description. The closer details as to these successive layers of pottery are very clearly given in a remarkable letter from Rudolph Virchow—a European name—and printed (pp. 376 *et seq.*) in the new volume. He there shows "that there is no place in Europe known which could be put in direct connection with any one of the lower six cities of Hissarlik." And again, after describing the character of archaic Greek pottery, he adds: "Seeing, then, that this highly characteristic archaic pottery is totally absent in the deeper strata in Hissarlik, we are at a loss to discover what in all the world is to be called Greek in them. With equal truth might many kinds of vases from Mexico and Yucatan, nay, even from the river Amazon, be called Greek." This is in answer to the ignorant people who attempt to assign late historical dates to all the successive settlements save one. The non-Hellenic, if not prehistoric, character of these ruder wares is singularly illustrated by comparing them with the oldest pottery our author found at Mycenæ. In the latter, though there can be little doubt that their date is not later than ten centuries before Christ, we find the unmistakable character of Hellenic work. They are the direct ancestors of the splendid vases imported to Italy, and copied in Etruria. This fact in itself makes all skepticism as to the antiquity of the remains at Hissarlik impossible, except on grounds of ignorance. We have heard in our own day of respectable scholars who are still skeptical about the deciphering of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and the cuneiform writings of Asia. It is quite useless arguing with such people. All one can do is to beseech them to examine the evidence without prejudice, and to examine the evidence they must of course learn something about the subject in hand. It is not enough to have read Homer, or Curtius's *History of Greece*, or to have gone to the Troad as a tourist, and to have seen the

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HENRY SCHLIEMANN.

place. Archæology is a special study, infested no doubt by amateurs, but requiring honest and serious attention.

The demonstration that there existed on the site always recognized in classical days as the site of Troy a very ancient and important city, with a citadel and such wealth that considerable remnants of gold were lost or forgotten in its ruins—a city, moreover, destroyed by a great catastrophe, and burned with fire in such a way as to preclude all accidental misfortune—makes it almost certain that the poet or poets of the Iliad, whatever historical basis their story may have, certainly attached their stories to this site, and that the memory of this great conflagration had in some way survived up to the time when the Iliad was composed. This, again, forces us to place the origin of this epic poetry, at least of the shorter and ruder attempts which preceded the Iliad, at an early date. The brilliant theory of August Fick, that these poems were first composed in the Æolic dialect, and then imperfectly recast in Ionic, falls in with the same argument. But we must not enter into learned discussions in this paper. It is right merely to allude to these literary and historical questions to show how important is the light thrown by Dr. Schliemann's excavations on questions which have hitherto been disputed on purely bookish grounds. Those who wish to have a large and clear view of the general course of enlightenment which our early history of Greece and Asia Minor has undergone from archæological sources will turn to the brilliant preface with which Professor Sayce has introduced Dr. Schliemann's new volume, *Troja*.

We have often tried to induce Dr. Schlie-

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mann to dig on Hellenic sites, but his proper task and the general direction of his studies is to investigate prehistoric antiquity. For this purpose he has not only made his magnificent venture at Mycenæ, of which the results are recorded in a special work, and exhibited in the splendid collection of gold and silver ornaments now at Athens, he has also investigated the alleged home of Ulysses in Ithaca, the great tomb-treasure-house of the legendary kings at Orchomenus, and some other less important sites. These researches have conspired with sundry discoveries of prehistoric tombs in Attica, and of archaic art about Sparta, in modifying considerably the current notions of early Greek art and its development. This is the most important outcome of Dr. Schliemann's work, and that to which we desire to call special attention. It used to be a favorite theory among scholars, and is no doubt very common among those who confine themselves to a grammatical study of Greek texts, that the Hellenic race was perfectly original in its art, that the peculiar character of their architecture and sculpture and painting was their own invention, and due to no foreign source. The old legends of Cadmus and Agenor and Danaus bringing the arts from the east and south were rejected, and Greek art was considered to be purely *autochthonous*, as the scholars were pleased to disguise the term indigenous.

What has been now found to be the real state of the case? The historical Greeks have been everywhere preceded either by Greek ancestors, or by some kindred race who possessed both wealth and ingenuity, and had advanced no small distance both in the useful and the ornamental arts of life. Let us take, for example, the great stone buildings of Mycenæ. Here we find enormous stones squared, or even shaped into curves, so as to form the inner surface, perfectly regular, of a great bee-hive vault. We find heraldic sculpture used over their gates, and such massive defenses as must have mocked any assailant of those days. When Dr. Schliemann found the royal tombs within these walls, he found a vast store of ornaments, and vessels not only beautiful in shape, but delicately and gracefully ornamented, while the sculptures on stone and the gold masks on the faces of the dead were rude and ugly in the extreme. The general character of these ornaments could not be called Greek; it was strictly prehistoric, barbarous if you please; nor could it be called Oriental; but there were not wanting traces of Oriental influence and cases of Oriental (including Egyptian) manufacture. A portion of an ostrich egg proved beyond doubt the existence of a trade with Africa. Engraved gems with strange designs pointed unmistakably to similar Babylonian or Hittite ornaments. And if we had fuller knowledge of the early art of Asia Minor, there can be no doubt that we should find the Mycenæan art was more imported than original. Not that we mean to deny the originality of the Greeks. We desire rather to correct the meaning attached to the word originality, and insist that in both art and literature pure invention is both rare and unsuccessful, and that true greatness consists in the genius of adapting and perfecting the forms or ideas handed down from earlier minds. There are some productions in which perfection of form was very early attained. The earliest and rudest pots are generally very ugly and clumsy imitations of a female human figure, sometimes of birds or beasts, and so long as this fashion persisted, no beauty was attained. But no sooner was this idea abandoned, and mere curves studied with the aid of the wheel, than we find shapes as graceful as any that can be designed in the present day—nay, superior to most of them. This is very remarkable in the gold jugs found at Mycenæ, and which, though of very perfect workmanship, are undoubtedly of great antiquity. And here not only the shape, but the decoration of the surface, is both ingenious and beautiful. In terra-cotta ware the surface decoration was slower in coming to perfection, but the shapes of many of the vessels found in prehistoric sites are not to be excelled. There was one vessel found at Mycenæ made of some kind of alabaster, and probably imported from Egypt, which at first sight looked for all the world like a Renaissance vase, the rim being actually a waved circle. The reader must go back to the earlier *Ilios* and *Mycenæ* of Dr. Schliemann for examples to verify our statements. All his former researches at Hissarlik, and even his last visit and further excavations, did not, however, satisfy the indefatigable man, who undertook in May, 1881, a journey through the Troad, very graphically told (pp. 303–348) in his *Troja*. He

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wished to see whether there were any other prehistoric sites worth excavating, and also what could be made out about the geography of the country as described by Strabo. But, all through, the keen interest of the traveller, loving to talk with and understand the natives, and enthusiastic at the sight of natural beauty, gives life and beauty to the narrative.

The country is remarkable from many points of view—for the remarkable number of sulphurous and hot saline springs, which were once fashionable resorts for invalids, and were, no doubt, exceedingly valuable, but which are now deserted and forgotten. These observations remind one how Pausanias, in his *Achaica*, when speaking of the Ionic coast, a little southward, speaks of the sea baths as of peculiar efficacy. The reader imagines that he is speaking of ordinary sea-bathing, whereas it is probable he refers to some similar volcanic products further down the coast. Again, there is a remarkable description of the great Mount Ida, some 5500 feet high, covered with great forests, and with rich pasture, which no cattle can touch before the month of July, on account of the poisonous *agil* which grows among the grass, and does not ripen and become harmless till after midsummer. We can well imagine the enthusiasm of the veteran archæologist when he sat on the summit of Ida, among the rich spring flowers with which the old poet clothes the nuptial couch of the great deities who resort here in the Iliad, and when he recited to himself the famous passage of the loves of Zeus and Hera. With that confidence of prediction which we may fairly allow to his oft-tried and well-nigh infallible instinct, he declares that there is no site of any prehistoric importance now remaining unsearched in the Troad. There are some places covered with fragments of fresh work, but in all these the rock is so near the surface that excavations are not worth making. Deep soil is the first condition of success, for there can be no prolonged human occupation without continual deposits, which alter the original level surprisingly in the course of centuries. Thus the conduits of Hezekiah are some one hundred and twenty feet below the level of the present Jerusalem; and any visitor to Rome knows how deep the old Forum and the older sanctuaries at S. Clemente lie beneath the present city.

The author's summary of the present condition of the Troad, as compared with its condition in classical days, is too curious not to be cited here, especially as his remarks apply generally to all Greek coasts as far as southern Italy. They were once teeming with life and culture; now they languish in desolation and poverty. "Besides, therefore, all the successive settlements at Hissarlik (Troy), besides two other small prehistoric cities, and three of early Greek date, we find that there were in this plain of Troy, which is only eight miles long, and less than half as broad in its widest part, eleven flourishing cities, all of which were probably autonomous (independent), and of which five coined their own money. If we consider that the eleven cities, besides two villages, existed here simultaneously in classical antiquity, and that one of these—the city of Ilium itself—had at least 70,000 inhabitants, we are amazed how such a mass of people could have found the means of subsistence here, whilst the inhabitants of the present seven poor villages of the plain have the greatest difficulty in providing for their miserable existence. And not only had these ancient cities an abundance of food, but they were also so populous and rich that they could carry on wars; and, as their ruins prove, they could erect temples and many other buildings of white marble. Ilium especially must have been ornamented with a vast number of such sumptuous edifices. This wealth of the ancient inhabitants of the plain of Troy can hardly be explained otherwise than by their great industry. They doubtless worked the gold, silver, and copper mines mentioned by Homer, Strabo, and Pliny, as situated in their neighborhood, and doubtless by their industry they had succeeded in entirely draining the plain of Troy, which has now become a swamp, and converting it into beautiful garden land. In the case of Ilium especially, the city was probably indebted for a good part of its wealth to its temple of the Ilian Pallas Athena, which must have been a very celebrated place of pilgrimage, and have attracted innumerable worshippers."

As I have said, every word of this applies to all the Greek coasts, to Argos and Sparta, as well as to Metapontum, Sybaris, and Croton on the southern coast of Calabria—nay, even to a great part of Latin Italy, and especially to the ancient Etruria, a land of cities and palaces, which

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now is known as the Maremma, where swamps and woods cover cities and fields, and some herds of wild cattle and their half-savage keepers are the only occupants of a fertile but miasmous desert. Melancholy facts are these, and yet to the archæologist they are not without their consolation. Had all the world inhabited in olden times remained under cultivation, almost every vestige of prehistoric or of older historic life would either have been destroyed, or be now inaccessible under dwelling-houses or cultivated land. From sections of hills made by railways we might, indeed, as we have done, make important prehistoric discoveries, but how would such excavations as Dr. Schliemann's at Mycenæ and Troy be possible? So it has happened through untoward sentiment that the new capital of the Greek kingdom has been settled on the site of classical Athens. Had Nauplia, or even the Piræus, been selected, the soil now covered by the houses of modern Athens would have yielded countless treasure in inscriptions and art remains. But the purchase of land in the middle of a populous and rapidly increasing town is so expensive as to put an insurmountable bar to any systematic excavation. There are, however, fortunately for the archæologist, many sites in Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor still vacant, and likely to reward his labor. Of these I would mention as perhaps the most promising the site of the ancient Sybaris, which was destroyed, and the river Crati turned over its site, in 510 B.C., according to our authorities. It would no doubt require the instinct of a Schliemann to find the exact spot in the now wooded valley of the river, and much outlay to turn its course; but when all this is done —and a great antiquarian, Mr. Fr. Lenormant, assures us from personal observation that it can be done—another wonder may strike the world of letters, like the finding of Troy and of the royal Mycenæ.

The example of Dr. Schliemann ought to lead the way to similar enterprises. Already the Dilettanti Society have added to the glories of England by their costly and conscientious publications of Greek antiquities; already the German government have shown what can be done with a very moderate outlay, intelligently directed, at Olympia, and still later at Pergamus. Let us hope that among the many men who have inherited fortunes far beyond the requirements even of luxury, some will apply their wealth to this very noble end.

For a noble end it is to inquire into the rudest remains of long-departed races, and to inquire not by theory and conjecture, but by an examination of actual facts. The pure savage attends only to the wants and pleasures of the day, and when the sun sets, has no desire but to sleep. The higher men rise out of this condition, the wider their sympathy with remote and bygone members of their race, the more do they prolong into the night the interests and pursuits of the day. This it is which has ennobled civilized men; this it is which has given dignity to the poorest and narrowest conditions of life.

No more striking illustration could be found of these truths than the remarkable autobiography which Dr. Schliemann has prefixed to his *Ilios*. We there see him beginning his life in poverty and obscurity, and yet from the beginning showing an enthusiasm which raised him far beyond the trifles and troubles of every-day life. At the age of eight he begins to take an interest in the story of Troy, and to wonder how its walls could have totally disappeared. Even then he dreams of exploring it. When apprenticed to a grocer's shop at Fürstenberg (Mecklenburg), at something like a salary of £9 per annum, and selling herrings, butter, potato-whiskey, oil, etc., from five in the morning to eleven at night, he still hopes against hope to obtain an education, and spends "his two mites, that make a farthing," to reward with three glasses of whiskey a drunken miller, who could recite to him Homer in the Greek, which was then but a rhythmic sound to his ear. After perils by sea and by land, when he reaches £32 per annum, pays eight francs a month for his lodging, and never more than 2*d.* for his dinner, he is learning with assiduity English, and practicing his memory, which he considers weak. And all the while he is dreaming some day of learning Greek and excavating Troy. By dint of work his weak memory becomes so prodigious that he can acquire in a few weeks the vocabulary of a language, and so he masters successively all the literary languages of Europe. Doubtless his knowledge of Russian directly paved the way to his fortune, for an intelligent agent who spoke it was rare, and the house in Amsterdam who employed him found him invaluable for missions to St. Petersburg. But how

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did he acquire his Russian? He found a grammar, a lexicon, and a bad translation of Télémaque. No one could be procured to speak to him one word. He had to compose for himself and recite his own compositions. "It occurred to me that I should make more progress if I had some one to whom I could relate the adventures of Telemachus; so I hired a poor Jew at four francs a week, who had to come every morning for two hours to listen to my Russian recitations, of which he did not understand a syllable. As the ceilings," he adds, "of the rooms of the common houses in Holland consist of single boards, people on the ground-floor can hear what is said in the third story. My recitations, therefore, delivered in a loud voice, annoyed the other tenants, who complained to the landlord, and twice while studying the Russian language I was forced to change my lodgings." Could anything conquer this indefatigable man?

We can not follow out further the details of his extraordinary career—his realizing at the age of forty £10,000 a year; his vast travels through the habitable globe; his settled determination to make discoveries in archæology. Few men have lived to see a more complete realization of their dreams. Instead of herrings and butter, he has handled the gold and the jewels of forgotten kings; instead of treating with whiskey the drunken miller in the purlieus of a German village, he inhabits a palace at Athens, where the *élite* of society and of letters congregate about his hospitable table. He adds an alphabet of honors to his name, and has added to the wealth of nations by his public gifts.

But now that he has been advised to abandon his arduous labor and devote his remaining years to a better care of his delicate health, he can look back on all these distinctions as only the index of his real desert—that of having added permanently to human knowledge. What a cloud of conjecture and hypothesis has he removed from both Troy and Mycenæ? For if his discoveries have in their turn given rise to many controversies, they are controversies about the interpretation of facts, not about the respective probability of rival theories. He has proved, what modern skeptics were coming boldly to deny, that the old legends of the Greeks had a local attachment, and were based upon facts in past history. He showed that the sites of cities are permanent things, which men will not surrender even after violent catastrophes, and that we may always seek the old under the new. The growth of legends about tombs of great men is particularly interesting, for it can be paralleled in the legendary history of other and distinct branches of the Aryan race. Above all, he has added a great store of facts for the comparative study of prehistoric man in the south of Europe. We are now beginning to see the general features in the industry and the ornaments of primitive men, and the curious truth that the pottery in all the prehistoric strata at Troy, up to the verge of the Greek remains, is perhaps less like these remains than it is to the prehistoric pottery of Italy, Germany, or even Peru, shows that we may yet attain to a general view of the state of man under certain conditions of life.

It was, of course, impossible that such a discoverer as Schliemann should not make conjectures which have not been verified, or assume as true statements based on mere traditional acquiescence. His last work shows how readily he accepts the correction of new evidence. Years ago, when I pointed out to him that the statements of the late Greek historians about the destruction of Mycenæ were false, and that the town was destroyed centuries before the alleged date (468 B.C.), he at once bowed to the evidence, verified as it was by his own discoveries. It is by this honesty and simplicity of purpose that he has lived down the attacks of unworthy assailants. No man is more jealous of his assumed property than the scholastic pedant, and no one resents more the invasion of philology by self-taught and unceremonious inquirers. But if Dr. Schliemann could harbor in his large heart the feelings of an ancient Levite, he might well reflect that his enemies, the pedants, have been discomfited and brought to confusion. The ablest and most learned of them, Dr. Brentano, has lately committed suicide, and if his English disciple has not gone so far as to copy him literally in this, he has at least gone as far as charitable adversaries can desire in committing archæological suicide, by maintaining theories which blot him out from the number even of incipient students in that science.

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THE RIVAL GHOSTS.

THE good ship sped on her way across the calm Atlantic. It was an outward passage, according to the little charts which the company had charily distributed, but most of the passengers were homeward-bound, after a summer of rest and recreation, and they were counting the days before they might hope to see Fire Island Light. On the lee side of the boat, comfortably sheltered from the wind, and just by the door of the captain's room (which was theirs during the day), sat a little group of returning Americans. The Duchess (she was down on the purser's list as Mrs. Martin, but her friends and familiars called her the Duchess of Washington Square) and Baby Van Rensselaer (she was quite old enough to vote, had her sex been entitled to that duty, but as the younger of two sisters she was still the baby of the family)—the Duchess and Baby Van Rensselaer were discussing the pleasant English voice and the not unpleasant English accent of a manly young lordling who was going to America for sport. Uncle Larry and Dear Jones were enticing each other into a bet on the ship's run of the morrow.

"I'll give you two to one she don't make 420," said Dear Jones.

"I'll take it," answered Uncle Larry. "We made 427 the fifth day last year." It was Uncle Larry's seventeenth visit to Europe, and this was therefore his thirty-fourth voyage.

"And when did you get in?" asked Baby Van Rensselaer. "I don't care a bit about the run, so long as we get in soon."

"We crossed the bar Sunday night, just seven days after we left Queenstown, and we dropped anchor off Quarantine at three o'clock on Monday morning."

"I hope we sha'n't do that this time. I can't seem to sleep any when the boat stops."

"I can; but I didn't," continued Uncle Larry; "because my state-room was the most for'ard in the boat, and the donkey-engine that let down the anchor was right over my head."

"So you got up and saw the sunrise over the bay," said Dear Jones, "with the electric lights of the city twinkling in the distance, and the first faint flush of the dawn in the east just over Fort Lafayette, and the rosy tinge which spread softly upward, and—"

"Did you both come back together?" asked the Duchess.

"Because he has crossed thirty-four times you must not suppose he has a monopoly in sunrises," retorted Dear Jones. "No; this was my own sunrise; and a mighty pretty one it was, too."

"I'm not matching sunrises with you," remarked Uncle Larry, calmly; "but I'm willing to back a merry jest called forth by my sunrise against any two merry jests called forth by yours."

"I confess reluctantly that my sunrise evoked no merry jest at all." Dear Jones was an honest man, and would scorn to invent a merry jest on the spur of the moment.

"That's where my sunrise has the call," said Uncle Larry, complacently.

"What was the merry jest?" was Baby Van Rensselaer's inquiry, the natural result of a feminine curiosity thus artistically excited.

"Well, here it is. I was standing aft, near a patriotic American and a wandering Irishman, and the patriotic American rashly declared that you couldn't see a sunrise like that anywhere in Europe, and this gave the Irishman his chance, and he said, 'Sure ye don't have 'em here till we're through with 'em over there.'"

"It is true," said Dear Jones, thoughtfully, "that they do have some things over there better than we do; for instance, umbrellas."

"And gowns," added the Duchess.

"And antiquities"—this was Uncle Larry's contribution.

"And we do have some things so much better in America!" protested Baby Van Rensselaer, as yet uncorrupted by any worship of the effete monarchies of despotic Europe. "We make lots of things a great deal nicer than you can get them in Europe—especially ice-cream."

"And pretty girls," added Dear Jones; but he did not look at her.

"And spooks," remarked Uncle Larry, casually.

"Spooks?" queried the Duchess.

"Spooks. I maintain the word. Ghosts, if you like that better, or spectres. We turn out the best quality of spook—"

"You forget the lovely ghost stories about the Rhine and the Black Forest," interrupted Miss Van Rensselaer, with feminine inconsistency.

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"I remember the Rhine and the Black Forest and all the other haunts of elves and fairies and hobgoblins; but for good honest spooks there is no place like home. And what differentiates our spook—*spiritus Americanus*—from the ordinary ghost of literature is that it responds to the American sense of humor. Take Irving's stories, for example. *The Headless Horseman*, that's a comic ghost story. And Rip Van Winkle—consider what humor, and what good-humor, there is in the telling of his meeting with the goblin crew of Hendrik Hudson's men! A still better example of this American way of dealing with legend and mystery is the marvellous tale of the rival ghosts."

"The rival ghosts?" queried the Duchess and Baby Van Rensselaer together. "Who were they?"

"Didn't I ever tell you about them?" answered Uncle Larry, a gleam of approaching joy flashing from his eye.

"Since he is bound to tell us sooner or later, we'd better be resigned, and hear it now," said Dear Jones.

"If you are not more eager, I won't tell it at all."

"Oh, do, Uncle Larry; you know I just dote on ghost stories," pleaded Baby Van Rensselaer.

"Once upon a time," began Uncle Larry—"in fact, a very few years ago—there lived in the thriving town of New York a young American called Duncan—Eliphalet Duncan. Like his name, he was half Yankee and half Scotch, and naturally he was a lawyer, and had come to New York to make his way. His father was a Scotchman, who had come over and settled in Boston, and married a Salem girl. When Eliphalet Duncan was about twenty he lost both of his parents. His father left him with enough money to give him a start, and a strong feeling of pride in his Scotch birth: you see, there was a title in the family in Scotland, and although Eliphalet's father was the younger son of a younger son, yet he always remembered, and always bade his only son to remember, that his ancestry was noble. His mother left him her full share of Yankee grit, and a little old house in Salem which had belonged to her family for more than two hundred years. She was a Hitchcock, and the Hitchcocks had been settled in Salem since the year 1. It was a great-great-grandfather of Mr. Eliphalet Hitchcock who was foremost in the time of the Salem witchcraft craze. And this little old house which she left to my friend Eliphalet Duncan was haunted."

"By the ghost of one of the witches, of course," interrupted Dear Jones.

"Now how could it be the ghost of a witch, since the witches were all burned at the stake? You never heard of anybody who was burned having a ghost, did you?"

"That's an argument in favor of cremation, at any rate," replied Jones, evading the direct question.

"It is, if you don't like ghosts. I do," said Baby Van Rensselaer.

"And so do I," added Uncle Larry. "I love a ghost as dearly as an Englishman loves a lord."

"Go on with your story," said the Duchess, majestically overruling all extraneous discussion.

"This little old house at Salem was haunted," resumed Uncle Larry. "And by a very distinguished ghost—or at least by a ghost with very remarkable attributes."

"What was he like?" asked Baby Van Rensselaer, with a premonitory shiver of anticipatory delight.

"It had a lot of peculiarities. In the first place it never appeared to the master of the house. Mostly it confined its visitations to unwelcome guests. In the course of the last hundred years it had frightened away four successive mothers-in-law, while never intruding on the head of the household."

"I guess that ghost had been one of the boys when he was alive and in the flesh." This was Dear Jones's contribution to the telling of the tale.

"In the second place," continued Uncle Larry, "it never frightened anybody the first time it appeared. Only on the second visit were the ghost-seers scared; but then they were scared enough for twice, and they rarely mustered up courage to risk a third interview. One of the most curious characteristics of this well-meaning spook was that it had no face—or at least that nobody ever saw its face."

"Perhaps he kept his countenance veiled?" queried the Duchess, who was beginning to remember that she never did like ghost stories.

"That was what I was never able to find out. I have asked several people who saw the ghost, and none of them could tell me anything about its face, and

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yet while in its presence they never noticed its features, and never remarked on their absence or concealment. It was only afterward, when they tried to recall calmly all the circumstances of meeting with the mysterious stranger, that they became aware that they had not seen its face. And they could not say whether the features were covered, or whether they were wanting, or what the trouble was. They knew only that the face was never seen. And no matter how often they might see it, they never fathomed this mystery. To this day nobody knows whether the ghost which used to haunt the little old house in Salem had a face, or what manner of face it had."

"How awfully weird!" said Baby Van Rensselaer. "And why did the ghost go away?"

"I haven't said it went away," answered Uncle Larry, with much dignity.

"But you said it *used* to haunt the little old house at Salem, so I supposed it had moved. Didn't it?"

"You shall be told in due time. Eliphalet Duncan used to spend most of his summer vacations at Salem, and the ghost never bothered him at all, for he was the master of the house—much to his disgust, too, because he wanted to see for himself the mysterious tenant at will of his property. But he never saw it, never. He arranged with friends to call him whenever it might appear, and he slept in the next room with the door open; and yet when their frightened cries waked him the ghost was gone, and his only reward was to hear reproachful sighs as soon as he went back to bed. You see, the ghost thought it was not fair of Eliphalet to seek an introduction which was plainly unwelcome."

Dear Jones interrupted the story-teller by getting up and tucking a heavy rug more snugly around Baby Van Rensselaer's feet, for the sky was now overcast and gray, and the air was damp and penetrating.

"One fine spring morning," pursued Uncle Larry, "Eliphalet Duncan received great news. I told you that there was a title in the family in Scotland, and that Eliphalet's father was the younger son of a younger son. Well, it happened that all Eliphalet's father's brothers and uncles had died off without male issue except the eldest son of the eldest, and he of course bore the title, and was Baron Duncan of Duncan. Now the great news that Eliphalet Duncan received in New York one fine spring morning was that Baron Duncan and his only son had been yachting in the Hebrides, and they had been caught in a black squall, and they were both dead. So my friend Eliphalet Duncan inherited the title and the estates."

"How romantic!" said the Duchess. "So he was a baron!"

"Well," answered Uncle Larry, "he was a baron if he chose. But he didn't choose."

"More fool he!" said Dear Jones, sententiously.

"Well," answered Uncle Larry, "I'm not so sure of that. You see, Eliphalet Duncan was half Scotch and half Yankee, and he had two eyes to the main chance. He held his tongue about his windfall of luck until he could find out whether the Scotch estates were enough to keep up the Scotch title. He soon discovered that they were not, and that the late Lord Duncan, having married money, kept up such state as he could out of the revenues of the dowry of Lady Duncan. And Eliphalet, he decided that he would rather be a well-fed lawyer in New York, living comfortably on his practice, than a starving lord in Scotland, living scantily on his title."

"But he kept his title?" asked the Duchess.

"Well," answered Uncle Larry, "he kept it quiet. I knew it, and a friend or two more. But Eliphalet was a sight too smart to put Baron Duncan of Duncan, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, on his shingle."

"What has all this got to do with your ghost?" asked Dear Jones, pertinently.

"Nothing with that ghost, but a good deal with another ghost. Eliphalet was very learned in spirit lore—perhaps because he owned the haunted house in Salem, perhaps because he was a Scotchman by descent. At all events, he had made a special study of the wraiths and white ladies and banshees and bogies of all kinds whose sayings and doings and warnings are recorded in the annals of the Scottish nobility. In fact, he was acquainted with the habits of every reputable spook in the Scotch peerage. And he knew that there was a Duncan ghost attached to the person of the holder of the title of Baron Duncan of Duncan."

"So, besides being the owner of a haunted house in Salem, he was also a haunted man in Scotland?" asked Baby Van Rensselaer.

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"Just so. But the Scotch ghost was not unpleasant, like the Salem ghost, although it had one peculiarity in common with its transatlantic fellow-spook. It never appeared to the holder of the title, just as the other never was visible to the owner of the house. In fact, the Duncan ghost was never seen at all. It was a guardian angel only. Its sole duty was to be in personal attendance on Baron Duncan of Duncan, and to warn him of impending evil. The traditions of the house told that the Barons of Duncan had again and again felt a premonition of ill fortune. Some of them had yielded and withdrawn from the venture they had undertaken, and it had failed dismally. Some had been obstinate, and had hardened their hearts, and had gone on reckless to defeat and to death. In no case had a Lord Duncan been exposed to peril without fair warning."

"Then how came it that the father and son were lost in the yacht off the Hebrides?" asked Dear Jones.

"Because they were too enlightened to yield to superstition. There is extant now a letter of Lord Duncan, written to his wife a few minutes before he and his son set sail, in which he tells her how hard he has had to struggle with an almost overmastering desire to give up the trip. Had he obeyed the friendly warning of the family ghost, the latter would have been spared a journey across the Atlantic."

"Did the ghost leave Scotland for America as soon as the old baron died?" asked Baby Van Rensselaer, with much interest.

"How did he come over," queried Dear Jones—"in the steerage, or as a cabin passenger?"

"I don't know," answered Uncle Larry, calmly, "and Eliphalet, he didn't know. For as he was in no danger, and stood in no need of warning, he couldn't tell whether the ghost was on duty or not. Of course he was on the watch for it all the time. But he never got any proof of its presence until he went down to the little old house at Salem, just before the Fourth of July. He took a friend down with him—a young fellow who had been in the regular army since the day Fort Sumter was fired on, and who thought that after four years of the little unpleasantness down South, including six months in Libby, and after ten years of fighting the bad Indians on the plains, he wasn't likely to be much frightened by a ghost. Well, Eliphalet and the officer sat out on the porch all the evening smoking and talking over points in military law. A little after twelve o'clock, just as they began to think it was about time to turn in, they heard the most ghastly noise in the house. It wasn't a shriek, or a howl, or a yell, or anything they could put a name to. It was an undeterminate, inexplicable shiver and shudder of sound, which went wailing out of the window. The officer had been at Cold Harbor, but he felt himself getting colder this time. Eliphalet knew it was the ghost who haunted the house. As this weird sound died away, it was followed by another, sharp, short, blood-curdling in its intensity. Something in this cry seemed familiar to Eliphalet, and he felt sure that it proceeded from the family ghost, the warning wraith of the Duncans."

"Do I understand you to intimate that both ghosts were there together?" inquired the Duchess, anxiously.

"Both of them were there," answered Uncle Larry. "You see, one of them belonged to the house, and had to be there all the time, and the other was attached to the person of Baron Duncan, and had to follow him there: wherever he was, there was that ghost also. But Eliphalet, he had scarcely time to think this out when he heard both sounds again, not one after another, but both together, and something told him—some sort of an instinct he had—that those two ghosts didn't agree, didn't get on together, didn't exactly hit it off; in fact, that they were quarrelling."

"Quarrelling ghosts! Well, I never!" was Baby Van Rensselaer's remark.

"It is a blessed thing to see ghosts dwell together in unity," said Dear Jones.

And the Duchess added, "It would certainly be setting a better example."

"You know," resumed Uncle Larry, "that two waves of light or of sound may interfere and produce darkness or silence. So it was with these rival spooks. They interfered, but they did not produce silence or darkness. On the contrary, as soon as Eliphalet and the officer went into the house, there began at once a series of spiritualistic manifestations, a regular dark séance. A tambourine was played upon, a bell was rung, and a flaming banjo went singing around the room."

"Where did they get the banjo?" asked Dear Jones, skeptically.

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"I don't know. Materialized it, maybe, just as they did the tambourine. You don't suppose a quiet New York lawyer kept a stock of musical instruments large enough to fit out a strolling minstrel troupe just on the chance of a pair of ghosts coming to give him a surprise party, do you? Every spook has its own instrument of torture. Angels play on harps, I'm informed, and spirits delight in banjos and tambourines. These spooks of Eliphalet Duncan's were ghosts with all the modern improvements, and I guess they were capable of providing their own musical weapons. At all events, they had them there in the little old house at Salem the night Eliphalet and his friend came down. And they played on them, and they rang the bell, and they rapped here, there, and everywhere. And they kept it up all night."

"All night?" asked the awe-stricken Duchess.

"All night long," said Uncle Larry, solemnly; "and the next night too. Eliphalet did not get a wink of sleep, neither did his friend. On the second night the house ghost was seen by the officer; on the third night it showed itself again; and the next morning the officer packed his grip-sack and took the first train to Boston. He was a New-Yorker, but he said he'd sooner go to Boston than see that ghost again. Eliphalet, he wasn't scared at all, partly because he never saw either the domiciliary or the titular spook, and partly because he felt himself on friendly terms with the spirit world, and didn't scare easily. But after losing three nights' sleep and the society of his friend, he began to be a little impatient, and to think that the thing had gone far enough. You see, while in a way he was fond of ghosts, yet he liked them best one at a time. Two ghosts were one too many. He wasn't bent on making a collection of spooks. He and one ghost were company, but he and two ghosts were a crowd."

"What did he do?" asked Baby Van Rensselaer.

"Well, he couldn't do anything. He waited awhile, hoping they would get tired out; but he got tired out first. You see, it comes natural to a spook to sleep in the daytime, but a man wants to sleep nights, and they wouldn't let him sleep nights. They kept on wrangling and quarrelling incessantly; they manifested and they dark-séanced as regularly as the old clock on the stairs struck twelve; they rapped and they rang bells and they banged the tambourine and they threw the flaming banjo about the house, and, worse than all, they swore."

"I did not know that spirits were addicted to bad language," said the Duchess.

"How did he know they were swearing? Could he hear them?" asked Dear Jones.

"That was just it," responded Uncle Larry; "he could not hear them—at least not distinctly. There were inarticulate murmurs and stifled rumblings. But the impression produced on him was that they were swearing. If they had only sworn right out, he would not have minded it so much, because he would have known the worst. But the feeling that the air was full of suppressed profanity was very wearing, and after standing it for a week, he gave up in disgust and went to the White Mountains."

"Leaving them to fight it out, I suppose," interjected Baby Van Rensselaer.

"Not at all," explained Uncle Larry. "They could not quarrel unless he was present. You see, he could not leave the titular ghost behind him, and the domiciliary ghost could not leave the house. When he went away he took the family ghost with him, leaving the house ghost behind. Now spooks can't quarrel when they are a hundred miles apart any more than men can."

"And what happened afterward?" asked Baby Van Rensselaer, with a pretty impatience.

"A most marvellous thing happened. Eliphalet Duncan went to the White Mountains, and in the car of the railroad that runs to the top of Mount Washington he met a classmate whom he had not seen for years, and this classmate introduced Duncan to his sister, and this sister was a remarkably pretty girl, and Duncan fell in love with her at first sight, and by the time he got to the top of Mount Washington he was so deep in love that he began to consider his own unworthiness, and to wonder whether she might ever be induced to care for him a little—ever so little."

"I don't think that is so marvellous a thing," said Dear Jones, glancing at Baby Van Rensselaer.

"Who was she?" asked the Duchess, who had once lived in Philadelphia.

"She was Miss Kitty Sutton, of San Francisco, and she was a daughter of old

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Judge Sutton, of the firm of Pixley and Sutton."

"A very respectable family," assented the Duchess.

"I hope she wasn't a daughter of that loud and vulgar old Mrs. Sutton whom I met at Saratoga one summer, four or five years ago?" asked Dear Jones.

"Probably she was."

"She was a horrid old woman. The boys used to call her Mother Gorgon."

"The pretty Kitty Sutton with whom Eliphalet Duncan had fallen in love was the daughter of Mother Gorgon. But he never saw the mother, who was in Frisco, or Los Angeles, or Santa Fe, or somewhere out West, and he saw a great deal of the daughter, who was up in the White Mountains. She was travelling with her brother and his wife, and as they journeyed from hotel to hotel, Duncan went with them, and filled out the quartette. Before the end of the summer he began to think about proposing. Of course he had lots of chances, going on excursions as they were every day. He made up his mind to seize the first opportunity, and that very evening he took her out for a moonlight row on Lake Winnipiseogee. As he handed her into the boat he resolved to do it, and he had a glimmer of a suspicion that she knew he was going to do it, too."

"Girls," said Dear Jones, "never go out in a row-boat at night with a young man unless you mean to accept him."

"Sometimes it's best to refuse him, and get it over once for all," said Baby Van Rensselaer.

"As Eliphalet took the oars he felt a sudden chill. He tried to shake it off, but in vain. He began to have a growing consciousness of impending evil. Before he had taken ten strokes—and he was a swift oarsman—he was aware of a mysterious presence between him and Miss Sutton."

"Was it the guardian-angel ghost warning him off the match?" interrupted Dear Jones.

"That's just what it was," said Uncle Larry. "And he yielded to it, and kept his peace, and rowed Miss Sutton back to the hotel with his proposal unspoken."

"More fool he," said Dear Jones. "It will take more than one ghost to keep me from proposing when my mind is made up." And he looked at Baby Van Rensselaer again.

"The next morning," continued Uncle Larry, "Eliphalet overslept himself, and when he went down to a late breakfast he found that the Suttons had gone to New York by the morning train. He wanted to follow them at once, and again he felt the mysterious presence overpowering his will. He struggled two days, and at last he roused himself to do what he wanted in spite of the spook. When he arrived in New York it was late in the evening. He dressed himself hastily, and went to the hotel where the Suttons put up, in the hope of seeing at least her brother. The guardian angel fought every inch of the walk with him, until he began to wonder whether, if Miss Sutton were to take him, the spook would forbid the banns. At the hotel he saw no one that night, and he went home determined to call as early as he could the next afternoon, and make an end of it. When he left his office about two o'clock the next day to learn his fate, he had not walked five blocks before he discovered that the wraith of the Duncans had withdrawn his opposition to the suit. There was no feeling of impending evil, no resistance, no struggle, no consciousness of an opposing presence. Eliphalet was greatly encouraged. He walked briskly to the hotel; he found Miss Sutton alone. He asked her the question, and got his answer."

"She accepted him, of course," said Baby Van Rensselaer.

"Of course," said Uncle Larry. "And while they were in the first flush of joy, swapping confidences and confessions, her brother came into the parlor with an expression of pain on his face and a telegram in his hand. The former was caused by the latter, which was from Frisco, and which announced the sudden death of Mrs. Sutton, their mother."

"And that was why the ghost no longer opposed the match?" questioned Dear Jones.

"Exactly. You see, the family ghost knew that Mother Gorgon was an awful obstacle to Duncan's happiness, so it warned him. But the moment the obstacle was removed, it gave its consent at once."

The fog was lowering its thick damp curtain, and it was beginning to be difficult to see from one end of the boat to the other. Dear Jones tightened the rug which enwrapped Baby Van Rensselaer, and then withdrew again into his own substantial coverings.

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Uncle Larry paused in his story long enough to light another of the tiny cigars he always smoked.

"I infer that Lord Duncan"—the Duchess was scrupulous in the bestowal of titles—"saw no more of the ghosts after he was married."

"He never saw them at all, at any time, either before or since. But they came very near breaking off the match, and thus breaking two young hearts."

"You don't mean to say that they knew any just cause or impediment why they should not forever after hold their peace?" asked Dear Jones.

"How could a ghost, or even two ghosts, keep a girl from marrying the man she loved?" This was Baby Van Rensselaer's question.

"It seems curious, doesn't it?" and Uncle Larry tried to warm himself by two or three sharp pulls at his fiery little cigar. "And the circumstances are quite as curious as the fact itself. You see, Miss Sutton wouldn't be married for a year after her mother's death, so she and Duncan had lots of time to tell each other all they knew. Eliphalet, he got to know a good deal about the girls she went to school with, and Kitty, she learned all about his family. He didn't tell her about the title for a long time, as he wasn't one to brag. But he described to her the little old house at Salem. And one evening toward the end of the summer, the wedding day having been appointed for early in September, she told him that she didn't want a bridal tour at all, she just wanted to go down to the little old house at Salem to spend her honey-moon in peace and quiet, with nothing to do and nobody to bother them. Well, Eliphalet jumped at the suggestion: it suited him down to the ground. All of a sudden he remembered the spooks, and it knocked him all of a heap. He had told her about the Duncan banshee, and the idea of having an ancestral ghost in personal attendance on her husband tickled her immensely. But he had never said anything about the ghost which haunted the little old house at Salem. He knew she would be frightened out of her wits if the house ghost revealed itself to her, and he saw at once that it would be impossible to go to Salem on their wedding trip. So he told her all about it, and how whenever he went to Salem the two ghosts interfered, and gave dark séances and manifested and materialized and made the place absolutely impossible. Kitty, she listened in silence, and Eliphalet, he thought she had changed her mind. But she hadn't done anything of the kind."

"Just like a man—to think she was going to," remarked Baby Van Rensselaer.

"She just told him she could not bear ghosts herself, but she would not marry a man who was afraid of them."

"Just like a girl—to be so inconsistent," remarked Dear Jones.

Uncle Larry's tiny cigar had long been extinct. He lighted a new one, and continued: "Eliphalet protested in vain. Kitty said her mind was made up. She was determined to pass her honey-moon in the little old house at Salem, and she was equally determined not to go there as long as there were any ghosts there. Until he could assure her that the spectral tenant had received notice to quit, and that there was no danger of manifestations and materializing, she refused to be married at all. She did not intend to have her honey-moon interrupted by two wrangling ghosts, and the wedding could be postponed until he had made ready the house for her."

"She was an unreasonable young woman," said the Duchess.

"Well, that's what Eliphalet thought, much as he was in love with her. And he believed he could talk her out of her determination. But he couldn't. She was set. And when a girl is set, there's nothing to do but to yield to the inevitable. And that's just what Eliphalet did. He saw he would either have to give her up or to get the ghosts out; and as he loved her and did not care for the ghosts, he resolved to tackle the ghosts. He had clear grit, Eliphalet had—he was half Scotch and half Yankee, and neither breed turns tail in a hurry. So he made his plans and he went down to Salem. As he said good-by to Kitty he had an impression that she was sorry she had made him go, but she kept up bravely, and put a bold face on it, and saw him off, and went home and cried for an hour, and was perfectly miserable until he came back the next day."

"Did he succeed in driving the ghosts away?" asked Baby Van Rensselaer, with great interest.

"That's just what I'm coming to," said Uncle Larry, pausing at the critical moment, in the manner of the trained story-teller. "You see, Eliphalet had got a rath-

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er tough job, and he would gladly have had an extension of time on the contract, but he had to choose between the girl and the ghosts, and he wanted the girl. He tried to invent or remember some short and easy way with ghosts, but he couldn't. He wished that somebody had invented a specific for spooks—something that would make the ghosts come out of the house and die in the yard. He wondered if he could not tempt the ghosts to run in debt, so that he might get the sheriff to help him. He wondered also whether the ghosts could not be overcome with strong drink—a dissipated spook, a spook with delirium tremens, might be committed to the inebriate asylum. But none of these things seemed feasible."

"What did he do?" interrupted Dear Jones. "The learned counsel will please speak to the point."

"You will regret this unseemly haste," said Uncle Larry, gravely, "and you will be as much surprised when you know what really happened as Eliphalet Duncan was."

"What was it, Uncle Larry?" asked Baby Van Rensselaer. "I'm all impatience."

And Uncle Larry proceeded:

"Eliphalet went down to the little old house at Salem, and as soon as the clock struck twelve the rival ghosts began wrangling as before. Raps here, there, and everywhere, ringing bells, banging tambourines, strumming banjos sailing about the room, and all the other manifestations and materializations followed one another just as they had the summer before. The only difference Eliphalet could detect was a stronger flavor in the spectral profanity; and this, of course, was only a vague impression, for he did not actually hear a single word. He waited awhile in patience, listening and watching. Of course he never saw either of the ghosts, because neither of them could appear to him. At last he got his dander up, and he thought it was about time to interfere, so he rapped on the table, and asked for silence. As soon as he felt that the spooks were listening to him he explained the situation to them. He told them he was in love, and that he could not marry unless they vacated the house. He appealed to them as old friends, and he laid claim to their gratitude. The titular ghost had been sheltered by the Duncan family for hundreds of years, and the domiciliary ghost had had free lodging in the little old house at Salem for nearly two centuries. He implored them to settle their differences, and to get him out of his difficulty at once. He suggested that they had better fight it out then and there, and see who was master. He had brought down with him all needful weapons. And he pulled out his valise, and spread on the table a pair of navy revolvers, a pair of shot-guns, a pair of duelling swords, and a couple of bowie-knives. He offered to serve as second for both parties, and to give the word when to begin. He also took out of his valise a pack of cards and a bottle of poison, telling them that if they wished to avoid carnage they might cut the cards to see which one should take the poison. Then he waited anxiously for their reply. For a little space there was silence. Then he became conscious of a tremulous shivering in one corner of the room, and he remembered that he had heard from that direction what sounded like a frightened sigh when he made the first suggestion of the duel. Something told him that this was the domiciliary ghost, and that it was badly scared. Then he was impressed by a certain movement in the opposite corner of the room, as though the titular ghost were drawing himself up with offended dignity. Eliphalet couldn't exactly see these things, because he never saw the ghosts, but he felt them. After a silence of nearly a minute a voice came from the corner where the family ghost stood—a voice strong and full, but trembling slightly with suppressed passion. And this voice told Eliphalet it was plain enough that he had not long been the head of the Duncans, and that he had never properly considered the characteristics of his race if now he supposed that one of his blood could draw his sword against a woman. Eliphalet said he had never suggested that the Duncan ghost should raise his hand against a woman, and all he wanted was that the Duncan ghost should fight the other ghost. And then the voice told Eliphalet that the other ghost was a woman."

"What?" said Dear Jones, sitting up suddenly. "You don't mean to tell me that the ghost which haunted the house was a woman?"

"Those were the very words Eliphalet Duncan used," said Uncle Larry; "but he did not need to wait for the answer. All at once he recalled the traditions about

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the domiciliary ghost, and he knew that what the titular ghost said was the fact. He had never thought of the sex of a spook, but there was no doubt whatever that the house ghost was a woman. No sooner was this firmly fixed in Eliphalet's mind than he saw his way out of the difficulty. The ghosts must be married!—for then there would be no more interference, no more quarrelling, no more manifestations and materializations, no more dark séances, with their raps and bells and tambourines and banjos. At first the ghosts would not hear of it. The voice in the corner declared that the Duncan wraith had never thought of matrimony. But Eliphalet argued with them, and pleaded and persuaded and coaxed, and dwelt on the advantages of matrimony. He had to confess, of course, that he did not know how to get a clergyman to marry them; but the voice from the corner gravely told him that there need be no difficulty in regard to that, as there was no lack of spiritual chaplains. Then, for the first time, the house ghost spoke, in a low, clear, gentle voice, and with a quaint, old-fashioned New England accent, which contrasted sharply with the broad Scotch speech of the family ghost. She said that Eliphalet Duncan seemed to have forgotten that she was married. But this did not upset Eliphalet at all; he remembered the whole case clearly, and he told her she was not a married ghost, but a widow, since her husband had been hung for murdering her. Then the Duncan ghost drew attention to the great disparity in their ages, saying that he was nearly four hundred and fifty years old, while she was barely two hundred. But Eliphalet had not talked to juries for nothing; he just buckled to, and coaxed those ghosts into matrimony. Afterward he came to the conclusion that they were willing to be coaxed, but at the time he thought he had pretty hard work to convince them of the advantages of the plan."

"Did he succeed?" asked Baby Van Rensselaer, with a young lady's interest in matrimony.

"He did," said Uncle Larry. "He talked the wraith of the Duncans and the spectre of the little old house at Salem into a matrimonial engagement. And from the time they were engaged he had no more trouble with them. They were rival ghosts no longer. They were married by their spiritual chaplain the very same day that Eliphalet Duncan met Kitty Sutton in front of the railing of Grace Church. The ghostly bride and bridegroom went away at once on their bridal tour, and Lord and Lady Duncan went down to the little old house at Salem to pass their honey-moon."

Uncle Larry stopped. His tiny cigar was out again. The tale of the rival ghosts was told. A solemn silence fell on the little party on the deck of the ocean steamer, broken harshly by the hoarse roar of the fog-horn.

THE THUNDERER OF THE PARIS PRESS.

WHAT the London *Times* is to England, the *Journal des Débats* is to France. There are Paris newspapers with a vastly larger circulation, but none of equal respectability and weight; none with an equally important history; none which wields so much influence alike among statesmen and among the solider portion of the French people. It is an English saying that "all classes" have their preferred papers, but that "all Englishmen" read the *Times* if they *can*, though it does not print half as many copies as the *Telegraph;* and the *Débats*, with all its weight, circulates a meagre 7000 or 8000 to the *Figaro's* 100,000. The *Débats* further resembles the *Times* in claiming a past which shows that it has taught lessons to kings, changed at its will ministers and ministries, and spoken with authority in the gravest political crises.

The *Journal des Débats*, like the London *Times*, attempts to add to its importance by shrouding itself in mystery. It is impossible for a French journal to entirely hide the names of its writers from the public; the *Débats* does what it can to hide their persons. Its editorial offices are in a dark, unfrequented part of Paris, remote from the journalists' favorite quarter, and few of its editors go to hobnob with their confrères at the Café de Suède. And not the least striking in the line of resemblance between these two Thunderers, perhaps, is their remarkable capacity for being always on the winning side, whatever may happen. In the editorial force of the *Débats* there are always two currents,

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two groups of adverse tendencies, and free sway is given to each according to the way the wind blows. There are blowers hot and blowers cold. When cold is wisest, the producers of heat blow but gently; when heat is wanted, the blowers of cold subside into gentlest zephyr breathers, while the others take a furious turn at the bellows. By this ingenious plan the process of changing front has usually been achieved without shocking the public or attracting too much attention. In other days the *Débats* made these changes with regularity and precision; it sang the virtues of Bonaparte in the noblest strain of heroic poetry, only to cover him with insults at a later period in the bombastic style of the Abbé De Lamennais. It addressed to the Duchesse de Berri and the Comte de Chambord the most fulsome good-wishes in melodious and roundabout phrases, only to justify by-and-by the incarceration of the Princess and the exile of the King. In the earlier portion of the present decade it found its policy in adopting a skeptical tone, was wise, witty, pretending to believe in nobody, and flying with ease from one party to the other, now skirmishing in favor of its ancient princes, now coquetting with the republic, and thus making for itself a safe record for the future, whatever that future might hold.

The history of the *Débats* as a journal of importance began about the year 1800. Previous to that date it existed as a feeble and uninfluential sheet, with a portentously long name—*Le Journal des Débats et Lois du Pouvoir Législatif et des Actes du Gouvernement.* Its head was too large for its body, and it was a rickety child. At this time it was purchased by the brothers Bertin, two sons of a secretary of the Duc de Choiseul, who associated themselves with a printer named Lenormand, and the descendants of these men still conduct and print the paper. They made it the organ of the Catholic and monarchical reaction which was then beginning to be felt in France, and thus took at its flood the tide leading on to fortune. They at once began the trimming policy already spoken of. The elder brother became an active agent of the Bourbon princes, believing the restoration to be nearer than it was, and having been compromised in a royalist plot, was obliged to flee the country to escape Fouché's police. But the newspaper remained in the hands of the younger brother, who had wisely leaned the other way to preserve a nice balance; and when, a little later, the proclamation of the life-consulship seemed to solve all doubts, the brother in charge of the *Débats* pronounced squarely in favor of Bonaparte as against the princes, and asked for him the monarchical investiture.

Unfortunately for the wily *Débats*, however, Bonaparte was not much disposed to court favor with newspapers and their editors; he had his way of exacting service from newspaper men, and it was not a very complaisant way. One of the first of his grim jokes at the expense of Editor Bertin was to change the name of the paper, and the *Débats* came out one morning as the *Journal de l'Empire.* The Emperor's second joke was grimmer still; he appointed a censor in the person of one of his own officers, who stood over Monsieur Bertin with a moral cat-o'-nine-tails, so that he should write his prettiest. And the third joke of the Little Corporal was grimmest of all; for he acted on Fouché's advice, and turned Bertin out of the office entirely, took the brothers' newspaper away from them, gave them no indemnity, and divided their property among eighteen stockholders of his own choosing —among whom may be observed the name of M. De Rémusat, father of the present Academician. The period which extends from the Restoration to the end of the "hundred days" was an interesting one for the badgered newspaper. On the 2d of March, 1814, the *Journal de l'Empire* said: "The Emperor is marching to deliver his besieged capital." Four weeks afterward, on the 1st of April, it was the *Journal des Débats*—its old head once more in place—which coolly remarked: "Monsieur, brother of the King, has arrived at Vesoul; Bonaparte remains at several hours' march of our walls." No sooner had the legitimate princes returned than the brother Bertin who was in exile returned also, and took charge of the *Débats*, while the brother who had favored Napoleonism in turn "effaced himself." This was a grand time for the *Débats;* it rode on the high tide of prosperity. Its circulation reached twenty-five thousand copies daily—a figure which at that period was enormous, and even now is respectable. From that time till the death of the brothers, some thirty years later, the Bertins conducted the paper so

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skillfully that its lucky star was always in the ascendant. One of the brothers, having a love of office, became successively Councillor of State, Deputy, and Peer of France. They died within a year of each other, and left the *Débats* in the hands of a son, who continued to conduct it until the day of his death, a few years ago. He was a master of his profession, and his journal was to him as the apple of his eye. He never allowed a number to go to press until he had read the proofs himself, from the first line to the last. He was grave, dignified, profoundly respectable; always with a white tie, a sedate walk, his hands clasped behind him, and his head lowered, looking, it was said, "like a distinguished and respectable Lablache."

All American tourists know the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, from whose steeple rang the fatal signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. It stands on the Place du Louvre, fronting the palace, and is one of the lions which every good American must see. Probably the last thing that would occur to the average tourist would be to look behind this old church to see what is there. But if he should, after looking through the interior of the building, pass out at the back door on the right of the chancel, he would find himself in a dark old lane of a street, some of whose houses are almost as old as the church itself—and that is eight or nine hundred years. This ancient street, like most of the old streets of Paris, has a name compounded of several words; it is called La Rue des Prêtres St. Germain l'Auxerrois. It is narrow, badly paved, and crowded with dark old shops in decrepit buildings, upon the front of one of which, opposite one of the gargoyles of the church, hangs a mouldering sign with the half-effaced letters, "JOURNAL DES DÉBATS." In this forgotten corner of Paris is still printed the Paris Thunderer, on the same spot where it first saw the light. The building is an old house of an ancient provincial town, and the printing-office, like most of those in Paris, is on the ground-floor; and here the presses of Lenormand have jogged on through empires, royalties, revolutions, and republics. Passing through a damp court-yard, we mount a stone staircase whose rocky balustrade is worn smooth with the hands of many generations, and enter a large bare room on the second story, ornamented with screens and a portrait of the last of the Bertins. This is the editorial room of the *Débats*, and here have worked some of the most celebrated men of the Paris newspaper world. In fact, few of the editors who have from time to time labored in this room but have made a mark in letters or occupied a position of eminence in the state. The number of public functionaries and members of the French Academy who have driven their pens in this room is incalculable. Among them have been De Châteaubriand, Jules Janin, Saint-Marc Girardin, Philaréte Chasles, Prévost-Paradol, Michel Chevalier; and to these names may be added living celebrities like John Lemoinne, Ernest Renan, and Taine. The two sons-in-law of the last Bertin, M. Bapst and Léon Say, succeeded him as conductors of the *Débats*. These two formed an intelligent dualism such as has always marked the management of the *Débats*, and continued the double current of opinion running through its columns.

John Lemoinne is a man past sixty, grave and thoughtful in appearance, wearing always a white neck-tie and a serious countenance. He was born in London in 1814, of French parents, and his early life was passed on what Frenchmen consider to be the wrong side of the Channel. One result of this is that he speaks the English language perfectly—a thing almost without parallel in a Parisian; and another result is that he is not such a frantic admirer of French ways, especially in politics, as his countrymen commonly are. He is therefore unhappy; and what is worse, unpopular. His fellow-journalists accuse him of being an Anglomaniac, and do not like him; and he is said to be forever in doubt as to whether the French would be happier with a free republic, like the Americans, or a constitutional monarchy, like the English. In the fall of 1873, when there was thought to be a really strong likelihood that the Comte de Chambord would mount the French throne as Henry V., M. Lemoinne is said to have looked very complacently on the prospect of a solution of his doubts in favor of the monarchy; but the Comte abandoned the dangerous enterprise at the last moment, and left Lemoinne to struggle again with his doubts. M. Lemoinne is one of the few members of the Academy who now represent journalism in that body. He succeeded Jules Janin in 1875. In 1880

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he was chosen by the Left Centre a Life-Senator to succeed M. De Lavergne.

M. Taine is also accused of Anglomania by his fellow-journalists, and he has a great many bitter enemies among those who should be proud of him. Unquestionably the ablest writer on the French press, if we except Renan, he was ignominiously defeated when a candidate for the Academy in 1874, and a man vastly his inferior in mental acquirements and literary skill, but as vastly his superior in popularity, was elected in his stead. There were, however, aside from the question of personal popularity, two strong parties arrayed against Taine in this matter—one the clerical party, the other the art-critical party. The latter considered him heretical in daring to differ from the general voice in his estimate of Raphael's greatness; the former opposed him on account of the alleged materialism in his writings. Guizot and other great men worked hard for Taine's election, but French horror of heresy was too strong for him, and Alexandre Dumas was the moral and æsthetic lamb chosen to crowd out this terrible black sheep. Taine was a competitor for the chair vacated by the death of M. Thiers, but Henri Martin was chosen in his place. Before the end of that year (1878) another vacancy occurred, and Taine was elected.

M. Renan, the most brilliant writer in France, and an Academician (elected in 1878), is chiefly celebrated for his *Life of Jesus*. He is the leading champion of free thought in Europe, and enjoys the distinction of having been excommunicated by the Pope of Rome. His life is said to be beyond custom pure and simple, and his manners are extremely gentle and kindly. He is in the neighborhood of sixty, handsome, wears no beard, and looks like a good priest. He was, in fact, educated for the Romish priesthood, and had the prospect of high position in the Church, not only on account of his fine abilities, but because there was family influence at his back. He does not write often for the *Débats*, and when one of his pungent articles does appear, it attracts great attention and remark.

M. De Pressensé, recently elected Life-Senator, was for some time one of the editorial corps of the *Débats*.

Of previous editors of the *Débats*, during the past few years, the most interesting to American readers are doubtless M. Prévost-Paradol and Jules Janin. The former was chief political writer, in conjunction with J. J. Weiss, for a long time, and after having for years opposed the rule of Louis Napoleon, he so far modified his antagonism that, in 1870, he was appointed Minister to the United States, where he died soon after by his own hand. A Paris journal gives the following characteristically French explanation of the suicide:

"Sobered from the mental intoxication of the air of Paris, the Ollivier ministry, and the Academic reception—where he had been preferred to Janin—looking into his own breast he recalled the struggles he had made against the establishment of the *régime* of 1852—an opposition which had given him the importance of a character. He remembered how he had been pursued like a proscribed man through the press, when no paper could take him as an editor under fear of suppression. He saw the whole of this past, so bitter in view of the new situation he had voluntarily made for himself; it may even be that he had a presentiment of the coming disasters to the country. He looked at himself well in the glass—no doubt said, *Is this you?*—and blew out his brains between the eyes."

Jules Janin, who for many years wrote the dramatic criticisms of the *Débats*, was styled "The prince of critics." His writings were looked upon as so important that great numbers of people bought the *Débats* to read them, who read nothing else in the paper. He was a large, fine-looking man, with a spacious forehead, about which curled a profusion of gray hair, while his broad, round face was flanked by fleecy white side whiskers, and his fat neck was surrounded by an immaculate white neckcloth. He also usually wore a black waistcoat of clerical cut, but it did not succeed in making him look like a clergyman. Aside from his dramatic criticisms, he was chiefly noted for his translation of Horace. He was elected to the Academy in 1870, when he was aged sixty-six. Up to this time he had continued to write regularly for the *Débats*. When he retired, M. Bapst asked him to choose his own successor from among the enormous number of applicants. He chose M. Clément Carraguel, concerning whom the wits said Janin showed a delicious shrewdness in choosing him, for thus he made sure of being most profoundly regretted.

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"THE BELLE."—[TITIAN.]

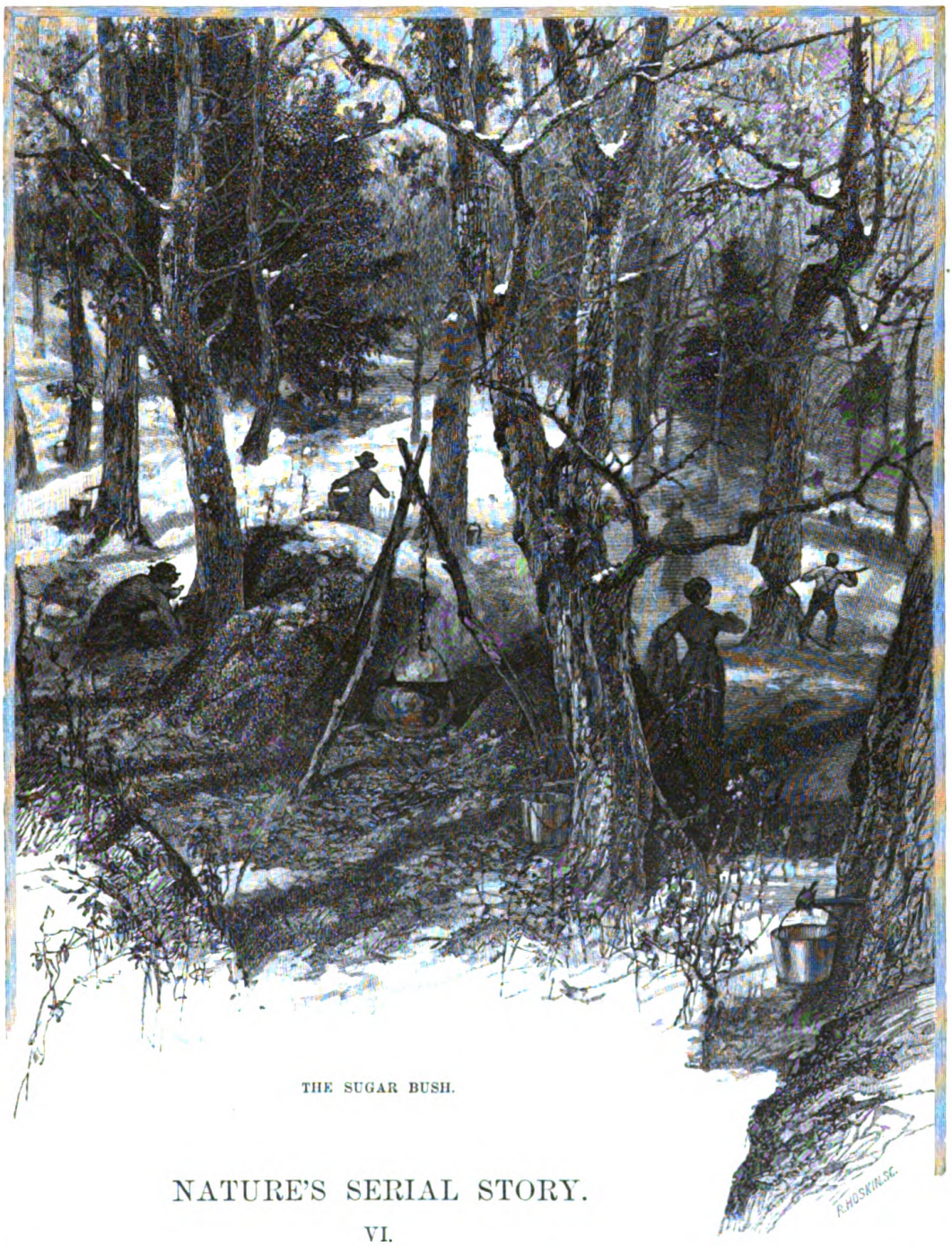
From the Salon de Venus, Pitti Palace, Florence.—Engraved from the original painting by W. B. Closson.

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THE SUGAR BUSH.

NATURE'S SERIAL STORY.

VI.

NATURE at last was truly awakening, and color coming into her pallid face. On every side were increasing movement and evidences of life. Sunny hill-sides were free of snow, and, when precipitous, the oozing frost loosed the hold of stones upon the soil or the clay in the banks to the play of gravitation. Will the world become level if there are no more upheavals? The ice of the upper Hudson was journeying toward the sea that it would never reach. The sun smote it, the high winds ground the honeycombed cakes together, and the ebb and flow of the tide permitted no pause in the work of disintegration. By the middle of March the blue water predominated, and adventurous steamers had already picked and pounded their way to and from the city.

Only those deeply enamored of Nature feel much enthusiasm for the first month of spring; but for them this season pos-

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sesses a peculiar fascination. The beauty that has been so cold and repellent is relenting, yielding, seemingly against her will, to a wooing that can not be repulsed by even her harshest moods. To the vigilance of love, sudden, unexpected smiles are caught; and though, as if regretting them, the frown quickly returns, it is often less forbidding. It is a period full of delicious, soul-thrilling "first times," the coy, exquisite beginnings of that final abandon to her suitor in the sky. Although she veils her face for days with clouds, and again and again greets him in the dawn, wrapped in her old icy reserve, he smiles back his answer, and she can not resist. Indeed, there soon come warm, still, bright days whereon she feels herself going, but does not even protest. Then, as if suddenly conscious of lost ground, there is a passionate effort to regain her wintry aspect. It is so passionate as to betray her, so stormy as to insure a profounder relenting, a warmer, more tearful, and penitent smile after her wild mood is over. She finds that she can not return to her former sustained coldness, and so at last surrenders, and the frost passes wholly from her heart.

To Alf's and Johnnie's delight it so happened that one of these gentlest moods of early spring occurred on Saturday—that weekly millennium of school-children. With plans and preparations matured, they had risen with the sun, and, scampering back and forth over the frozen ground and the remaining patches of ice and snow, had carried every pail and pan that they could coax from their mother to a rocky hill-side whereon clustered a few sugar-maples. Webb, the evening before, had inserted into the sunny sides of the trees little wooden troughs, and from these the tinkling drip of the sap made a music sweeter than that of the robins to the eager boy and girl.

At the breakfast table each one was expatiating on the rare promise of the day. Even Mrs. Clifford, awakened by the half-subdued clatter of the children, had seen the brilliant, rose-tinted dawn.

"The day can not be more beautiful than was the night," Webb remarked. "A little after midnight I was awakened by a clamor from the poultry, and suspecting either two- or four-footed thieves, I was soon covering the hennery with my gun. As a result, Sir Mephitis, as Burroughs calls him, lies stark and stiff near the door. After watching awhile, and finding no other marauders abroad, I became aware that it was one of the most perfect nights I had ever seen. It was hard to imagine that, a few hours before, a gale had been blowing under a cloudy sky. The moonlight was so clear that I could see to read distinctly. So attractive and still was the night that I started for an hour's walk up the boulevard, and when near Idlewild brook had the fortune to empty the other barrel of my gun into a great horned owl. How the echoes resounded in the quiet night! The changes in April are more rapid, but they are on a grander scale this month."

"It seems to me," laughed Burt, "that your range in the change of topic is even more sublime. From Sir Mephitis to romantic moonlight and lofty musings, no doubt, which ended with a screech-owl."

"The great horned is not a screech-owl, as you ought to know. Well, Nature is to blame for my alternations. I only took the goods the gods sent."

"I hope you did not take cold," said Maggie. "The idea of prowling around at that time of night!"

"Webb was in hopes that Nature might bestow upon him some confidences by moonlight that he could not coax from her in broad day. I shall seek better game than you found. Ducks are becoming plenty in the river, and all the conditions are favorable for a crack at them this morning. So I shall paddle out with a white coat over my clothes, and pretend to be a cake of ice. If I bring you a canvas-back, Amy, will you put the wishbone over the door?"

"Not till after I have locked it and hidden the key."

Without any pre-arranged purpose the day promised to be given up largely to country sport. Burt had taken a lunch, and would not return until night, while the increasing warmth and brilliancy of the sunshine, and the children's voices from the maple grove, soon lured Amy to the piazza.

"Come," cried Webb, who emerged from the wood-house with an axe on his shoulder, "don rubber boots and wraps, and we'll improvise a maple-sugar camp of the New England style a hundred years ago. We should make the most of a day like this."

They soon joined the children on the hill-side, whither Abram had already car-

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"WEBB THREW OFF HIS COAT AND ATTACKED THE DEFUNCT VETERAN OF THE GROVE."

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ried a capacious iron pot as black as himself. On a little terrace that was warm and bare of snow, Webb set up cross-sticks in gypsy fashion, and then with a chain suspended the pot, the children dancing like witches around it. Mr. Clifford and his little grandson Ned now appeared, the latter joining in the eager quest for dry sticks. Not far away was a large tree that for several years had been slowly dying, its few living branches having flushed in their last premature and hectic glow early in September. Dry sticks would make little impression on the sap that now in the warmer light dropped faster from the wounded maples, and therefore to supply the intense heat that should give them at least a rich syrup before night, Webb threw off his coat and attacked the defunct veteran of the grove. Amy watched his vigorous strokes with growing zest; and he, conscious of her eyes, struck strong and true. Leonard, not far away, was removing impediments from the courses, thus securing a more rapid flow of the water and drainage of the land. He had sent up his cheery voice from time to time, but now joined the group, that he might witness the fall of a tree that was old when he played near it like his own children to-day. The echoes of the ringing axe came back to them from an adjacent hill-side; a squirrel barked and "snickered," as if he too were a party to the fun; crows overhead cawed a protest at the destruction of their ancient perch; but with steady and remorseless stroke the axe was driven through the concentric rings on either side into the tree's dead heart. At last, as fibre after fibre was cut away, it began to tremble. The children stood breathless and almost pitying as they saw the shiver, that seemed conscious, which followed each blow. Something of the same callousness of custom with which the fall of a man is witnessed must blunt one's nature before he can look unmoved upon the destruction of a familiar tree.

As the dead maple trembled more and more violently, and at last swayed to and fro in the breathless air, Amy cried, "Webb! Webb! come away!"

She had hardly spoken when, with a slow and stately motion, the lofty head bowed; there was a rush through the air, and an echoing crash upon the rocks. She sprang forward with a slight cry, but Webb, leaning his axe on the prostrate bole, looked smilingly at her, and said, "Why, Amy, there is no more danger in this work than in cutting a stalk of corn, if one knows how."

"There appears to be more," she replied. "I never saw a large tree cut down before, but have certainly read of people being crushed. Does it often happen?"

"No, indeed."

"By-the-way, Amy," said Leonard, "the wood-chopper that you visited with me is doing so well that we shall give him work on the farm this summer. There was a little wheat in all that chaff of a man, and it's beginning to grow. But the wife is a case. He says he would like to work where he can see you occasionally."

"I have been there twice with Webb since, and shall go oftener when the roads are better," she replied, simply.

"That's right, Amy; follow up a thing," said Mr. Clifford. "It's better to *help* one family than to try to help a dozen. That was a good clean cut, Webb," he added, examining the stump. "I dislike to see a tree haggled down."

"How strong you are, Webb!" said Amy. "I suppose that if you had lived a few hundred years ago you would have been hacking at people in the same way."

"And so might have been a hero, and won your admiration if you had lived then in some gray castle, with the floor of your bower strewn with rushes. Now there is no career for me but that of a plain farmer."

"What manly task was given long before knighthood, eh, Webb? Right royal was the commission, too. Was it not to subdue the earth? It seems to me that you are striving after the higher mastery, one into which you can put all your mind as well as muscle. Knocking people on the head wasn't a very high art."

"What! not in behalf of a distressed damsel?"

"I imagine there will always be distressed damsels in the world. Indeed, in fiction it would seem that many would be nothing if not distressed. You can surely find one, Webb, and so be a knight in spite of our prosaic times."

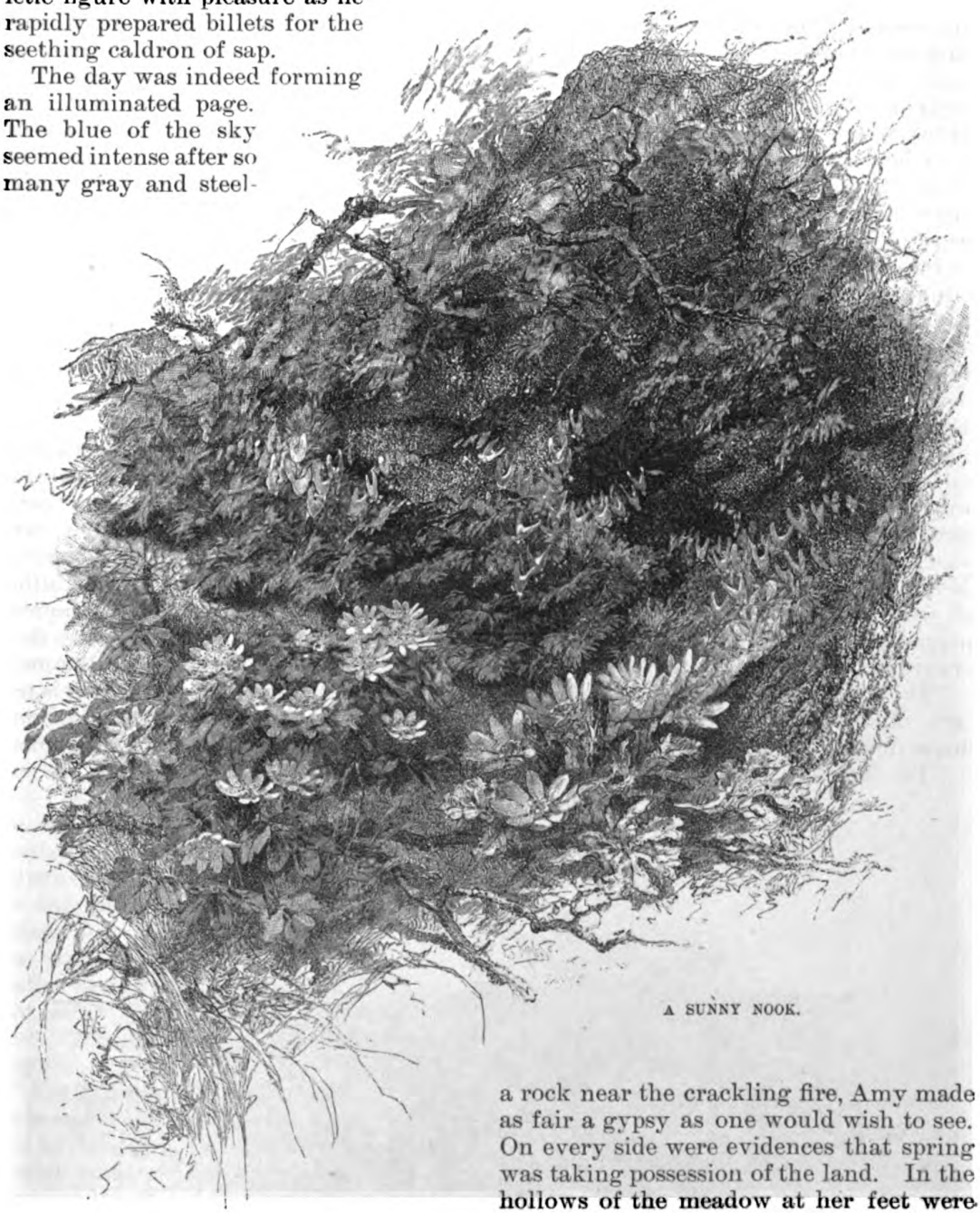
"I shall not try," he replied, laughing. "I am content to be a farmer, and am glad you do not think our work is coarse and common. You obtained some good ideas in England, Amy. The tastes of the average American girl incline too much to-

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ward the manhood of the shop and office. There, Len, I am rested now;" and he took the axe from his brother, who had been lopping the branches from the prostrate tree.

Amy again watched his athletic figure with pleasure as he rapidly prepared billets for the seething caldron of sap.

The day was indeed forming an illuminated page. The blue of the sky seemed intense after so many gray and steel-hued days, and there was not a trace of a cloud. The flowing sap was not sweeter than the air, to which the brilliant sunlight imparted an exhilarating warmth far removed from sultriness. From the hillside came the woody odor of decaying leaves, and from the adjacent meadow the delicate perfume of grasses whose roots began to tingle with life the moment the iron grip of the frost relaxed. Sitting on a rock near the crackling fire, Amy made as fair a gypsy as one would wish to see. On every side were evidences that spring was taking possession of the land. In the hollows of the meadow at her feet were glassy pools, kept from sinking away by a substratum of frost, and among these, migratory robins and high-holders were feeding. The brook beyond was running full from the melting of the snow in the mountains, and its hoarse murmur was the bass in the musical babble and tinkle of smaller rills hastening toward it on either side.



A SUNNY NOOK.

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Thus in all directions the scene was lighted up with the glint and sparkle of water. The rays of the sun idealized even the muddy road, of which a glimpse was caught, for the pasty clay glistened like the surface of a stream. The returning birds appeared as jubilant over the day as the children whose voices blended with their songs—as do all the sounds that are absolutely natural. The migratory tide of robins, song-sparrows, phœbe, and other early birds was still moving northward; but multitudes had dropped out of the advance, having reached their haunts of the previous year. The sunny hill-side and its immediate vicinity seemed a favorite lounging-place both for the birds of passage and for those already at home. The excitement of travel to some, and the delight at having regained the scene of last year's love and nesting to others, added to the universal joy of spring, so exhilarated their hearts that they could scarcely be still a moment. Although the sun was approaching the zenith, there was not the comparative silence that pervades a summer noon. Bird calls resounded everywhere; there was a constant flutter of wings, as if all were bent upon making or renewing acquaintance—an occupation frequently interrupted by transports of song.

"Do you suppose they really recognize each other?" Amy asked Webb, as he threw down an armful of wood near her.

"Dr. Marvin would insist that they do," he replied, laughing. "When with him, one must be wary in denying to the birds any of the virtues and powers. He would probably say that they understood each other as well as we do. They certainly seem to be comparing notes, in one sense of the word at least. Listen, and you will hear at this moment the song of a bluebird, robin, both song- and fox-sparrow, phœbe, blue jay, high-holder, and crow—that is, if you can call the notes of the last two birds a song."

"What a lovely chorus!" she cried, after a few moments' pause.

"Wait till two months have passed, and you will hear a grand symphony every morning and evening. All the members of our summer opera troupe do not arrive till June, and several weeks must still pass before the great star of the season appears."

"Indeed! and who is he, or she?"

"Both he and she—the wood-thrush and his mate. They are very aristocratic kin of these robins. A little before them will come two other blood-relations, Mr. and Mrs. Brown-thrasher, who, notwithstanding their family connection with the high-toned wood-thrush and jolly honest robin, are stealthy in their manner, and will skulk away before you as if ashamed of something. When the musical fit is on them, however, they will sing openly from the loftiest tree-top, and with a sweetness, too, that few birds can equal."



THE SWAMP-CABBAGE FLOWER.

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"Why, Webb, you almost equal Dr. Marvin."

"Oh no; I only become acquainted with my favorites. If a bird is rare, though commonplace in itself, he will pursue it as if it laid golden eggs."

A howl from Ned proved that even the brightest days and scenes have their drawbacks. The little fellow had been prowling around among the pails and pans, intent on obtaining a drink of the sap, and thus had put his hand on a honey-bee seeking the first sweet of the year. In an instant Webb reached his side, and saw what the trouble was. Carrying him to the fire, he drew a key from his pocket, and pressed its hollow ward over the spot stung. This caused the poison to work out. Nature's remedy—mud—abounded, and soon a little moist clay covered the wound, and Amy took him in her arms and tried to pacify him, while Leonard, his father, who had strolled away with Mr. Clifford, speedily returned. The grandfather looked down commiseratingly on the sobbing little companion of his earlier morning walk, and soon brought, not merely serenity, but joy unbounded, by a quiet proposition.

"I will go back to the house," he said, "and have mamma put up a nice lunch, and you and the other children can eat your dinner here by the fire. So can you, Webb and Amy, and then you can look after the youngsters. It's warm and dry here. Suppose you have a little picnic, which, in March, will be a thing to remember. Alf, you can come with me, and while mamma is preparing the lunch you can run to the market and get some oysters and clams, and these, with potatoes, you can roast in the ashes of a smaller fire, which Ned and Johnnie can look after under Webb's superintendence. Wouldn't you like my little plan, Amy?"

"Yes, indeed," she replied, putting her hands caressingly within his arm. "It's hard to think you are old when you know so well what we young people like. I didn't believe that this day could be brighter or jollier, and yet your plan has made the children half wild."

Indeed, Alf had already given his approval by tearing off toward the house for the materials of this unheard-of March feast in the woods, and, as if made buoyant by the good promise of his little project in the children's behalf, the old gentleman followed with a step wonderfully elastic for a man of fourscore.

"Well, Heaven grant I may attain an age like that!" said Webb, looking wistfully after him. "There is more of spring than autumn in father yet, and I don't believe there will be any winter in his life. Well, Amy, like the birds and squirrels around us, we shall dine out-of-doors today. You must be mistress of the banquet; Ned, Johnnie, and I place ourselves under your orders: don't we, Johnnie?"

"To be sure, Uncle Webb; only I'm so crazy over all this fun that I'm sure I can never do anything straight."

"Well, then, 'bustle! bustle!'" cried Amy. "I believe with Maggie that housekeeping and dining well are high arts, and not humdrum necessities. Webb, I need a broad, flat rock. Please provide one at once, while Johnnie gathers clean dry leaves for plates. You, Ned, can put lots of dry sticks between the stones there, and Uncle Webb will kindle the right kind of a fire to leave plenty of hot coals and ashes. Now is the time for him to make his science useful."

Webb was becoming a mystery unto himself. Was it the exquisitely pure air and the exhilarating spring sunshine that sent the blood tingling through his veins? Or was it the presence, tones, and gestures of a girl with a brow and neck like the snow that glistened on the mountain slopes above them, and large true eyes that sometimes seemed gray and again blue? Amy's developing beauty was far removed from a fixed type of prettiness, and he felt this in a vague way. The majority of the girls of his acquaintance appeared much the same under all circumstances. They had a manner rather than an individuality, and looked and acted much the same whenever he saw them. They were conventionalized after some received country type, and although farmers' daughters, they seemed unnatural to this lover of nature. Allowing for the difference in years, Amy was as unconscious of herself as Alf or Johnnie. Not the slightest trace of mannerism perverted her girlish ways. She moved, talked, and acted with no more effort or thought of effort than had the bluebirds that were passing to and fro with their simple notes and graceful flight. She was nature in its phase of girlhood. To one of his temperament and training the perfect day itself would have been full of

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unalloyed enjoyment were it occupied with his ordinary labors; but for some reason this unpremeditated holiday, with Amy's companionship, gave him a pleasure before unknown—a pleasure deep and satisfying, unmarred by any jarring discords or uneasy protests of conscience or reason. Truly, on this spring day a first time came to him, a new element was entering into his life. He did not think of defining it; he did not even recognize it, except in the old and general way that Amy's presence had enriched them all, and in his own case had arrested a tendency to become materialistic and narrow. On a like day the year before he would have been absorbed in the occupations of the farm, and merely conscious to a certain extent of the sky above him and the bird song and beauty around him. To-day they were like revelations. Even a March world was transfigured. His zest in living and working was enhanced a thousandfold, because life and work were illumined by happiness, as the scene was brightened by sunshine. He felt that he had only half seen the world before; now he had the joy of one gradually gaining vision after partial blindness.

Amy saw that he was enjoying the day immensely in his quiet way; she also saw that she had not a little to do with the result, and the thought that she could please and interest the grave and thoughtful man—for he was six years her senior—conveyed a delicious sense of power. And yet she was pleased much as a child would be. "He knows so much more than I do," she thought, "and is usually so wrapped up in some deep subject, or so busy, that it's awfully jolly to find that one can beguile him into having such a good time. Burt is so exuberant in everything that I am afraid of being carried away, as by a swift stream, I know not where. I feel like checking and restraining him all the time. For me to add my small stock of mirth to his immense spirits would be like lighting a candle on a day like this; but when I smile on Webb the effect is wonderful, and I can never get over my pleased surprise at the fact."

Thus, like the awakening forces in the soil around them, a vital force was developing in two human hearts equally unconscious.

Alf and his grandfather at last returned, each well laden, and preparations went on apace. Mr. Clifford made as if he would return and dine at home, but they all clamored for his company. With a twinkle in his eye, he said:

"Well, I told mother that I might lunch with you, and I was only waiting to be pressed a little. I've lived a good many years, but never was on a picnic in March before."

"Grandpa, you shall be squeezed as well as pressed," cried Johnnie, putting her arms about his neck. "You shall stay and see what a lovely time you have given us. Oh, if Cinderella were only here!" and she gave one little sigh, the first of the day.

"Possibly Cinderella may appear in time for lunch;" and with a significant look he directed Amy to the basket he had brought, from the bottom of which was drawn a doll with absurdly diminutive feet, and for once in her life Johnnie's heart craved nothing more.

"Maggie knew that this little mother could not be content long without her doll, and so she put it in. You children have a thoughtful mother, and you must be thoughtful of her," added the old man, who felt that the incident admitted of a little homily.

What appetites they all had! If some of the potatoes were a little burned and others a little raw, the occasion added a flavor better than Attic salt. A flock of chickadees approached near enough to gather the crumbs that were thrown to them.

"It's strange," said Webb, "how tame the birds are when they return in the spring. In the fall the robins are among the wildest of the birds, and now they are all around us. I believe that if I place some crumbs on yonder rock, they'll come and dine with us, in a sense;" and the event proved that he was right.

"Hey, Johnnie," said her grandfather, "you never took dinner with the birds before, did you? This is almost as wonderful as if Cinderella sat up and asked for an oyster."

But Johnnie was only pleased with the fact, not surprised. Wonder-land was her land, and she said, "I don't see why the birds can't understand that I'd like to have dinner with them every day."

"By-the-way, Webb," continued his father, "I brought out the field-glass with me, for I thought that with your good eyes you might see Burt;" and he drew it from his pocket.

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The idea of seeing Burt shooting ducks nearly broke up the feast, and Webb swept the distant river, full of floating ice that in the sunlight looked like snow. "I can see several out in boats," he said, "and Burt, no doubt, is among them."

Then Amy, Alf, and Johnnie must have a look, but Ned devoted himself strictly to business, and Amy remarked that he was growing like a little sausage.

"Can the glass make us hear the noise of the gun better?" Johnnie asked, at which they all laughed, Ned louder than any, because the others did. It required but a little thing to make these banqueters hilarious.

But there was one who heard them who did not laugh. From the brow of the hill a dark, sad face looked down upon them. Lured by the beauty of the day, Mr. Alvord had wandered aimlessly into the woods, and, attracted by merry voices, had drawn sufficiently near to witness a scene that awakened within him indescribable pain and longing. He did not think of joining them. It was not a fear that he would be unwelcomed that kept him away; he knew the family too well to imagine that. A stronger restraint was upon him. Something in the past darkened even that bright day, and built in the crystal air a barrier that he could not pass. They would give him a place by their rustic board, but he could not take it. He knew that he would be a discord in their harmony, and their innocent merriment smote his morbid nature with almost intolerable pain. With a gesture indicating immeasurable regret, he turned and hastened away to his lonely home. As he mounted his little piazza his steps were arrested. The exposed end of a post that supported the inner side of its roof formed a little sheltered platform on which a pair of bluebirds had begun to build their nest. They looked at him with curious and distrustful eyes as they flitted to and fro in a tree near, and he sat down and looked at them. The birds evidently were in doubt and in perturbed consultation. They would fly to the post, then away and all around the house, but scarcely a moment passed that Mr. Alvord did not see that he was observed and discussed. With a singular interest and deep suspense he awaited their decision. At last it came, and was favorable. The female bird came flying to the post with a beakful of fine dry grass, and her mate, on a spray near, broke out into his soft rapturous song. The master of the house gave a great sigh of relief. A glimmer of a smile passed over his wan face as he muttered, "I expected to be alone this summer, but I am to have a family with me, after all."

Soon after the lunch had been discussed leisurely and hilariously the maple-sugar camp was left in the care of Alf and Johnnie, with Abram to assist them. Amy longed for a stroll, but even with the protection of rubber boots she found that the departing frost had left the sodded meadow too wet and spongy for safety. Under Webb's direction she picked her way to the margin of the swollen stream, and gathered some pussy willows that were bursting their sheaths.

Saturday afternoon, as is usual in the country, brought an increased number of duties to the inhabitants of the farm-house, but at the supper hour they all, except Burt, looked back upon the day with unwonted satisfaction. He had returned weary, hungry, and discontented, notwithstanding the fact that several brace of ducks hung on the piazza as trophies of his skill. He was in that uncomfortable frame of mind which results from charging one's self with a blunder. In the morning he had entered on the sport with his usual zest, but it had soon declined, and he wished he had remained at home. He remembered the children's intention of spending the day among the maples, and as the sun grew warm, and the air balmy, the thought occurred with increasing frequency that he might have induced Amy to have joined them, and so have enjoyed long hours of companionship under circumstances most favorable to his suit. He now admitted that were the river alive with ducks, the imagined opportunities of the maple grove were tenfold more attractive. At one time he half decided to return, but pride prevented until he had secured a fair amount of game. He would not go home to be laughed at. Moreover, Amy had not been so approachable of late as he could wish, and he proposed to punish her a little, hoping that she would miss his presence and attentions. The many reminiscences at the supper table were not consoling. It was evident that he had not been missed in the way that he desired to be, and that the day had been one of rich enjoyment to her. Neither was Webb's quiet satisfaction agreeable, and Burt mildly anathe-

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matized himself at the thought that he might have had his share in giving Amy so much pleasure. He took counsel of experience, however, and having learned that even duck-shooting under the most favorable auspices palled when contrasted with Amy's smiles and society, he resolved to be present in the future when she, like nature, was in a propitious mood. Impetuous as he was, he had not yet reached the point of love's blindness which would lead him to press his suit in season and out of season. He soon found a chance to inform Amy of his regret, but she laughed merrily back at him as she went up to her room, saying that the "air of a martyr sat upon him with very poor grace in view of his success and persistence in the sport, and that he had better put a white mark against the day, as she had."

Early in the evening Dr. Marvin appeared, with Mr. Marks, one of the most noted duck-shooters and fishermen on the river, and they brought in three superb specimens of a rare bird in this region, the American swan, that queen of water-fowls and embodiment of grace.

"Shot 'em an hour or two ago, near Polopel's Island," said Mr. Marks, "and we don't often have the luck to get within range of such game. Dr. Marvin was down visiting one of my children, and he said how he would like to prepare the skin of one, and he thought some of you folks here might like to have another mounted, and he'd do it if you wished."

Exclamations of pleasure followed this proposition. Alf examined them with deep interest, while Burt whispered to Amy that he would rather have brought her home a swan like one of those than all the ducks that ever quacked.

In accordance with their hospitable ways, the Cliffords soon had the doctor and Mr. Marks seated by their fireside, and the veteran sportsman was readily induced to enlarge upon some of his experiences.

He had killed two of the swans, he told them, as they were swimming, and the other as it rose. He did not propose to let any such uncommon visitors get away. He had never seen more than ten since he had lived in this region. With the proverbial experience of meeting game when without a gun, he had seen five fly over, one Sunday, while taking a ramble on Plum Point.

"Have you ever obtained any snow-geese in our waters?" Dr. Marvin asked.

"No. That's the scarcest water-fowl we have. Once in a wild snow-storm I saw a flock of about two hundred far out upon the river, and would have had a shot into them, but some fellows from the other side started out and began firing at long range, and that has been my only chance. I occasionally get some brant-geese, and they are rare enough. I once saw a flock of eight, and got them all—took five out of the flock in the first two shots—but I've never killed more than twenty-five altogether."

"I don't think I have ever seen one," remarked Mrs. Clifford, who, in her feebleness and in her home-nook, loved to hear about these bold, adventurous travellers. They brought to her vivid fancy remote wild scenes, desolate waters, and storm-beaten rocks. The tremendous endurance and power of wing in these shy children of nature never ceased to be marvels to her. "Burt has occasionally shot wild-geese—we have one mounted there—but I do not know what a brant is, nor much about its habits," she added.

"Its markings are like the ordinary Canada wild-goose," Dr. Marvin explained, "and it is about midway in size between a goose and a duck."

"I've shot a good many of the common wild-geese in my time," Mr. Marks resumed; "killed nineteen four years ago. I once knocked down ten out of a flock of thirteen by giving them both barrels. I have a flock of eight now in a pond not far away—broke their wings, you know, and so they can't fly. They soon become tame, and might be domesticated easily, only you must always keep one wing cut, or they will leave in the spring or fall."

"How is that?"

"Well, they never lose their instinct to migrate, and if they heard other wild-geese flying over, they'd rise quick enough if they could and go with them."

"Do you think there would be any profit in domesticating them?" asked practical Leonard.

"There might be. I know a man up the river who used to cross them with our common geese, and so produced a hybrid, a sort of a mule-goose, that grew very large. I've known 'em to weigh eighteen pounds or more, and they were fine eating, I can tell you. I don't suppose there is much in it, though, or some cute Yankee would have made a business of it before this."

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"How many ducks do you suppose you have shot altogether?" Mr. Clifford asked.

"Oh, I don't know—a great many. Killed five hundred last fall."

"What's the greatest number you ever got out of a flock, Marks?" put in Burt.

"Well, there is the old squaw, or long-tailed duck. They go in big flocks, you know—have seen four or five hundred together. In the spring, just after they have come from feeding on mussels in the Southern oyster beds, they are fishy, but in the fall they are much better, and the young ducks are scarcely fishy at all. I've taken twenty-three out of a flock by firing at them in the water and again when they rose; and in the same way I once knocked over eighteen black or dusky ducks; and they are always fine, you know."

"Are the fancy kinds, like the mallards and canvas-backs that are in such demand by the epicures, still plentiful in their season?" Webb asked.

"No. I get a few now and then, but don't calculate on them any longer. It was my luck with canvas-backs that got me into my duck-shooting ways. I was cuffed and patted on the back the same day on their account."

In response to their laughing expressions of curiosity he resumed: "I was but a little chap at the time; still I believed I could shoot ducks, but my father wouldn't trust me with either a gun or boat, and my only chance was to circumvent the old man. So one night I hid the gun outside of the house, climbed out of a window as soon as it was light, and paddled round a point where I would not be seen, and I tell you I had a grand time. I did not come in till the middle of the afternoon, but I reached a point when I must have my dinner, no matter what came before it. The old man was waiting for me, and he cuffed me well. I didn't say a word, but went to my mother, and she, mother-like, comforted me with a big dinner which she had kept for me. I was content to throw the cuffing in, and still feel that I had the best of the bargain. An elder brother began to chaff me and ask, 'Where are your ducks?' 'Better go and look under the seat in the stern-sheets before you make any more faces,' I answered, huffily. I suppose he thought at first I wanted to get rid of him, but he had just enough curiosity to go and see, and he pulled out sixteen canvas-backs. The old man was reconciled at once, for I had made better wages than he that day; and from that time on I've had all the duck-shooting I've wanted."

"That's a form of argument to which the world always yields," said Leonard, laughing.

"How many kinds of wild-ducks do we have here in the bay, that you can shoot so many?" Maggie asked.

"I've never counted 'em up. The doctor can tell you, perhaps."

"I've prepared the skins of twenty-four different kinds that were shot in this vicinity," replied Dr. Marvin.

"Don't you and Mrs. Marvin dissect the birds also?" queried Leonard, humorously.

"Mr. Marks," said Mr. Clifford, "I think you once had a rather severe experience while out upon the river. Won't you tell us about it?"

"Yes. My favorite sport came nigh being the death of me, and it always makes me shiver to think of it. I started out one spring morning at five o'clock, and did not get home till two o'clock the next morning, and not a mouthful did I have to eat. I had fair success during the day, but was bothered by the quantities of ice running, and a high wind. About four o'clock in the afternoon I concluded to return home, for I was tired and hungry. I was then out in the river off Plum Point. I saw an opening leading south, and paddled into it, but had not gone far before the wind drove the ice in upon me, and blocked the passage. There I was, helpless, and it began to blow a gale. The wind held the ice immovable on the west shore, even though the tide was running out. For a time I thought the boat would be crushed by the grinding cakes in spite of all I could do. If it had, I'd 'a been drowned at once, but I worked like a Trojan, shouting, meanwhile, loud enough to raise the dead. No one seemed to hear or notice me. At last I made my way to a cake that was heavy enough to bear my weight, and on this I pulled up the boat, and lay down exhausted. It was now almost night, and I was too tired to shout any more. There on that mass of ice I staid till two o'clock the next morning. I thought I'd freeze to death, if I did not drown. I shouted from time to time, till I found it was of no use, and then gave my thoughts to keeping awake and warm enough to live. I knew that my chance would be with the next turn of the tide,

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when the ice would move with it, and also the wind, up the river. So it turned out. I was at last able to break my way through the loosened ice to Plum Point, and then had a two-mile walk home; and I can tell you that it never seemed so like home before."

"Oh, Burt, please don't go out again when the ice is running," was his mother's comment on the story.

"Thoreau speaks of seeing black ducks asleep on a pond whereon thin ice had formed, inclosing them during the March night," said Webb. "Have you ever caught them napping in this way?"

"No," replied Mr. Marks; "though it might easily happen on a still pond. The tides and wind usually break up the very thin ice on the river, and if there is any open water near, the ducks will stay in it."

"Dr. Marvin, have you caught any glimpses of spring to-day that we have not?" Amy asked.

The doctor laughed—having heard of Webb's exploit in the night near the hennery—and said: "I might mention that I have seen 'Sir Mephitis' cabbage, as I suppose I should call it, growing vigorously. It is about the first green thing we have. There are some springs, however, around which the grass keeps green all winter, and I passed one to-day that had an emerald hue as far as I could see it. It has been very cold and backward thus far."

"Possess your souls in patience," said Mr. Clifford. "Spring-time and harvest are sure. After over half a century's observation I have noted that, no matter what the weather may have been, Nature always catches up with the season about the middle or last of June."

The remainder of March passed quickly away, with more alternations of mood than there were days; but in spite of snow, sleet, wind, and rain, the most forbidding frowns and tempestuous tears, all knew that Nature had yielded, and more and more often she half-smilingly acknowledged the truth herself.

All sights and sounds about the farmhouse betokened increasing activity. During the morning hours the cackling in the barn and out-buildings developed into a perfect clamor, for the more commonplace the event of a new-born egg became, the greater attention the hens were inclined to call to it. Possibly they also felt the spring-time impulse of all the feathered tribes to use their voice to the extent of its compass. The clatter was music to Alf and Johnnie, however, for gathering the eggs was one of their chief sources of revenue, and the hunting of nests—stolen so cunningly and cackled over so sillily—with their accumulated treasures was like prospecting for mines. The great basketful they brought in daily after their return from school proved that if the egg manufactory ran noisily, it did not run in vain. Occasionally their father gave them a peek into the dusky brooding-room. Under his thrifty management the majority of the nests were simply loose boxes, each inscribed with a number. When a biddy wished to sit, she was removed at night upon the nest, and the box was placed on a low shelf in the brooding-room. If she remained quiet and contented in the new location, eggs were placed under her, a note of the number of the box taken, the date, and the character of the eggs if they represented any special breed. By these simple precautions little was left to what Squire Bartley termed "luck." Some of the hens had been on the nest nearly three weeks, and eagerly did the children listen for the first faint peep that should announce the senior chick of the year.

Webb and Burt had already opened the campaign in the garden. On the black soil in the hot-bed, which had been made in a sheltered nook, were even now lines of cabbage, cauliflower, lettuce, tomatoes, etc. These nursling vegetables were cared for as Maggie had watched her babies. On mild sunny days the sash was shoved down, and air given. High winds and frosty nights prompted to careful covering and tucking away. The Cliffords were not of those who believe that pork, cabbage, and potatoes are a farmer's birthright, when by a small outlay of time and skill every delicacy can be enjoyed even in advance of the season. On a warm slope from which the frost ever took its earliest departure, pease, potatoes, and other hardy products of the garden were planted, and as the ground grew firm enough, the fertilizers of the barn-yard were carted to the designated places, whereon, by nature's alchemy, they would be transmuted into forms of use and beauty.

It so happened that the 1st of April was an ideal spring day. During the morning the brow of Storm King, still clothed with snow, was shrouded in mist, through which the light broke uncertainly in

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gleams of watery sunshine. There was a succession of showers, but so slight and mild that they were scarcely heeded by the busy workers, almost a profusion of half-formed rainbows, and such blending of atmosphere and cloud that it was hard to say where one began and the other ceased. On every twig, dead weed, and spire of withered grass hung innumerable drops that now were water and again pearls when touched by the inconstant sun. Sweet-fern grass abounded in the lawn, and from it exuded an indescribably delicious odor. The birds were so ecstatic in their songs, so constant in their calls, that one might think that they, like the children, were making the most of All-fools' Day, and playing endless pranks on each other. The robins acted as if nothing was left to be desired. They were at this time in all stages of relationship. Some had already paired, and were at work upon their domiciles, but more were in the blissful and excited state of courtship, and their conversational notes, woo-ings, and pleadings, as they warbled the *pros* and *cons*, were quite different from their matin and vesper songs. Not unfrequently there were two aspirants for the same claw or bill, and the rivals usually fought it out like their human neighbors in the olden time, the red-breasted object of their affections standing demurely aloof on the sward, quietly watching the contest with a sidelong look, undoubtedly conscious, however, of a little feminine exaltation that she should be sought thus fiercely by more than one. After all, the chief joy in the robin world that day resulted from the fact that the mild, humid air lured the earth-worms from their burrowing, and Amy laughed more than once as, from her window, she saw a little gourmand pulling at a worm, which clung so desperately to its hole that the bird at last almost fell over backward with its prize. Courtship, nest-building, family cares—nothing disturbs a robin's appetite, and it was indeed a sorry fools'-day for myriads of angle-worms that ventured out.

Managing a country place is like sailing a ship. One's labors are, or should be, much modified by the weather. This still day, when the leaves were heavy with moisture, afforded Webb the chance he had desired to rake the lawn and other grass-plots about the house, and store the material for future use. He was not one to attempt this task when the wind would half undo his labor.

In the afternoon the showery phase passed, and the sun shone with a misty brightness. Although so early in a backward season, the day was full of the suggestion of wild flowers, and Amy and the children started on their first search into nature's calendar of the seasons. Alf knew where to look for the earliest blossoms, and in the twilight the explorers returned with handfuls of hepatica and arbutus buds, which, from experience, they knew would bloom in a vase of water. Who has ever forgotten his childish exultation over the first wild flowers of the year! Pale, delicate little blossoms though they be, and most of them odorless, their memory grows sweet with our age.

Burt, who had been away to purchase a horse—he gave considerable of his time to the buying and selling of these animals—drove up as Amy approached the house, and pleaded for a spray of arbutus.

"But the buds are not open yet," she said.

"No matter; I should value the spray just as much, since you gathered it."

"Why, Burt," she cried, laughing, "on that principle I might as well give you a chip." But she gave him the buds and escaped.

"Amy," Webb asked at the supper table, "didn't you hear the peepers this afternoon while out walking?"

"Yes; and I asked Alf what they were. He said they were peepers, and that they always made a noise in the spring."

"Why, Alf," Webb resumed, in mock-gravity, "you should have told Amy that the sounds came from the *Hylodes pickeringii*."

"If that is all that you can tell me," said Amy, laughing, "I prefer Alf's explanation. I have known people to cover up their ignorance by big words before. Indeed, I think it is a way you scientists have."

"I must admit it; and yet that close observer, John Burroughs, gives a charming account of these little frogs that we call 'hylas' for short. Shy as they are, and quick to disappear when approached, he has seen them, as they climb out of the mud upon a sedge or stick in the marshes, inflate their throats until they 'suggest a little drummer-boy with his drum hung high.' In this bubble-like swelling at its

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throat the noise is made; and to me it is a welcome note of spring, although I have heard people speak of it as one of the most lonesome and melancholy of sounds. It is a common saying among old farmers that the peepers must be shut up three times by frost before we can expect steady spring weather. I believe that naturalists think that these little mites of frogs leave the mud and marshes later on, and become tree-toads. Let me give you a hint, Alf. Try to find out what you can at once about the things you see or hear: that's the way to get an education."

"May I not take the hint also?" Amy asked.

"Please don't think me a born pedagogue," he answered, smiling; "but you have no idea how fast we obtain knowledge of certain kinds if we follow up the object lessons presented every day."

Easter-Sunday came early in the month, and there had been great preparations for it, for with the Cliffords it was one of the chief festivals of the year. To the children was given a week's vacation, and they scoured the woods for all the arbutus that gave any promise of opening in time. Clumps of bloodroot, hepaticas, dicentras, dog-tooth violets, and lilies-of-the-valley had been taken up at the first relaxation of frost, and forced in the flower-room. Hyacinth and tulip bulbs, kept back the earlier part of the winter, were timed to bloom artificially at this season so sacred to flowers, and, under Mrs. Clifford's fostering care, all the exotics of the little conservatory had been stimulated to do their best to grace the day. On Saturday afternoon Mr. Barkdale's pulpit was embowered with plants and vines growing in pots, tubs, and rustic boxes, and the good man beamed upon the work, gaining meanwhile an inspiration that would put a soul into his words on the morrow.

No such brilliant morning dawned on the worship of the Saxon goddess Eostre, in cloudy, forest-clad England in the centuries long past, as broke over the eastern mountains on that sacred day. At half past five the sun looked over the shaggy summit of the Beacon, and the steel hues of the placid Hudson were changed into sparkling silver. A white mist rested on the water between Storm King, Break Neck, and Mount Morris. In the distance it appeared as if snow had drifted in and half filled the gorge of the Highlands. The orange and rose-tinted sky gradually deepened into an intense blue, and although the land was as bare and the forests were as gaunt as in December, a soft glamour over all proclaimed spring.

Spring also was in Amy's eyes, in the oval delicacy of her girlish face with its exquisite flush, in her quick deft hands and elastic step as she arranged baskets and vases of flowers. Webb watched her with his deep eyes, and his Easter worship began early in the day. True homage it was, because so involuntary, so unquestioning and devoid of analysis, so utterly free from the self-conscious spirit that expects a large and definite return for adoration. His sense of beauty, the poetic capabilities of his nature, were kindled. Like the flowers that seemed to know their place in a harmony of color when she touched them, Amy herself was emblematic of Easter, of its brightness and hopefulness, of the new richer spiritual life that was coming to him. He loved his homely work and calling as never before, because he saw how on every side it touched and blended with the beautiful and sacred. Its highest outcome was like the blossoms before him which had developed from a rank soil, dark roots, and prosaic woody stems. The grain he raised fed and matured the delicate human perfection shown in every graceful and unconscious pose of Amy. She was Nature's priestess interpreting to him a higher, gentler world which before he had seen but dimly—interpreting it all the more clearly because she made no effort to reveal it. She led the way, he followed, and the earth ceased to be an aggregate of forms and material forces. With his larger capabilities he might yet become her master, but now, with an utter absence of vanity, he recognized how much she was doing for him, how she was widening his horizon and uplifting his thoughts and motives, and he reverenced her as such men ever do a woman that leads them to a higher plane of life.

No such deep thoughts and vague homage perplexed Burt as he assisted Amy with attentions that were assiduous and almost garrulous. The brightness of the morning was in his handsome face, and the gladness of his buoyant temperament in his heart. Amy was just to his taste—pretty, piquant, rose-hued, and a trifle thorny too, at times, he thought. He believed that he loved her with a boundless devotion—at least it seemed so that morn-

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ing. It was delightful to be near her, to touch her hand occasionally as he handed her flowers, and to win smiles, arch looks, and even words that contained a minute prick like spines on the rose stems. He felt sure that his suit must prosper in time, and she was all the more fascinating because showing no sentimental tendencies to respond with a promptness that in other objects of his attention in the past had even proved embarrassing. She was a little conscious of Webb's silent observation, and looking up suddenly, caught an expression that deepened her color slightly.

"That for your thoughts," she said, tossing him a flower with sisterly freedom.

"Webb is pondering deeply," explained the observant Burt, "on the reflection of light as shown not only by the color in these flowers, but also in your cheeks under his fixed stare."

There was an access of rose-hued reflection at these words, but Webb rose quietly and said: "If you will let me keep the flower I will tell you my thoughts another time. They were quite suitable for Easter morning. That basket is now ready, and I will take it to the church."

Burt was soon dispatched with another, while she and Johnnie, who had been flitting about, eager and interested, followed with light and delicate vases. To their surprise, Mr. Alvord intercepted them near the church vestibule. He had never been seen at any place of worship, and there was a reserve and dignity in his manner which had prevented the most zealous from interfering with his habits. From the porch of his cottage he had seen Amy and the little girl approaching with their floral offerings. Nature's smile that morning had softened his bitter mood, and, obeying an impulse to look nearer upon two beings that belonged to another world than his, he joined them, and asked,

"Won't you let me see your flowers before you take them into the church?"

"Certainly," said Amy, cordially; "but there are lovelier ones on the pulpit; won't you come in and see them?"

He shook his head.

"What!" cried Johnnie, "not going to church to-day?" She had lost much of her fear of him, for in his rambles he often met her and Alf, and usually spoke to them. Moreover, she had seen him often at their fireside, and he ever had a smile for her. The morbid are often fearless with children, believing that, like the lower orders of life, they have little power to observe that anything is amiss, and therefore are neither apt to be repelled nor curious and suspicious. This in a sense is true, and yet their instincts are keen. But Mr. Alvord was not selfish or coarse; above all he was not harsh. To Johnnie he only seemed strange, quiet, and unhappy, and she had often heard her mother say, "Poor Mr. Alvord!" Therefore, when he said, "I don't go to church; if I had a little girl like you to sit by me, I might feel differently," her heart was touched, and she replied, impulsively: "I'll sit by you, Mr. Alvord. I'll sit with you all by ourselves, if you will only go to church to-day. Why, it's Easter."

"Mr. Alvord," said Amy, gently, "that's an unusual offer for shy Johnnie to make. You don't know what a compliment you have received, and I think you will make the child very happy if you comply."

"Could I make you happier by sitting with you in church to-day?" he asked, in a low voice, offering the child his hand.

"Yes," she replied, simply.

"Come, then. You lead the way, for you know best where to go." She gave her vase to Amy, and led him into a side seat near her father's pew—one that she had noted as unoccupied of late. "It's early yet. Do you mind sitting here until service begins?" he asked.

"Oh no. I like to sit here and look at the flowers;" and the first comers glanced wonderingly at the little girl and her companion, who was a stranger to them and to the sanctuary. Amy explained to Leonard and Maggie at the door when they arrived, and Easter-Sunday had new and sweeter meanings to them.

The spring had surely found its way into Mr. Barkdale's sermon also, and its leaves, as he turned them, were not autumn leaves, which, even though brilliant, suggest death and sad changes. One of his thoughts was much commented upon by the Cliffords, when, in good old country style, the sermon was spoken of at dinner. "The God we worship," he said, "is the God of life, of nature. In His own time and way He puts forth His power. We can employ this power and make it ours. Many of you will do this practically during the coming weeks. You sow seed, plant trees, and seek to shape others into symmetrical form by pruning-knife and saw. What is your expectation? Why, that the great power that is revivi-

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fying nature will take up the work where you leave off, and carry it forward. All the skill and science in the world could not create a field of waving grain, nor all the art one of these flowers. How immensely the power of God supplements the labor of man in those things which minister chiefly to his lower nature! Can you believe that He will put forth so much energy that the grain may mature and the flower bloom, and yet not exert far greater power that man himself may develop according to the capabilities of his being? The forces now exist in the earth and in the air to make the year fruitful, but you must intelligently avail yourself of them. You must sow, plant, and cultivate. The power ever exists that can redeem us from evil, heal the wounds that sin has made, and develop the manhood and womanhood that Heaven receives and rewards. With the same resolute intelligence you must lay hold upon this ever-present spiritual force if you would be lifted up."

After the service there were those who would ostentatiously recognize and encourage Mr. Alvord; but the Cliffords, with better breeding, quietly and cordially recognized him, and that was all. At the door he placed Johnnie's hand in her mother's, and gently said, "Good-by"; but the pleased smile of the child and Mrs. Leonard followed him. As he mounted his porch, other maternal eyes rested upon him, and the brooding robin on her nest seemed to say, with Maggie, "I am not afraid of you." Possibly to the lonely man this may prove Easter-Sunday in very truth, and hope, that he had thought buried forever, come from its grave.

In the afternoon all the young people started for the hills, gleaning the earliest flowers, and feasting their eyes on the sun-lighted landscapes veiled with the soft haze of the abundant moisture with which the air was charged. As the sun sank low in the many-hued west, and the eastern mountains clothed themselves in royal purple, Webb chanced to be alone, near Amy, and she said:

"You have had that flower all day, and I have not had your thoughts."

"Oh yes, you have—a great many of them."

"You know that isn't what I mean. You promised to tell me what you were thinking about so deeply this morning."

He looked at her smilingly a moment, and then his face grew gentle and grave as he replied: "I can scarcely explain, Amy. I am learning that thoughts which are not clear-cut and definite may make upon us the strongest impressions. They cause us to feel that there is much that we only half know and half understand as yet. You and your flowers seemed to interpret to me the meaning of this day as I never understood it before. Surely its deepest significance is life, happy, hopeful life, with escape from its grosser elements, and as you stood there you embodied that idea."

"Oh, Webb," she cried, in comic perplexity, "you are getting too deep for me. I was only arranging flowers, and not thinking about embodying anything. But go on."

"If you had been, you would have spoiled everything," he resumed, laughing. "I can't explain; I can only suggest the rest in a sentence or two. Look at the shadow creeping up yonder mountain—very dark blue on the lower side of the moving line and deep purple above. Listen to these birds around us. Well, every day I see and hear and appreciate these things better, and I thought that you were to blame."

"Am I very much to blame?" she inquired, archly.

"Yes, very much," was his laughing answer. "It seems to me that a few months since I was like the old man with the muck-rake in *Pilgrim's Progress*, seeking to gather only money, facts, and knowledge—things of use. I now am finding so much that is useful which I scarcely looked at before that I am revising my philosophy, and like it much better. The simple truth is, I needed just such a sister as you are to keep me from plodding."

Burt now appeared with a handful of rue-anemones, obtained by a rapid climb to a very sunny nook. They were the first of the season, and he justly believed that Amy would be delighted with them. But the words of Webb were more treasured, for they filled her with a pleased wonder. She had seen the changes herself to which he referred; but how could a simple girl wield such an influence over the grave, studious man? That was the puzzle of puzzles. It was an enigma that she would be long in solving, and yet the explanation was her own simplicity, her truthfulness to all the conditions of unaffected girlhood.

On the way to the house Webb delight-

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ed Johnnie and Alf by gathering sprays of the cherry, peach, pear, and plum, saying, "Put them in water by a sunny window, and see which will bloom first, these sprays or the trees out-of-doors." The supper table was graced by many woodland trophies—the "tawny pendants" of the alder that Thoreau said dusted his coat with sulphur-like pollen as he pressed through them to "look for mud-turtles," pussy willows now well developed, the hardy ferns, arbutus, and other harbingers of spring, while the flowers that had been brought back from the church filled the room with fragrance. To gentle Mrs. Clifford, dwelling as she ever must among the shadows of pain and disease, this was the happiest day of the year, for it pointed forward to immortal youth and strength, and she loved to see it decked and garlanded like a bride. And so Easter passed, and became a happy memory.

SESTINA.

WHEN from the portals of her paradise
Sweet Eve went forth an exile with sad heart,
She lingered at the thrice-barred gate in tears,
And to the guardian of that Eden fair,
As on her cheek there came and went the rose,
She weeping mourned the harshness of her fate.

"O angel," cried she, "bitter is the fate
That drives me from this fairest paradise,
And bids me wear life's rue, and not its rose!
Give me one flower to lay upon my heart
Before I wander through far lands less fair,
And drown all visions of my past in tears."

She ceased, but still flowed fast her silent tears
At memory of the waywardness of fate.
"Ah!" thought she, "young I am, 'tis true, and fair,
But shall I find another paradise?"
Then turning once again, with trembling heart
She spake: "O angel, but a rose—one rose!"

Within the angel's breast compassion rose
At sight of her sad face and falling tears,
The while her beauty touched his tender heart,
And knowing well the misery of her fate,
He gave the flower, a rose of paradise,
Because she was so very young and fair.

And since that time there may be flowers as fair,
But they must all yield fealty to the rose,
The red, red rose that bloomed in paradise,
That Eve in exile watered with her tears,
The only blossom in her cheerless fate,
The one flower in the desert of her heart.

And into every mortal's life and heart
There comes some time, in cloudy days or fair,
It matters not, to bless and light his fate
For one short space, the perfume of the rose,
And though the after years may bring but tears,
That moment's pleasure is of paradise.

O wondrous rose of love, most passing fair,
Whate'er our fate in earthly paradise,
Grant that our tears be dew-drops in thy heart!

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THE ERA OF GOOD FEELING.

MANY Presidents of the United States have served their country by remaining at Washington, but probably James Monroe was the only one who ever accomplished great good by going on an excursion. Few battles in the Revolution were of so much benefit to the nation as the journey which, in 1817, the President decided to undertake. There were two especial reasons for this beneficent result: the tour reconciled the people to the administration, and it reconciled the administration to what seemed the really alarming growth of the people.

The fact that Monroe was not generally held to be a very great man enhanced the value of this expedition. He had been an unfortunate diplomatist, retrieving his failures by good luck; as a soldier, he had blundered at Washington, and yet had retained enough of confidence to be talked of as probable commander of a Canadian invasion. All this was rather advantageous. It is sometimes a good thing when a ruler is not personally eminent enough to obscure his office. In such a case, what the man loses the office may gain. Wherever Washington went he was received as a father among grateful children; Adams had his admirers, Jefferson his adorers; Madison had carried through a war which, if not successful, was at least a drawn game. All these, had they undertaken what play-actors call "starring in the provinces," would have been received as stars, not as officials. Their applauses would have been given to the individual, not the President. But when Monroe travelled, it was simply the Chief Magistrate of the nation who met the eyes of men. He was not a star, but a member of the company, a stock actor, one of themselves. In the speeches with which he was everywhere received there was very little said about his personality; it was the head of the nation who was welcomed. Thus stripped of all individual prestige, the occasion appealed to every citizen. For the first time the people of the United States met their Chief Magistrate as such, and felt that they were a nation.

It was at the end of sixteen years of strife—political strife more bitter than can easily be paralleled in these calmer days. The result of this contest may in some respects have been doubtful, but on one point at least it was clear. It had extinguished the colonial theory of government, and substituted the national. Hamilton and the Federalists, with all their high qualities, had still disbelieved in all that lay beyond the domain of experience. But experience, as Coleridge said, is like the stern-lights of a ship, illumining only the track already passed over. Jefferson, with all his faults, had steered for the open sea. Madison's war had impoverished the nation, but had saved its self-respect. Henceforward the American flag was that of an independent people—a people ready to submit to nothing, even from England, which England would not tolerate in return. And it so happened that all the immediate honor of this increased self-respect belonged, or seemed to belong, to the party in power. Jefferson was the most pacific of men, except Madison; both dreaded a standing army, and shrank with reluctance from a navy; yet the laurels of both arms of the service, such as they were, went to Madison and Jefferson. The Federalists, who had begged for a navy, and had threatened to raise an army on their own account, now got no credit for either. That party held, on the whole, the best educated, the most high-minded, the most solvent part of the nation, yet it had been wrecked by its own want of faith. When in the Electoral College Monroe had 183 votes against 34 for Rufus King, it showed that the contest was at an end, and that the nation was ready to be soothed. Monroe was precisely the sedative to be applied, and his journey was the process of application.

So much for the people; but there were also solicitudes to be soothed among the nation's statesmen. Not only did the people need to learn confidence in their leaders, but the leaders in the people. It was not that republican government itself was on trial, but that its scale seemed so formidable. Nobody doubted that it was a thing available among a few mountain communities, like those of Switzerland. What even the Democratic statesmen of that day doubted—and they had plenty of reason for the doubt—was the possibility of applying self-government to the length and breadth of a continent peopled by many millions of men. They were not dismayed by the principle, but by its application; not by the philosophy, but the geography. Washington himself, we

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know, was opposed to undertaking the ownership of the Mississippi River; and Monroe, when a member of the Virginia Convention, had argued against the adoption of the United States Constitution for geographical reasons. "Consider," he said, "the territory lying between the Atlantic Ocean and the Mississippi. Its extent far exceeds that of the German Empire. It is larger than any territory that ever was under any one free government. It is too extensive to be governed but by a despotic monarchy." This was the view of James Monroe in 1788, at a time when he could have little dreamed of ever becoming President. He was heard with respect, for he had been one of the Virginia committeemen who had transferred the northwestern lands to the United States government, and he was one of the few who had personally visited them. Yet he had these fears, and the worst of the alarm was that it had some foundation. But for the unexpected alliances of railway and telegraph, does anybody believe that Maine, Louisiana, and California would to-day form part of the same nation? In the mean time, while waiting for those mighty coadjutors, the journey of Mr. Monroe relieved anxiety in a very different manner, by revealing the immense strength to which the national feeling had already grown. At any rate, after this experience he expressed no more solicitude. In his message on internal improvements, written five years after his journey, he described the American system of government as one "capable of expansion over a vast territory."

Monroe himself was now fifty-nine years old, and formed in physical appearance a marked contrast to the small size and neat, compact figure of his predecessor. He was six feet high, broad-shouldered, and rather raw-boned, with grayish-blue eyes, whose frank and pleasing expression is often mentioned by the writers of the period, and sometimes cited in illustration of Jefferson's remark that Monroe was "a man whose soul might be turned inside out without discovering a blemish to the world." He was dignified and courteous, but also modest, and even shy, so that his prevailing air was that of commonplace strength and respectable mediocrity. After all the political excitements of the past dozen years, nothing could be more satisfactory than this. People saw in him a plain Virginia farmer addressing audiences still mainly agricultural. Ralph Waldo Emerson once said to me, when looking for the first time on John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, then at the height of a rather brief eminence: "What an average man he is! He looks just like five hundred other men. That must be the secret of his power." It was precisely thus with Monroe. He had in his cabinet men of talents far beyond his own—Adams, Calhoun, Crawford, Wirt; Jefferson and Madison yet lived, his friends and counsellors; Jackson, Clay, Webster, and Benton were just coming forward into public life; but none of all these gifted men could have re-assured the nation by their mere aspect, in travelling through it, as he did. Each of these men, if President, would have been something more than the typical official. Monroe precisely filled the chair, and stood for the office, not for himself.

He left Washington June 2, 1817, accompanied only by his private secretary, Mr. Mason, and by General Joseph G. Swift, the Chief Engineer of the War Department. The ostensible object of his journey was to inspect the national defenses. This explained his choice of a companion, and gave him at each point an aim beyond the reception of courtesies. With this nominal errand he travelled through Maryland to New York City, traversed Connecticut and Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine, then a district only. He went southward through Vermont, visited the fortifications at Plattsburg, travelled through the forests to the St. Lawrence, inspected Sackett's Harbor and Fort Niagara; went to Buffalo, and sailed through Lake Erie to Detroit. Thence he turned eastward again, returning through Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. He reached home September 17, after an absence of more than three months.

During all this trip there occurred not one circumstance to mar the reception of the President, though there were plenty of hardships to test his endurance. Everywhere he was greeted with triumphal arches, groups of school-children, cavalcades of mounted citizens, and the roar of cannon. The Governor of Massachusetts, by order of the Legislature, provided him with a military escort from border to border; no other State apparently did this, though the Governor of New Hampshire apologized for not having official author-

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ity to follow the example. Everywhere there were addresses of welcome by eminent citizens. Everywhere the President made answer. Clad in the undress uniform of a Revolutionary officer—blue coat, light under-clothes, and cocked hat—he stood before the people a portly and imposing figure, well representing the men who won American freedom in arms. His replies, many of which are duly reported, seem now laudably commonplace and reasonably brief; but they were held at the time to be "elegant and impressive."

We see a lingering trace of the more ceremonial period of Washington and Adams when the semi-official historian of his travels reports that in approaching Dartmouth, New Hampshire, "although the road was shrouded in clouds of dust, he *condescended* to leave his carriage and make his entry on horseback." The more eminent Federalist leaders, except Mr. H. G. Otis, took apparently no conspicuous part in the reception; but their place was supplied by others. Elder Goodrich of the Enfield (New Hampshire) Shakers, addressed him with "I, James Goodrich, welcome James Monroe to our habitations"; and the young ladies of the Windsor (Vermont) Female Academy closed their address by saying, "That success may crown all your exertions for the public good is the ardent wish of many a patriotic though youthful female bosom." Later, when traversing "the majestic forests" near Ogdensburg, New York, "his attention was suddenly attracted by an elegant collation, fitted up in a superior style by the officers of the army and the citizens of the country. He partook of it with a heart beating in unison with those of his patriotic countrymen by whom he was surrounded, and acknowledged this unexpected and romantic civility with an unaffected and dignified complaisance."

Philadelphia had at this time a population of 60,000 inhabitants; New York, of 100,000; Baltimore, of 55,000; Boston, of about 40,000; Providence, of 10,000; Hartford and Pittsburgh, of 6000 each; Cincinnati, of 7000; St. Louis, of 3500; Chicago was but a fort. The Ohio River was described by those who narrated this journey as an obscure and remote stream that had "for nearly 6000 years rolled in silent majesty through the towering forests of the New World." "It would not be," says a writer of that period, "the madness of a deranged imagination to conclude that this stream in process of time will become as much celebrated as the Ganges of Asia, the Nile of Africa, and the Danube of Europe. In giving this future importance to the Ohio, the Mississippi and the Missouri can not be forgotten as exceeding it in length and in importance. These astonishing streams may hereafter, as civilization progresses in the present wilds of the American republic, become rivals to the Ohio." When we consider that the region thus vaguely indicated is now the centre of population for the nation, we learn what a little world it was, after all, which was embraced in the Presidential tour of James Monroe. Even of that little world, however, he did not see the whole during these travels. We know from a letter of Crawford to Gallatin, quoted by Mr. Gilman, that a good deal of jealousy was felt in the Southern States at Monroe's "apparent acquiescence in the seeming man-worship" at the North, and Crawford thinks that while the President had gained in health by the trip, he had "lost as much as he had gained in popularity." The gain was, however, made where he most needed it, and another tour to Augusta, Nashville, and Louisville soon restored the balance.

The President being established at the seat of government, the fruits of his enlarged popularity were seen in the tranquillity and order of his administration. The most fortunate of Presidents, he was aided by the general longing for peace. He was yet more strengthened by the fact that he was at the same time governing through a Democratic organization and on Federalist principles. Nominally he held the legitimate succession to Jefferson, having followed, like Madison, through the intermediate position, that of Secretary of State, which was in those days what the position of Prince of Wales was and is in England. But when it came to political opinions, we can now see that all which Federalism had urged—a strong government, a navy, a national bank, a protective tariff, internal improvements, a liberal construction of the Constitution—all these had become also Democratic doctrines. Were it not for their traditional reverence for Jefferson's name, it would sometimes have been hard to tell Madison or Monroe from a Federalist. In a free country, when a party disappears, it is usually because the other side has absorbed its principles. So it was here, and we never can understand

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the extinction of Federalism unless we bear this fact in mind. In the excitement of contest the combatants had already changed weapons, and Federalism had been killed, like Laertes in *Hamlet*, by its own sword. For the time being, as Crawford wrote, all were Federalists, all Republicans.

Henry Clay, who remains to us as a mere tradition of winning manners and ready eloquence, was almost unanimously elected, and re-elected, as Speaker of the House. But Clay was a Federalist without knowing it; he wished to strengthen the army, to increase the navy, to make the tariff protective, to recognize and support the South American republics. General Jackson too, the chief military hero of the period, developed the national feeling in a way that Jefferson would once have disapproved, by entering the territory of Spanish Florida (in 1818) to fight the Seminoles, and by putting to death as "outlaws and pirates" two British subjects, Arbuthnot and Ambrister, who led the Indians. Then the purchase of Florida for five millions was another bold step on the part of the central government, following a precedent which had seemed very questionable when Jefferson had annexed Louisiana. While buying this the nation ceded what was afterward Texas; and all of this annexing or giving away on the part of the nation built up more and more the national feeling—which was the bequest of Federalism—as distinct from the separate State feeling which was the original Democratic stock in trade.

It is the crowning proof of the pacified condition to which parties were coming that this peace survived what would have been, under other circumstances, a signal of war—the first and sudden appearance of the vexed question of slavery. It came upon the nation, as Jefferson said, "like a fire-ball in the night." It had slumbered since the adoption of the Constitution, and came up as an incident of the great emigration westward. For a time, in admitting new States, it was very easy to regard the Ohio River as a sort of dividing line, and to alternately admit a new Free State above it and a new Slave State below it. In this way had successively come in Louisiana (1812), Indiana (1816), Mississippi (1817), Illinois (1818), Alabama (1819). But when the process reached Maine and Missouri the struggle began. Should slavery extend beyond the Ohio border into the great Louisiana purchase? Again was every aspect of the slavery question debated with ardor, Rufus King leading one side, John Randolph the other, each side invoking the traditions of the fathers, and claiming to secure the safety of the nation. "At our evening parties," says John Quincy Adams in his diary, "we hear of nothing but the Missouri question and Mr. King's speeches." The contest was ended by Mr. Clay's great effort of skill, known in history as the Missouri Compromise. The result was to admit both Maine (1820), and Missouri (1821), with a provision thenceforward excluding slavery north of the line of 36° 30′, the southern boundary of Missouri. John Randolph called it "a dirty bargain," and christened those Northern men who had formed it "dough-faces"—a word which became thereafter a part of the political slang of the nation.

Monroe, in a private letter written about this time (February 15, 1820), declared his belief that "the majority of States, of physical force, and eventually of votes in both Houses," would be ultimately "on the side of the non-slave-holding States." As a moderate Virginia slave-holder, he recognized this as the probable condition of affairs. On the other hand, John Quincy Adams, strong in antislavery feeling, voted for the compromise, and afterward expressed some misgivings about it. He held it to be all that could have been effected under the Constitution, and he shrank from risking the safety of the Union. "If the Union must be dissolved," he said, "the slavery question is precisely the question upon which it ought to break. *For the present, however, this contest is laid to sleep.*" And it slept for many years.

During two sessions of Congress the Missouri question troubled the newly found quiet of the nation, but it did not make so much as a ripple on the surface of the President's popularity. In 1820 the re-election of Monroe would have been absolutely unanimous had not one dissatisfied elector given his vote for John Quincy Adams, the tradition being that this man did not wish any other President to rival Washington in unanimity of choice. The Vice-President, Daniel D. Tompkins, was re-elected with less complete cordiality, there being fourteen votes against him in the Electoral College. Then fol-

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lowed the second administration of Monroe, to which was given, perhaps by the President himself, a name which has secured for the whole period a kind of peaceful eminence. It was probably fixed and made permanent by two lines in Halleck's once famous poem of "Alnwick Castle," evidently written during the poet's residence in England in 1822–3. Speaking of the change from the feudal to the commercial spirit, he says:

> "'Tis what 'our President,' Monroe,
> Has called 'the era of good feeling.'
> The Highlander, the bitterest foe
> To modern laws, has felt their blow,
> Consented to be taxed, and vote,
> And put on pantaloons and coat,
> And leave off cattle-stealing."

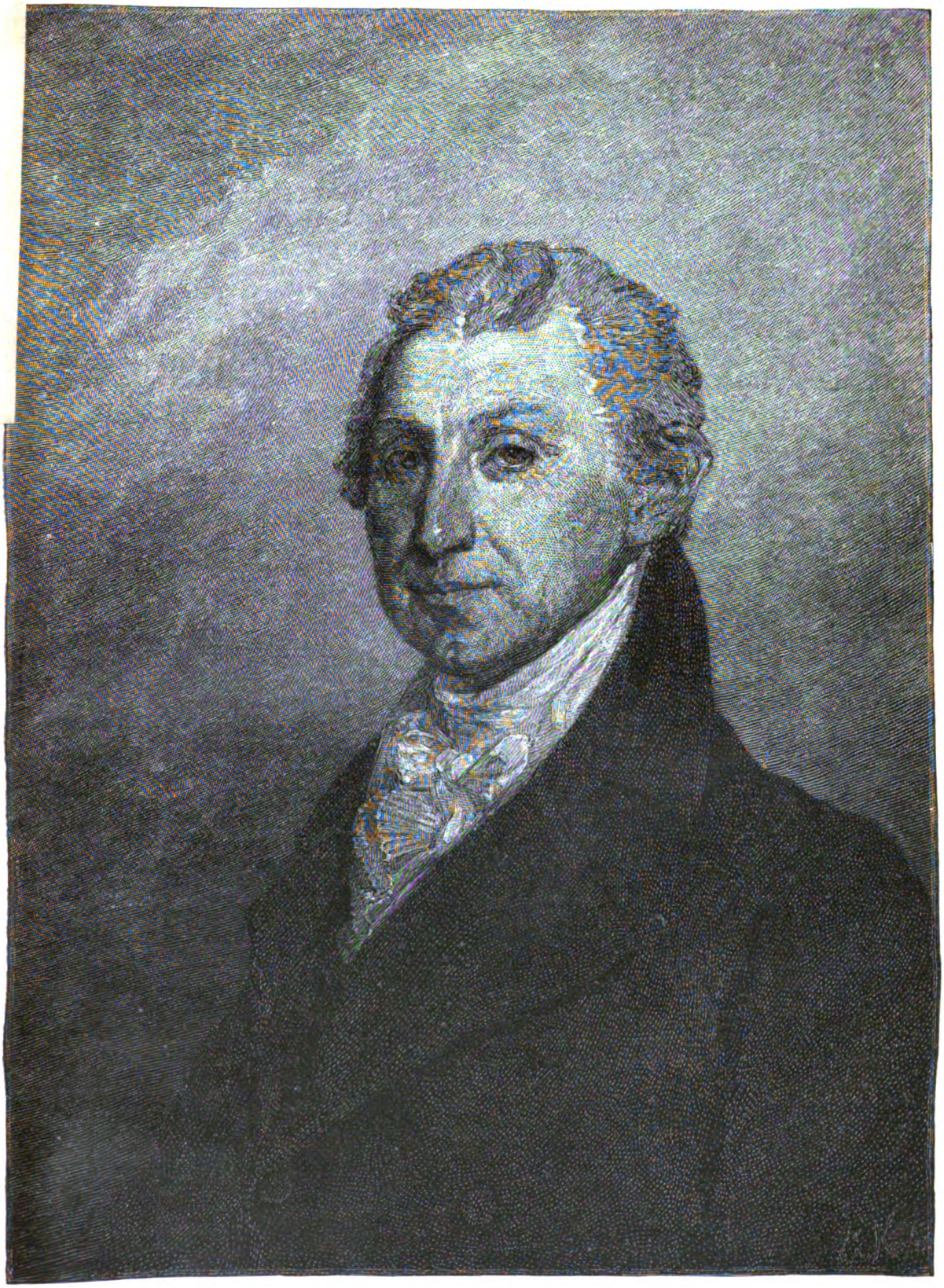
It would seem from this verse that Monroe himself was credited with the authorship of the phrase; but I have been unable to find it in his published speeches or messages, and it is possible that it may be of newspaper origin, and that Halleck, writing in England, may have fathered it on the President himself. This is the more likely because even so mild a flavor of facetiousness as this was foreign to the character of Monroe.

Under these soothing influences, at any rate, the nation, and especially its capital city, made some progress in the amenities and refinements of life. It was a period when the social etiquette of Washington was going through some changes; the population was growing larger, the classes were less distinct, the social duties of high officials more onerous. The diary of John Quincy Adams records cabinet meetings devoted to the momentous question who should make the first call, and who should be included in the official visiting lists. Mrs. Monroe, without a cabinet council, made up her own mind to retrench some of those profuse civilities with which her predecessor had fatigued herself. Mrs. Madison, a large, heavy, kindly dame, had retired from office equally regretted by the poor of Washington and by its high life; but she had gained this popularity at a severe cost. She had called on all conspicuous strangers; Mrs. Monroe intended to call on nobody. Mrs. Madison had been always ready for visitors when at home; her successor proposed to receive nobody save at her regular levees. The ex-Presidentess had presided at her husband's dinner parties, and had invited the wives of all the men who were to be guests; Mrs. Monroe staid away from the dinner parties, and so the wives were left at home. Add to this that her health was by no means strong, and it is plain that there was great ground for a spasm of unpopularity. She, however, outlived it, and re-established her social relations, gave fortnightly receptions, and won much admiration, which she probably deserved. She was by birth a Miss Kortwright, of New York, a niece of General Knox, and when she accompanied her husband on his embassy to Paris she had there been known as "la belle Américaine." She was pronounced by observers in later life to be "a most regal-looking lady," and her manners were described as "very gracious." At her final levee in the White House "her dress was superb black velvet; neck and arms bare, and beautifully formed; her hair in puffs, and dressed high on the head, and ornamented with white ostrich plumes; around her neck an elegant pearl necklace." Her two fair daughters—her only children, Mrs. Hay and Mrs. Gouverneur—assisted at this reception.

Such was the hostess, but her drawing-rooms, by all contemporary accounts, afforded a curious social medley. The well-defined gentry of the Revolutionary period was disappearing, and the higher average of dress and manners had not begun to show itself—that higher average which has since been rapidly developed by the influence of railroads and newspapers, joined with much foreign travel and a great increase in wealth. It was a period when John Randolph was allowed to come to dinner parties "in a rough, coarse, short hunting coat, with small-clothes and boots, and over his boots a pair of coarse coating leggings, tied with strings around his legs." At Presidential receptions, in the words of an eye-witness, "ambassadors and consuls, members of Congress and officers of the army and navy, greasy boots and silk stockings, Virginia buckskins and Yankee cowhides, all mingled in ill-assorted and fantastic groups."

Houses in Washington had become much larger than formerly, and a similar expansion had been seen in the scale of entertainments. It is not uncommon to find records of evening parties at which five or six hundred persons were present, filling five or six rooms. When John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State,

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JAMES MONROE.

From the painting by Gilbert Stuart, owned by T. Jefferson Coolidge, Esq., Boston.

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gave a reception to the newly arrived hero, General Andrew Jackson, eight rooms were opened, and there were a thousand guests. It was regarded as the finest entertainment ever given in Washington, and showed, in the opinion of Mr. Mills, of Massachusetts, then a Congressman, "taste, elegance, and good sense" on the part of Mrs. Adams; and elsewhere he pronounces her "a very pleasant and agreeable woman," but adds, "the Secretary has no talent to entertain a mixed company, either by conversation or manners." Other agreeable houses were those of Mr. Bagot, the British Minister, whose wife was a niece of the Duke of Wellington, and M. Hyde de Neuville, the French Minister, each having a weekly reception, while the receptions at the White House took place but once a fortnight. At these entertainments they had music, cards, and dancing—country-dances, cotillions, with an occasional Scotch reel, or sometimes the newly arrived waltz, as yet performed only by visitors from abroad. It was noticed with some surprise that even New England ladies would accept the hospitalities of Madame De Neuville on Saturday evenings, and would dance on what they had been educated to regard as holy time.

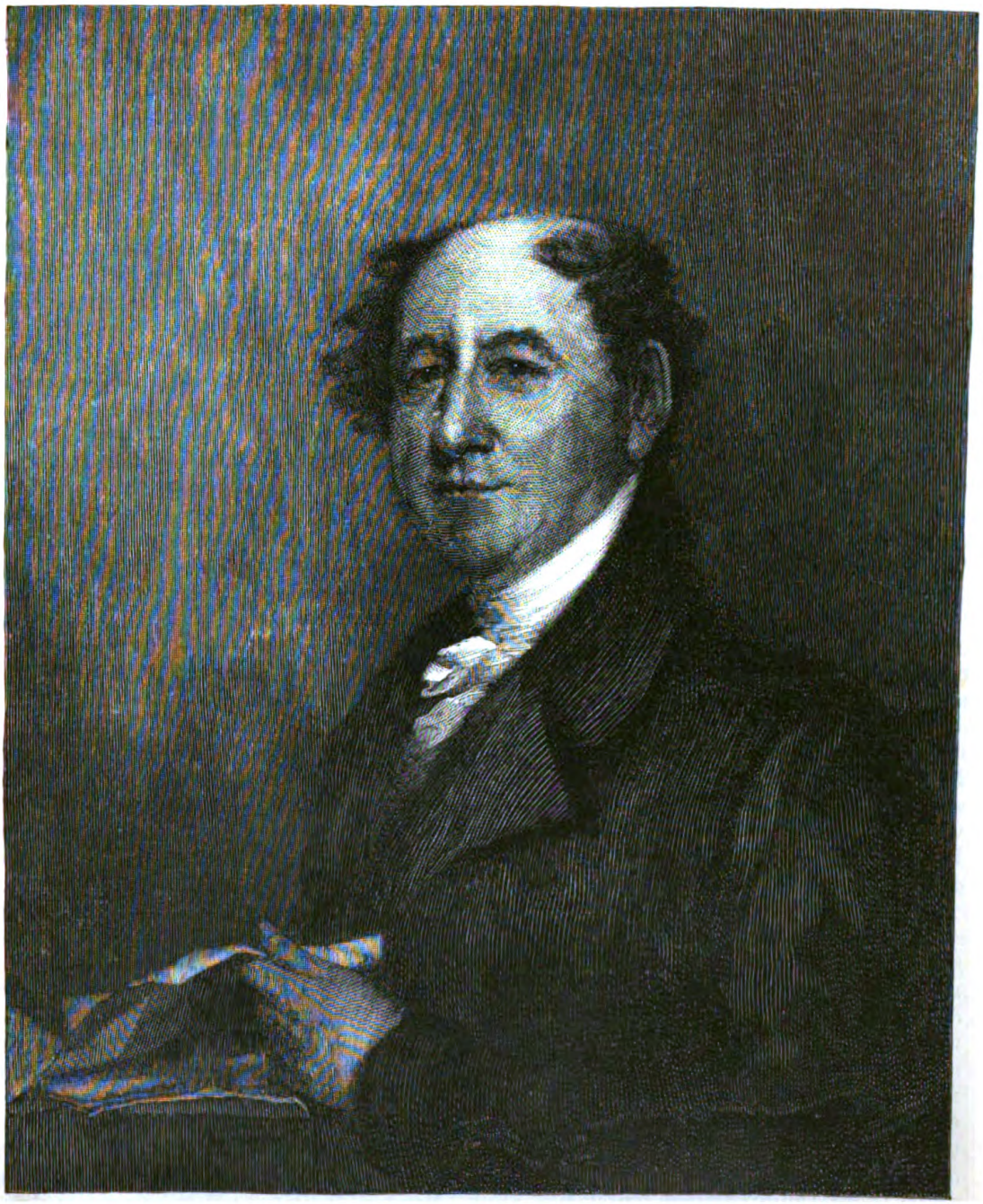
Among the most conspicuous of these ladies—for eccentricity at least—was Mrs. Jonathan Russell, of Boston; the reigning belle seems to have been the wife of Commodore Hull; and one of the most conspicuous figures was Miss Randolph, of Virginia, daughter of the Governor of that State, and granddaughter of ex-President Jefferson—a damsel who had plenty of brains, and could talk politics with anybody, but was no favorite with the ladies. Among the men, John Randolph was the most brilliant and interesting, and all the more so from his waywardness and insolence. In public life he preceded Calhoun in the opinions which have made the latter famous; and in private life he could, if he chose, be delightful. "He is now," Mr. Mills writes to his wife in 1822, "what he used to be in his best days—in good spirits, with fine manners and the most fascinating conversation. I would give more to have you see *him* than any man living on the earth." Add to these Messrs. Clay, Webster, Crawford, Van Buren, Rufus King, and many other men of marked ability, but varied social aptitude, and we have the Washington of that day. By way of background there was the ever-present shadow of slavery; and there were occasional visits from Indian delegations, who gave war-dances before the White House in the full glory of nakedness and paint.

In considering this social development we must remember that under Monroe's administration American literature may be said to have had its birth. Until about his time prose and verse were mainly political; and the most liberal modern collection would hardly now borrow a single poem from the little volume called the *Columbian Oracle*, in which were gathered, during the year 1794, the choicest effusions of Dwight and Humphreys, Barlow and Freneau. Fisher Ames, perhaps the most accomplished of the Federalists, and the only one who took the pains to make "American Literature" the theme of an essay, had declared, in 1808, that such a literary product would never exist until the course of democracy should be ended, and despotism should have taken its place. "Shall we match Joel Barlow against Homer or Hesiod?" he asked. "Can Thomas Paine contend with Plato?.... Liberty has never lasted long in a democracy, nor has it ever ended in anything better than despotism. With the change of our government, our manners and sentiments will change. As soon as our emperor has destroyed his rivals and established order in his army, he will desire to see splendor in his court, and to occupy his subjects with the cultivation of the sciences."

It was something when the matter of a national literature came to be treated, not thus despairingly, but jocosely. This progress found a voice, four years later, in Edward Everett, who, in his Cambridge poem on "American Poets" (1812), prophesied with a little more of hope. He portrayed, indeed, with some humor, the difficulties of the native bard, since he must deal with the Indian names, of which nobody then dreamed that they could ever be thought tuneful.

"A different scene our native poet shames
With barbarous titles and with savage names.
When the warm bard his country's worth would tell,
Lo Mas-sa-chu-setts' length his lines must swell.
Would he the gallant tales of war rehearse,
'Tis graceful Bunker fills the polished verse.
Sings he, dear land, those lakes and streams of
thine,
Some mild Memphremagog murmurs in his line,
Some Ameriscoggin dashes by his way,
Or smooth Connecticut softens in his lay.

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RUFUS KING.

From the painting by Gilbert Stuart, owned by A. Gracie King, Esq.

Would he one verse of easy movement frame,
The map will meet him with a hopeless name;
Nor can his pencil sketch one perfect act
But vulgar history mocks him with a fact."

Still, he thought, something might be done by-and-by, even with materials so rough:

"Oh yes! in future days our western lyres,
Tuned to new themes, shall glow with purer fires,
Clothed with the charms, to grace their later rhyme,
Of every former age and foreign clime.
Then Homer's arms shall ring in Bunker's shock,
And Virgil's wanderer land on Plymouth rock;
Then Dante's knights before Quebec shall fall,
And Charles's trump on train-band chieftains call.
Our mobs shall wear the wreaths of Tasso's Moors,
And Barbary's coast shall yield to Baltimore's.
Here our own bays some native Pope shall grace,
And lovelier beauties fill Belinda's place."

It was all greatly applauded, no doubt, as in the best vein of the classic Everett;

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and it was in Monroe's time, five or ten years later, that the fulfillment actually began. He certainly could not be called an emperor, nor could his court be termed splendid; yet it was under this plain potentate that a national literature was born.

The English Sydney Smith wrote in 1818, one year after Monroe's accession to office: "There does not appear to be in America at this time one man of any considerable talents." But an acuter and severer literary critic, Lord Jeffrey, wrote, four years later (January 27, 1822): "The true hope of the world is with you in America—in your example now, and in fifty years more, I hope, your influence and actual power." It was midway between these two dates that the veteran publisher Mr. S. G. Goodrich, in his *Recollections*, placed the birth-time of a national literature. "During this period," he says, "we began to have confidence in American genius, and to dream of literary ambition." The *North American Review* was established in 1815; Bryant's "Thanatopsis" appeared in 1817; Irving's *Sketch-Book* in 1818; Cooper's *Spy* in 1822. When Monroe went out of office, in 1825, Emerson was teaching school, Whittier was at work on his father's farm, Hawthorne and Longfellow were about to graduate from college; but American literature was born.

People still maintained—as a few yet hold—that these various authors succeeded in spite of the national atmosphere, not by means of it. It seems to me easy to show, on the contrary, that they all impressed themselves on the world chiefly by using the materials they found at home. Longfellow, at first steeped in European influences, gained in strength from the time he touched his native soil; nor did he find any difficulty in weaving into melodious verse those Indian names which had appalled Mr. Everett. Irving, the most exotic of all these writers, really made his reputation by his use of what has been called "the Knickerbocker legend." He did not create the traditions of the Hudson; they created him. Mrs. Josiah Quincy, sailing up that river in 1786, when Irving was a child three years old, records that the captain of the sloop had a legend, either supernatural or traditional, for every scene, "and not a mountain reared its head unconnected with some marvellous story." The legends were all there ready for Irving, just as the New England legends were waiting for Whittier. Once let the man of genius be born, and his own soil was quite able to furnish the food that should rear him.

Apart from this social and literary progress, two especial points marked the administration of Monroe, both being matters whose importance turned out to be far greater than any one had suspected. The first was the introduction of a definite term of office for minor civil officers. When the First Congress asserted the right of the President to remove such officials at all, it was thought a dangerous power. In practice that power had been but little used, and scarcely ever for political purposes, when William H. Crawford, Secretary of the Treasury, was touched with the Presidential fever. Most of the minor officials being then in his department, he conceived the plan of pushing through a bill to make them removable every four years. It seemed harmless. The apparent object was to get rid of untrustworthy revenue officers. It was enacted with so little discussion that Benton's *Abridgment of Debates* does not mention its passage. It was signed by the President "unwarily," as John Quincy Adams tells us, on May 15, 1820; and instantly, as the same authority asserts, all the Treasury officials became "ardent Crawfordites." Jefferson and Madison utterly disapproved of the new system; so did Adams, so did Calhoun, so did Webster; but it has remained unchanged until this day, for good or for evil.

It so happens that this law has never until lately been identified with the period of Monroe; it was enacted so quietly that its birthday was forgotten. Not so with another measure, which was not indeed a law, but simply the laying down of a principle, ever since known as the "Monroe doctrine"; this being simply a demand of non-interference by foreign nations with the affairs of the two American continents. There has been a good deal of dispute as to the real authorship of this announcement, Mr. C. F. Adams claiming it for his father, and Charles Sumner for the English statesman Canning. Mr. Gilman, however, in his late memoir of President Monroe, has shown with exhaustive research that this doctrine had grown up gradually into a national tradition before Monroe's time, and that he merely formulated it, and made it a matter of distinct record. The whole statement is contained in a few detached

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JUDITH SHAKESPEARE:

HER LOVE AFFAIRS AND OTHER ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER XIII.

A HERALD MERCURY.

THE distance between this luxuriant garden, all radiant and glowing in light and color, and the small and darkened inner room of the cottage, was but a matter of a few yards; yet in that brief space, so alert was her brain, she had time to reconsider much. And, with her, pride or anger was always of short duration, the sunny cheerfulness of her nature refusing to harbor such uncongenial guests. Why, she asked herself, should she take umbrage at the somewhat too open neglect that had just been shown her? Was it not tending in the very direction she had herself desired? Had she not begged and prayed him to give Prudence the little spaniel-gentle? Nay, had she not willfully gone and buried in the church-yard the bit of rosemary that he had sent her to keep, putting it away from her with the chance of its summoning an unknown lover? So now, she said to herself, she would presently come out again to the poor affrighted Prudence, and would reassure her, and congratulate her, moreover, with words of good cheer and comfort for the future.

And then again, in this lightning-like survey of the situation, she was conscious that she was becomingly dressed—and right glad indeed that she had chanced to put on the gray velvet cap with the brass beads and the curling feather; and she knew that the young gentleman would be courteous and civil, with admiring eyes. Moreover, she had a vague impression that he was somewhat too much given to speak of Ben Jonson; and she hoped for some opportunity to let him understand that her father was one of good estate, and much thought of by every one around, whose daughter knew what was due to his position, and could conduct herself not at all as a country wench. And so it was that the next minute found her in the twilight of the room; and there, truly enough, he was, standing at the small window.

"Give ye good welcome, sir," said she.

"What! fair Mistress Judith?" he said, as he quickly turned round. And he would have come forward and kissed her hand, perchance, but that a moment's hesitation prevented him.

"It may be that I have offended you," said he, diffidently.

"In what, good sir?"

She was quite at her ease; the little touch of modest color in her face could scarcely be attributed to rustic shyness; it was but natural; and it added to the gentleness of her look.

"Nay, then, sweet lady, 'twas but a lack of courage that I would ask you to pardon," said he—though he did not seem conscious of heavy guilt, to judge by the way in which his black and eloquent eyes regarded Judith's face and the prettinesses of her costume. "There was a promise that I should communicate with you if I returned to this part of the country; but I found myself not bold enough to take advantage of your kindness. However, fortune has been my friend, since again I meet you; 'tis the luckiest chance; I but asked your good grandmother here for a cup of water as I passed, and she would have me take a cup of milk instead; and then she bade me to come in out of the heat for a space—which I was nothing loath to do, as you may guess; and here have I been taking up the good lady's time with I know not what of idle gossip—"

"But sit ye down, grandchild," the good dame said; "and you, sir, pray sit you down. Here, wench," she called to the little maid that was her sole domestic; "go fill this jug from the best barrel."

And then she herself proceeded to get down from the high wooden rail some of the pewter trenchers that shone there like a row of white moons in the dusk; and these she placed on the table, with one or two knives; and then she began to get forth cakes, a cheese, a ham, some spiced bread, the half of a cold gooseberry-tart, and what not.

"'Tis not every day we come by a visitor in these quiet parts," said she—"ay, good sir, and one that is not afraid to speak out his mind. Nay, nay, grandchild, I tell thee sit thee down; thou art too fine a madam this morning to meddle wi' kitchen matters. Tell the gentleman I be rather deaf; but I thank him for his good company. Sit ye down, sweeting; sooth, you look bravely this morning."

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"THEN HE BOWED LOW AGAIN AND WITHDREW."—[SEE PAGE 954.]

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"Have I pleased you at last, grandmother?—'tis a miracle, surely," she said, with a smile; and then she turned gravely to entertain the old dame's visitor. "I hope your fortunes have mended, sir," said she.

"In a measure—somewhat; but still I am forced to take heed—"

"Perchance you have still the letter to my father?" she asked.

"Nay, madam, I considered it a prudent thing to destroy it—little as that was in my heart."

"I had thought on your next coming to the neighborhood that you would have taken the chance to make my father's friendship," said she, and not without some secret disappointment; for she was anxious that this acquaintance of Ben Jonson's should see the New Place, with all its tapestries, and carved wood, and silver-gilt bowls; with its large fair garden, too, and substantial barns and stables. Perhaps she would have had him carry the tale to London? There were some things (she considered) quite as fine as the trumpery masques and mummeries of the court that the London people seemed to talk about. She would have liked him to see her father at the head of his own table, with her mother's napery shining, and plenty of good friends round the board, and her father drinking to the health of Bess Hall out of the silver-topped tankard that Thomas Combe, and Russell, and Sadler, and Julius Shawe, and the rest of them, had given him on his last birthday. Or perchance she would have had him see her father riding through the town of Stratford with some of these good neighbors (and who the handsomest of all the company? she would make bold to ask), with this one and that praising the Evesham roan, and the wagoners as they passed touching their caps to "worthy Malister Shacksper." Ben Jonson! Well, she had seen Ben Jonson. There was not a maid in the town would have looked his way. Whereas, if there were any secret enchantments going forward on Hallowmas-eve (and she knew of such, if the ministers did not), and if the young damsels were called on to form a shape in their brain as they prayed for the handsome lover that was to be sent them in the future, she was well aware what type of man they would choose from amongst those familiar to them; and also it had more than once reached her ears that the young fellows would jokingly say among themselves that right well it was that Master Shakespeare was married and in safe-keeping, else they would never have a chance. In the mean while, and with much courtesy, this young gentleman was endeavoring to explain to her why it was he dared not go near Stratford town.

"Truly, sweet Mistress Judith," said he, in his suave voice, and with modestly downcast eyes, "it is a disappointment to me in more regards than one; perchance I dare not say how much. But in these times one has to see that one's own misfortunes may not prove harmful to one's friends; and then again, ever since the French King's murder, they are becoming harder and harder against any one, however innocent he may be, that is under suspicion. And whom do they not suspect? The Parliament have entreated the King to be more careful of his safety; and the recusants—as they call those that have some regard for the faith they were brought up in—must not appear within ten miles of the court. Nay, they are ordered to betake themselves to their own dwellings; and by the last proclamation all Roman priests, Jesuits, and seminaries are banished the kingdom. I wonder not your good grandmother should have a word of pity for them that are harried this way and that for conscience' sake."

"I say naught, I say naught; 'twere well to keep a still tongue," the old dame said, being still busy with the table. "But I have heard there wur more peace and quiet in former days when there wur but one faith in the land; ay, and good tending of the poor folk by the monks and the rich houses."

However, the chance reference to the French King had suddenly recalled to Judith that Prudence was waiting her in the garden; and her conscience smote her for her neglect; while she was determined that so favorable an opportunity should not be lost of banishing once and forever her dear gossip's cruel suspicions. So she rose.

"I crave your pardon, good sir," said she, "if I leave you for a moment to seek my gossip Prudence Shawe, that was to wait for me in the garden. I would have you acquainted with each other; but pray you, sir, forbear to say anything against the Puritan section of the church, for she is well inclined that way, and she has a heart that is easily wounded."

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"And thank you for the caution, fair Mistress Judith," said he; and he rose, and bowed low, and stood hat in hand until she had left the apartment.

At first, so blinding was the glare of light and color, she could hardly see; but presently, when her eyes were less dazzled, she looked everywhere, and found the garden quite empty. She called; there was no answer. She went down to the little gate; there was no one in the road. And so, taking it for granted that Prudence had sought safety in flight, and was now back in Stratford town, or on the way thither, she returned into the cottage with a light heart, and well content to hear what news was abroad.

"Pray you, sir," said old Mistress Hathaway, "sit in to the table; and you, grandchild, come your ways. If the fare be poor, the welcome is hearty. What, then, Judith? Dined already, sayst thou? Body o' me, a fresh-colored young wench like you should be ready for your dinner at any time. Well, well, sit thee in, and grace the table; and you shall sip a cup of claret for the sake of good company."

Master Leofric Hope, on the other hand, was not at all backward in applying himself to this extemporized meal; on the contrary, he did it such justice as fairly warmed the old dame's heart. And he drank to her, moreover, bending low over his cup of ale; but he did not do the like by Judith—for some reason or another. And all the while he was telling them of the affairs of the town; as to how there was much talking of the new river that was to bring water from some ten or twelve miles off, and how one Middleton was far advanced with the cutting of it, although many were against it, and would have the project overthrown altogether. Of these and similar matters he spoke right pleasantly, and the old dame was greatly interested; but Judith grew to think it strange that so much should be said about public affairs, and what the people were talking about, and yet no mention made of her father. And so it came about, when he went on to tell them of the new ship of war that so many were going to see at Woolwich, and that the King made so much of, she said:

"Oh, my father knows all about that ship. 'Twas but the other day I heard him and Master Combe speak of it; and of the King too; and my father said, 'Poor man, 'tis a far smaller ship than that he will make his last voyage in.'"

"Said he that of the King?"

She looked up in quick alarm.

"But as he would have said it of me, or of you, or of any one," she exclaimed. "Nay, my father is well inclined toward the King, though he be not as much at the court as some, nor caring to make pageants for the court ladies and their attendants and followers."

If there were any sarcasm in this speech, he did not perceive it; for it merely led him on to speak of the new masque that Ben Jonson was preparing for the Prince Henry; and incidentally he mentioned that the subject was to be Oberon, the Fairy Prince.

"Oberon?" said Judith, opening her eyes. "Why, my father hath writ about that!"

"Oh yes, as we all know," said he, courteously; "but there will be a difference—"

"A difference?" said she. "By my life, yes! There will be a difference. I wonder that Master Jonson was not better advised."

"Nay, in this matter, good Mistress Judith," said he, "there will be no comparison. I know 'tis the fashion to compare them—"

"To compare my father and Master Jonson?" she said, as if she had not heard aright. "Why, what comparison? In what way? Pray you remember, sir, I have seen Master Ben Jonson. I have seen him, and spoken with him. And as for my father, I'll be bound there is not his fellow for a handsome presence and gracious manners in all Warwickshire—no, nor in London town neither, I'll be sworn!"

"I meant not that, sweet lady," said he, with a smile; and he added, grimly: "I grant you our Ben looks as if he had been in the wars; he hath had a tussle with Bacchus on many a merry night, and bears the scars of these noble combats. No; 'tis the fashion to compare them as wits—"

"I'd as lief compare them as men, good sir," said she, with a touch of pride; "and I know right well which should have my choice."

"When it is my good fortune, dear lady," said the young man, "to have Master William Shakespeare's daughter sitting before me, I need no other testi-

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mony to his grace and bearing, even had I never set eyes on him." And with that he bowed low; and there was a slight flush on her face that was none of displeasure; while the old dame said:

"Ay, ay, there be many a wench in Warwickshire worse favored than she. Pray Heaven it turn not her head! The wench is a good wench, but ill to manage; and 'twere no marvel if the young men got tired of waiting."

To escape from any further discussion of this subject, Judith proposed that they should go out and look at her grandmother's roses and pansies, which was in truth the object of her visit; and she added that if Master Hope (this was the first time she had named him by his name) were still desirous of avoiding observation, they could go to the little bower at the upper hedge-row, which was sufficiently screened from the view of any passer-by. The old dame was right willing, for she was exceedingly proud of this garden, that had no other tending than her own; and so she got her knitting-needles and ball of wool, and preceded them out into the warm air and the sunlight.

"Dear, dear me," said she, stopping to regard two small shrubs that stood withered and brown by the side of the path. "There be something strange in that rosemary, now; in good sooth there be. Try as I may, I can not bring them along; the spring frost makes sure to kill them." And then she went on again.

"Strange indeed," said the young man to his companion, these two being somewhat behind, "that a plant that is so fickle and difficult to hold should be the emblem of constancy."

"I know not what they do elsewhere," said Judith, carelessly pulling a withered leaf or two to see if they were quite inodorous, "but hereabouts they often use a bit of rosemary for a charm, and the summoning of spirits."

He started somewhat, and glanced at her quickly and curiously. But there was clearly no subtle intention in the speech. She idly threw away the leaves.

"Have you faith in such charms, Mistress Judith?" said he, still regarding her.

"In truth I know not," she answered, as if the question were of but little moment. "There be some who believe in them, and others that laugh. But strange stories are told; marry, there be some of them that are not pleasant to hear of a winter's night, when one has to change the warm chimney-corner for the cold room above. There is my grandmother, she hath a rare store of them; but they fit not well with the summer-time and with such a show as this."

"A goodly show indeed," said he; and by this time they were come to a small arbor of rude lattice-work mostly smothered in foliage; and there was a seat within it, and also a tiny table; while in front they were screened from the gaze of any one going along the road by a straggling and propped-up wall of peas that were now showing their large white blossoms plentifully among the green.

"'Tis a quiet spot," said he, when they were seated, and the old dame had taken to her knitting; "'tis enough to make one pray never to hear more of the din and turmoil of London."

"I should have thought, sir," said Judith, "you would have feared to go near London, if there be those that would fain get to know of your whereabout."

"Truly," said he, "I have no choice. I must run the risk. From time to time I must seek to see whether the cloud that is hanging over me give signs of breaking. And surely such must now be the case, when fortune hath been so kind to me as to place me where I am at this moment—in such company—with such a quiet around. 'Tis like the work of a magician; though from time to time I remind me that I should rise and leave, craving your pardon for intruding on you withal."

"Trouble not yourself, young sir," the old dame said, in her matter-of-fact way, as she looked up from her knitting; "if the place content you, 'tis right well; we be in no such hurry in these country parts; we let the day go by as it lists, and thank God for a sound night's rest at the end of it."

"And you have a more peaceful and happy life than the London citizens, I'll be bound," said he, "with all their feasts and gayeties and the noise of drums and the like."

"We hear but the murmur of such things from a far distance," Judith said. "Was there not a great to-do on the river when the citizens gave their welcome to the Prince?"

"Why, there, now," said he, brightening up at this chance of repaying in some

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measure the courtesy of his entertainers; "there was as wonderful a thing as London ever saw. A noble spectacle, truly; for the Companies would not be outdone; and such bravery of apparel, and such a banqueting in the afternoon! And perchance you heard of it but through some news-letter! Shall I tell you what I saw on my own part?"

"If it be not too troublesome to you, good sir."

He was glad enough; for he had noticed, when he was describing such things, that Judith's eyes grew absent, and he could gaze at them without fear of causing her to start and blush. Moreover, it was a pretty face to tell a story to; and the day was so still and shining; and all around them there was a scent of roses in the air.

"Why, it was about daybreak, as I should think," he said, "that the citizens began to come forth; and a bright fair morning it was; and all of them in their best array. And you may be sure that when the Companies learned that the whole of the citizens were minded to show their love for the Prince Henry on his coming back from Richmond, they were not like to be behindhand; and such preparations had been made as you would scarce believe. Well, then, so active were they in their several ways that by eight of the clock the Companies were all assembled in their barges of state to wait the Lord Mayor and Aldermen; and such a sound of drums and trumpets and fifes was there; and the water covered with the fleet, and the banks all crowded with them that had come down to see. Then the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen being arrived, the great procession set forth in state; and such a booming of cannon there was, and cheering from the crowd. 'Twas a sight, on my life; for they bore the pageant with them—that was a huge whale and a dolphin; and on the whale sat a fair and lovely nymph, Corinea she was called, the Queen of Cornwall; and she had a coronet of strange sea-shells, and strings of pearls around her neck and on her wrists; and her dress was of crimson silk, so that all could make her out from a distance; and she had a silver shield slung on to her left arm, and in her right hand a silver spear—oh, a wonderful sight she was; I marvel not the crowd cheered and cheered again. Then on the other animal—that is, the dolphin—sat one that represented Amphion—he was the father of music, as you must know; and a long beard he wore, and he also had a wreath of sea-shells on his head, and in his hand a harp of gold that shone in the sun. Well, away they set toward Chelsea; and there they waited for the Prince's approach—"

"And the young Prince himself," Judith said, quickly and eagerly; "he bears himself well, does he not? He bears himself like a prince? He would match such a pageant right royally, is't not so?"

"Why, he is the very model and mirror of princehood!—the pink of chivalry!—nor is there one of them at the court that can match him at the knightly exercises," said this enthusiastic chronicler, who had his reward in seeing how interested she was. "Well, when the young Prince was come to Chelsea, there he paused; and the Queen Corinea addressed him in a speech of welcome—truly, I could not hear a word of it, there was such a noise among the multitude; but I was told thereafter that it presented him with their love and loyal duty; and then they all set forth toward Whitehall again. By this time 'twas later in the day; and no man would have believed so many dwelt in the neighborhood of our great river; and that again was as naught to the crowd assembled when they were come again to the town. And here—as it must have been arranged beforehand, doubtless—the fleet of barges separated, and formed two long lines, so as to make a lane for the Prince to pass through, with great cheering and shouting, so that when they were come to the court steps, he was at the head of them all. And now it was that the dolphin approached, and Amphion, that was riding on his back, bid the Prince a loyal farewell in the name of all the citizens; and at the end of the speech—which, in truth, the people guessed at rather than heard—there was such a tumult of huzzas, and a firing of cannon, and the drums and the trumpets sounding, and on every hand you could hear nothing but 'Long live our Prince of Wales, the Royal Henry!'"

"And he bore himself bravely, I'll dare be sworn!" she exclaimed. "I have heard my father speak of him; he is one that will uphold the honor of England when he comes to the throne!"

"And there was such a feasting and rejoicing that evening," he continued,

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"within-doors and without; and many an honest man, I fear me, transgressed, and laid the train for a sore-distracted head next day. Then 'twas some two or three evenings after that, if I remember aright, that we had the great water-fight and the fire-works; but perchance you heard of these, sweet Mistress Judith?"

"In truth, good sir," she answered, "I heard of these, as of the welcome you speak of, but in so scant a way as to be worth naught. 'Tis not a kind of talking that is encouraged at our house; unless, indeed, when Julius Shawe and Master Combe and some of them come in of an evening to chat with my father; and then sometimes I contrive to linger, with the bringing in of a flagon of Rhenish or the like, unless I am chid and sent forth. I pray you, good sir, if I do not outwear your patience, to tell us of the water-fight, too."

"'Tis I that am more like to outwear your patience, fair Judith," said he. "I would I had a hundred fights to tell you of. But this one—well, 'twas a goodly pageant; and a vast crowd was come down to the water's edge to see what was going forward, for most of the business of the day was over, and both master and 'prentice were free. And very soon we saw how the story was going; for there was a Turkish pirate, with fierce men with blackened faces; and they would plunder two English merchantmen and make slaves of the crews. This was but the beginning of the fight; and there was great firing of guns and manœuvring of the vessels; and the merchantmen were like to fare badly, not being trained to arms like the pirate. In sooth they were sore bestead; but presently up came two ships of war to rescue; and then the coil began in good earnest, I warrant you; for there was boarding and charging and clambering over the bulwarks—ay, and many a man on both sides knocked into the sea; until in the end they had killed or secured all the pirates, and then there was naught to do but to blow up the pirate ship into the air, with a noise like thunder, and scarce a rag or spar of him remaining. 'Twas a right good ending, I take it, in the minds of the worthy citizens; doubtless they hoped that every Turkish rogue would be served the like. And then it was that the blowing up of the pirate ship was a kind of signal for the beginning of the fire-works; and it had grown to dusk now; so that the blazes of red light and blue light and the whizzing of the squibs and what not seemed to fill all the air. 'Twas a rare climax to the destruction of the Turks; and the people cheered and cheered again when 'twas well done; and then at the end came a great discharge of guns and squibs and showers of stars, that one would have thought the whole world was on fire. Sure I am that the waters of the Thames never saw such a sight before. And the people went home right well content, and I doubt not drank to the confusion of all pirates, as well as to the health of the young Prince, that is to preserve the realm to us in years to come."

They talked for some time thereafter about that and other matters, and about his own condition and occupations at the farm; and then he rose, and there was a smile on his face.

"You know, fair Mistress Judith," said he, "that a wise man is careful not to outstay his welcome, lest it be not offered to him again; and your good grandmother has afforded me so pleasant an hour's gossip and good company that I would fain look forward to some other chance of the same in the future."

"Must you go, good sir?" said Judith, also rising. "I trust we have not overtaxed your patience. We country folk are hungry listeners."

"To have been awarded so much of your time, sweet Mistress Judith," said he, bowing very low, "is an honor I am not likely to forget."

And then he addressed the old dame, who had missed something of this.

"Give ye good thanks for your kindness, good Mistress Hathaway," said he.

"Good fortune attend ye, sir," said the old dame, contentedly, and without ceasing from her knitting.

Judith was standing there, with her eyes cast down.

"Sweet lady, by your leave," said he, and he took her hand and raised it and just touched her fingers with his lips. Then he bowed low again, and withdrew.

"Fare you well, good sir," Judith had said at the same moment, but without any word as to a future meeting. Then she returned into the little arbor and sat down.

"Is't not like a meteor, grandmother, shooting across the sky?" said she, merrily. "Beshrew me, but the day has grown

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dark since he left! Didst ever hear of such a gallymawfrey of dolphins and whales, and prince's barges, and the roaring of cannon, and fire-works? Sure 'tis well we live in the country quiet, our ears would be riven in twain else. And you, grandmother, that was ever preaching about prudent behavior, to be harboring one that may be an outlaw—a recusant; perchance he hath drawn his sword in the King's presence—"

"What know you of the young gentleman, Judith?" the old dame said, sharply.

"Marry, not a jot beyond what he hath doubtless told to yourself, good grandmother. But see you any harm in him? Have you suspicion of him? Would you have me think—as Prudence would fain believe—that there is witchcraft about him?"

"Truly I see no harm in the young gentleman," the old grandmother was constrained to say. "And he be fair-spcken, and modest withal. But look you to this, wench: should you chance to meet him again while he bideth here in this neighborhood—I trow 'twere better you did not—but should that chance, see you keep a still tongue in your head about church and King and Parliament. Let others meddle who choose; 'tis none of your affairs: do you hear me, child? These be parlous times, as the talk is; they do well that keep the by-ways, and let my lord's coaches go whither they list."

"Grandmother," said Judith, gravely, "I know there be many things in which I can not please you, but this sin that you would lay to my charge—nay, dear grandam, when have you caught me talking about church and King and Parliament? Truly I wish them well; but I am content if they go their own way."

The old dame glanced at her, to see what this demure tone of speech meant.

"Thou?" she said, in a sort of grumble. "Thy brain be filled with other gear, I reckon. 'Tis a bit of ribbon that hath hold of thee; or the report as to which of the lads shot best at the match; or perchance 'tis the purchase of some penny ballads, that you may put the pictures on your chamber wall, as if you were a farm wench just come in from the milking pail."

"Heaven have pity on me, good grandmother," said she, with much penitence, and she looked down at her costume, "but I can find no way of pleasing you. You scold me for being but a farm wench; and truly this petticoat, though it be pretty enough, methinks might have been made of a costlier stuff; and my cap—good grandmother, look at my cap—"

She took it off, and smoothed the gray velvet of it, and arranged the beads and the feather.

"—is the cap also too much of the fashion of a farm wench? or have I gone amiss the other way, and become too like a city dame? Would that I knew how to please you, grandam!"

"Go thy ways, child; get thee home!" the old woman said, but only half angrily. "Thy foolish head hath been turned by hearing of those court gambols. Get you to your needle: be your mother's napery all so well mended that you can spend the whole day in idleness?"

"Nay, but you are in the right there, good grandmother," said Judith, drawing closer to her, and taking her thin and wrinkled hand in her own warm, white, soft ones. "But not to the needle—not to the needle, good grandam; I have other eggs on the spit. Did not I tell you of the Portugal receipts that Prudence got for me?—in good sooth I did; well, the dishes were made; and next day at dinner my father was right well pleased. 'Tis little heed he pays to such matters; and we scarce thought of asking him how he liked the fare, when all at once he said: 'Good mother, you must give my thanks to Jane cook; 'twill cheer her in her work; nay, I owe them.' Then says my mother: 'But these two dishes were not prepared by the cook, good husband; 'twas one of the maids.' 'One of the maids?' he says. 'Well, which one of the maids? Truly, 'tis something rare to be found in a country house.' And then there was a laughing amongst all of them; and he fixes his eyes on me. 'What?' he says, 'that saucy wench? Is she striving to win her a husband at last?' And so, you see, good grandmother, I must waste no more time here, for Prudence hath one or two more of these receipts; and I must try them to see whether my father approves or not."

And so she kissed the old dame, and bade her farewell, refusing at the same time to have the escort of the small maid across the meadows to the town.

All the temporary annoyance of the morning was now over and forgotten; she was wholly pleased to have had this

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interview, and to have heard minutely of all the great doings in London. She walked quickly; a careless gladness shone in her face; and she was lightly singing to herself, as she went along the well-beaten path through the fields,

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever."

But it was not in the nature of any complaint against the inconstancy of man that this rhyme had come into her head. Quite other thoughts came as well. At one moment she was saying to herself:

"Why, now, have I no spaniel-gentle with me to keep me company?"

And then the next minute she was saying, with a sort of laugh:

"God help me, I fear I am none of the spaniel-gentle kind!"

But there was no deep smiting of conscience even when she confessed so much. Her face was radiant and content; she looked at the cattle, or the trees, or the children, as it chanced, as if she knew them all, and knew that they were friendly toward her; and then again the idle air would come into her brain:

"Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into hey, nonny, nonny!"

CHAPTER XIV.

A TIRE-WOMAN.

It was not until after supper that evening that Judith was free to seek out her companion, who had fled from her in the morning; and when she did steal forth —carrying a small basket in her hand— she approached the house with much more caution than was habitual with her. She glanced in at the lower windows, but could see nothing. Then, instead of trying whether the latch was left loose, she formally knocked at the door.

It was opened by a little rosy-cheeked girl of eleven or twelve, who instantly bobbed a respectful courtesy.

"Is Mistress Prudence within, little Margery?" she said.

"Yes, if it please you," said the little wench, and she stood aside to let Judith pass.

But Judith did not enter; she seemed listening.

"Where is she?"

"In her own chamber, if it please you."

"Alone, then?"

"Yes, if it please you, Mistress Judith."

Judith patted the little maid in requital of her courtesy, and then stole noiselessly upstairs. The door was open. Prudence was standing before a small table ironing a pair of snow-white cuffs, the while she was repeating to herself verses of a psalm. Her voice, low as it was, could be heard distinctly:

"Open thou my lips, O Lord, and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.
For thou desirest no sacrifice, though I would give it; thou delightest not in burnt-offering.
The sacrifices of God are a contrite spirit; a contrite and a broken heart, O God, thou will not despise.
Be favorable unto Zion for thy good pleasure; build the walls of Jerusalem.
Then shalt thou accept the sacrifices of righteousness, even the burnt-offering and oblation; then shall they offer calves upon thine altar."

She happened to turn her head; and then she uttered a slight cry of surprise, and came quickly to Judith, and caught her by the hand.

"What said he?" she exclaimed, almost breathlessly. "You saw him? 'Twas the same, was it not? How came he there? Judith, tell me!"

"You timid mouse that ran away!" the other said, with a complacent smile. "Why, what should he say? But prithee go on with the cuffs, else the iron will be cold. And are you alone in the house, Prudence? There is no one below?"

"None but the maids, I trow; or Julius, perchance, if he be come in from the malt-house."

"Quick, then, with the cuffs," Judith said, "and get them finished. Nay, I will tell thee all about the young gentleman thereafter. Get thee finished with the cuffs, and put them on—"

"But I meant them not for this evening, Judith," said she, with her eyes turned away.

"'Tis this evening, and now, you must wear them," her friend said, peremptorily. "And more than these. See, I have brought you some things, dear mouse, that you must wear for my sake—nay, nay, I will take no denial—you must and shall—and with haste, too, must you put them on, lest any one should come and find the mistress of the house out of call. Is not this pretty, good Prudence?"

She had opened the basket and taken

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therefrom a plaited ruff that the briefest feminine glance showed to be of the finest cobweb lawn, tinged a faint saffron hue, and tied with silken strings. Prudence, who now divined the object of her visit, was overwhelmed with confusion. The fair and pensive face became rose red with embarrassment, and she did not even know how to protest.

"And this," said Judith, in the most matter-of-fact way, taking something else out of the basket, "will also become you well—nay, not so, good mouse, you shall be as prim and Puritanical as you please to-morrow; to-night you shall be a little braver; and is it not handsome, too?—'twas a gift to my mother—and she knows that I have it—though I have never worn it."

This second article that she held out and stroked with her fingers was a girdle of buff-colored leather, embroidered with flowers in silk of different colors, and having a margin of filigree silver-work both above and below, and a broad silver clasp.

"Come, then, let's try—"

"Nay, Judith," the other said, retreating a step; "I can not—indeed I can not—"

"Indeed you must, silly child!" Judith said, and she caught hold of her angrily. "I say you shall. What know you of such things? Must I teach you manners?"

And when Judith was in this authoritative mood, Prudence had but little power to withstand her. Her face was still burning with embarrassment, but she succumbed in silence, while Judith whipped off the plain linen collar that her friend wore, and set on in its stead this small but handsome ruff. She arranged it carefully, and smoothed Prudence's soft fair hair, and gave a finishing touch to the three-cornered cap; then she stepped back a pace or two to contemplate her handiwork.

"There!" she exclaimed (pretending to see nothing of Prudence's blushes). "A princess! On my life, a princess! And now for the girdle; but you must cast aside that housewife's pouch, sweetheart, and I will lend thee this little pomander of mine; in truth 'twill suit it well."

"No, no, dear Judith!" the other said, almost piteously. "Indeed I can not prank me out in these borrowed plumes. If you will have it so, I will wear the ruff; but not the girdle—not the girdle, dear cousin—that all would see was none of mine—"

"What's that?" Judith exclaimed, suddenly, for there was a noise below.

"'Tis Julius come in from the barn," Prudence said.

"Mercy on us," the other cried, with a laugh, "I thought 'twas the spaniel-gentle come already. So you will not wear the girdle? Well, the ruff becomes you right fairly: and—and those roses in your cheeks, good Prue—why, what is the matter? Is there aught wonderful in one of Julius's friends coming to see him in the evening? And as the mistress of the house you must receive him well and courteously; and be not so demure of speech and distant in manner, dearest heart, for youth must have a little merriment, and we can not always be at our prayers."

"I know not what you mean, Judith, unless it be something that is far away from any thought or wish of mine."

There was a touch of sincerity in this speech that instantly recalled Judith from her half-gibing ways. The truth was that while she herself was free enough in confiding to this chosen gossip of hers all about such lovers or would-be lovers as happened to present themselves, Prudence had never volunteered any similar confidence in return; and the very fact that there might be reasons for this reticence was enough to keep Judith from seeking to remove the veil. Judith herself was accustomed to make merry over the whole matter of sweethearts and rhymed messages and little tender gifts; but Prudence was sensitive, and Judith was careful not to wound her by indiscreet questioning. And at this moment, when Prudence was standing there confused and abashed, some compunction seized the heart of her friend. She took her hand.

"In good sooth, I meant not to tease you, sweetheart," said she, in a kindly way; "and if I advise you in aught, 'tis but that you should make your brother's house a pleasant resort for them that would be friendly with him and visit him. What harm can there be in receiving such with a cheerful welcome, and having a pretty house-mistress, and all things neat and comfortable? Dear mouse, you so often lecture me that I must have my turn; and I do not find fault or cause of quarrel; 'tis but a wish that you would be less severe in your ways, and let your

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kind heart speak more freely. Men, that have the burden of the world's fight to bear, love to meet women-folk that have a merry and cheerful countenance; 'twere a marvel else; and of an evening, when there is idleness and some solace after the labors of the day, why should one be glum, and thinking ever of that next world that is coming soon enough of its own accord? Look you how well the ruff becomes you; and what sin is in it? The girdle, too; think you my mother would have worn it had there been aught of evil in a simple piece of leather and embroidery?"

"'Tis many a day since she put it aside, as I well remember," Prudence said, but with a smile, for she was easily won over.

"Truly," said Judith, with a touch of scorn, "the good preachers are pleased to meddle with small matters when they would tell a woman what she should wear, and order a maiden to give up a finger ring or a bit of lace on peril of her losing her soul. These be marvellous small deer to be so hunted and stormed about with bell, book, and candle. But now, good Prudence, for this one evening, I would have you please your visitor and entertain him; and the spaniel-gentle—that, indeed, you must take from him—"

"I can not, dear Judith; 'twas meant for you," Prudence exclaimed.

"You can not go back from your promise, good cousin," Judith said, coolly, and with some slight inattention to facts. "'Twould be unmannerly of you to refuse the gift, or to refuse ample thanks for it either. And see you have plenty on the board, for men like good fare along with good company; and let there be no stint of wine or ale as they may choose, for your brother's house, Prudence, must not be niggard, were it only for appearance' sake."

"But you will stay, dear Judith, will you not?" the other said, anxiously. "In truth you can entertain them all wherever you go; and always there is such heart in the company—"

"Nay, I can not, sweet mouse," Judith said, lightly. "There is much for me to do now in the evenings since Susan has gone back to her own home. And now I must go, lest your visitor arrive and find you unprepared: marry, you must wear the cuffs as they are, since I have hindered you in the ironing."

"But you can not go, Judith, till you have told me what happened to-day at the cottage," the other pleaded.

"What happened? Why, nothing," Judith said, brightly. "Only that my grandmother is of a mind with myself that a fairer-spoken young gentleman seldom comes into these parts, and that, when he does, he should be made welcome. Bless thy heart, hadst thou but come in and seen how attentive the good dame was to him! And she would press him to have some claret wine; but he said no: perchance he guessed that good grandam had but small store of that. Nay, but you should have come in, sweet mouse; then would you have been conscience-smitten about all your dark surmisings. A murderer, forsooth! a ghost! a phantom! Why, so civil was his manner that he but asked for a cup of water in passing, and my grandmother must needs have him come in out of the sun, and rest him, and have some milk. Was that like a ghost? I warrant you there was naught of the ghost about him when she put a solid repast before him on the table: ghosts make no such stout attacks on gooseberry tart and cheese, else they be sore belied."

"But who and what is this man, Judith?"

"Why, who can tell what any man is?" said the other. "They all of them are puzzles, and unlike other human creatures. But this one—well, he hath a rare store of knowledge as to what is going forward at the court—and among the players, too; and as we sat in the little bower there you would have sworn you could see before you the river Thames, with a wonderful pageant on it—dolphins, and whales, and crowned sea-queens, and the like; and in the midst of them all the young Prince Henry—'Long live the young Prince Henry!' they cried; and there was such a noise of drums and cannons and trumpets that you could scarce hear my grandmother's bees among the flowers. I warrant you the good dame was well repaid for her entertainment, and right well pleased with the young gentleman. I should not marvel to find him returning thither, seeing that he can remain there in secrecy, and have such gossip as pleases him."

"But, Judith, you know not what you do!" her friend protested, anxiously. "Do you forget—nay, you can not forget—that

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this was the very man the wizard prophesied that you should meet; and, more than that, that he would be your husband!"

"My husband?" said Judith, with a flush of color, and she laughed uneasily. "Nay, not so, good Prudence. He is not one that is likely to choose a country wench. Nay, nay, the juggler knave failed me—that is the truth of it; the charm was a thing of naught; and this young gentleman, if I met him by accident, the same might have happened to you, as I showed you before. Marry, I should not much crave to see him again, if anything like that were in the wind. This is Stratford town, 'tis not the forest of Arden; and in this neighborhood a maiden may not go forth to seek her lover, and coax him into the wooing of her. My father may put that into a play, but methinks if he heard of his own daughter doing the like, the key would quickly be turned on her. Nay, nay, good Prue, you shall not fright me out of doing a civil kindness to a stranger, and one that is in misfortune, by flaunting his lovership before my eyes. There be no such thing: do not I know the tokens? By my life, this gentleman is too courteous to have a lover's mind within him!"

"And you will go and see him again, Judith?" her friend asked, quickly.

"Nay, I said not that," Judith answered, complacently. "'Tis not the forest of Arden; would to Heaven it were, for life would move to a pleasanter music! I said not that I would go forth and seek him; that were not maidenly; and belike there would come a coil of talking among the gossips or soon or late; but at this time of the year, do you see, sweet cousin, the country is fair to look upon, and the air is sweeter in the meadows than it is here in the town; and if a lone damsel, forsaken by all else, should be straying silent and forlorn along the pathway or by the river-side, and should encounter one that hath but lately made her acquaintance, why should not that acquaintance be permitted in all modesty and courtesy to ripen into friendship? The harm, good Prue—the harm of it? Tush! your head is filled with childish fears of the wizard; that is the truth; and had you but come into the house to-day, and had but five minutes' speech of the young gentleman, you would have been as ready as any one to help in the beguilement of the tedium of his hiding, if that be possible to two or three silly women. And bethink you, was't not a happy chance that I wore my new velvet cap this morning?"

But she had been speaking too eagerly. This was a slip; and instantly she added, with some touch of confusion,

"I mean that I would fain have my father's friends in London know that his family are not so far out of the world, or out of the fashion."

"Is he one of your father's friends, Judith?" Prudence said, gravely.

"He is a friend of my father's friends, at least," said she, "and some day, I doubt not, he will himself be one of these. Truly that will be a rare sight, some evening at New Place, when we confront you with him, and tell him how he was charged with being a ghost, or a pirate, or an assassin, or something of the like."

"Your fancy runs free, Judith," her friend said. "Is't a probable thing, think you, that one that dares not come forth into the day, that is hiding from justice, or perchance scheming in Catholic plots, should become the friend of your house?"

"You saw him not at my grandmother's board, good Prue," said Judith, coolly. "The young gentleman hath the trick of making himself at home wherever he cometh, I warrant you. And when this cloud blows away, and he is free to come to Stratford, there is none will welcome him more heartily than I, for methinks he holdeth Master Benjamin Jonson in too high consideration, and I would have him see what is thought of my father in the town, and what his estate is, and that his family, though they live not in London, are not wholly of Moll the milkmaid kind. And I would have Susan come over too; and were she to forget her preachers and her psalms for but an evening, and were there any merriment going forward, the young gentleman would have to keep his wits clear, I'll be bound. There is the house, too, I would have him see; and the silver-topped tankard with the writing on it from my father's good friends; nay, I warrant me Julius would not think of denying me the loan of the King's letter to my father—were it but for an hour or two—"

But here they were startled into silence by a knocking below; then there was the sound of a man's voice in the narrow passage.

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"'Tis he, sweetheart," Judith said, quickly, and she kissed her friend, and gave a final touch to the ruff and the cap. "Get you down and welcome him; I will go out when that you have shut the door of the room. And be merry, good heart, be merry—be brave and merry, as you love me."

She almost thrust her out of the apartment, and listened to hear her descend the stairs; then she waited for the shutting of the chamber door; and finally she stole noiselessly down into the passage, and let herself out without waiting for the little maid Margery.

CHAPTER XV.

A FIRST PERFORMANCE.

"NAY, zur," said the sour-visaged Matthew, as he leaned his chin and both hands on the end of a rake, and spoke in his slow-drawling, grumbling fashion—"nay, zur, this country be no longer the country it wur; no, nor never will be again."

"Why, what ails the land?" said Judith's father, turning from the small table in the summer-house, and lying back in his chair, and crossing one knee over the other, as if he would give a space to idleness.

"Not the land, zur," rejoined goodman Matthew, oracularly—"not the land; it be the men that live in it, and that are all in such haste to make wealth, with plundering of the poor and of each other, that there's naught but lying and cheating and roguery—God-a-mercy, there never wur the loike in any country under the sun! Why, zur, in my vather's time a pair o' shoes would wear you through all weathers for a year; but now, with their half-tanned leather, and their horse-hide, and their cat-skin for the inner sole, 'tis a marvel if the rotten leaves come not asunder within a month. And they be all aloike; the devil would have no choice among 'em. The cloth-maker he hideth his bad wool wi' liquid stuff; and the tailor, no matter whether it be doublet, cloak, or hose, he will filch you his quarter of the cloth ere you see it again; and the chandler—he be no better than the rest—he will make you his wares of stinking offal that will splutter and run over, and do aught but give good light; and the vintner, marry, who knoweth not his tricks and knaveries of mixing and blending, and the selling of poison instead of honest liquor? The rogue butcher, too, he will let the blood soak in, ay, and puff wind into the meat—meat, quotha!—'tis as like as not to have been found dead in a ditch!"

"A bad case indeed, good Matthew, if they be all preying on each other so."

"'Tis the poor man pays for all, zur. Though how he liveth to pay no man can tell; what with the landlords racking the rents, and inclosing the commons and pasturages—nay, 'tis a noble pastime the making of parks and warrens, and shutting the poor man out that used to have his cow there and a pig or two; but no, now shall he not let a goose stray within the fence. And what help hath the poor man? May he go to the lawyers, with their leases and clauses that none can understand—ay, and their fists that must be well greased ere they set to the business? 'Tis the poor man pays for all, zur, I warrant ye; nor must he grumble when the gentleman goes a-hunting and breaks down his hedges and tramples his corn. Corn? 'Tis the last thing they think of, beshrew me else! They are busiest of all in sending our good English grain—ay, and our good English beef and bacon and tallow—beyond the seas; and to bring back what? —baubles of glass beads and amber, fans for my ladies, and new toys from Turkey! The proud dames—I would have their painted faces scratched!"

"What, what, good Matthew?" Judith's father said, laughing. "What know you of the city ladies and their painting?"

"Nay, nay, zur, the London tricks be spread abroad, I warrant ye; there's not a farmer's wife nowadays but must have her french-hood, and her daughter a taffeta cap—marry, and a grogram gown lined through with velvet! And there be other towns in the land than London to learn the London tricks; I have heard of the dames and their daughters; set them up with their pinching and girding with whalebone, to get a small waist withal!—ay, and the swallowing of ashes and candles, and whatever will spoil their stomach, to give them a pale bleak color. Lord, what a thing 'tis to be rich and in the fashion!—let the poor man suffer as he may. Corn, i' faith!—there be plenty of corn grown in the land, God wot; but 'tis main too dear for the poor man; the rack-rents for him, and a murrain on him; the

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corn for the forestallers and the merchants and gentlemen, that send it out of the country; and back come the silks and civets for proud madam and her painted crew!"

"God have mercy on us, man!" Judith's father exclaimed, and he drove him aside, and got out into the sunlight. At the same moment he caught sight of Judith herself.

"Come hither, wench, come hither!" he called to her.

She was nothing loath. She had merely been taking some scraps to the Don; and seeing Matthew in possession there, she had not even staid to look into the summer-house. But when her father came out and called to her, she went quickly toward him; and her eyes were bright enough, on this bright morning.

"What would you, father?"

For answer he plucked off her cap and threw it aside, and took hold of her by a bunch of her now loosened and short sun-brown curls.

"Father!" she protested (but with no great anger). "There be twenty minutes' work undone!"

"Where bought you those roses?" said he, sternly. "Answer me, wench!"

"I bought no roses, father!"

"The paint? Is't not painted? Where got you such a face, madam?"

"Father, you have undone my hair; and the parson is coming to dinner."

"Nay, I'll be sworn 'tis as honest a face as good Mother Nature ever made. This goodman Matthew hath belied you!"

"What said he of me?" she asked, with a flash of anger in her eyes.

Her father put his hand on her neck, and led her away.

"Nay, nay, come thy ways, lass; thou shalt pick me a handful of raspberries. And as for thine hair, let that be as God made it; 'tis even better so; and yet, methinks"—here he stopped, and passed his hand lightly once or twice over her head, so that any half-imprisoned curls were set free—"methinks," said he, regarding the pretty hair with considerable favor, "if you would as lief have some ornament for it, I saw that in London that would answer right well. 'Twas a net-work kind of cap; but the netting so fine you could scarce see it; and at each point a bead of gold. Now, Madame Vanity, what say you to that? Would you let your hair grow free as it is now, and let the sunlight play with it, were I to bring thee a fairy cap all besprinkled with gold?"

"I will wear it any way you wish, father, and right gladly," said she, "and I will have no cap at all if it please you."

"Nay, but you shall have the gossamer cap, wench; I will not forget it when next I go to London."

"I would you had never to go to London again," said she, rather timidly.

He regarded her for a second with a scrutinizing look, and there was an odd sort of smile on his face.

"Why," said he, "I was but this minute writing about a man that had to use divers arts and devices for the attainment of a certain end—yea, and devices that all the world would not approve of, perchance; and that was ever promising to himself that when the end was gained he would put aside these spells and tricks, and be content to live as other men live, in a quiet and ordinary fashion. Wouldst have me live ever in Stratford, good lass?"

"The life of the house goes out when you go away from us," said she, simply.

"Well, Stratford is no wilderness," said he, cheerfully; "and I have no bitter feud with mankind that I would live apart from them. Didst ever think, wench," he added, more absently, "how sad a man must have been ere he could speak so:

"Happy were he could finish forth his fate
In some unhaunted desert, most obscure
From all societies, from love and hate
Of worldly folk; then might he sleep secure;
Then wake again, and ever give God praise,
Content with hips and haws and bramble-berry;
In contemplation spending all his days,
And change of holy thoughts to make him merry;
Where, when he dies, his tomb may be a bush,
Where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush."

"Is it that you are writing now, father?"

"Nay, indeed," said he, slowly, and a cloud came over his face. "That was written by one that was my good friend in by-gone days; by one that was betrayed and done to death by lying tongues, and had but sorry favor shown him in the end by those he had served."

He turned away. She thought she heard him say, "My noble Essex," but she was mutely following him. And then he said,

"Come, lass; come pick me the berries."

He kept walking up and down, by himself, while her nimble fingers were busy with the bushes; and when she had col-

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lected a sufficiency of the fruit, and brought it to him, she found that he appeared to be in no hurry this morning, but was now grown cheerful again, and rather inclined to talk to her. And she was far from telling him that her proper place at this moment was within-doors, to see that the maids were getting things forward; and if she bestowed a thought of any kind on the good parson, it was to the effect that both he and the dinner would have to wait. Her father had hold of her by the arm. He was talking to her of all kinds of things, as they slowly walked up and down the path, but of his friends in Stratford mostly, and their various ways of living; and this she conceived to have some reference to his project of withdrawing altogether from London, and settling down for good amongst them. Indeed, so friendly and communicative was he on this clear morning—in truth, they were talking like brother and sister—that when at last he went into the summer-house, she made bold to follow; and when he chanced to look at some sheets lying on the table, she said,

"Father, what is the story of the man with the devices?"

For an instant he did not understand what she meant; then he laughed.

"Nay, pay you no heed to such things, child."

"And why should not I, father, seeing that they bring you so great honor?"

"Honor, said you?" but then he seemed to check himself. This was not Julius Shawe, to whom he could speak freely enough about the conditions of an actor's life in London. "Well, then, the story is of a banished duke, a man of great wisdom and skill, and he is living on a desert island with his daughter—a right fair maiden she is, too, and she has no other companion in the world but himself."

"But he is kind to her and good?" she said, quickly.

"Truly."

"What other companion would she have, then? Is she not content—ay, and right well pleased withal?"

"Methinks the story would lag with but these," her father said, with a smile. "Would you not have her furnished with a lover—a young prince and a handsome—one that would play chess with her, and walk with her while her father was busy?"

"But how on a desert island? How should she find such a one?" Judith said, with her eyes all intent.

"There, you see, is where the magic comes in. What if her father have at his command a sprite, a goblin, that can work all wonders—that can dazzle people in the dark, and control the storm, and whistle the young prince to the very feet of his mistress?"

Judith sighed, and glanced at the sheets lying on the table.

"Alas, good father, why did you aid me in my folly, and suffer me to grow up so ignorant?"

"Folly, fond wench!" said he, and he caught her by the shoulders and pushed her out of the summer-house. "Thank God you have naught to do with any such stuff. There, go you and seek out Prudence, and get you into the fields, and give those pink roses in your cheeks an airing. Is't not a rare morning? And you would blear your eyes with books, silly wench? Get you gone—into the meadows with you—and you may gather me a nosegay if your fingers would have work."

"I must go in-doors, father; good Master Blaise is coming to dinner," said she; "but I will bring you the nosegay in the afternoon, so please you. So fare you well," she added; and she glanced at him, "and pray you, sir, be kind to the young prince."

He laughed and turned away; and she hurried quickly into the house. In truth, all through that day she had plenty to occupy her attention; but whether it was the maids that were asking her questions, or her mother seeking her help, or good Master Walter paying authoritative court to her, her eyes were entirely distraught. For they saw before them a strange island, with magic surrounding it, and two young lovers, and a grave and elderly man regarding them; and she grew to wonder how much more of that story was shut up in the summer-house, and to lament her misfortune in that she could not go boldly to her father and ask him to be allowed to read it. She felt quite certain that could she but sit down within there, and peruse these sheets for herself, he would not say her nay; and from that conclusion to the next—that on the first chances he would endeavor to borrow the sheets and have them read to her—was but an obvious step, and one that she had frequently taken before. Moreover, on this occasion the chance came to her sooner than she could have expected. Toward

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dusk in the evening her father went out, saying that he was going along to see how the Harts were doing. Matthew gardener was gone home; the parson had left hours before; and her mother was in the brew-house, and out of hearing. Finally, to crown her good fortune, she discovered that the key had been left in the door of the summer-house; and so the next minute found her inside on her knees.

It was a difficult task. There was scarcely any light, for she dared not leave the door open; and the mark that she put on the sheets, to know which she had carried to Prudence, was minute. And yet the sheets seemed to have been tossed into this receptacle in fairly regular order; and when at length, and after much straining of her eyes, she had got down to the marked ones, she was rejoiced to find that there remained above these a large bulk of unperused matter, and the question was as to how much it would be prudent to carry off. Further, she had to discover where there was some kind of division, so that the story should not abruptly break off; and she had acquired some experience in this direction. In the end, the portion of the play that she resolved upon taking with her was modest and small; there would be the less likelihood of detection; and it was just possible that she would have no opportunity of returning the sheets that night.

And then she quickly got in-doors, and put on her hood and muffler, and slipped out into the dusk. She found Prudence alone in the lower room, sitting sewing, the candles on the table being already lit; and some distance off, curled up and fast asleep on the floor, lay the little spaniel-gentle.

"Dear heart," said Judith, brightly, as she glanced at the little dog, "you have shown good sense after all; I feared me you would fall away from my wise counsel."

"My brother was well inclined to the little creature," Prudence said, with some embarrassment.

"And you had a right merry evening, I'll be bound," Judith continued, blithely. "And was there singing?—nay, he can sing well when he is in the mood—none better. Did he give you

> 'There is a garden in her face
> Where roses and white lilies grow,'

for Julius is more light-hearted in such matters than you are, dear mouse. And was there any trencher business—and wine? I warrant me Julius would not have his guest sit dry-throated. 'Twas a merry evening, in good sooth, sweetheart?"

"They talked much together," Prudence said, with her eyes cast down.

"*They* talked? Mercy on us, were you not civil to him? Did you not thank him prettily for the little spaniel?"

"In a measure I think 'twas Julius took the little creature from him," Prudence said, bashfully.

"Beshrew me now, but you know better!—'twas given to you, you know right well. A spaniel-gentle for your brother! As soon would he think of a farthingale and a petticoat! And what did he say? Had he aught special to say to you, dear mouse?"

"He would have me look at an ancient book he had, with strange devices on the leaves," Prudence said. "Truly 'twas strange and wonderful, the ornamentation of it in gold and colors, though I doubt me 'twas the work of monks and priests. He would have me take it from him," she added, with a faint blush.

"And you would not, silly one?" Judith exclaimed, angrily.

"Would you have me place such Popish emblems alongside such a book as that that Dr. Hall gave me? Dear Judith, 'twould be a pollution and a sin!"

"But you gave him thanks for the offer, then?"

"Of a surety; 'twas meant in friendship."

"Well, well; right glad am I to see the little beast lying there; and methinks your gentleness hath cast a spell o'er it already, sweetheart, or 'twould not rest so soundly. And now, dear mouse, I have come to tax your patience once more: see, here is part of the new play; and we must go to your chamber, dear Prue, lest some one come in and discover us."

Prudence laughed in her quiet fashion.

"I think 'tis you that casteth spells, Judith, else I should not be aiding thee in this perilous matter."

But she took one of the candles in her hand nevertheless, and led the way upstairs; and then, when they had carefully bolted the door, Judith placed the roll of sheets on the table, and Prudence sat down to arrange and decipher them.

"But this time," Judith said, "have I

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less weight on my conscience; for my father hath already told me part of the story, and why should not I know the rest? Nay, but it promises well, I do assure thee, sweetheart. 'Tis a rare beginning: the desert island, and the sprite that can work wonders, and the poor banished duke and his daughter. Ay, and there comes a handsome young prince, too; marry, you shall hear of marvels! For the sprite is one that can work magic at the bidding of the duke, and be seen like a fire in the dark, and can lead a storm whither he lists—"

"'Tis with a storm that it begins," Prudence said, for now she had arranged the sheets.

And instantly Judith was all attention. It is true, she seemed to care little for the first scene and the squabbles between the sailors and the gentlemen; she was anxious to get to the enchanted island; and when at length Prudence introduced Prospero and Miranda, Judith listened as if a new world were being slowly opened before her. And yet not altogether with silence, for sometimes she would utter a few words of quick assent, or even explanation; but always so as not to interfere with the gentle-voiced reader. Thus it would go:

"Then Prospero says to her—

'Be collected:
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.
Miranda. Oh, woe the day!
Prospero. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.
Miranda. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.'"

"A right dutiful daughter!" Judith would exclaim—but as apart. "A rare good wench, I warrant; and what a gentle father he is withal!"

And then, when the banished duke had come to the end of his story, and when he had caused slumber to fall upon his daughter's eyes, and was about to summon Ariel, Judith interposed to give the patient reader a rest.

"And what say you, Prudence?" said she, eagerly. "Is't not a beautiful story? Is she not a sweet and obedient maiden, and he a right noble and gentle father? Ah, there, now, they may talk about their masques and pageants of the court, and gods and goddesses dressed up to saw the air with long speeches: see you what my father can tell you in a few words, so that you can scarcely wait, but must on to hear the rest. And do I hurry you, good Prue? Will you to it again? For now the spirit is summoned that is to work the magic."

"Indeed, 'tis no heavy labor, Judith," her friend said, with a smile. "And now here is your Ariel:

'All hail! great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds; to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality!'

Then says Prospero:

'Hast thou, spirit,
Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ariel. To every article.
I boarded the King's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement; sometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not....
Prospero. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
Ariel. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and played
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me: the King's son Ferdinand—'"

"The prince, sweetheart!—the prince that is to be brought ashore."

"Doubtless, Judith.

'The King's son Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring—then like reeds, not hair—
Was the first man that leaped: cried, "Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."
Prospero. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Ariel. Close by, my master.
Prospero. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ariel. Not a hair perished,
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before; and, as thou badst me,
The King's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.'"

"And hath he not done well, that clever imp!" Judith cried. "Nay, but my father shall reward him—that he shall—'twas bravely done and well. And now to bring him to the maiden that hath never seen a sweetheart—that comes next,

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good Prue? I marvel now what she will say?"

"'Tis not yet, Judith," her friend said, and she continued the reading, while Judith sat and regarded the dusky shadows beyond the flame of the candle as if wonder-land were shining there. Then they arrived at Ariel's song, "Come unto these yellow sands," and all the hushed air around seemed filled with music; but it was distant, somehow, so that it did not interfere with Prudence's gentle voice.

"Then says Prospero to her:

'The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond.
Miranda. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.
Prospero. No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and but he's something stained
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.
Miranda. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.'"

"And what says he? What thinks he of her?" Judith said, eagerly.

"Nay, first the father says—to himself, as it were:

'It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days, for this.'

And then the Prince says:

'Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here; my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?
Miranda. No wonder, sir,
But certainly a maid.
Ferdinand. My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.'"

"But would he take her away?" said Judith, quickly (but to herself, as it were). "Nay, never so! They must remain on the island—the two happy lovers—with Ariel to wait on them: surely my father will so make it?"

Then, as it appeared, came trouble to check the too swift anticipations of the Prince, though Judith guessed that the father of Miranda was but feigning in his wrath; and when Prudence finally came to the end of such sheets as had been brought her, and looked up, Judith's eyes were full of confidence and pride—not only because she was sure that the story would end happily, but also because she would have her chosen gossip say something about what she had read.

"Well?" said she.

"'Tis a marvel," Prudence said, with a kind of sigh, "that shapes of the air can so take hold of us."

Judith smiled; there was something in her manner that Prudence did not understand.

"And Master Jonson, good Prue—that they call Ben Jonson—what of him?"

"I know not what you mean, Judith."

"Sure you know they make so much of him at the court, and of his long speeches about Greece and Rome and the like; and when one comes into the country with news of what is going forward, by my life you'd think that Master Jonson were the only writer in the land! What say you, good Prue: could worthy Master Jonson invent you a scene like that?"

"In truth I know not, Judith; I never read aught of his writing."

Judith took over the sheets and carefully rolled them up.

"Why," said she, "'twas my father brought him forward, and had his first play taken in at the theatre!"

"But your father and he are great friends, Judith, as I am told; why should you speak against him?"

"I speak against him?" said Judith, as she rose, and there was an air of calm indifference on her face. "In truth, I have naught to say against the good man. 'Tis well that the court ladies are pleased with Demogorgons and such idle stuff, and 'tis passing well that he knows the trade. Now give ye good-night and sweet dreams, sweet mouse; and good thanks, too, for the reading."

But at the door below—Prudence having followed her with the candle—she turned, and said, in a whisper:

"Now tell me true, good cousin: think you my father hath ever done better than this magic island, and the sweet Miranda, and the rest?"

"You know I am no judge of such matters, Judith," her friend answered.

"But, dear heart, were you not bewitched by it? Were you not taken away thither? Saw you not those strange things before your very eyes?"

"In good sooth, then, Judith," said the

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other, with a smile, "for the time being I knew not that I was in Stratford town, nor in our own country of England either."

Judith laughed lightly and quickly, and with a kind of pride too. And when she got home to her own room, and once more regarded the roll of sheets, before bestowing them away in a secret place, there was a fine bravery of triumph in her eyes. "Ben Jonson!" she said, but no longer with any anger, rather with a sovereign contempt. And then she locked up the treasure in her small cupboard of boxes, and went down-stairs again to seek out her mother, her heart now quite recovered from its envy, and beating warm and equally in its disposition toward all mankind, and her mind full of a perfect and complacent confidence. "Ben Jonson!" she said.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is more than twenty-five years ago that Mr. James Parton's *Life of Aaron Burr* was published, and a very entertaining book it is. But its estimate of one of the greatest men in our history, John Adams, of Massachusetts, is extraordinary. The author agrees that "in this revolutionary period the high-mettled game-cock of a John Adams appeared to glorious advantage, made a splendid show of fight, animated the patriotic heart, and gave irresistible impetus to the cause." But afterward he finds him to be an American John Bull, the comic uncle of an exciting drama. Indeed, there is a familiar feeling, which is ludicrous, that John Adams was more British than American.

Yet this comic uncle's view was the radical and overpowering argument of the Revolution. This American John Bull was the colossus of American independence. His son, John Quincy Adams, learned of his father a hostility to England that he delighted to indulge; and his grandson, Charles Francis Adams, found no reason during his official residence in England to forget his father's feeling. Of all noted Americans, the Adamses may be said to be the least friendly to England. It is doubtless temperament and political sympathy that Mr. Parton has chiefly in mind, and the choleric temperament of John Adams can not be denied. But his political principle was constitutional liberty, and if that be not the distinctive American principle, it would be difficult to say what it is.

Of all the men of his time John Adams was the most characteristic New-Englander when New England unquestionably led the colonies. He greatly admired James Otis. He heard his famous speech upon the Writs of Assistance, and he said of it that it breathed into this nation the breath of life. He knew the popular power of his cousin Samuel Adams; and of Faneuil Hall, the arena of Sam Adams, John Adams said that it was the arena in which liberty was born. He had the magnanimity that is often the crowning grace of consummate ability and of indomitable courage.

A late essay upon John Adams by Mellen Chamberlain, of Boston, is a very striking and valuable historical study, and the more valuable that in the steady light of its ample research and careful comparison the essential service of John Adams becomes clearer, and the reason of his high place in our history definite and precise. It is curious to see what a bewildering and important part peculiarities of temperament, tricks of manner, and even of dress, play in determining the estimate of historical figures. Webster's magnificent oratorical presence gave him a certain power wholly independent of his words, or of their moral bearing. John Adams was a small man, dogmatic and testy, and there seem to be those who suppose those two words to complete the portraiture of the most powerful and constructive political genius in the Continental Congress.

Mr. Chamberlain finds the real causes of the American Revolution far behind the Stamp Act, in the apprehension of ecclesiastical tyranny, and in the civil contest that sprang from the revocation of the first charter in 1684. Above all, the root of the Revolution was the colonial constitutions, growths and developments, like the British constitution, slow accretions of usages as the just and necessary safeguards of colonial rights, which, when the colonial and imperial courses come in conflict, must be sustained at all hazards to preserve colonial liberty. This is the view which John Adams substantially states in his early work, the *Dissertation on the Canon and Feudal Law*. He exhorts his fellow-citizens to remember that the colonists have a right to liberty derived from their Maker. This was also the doctrine of Otis and of Hamilton. But Adams maintained, in virtue of this right to liberty, the absolute right of knowing and judging the character and conduct of rulers, who "are no more than attorneys, agents, and trustees of the people"; and when the trust is betrayed, the right to revoke the authority, and appoint other attorneys, agents, and trustees.

Here is the fundamental argument of the Revolution and of the Declaration of Independence. Maintenance of such rights, even to armed resistance to the power that sought to usurp and overthrow them, was not rebellion or treason; it was the patriotic defense of constitutional rights. This was the ground

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of John Adams, and it was the reason alleged ten years afterward for breaking the bond between the colonies and Great Britain. Mr. Chamberlain developes very clearly his view of the ecclesiastical origin of the contest, and there is no doubt, as he says, that the Puritans left England to escape the yoke of the hierarchy, and that they watched with the most sensitive jealousy and resolute hostility every extension of its power. The religious and the political right went together. If the Church could thrive without a bishop, the state had no need of a king.

Mr. Chamberlain's study is well worth attention. He justly ranks John Adams among the builders of states. If Franklin had a larger understanding, Adams had qualities that Franklin lacked, and which were indispensable, and no other of the great revolutionary leaders was his rival in statesmanship. Doubtless, if anybody insists upon it, he had a hot temper, and his administration of the government was less successful than his abilities seemed to forecast. But doubtless, also, his sturdy self-reliance in the treatment of the difficulty with France recalls that of the colossus of independence in the Continental Congress, and no President had ever to encounter such a trial as that of Adams's half-hostile cabinet. When all is said, he was one of the chief historic Americans. He belonged to a time when a candidate for the Presidency was "available" not because he had no "record," but because he had performed public services so great and courageous that he had made enemies as well as friends.

THE Easy Chair, mindful of posterity, and of that future loiterer in the retired alcoves of coming libraries who will turn to the pages of an old magazine to catch some glimpse of the daily aspect and the homely fact of our day, which will be then a kind of quaint remembrance, like the "Augustan age" of Anne to the Victorian epoch, puts here upon record for his unborn reader—whom he salutes with hope and godspeed—that the winter of 1883–4 in the city of New York was a gray and gloomy season almost beyond precedent, during which the persistent fogs and mists appeared half to have obliterated the sun; and Mr. Matthew Arnold, who had come to see America and to lecture, must have felt that his own sad climate had followed him, and that England was in the air if not upon the earth of the new country.

It has not been a remarkably cold season. Nothing like the rigor of a hundred years ago, when the bay of New York was frozen solidly, has been known this year. The waters of the bay, indeed, have been generally unobstructed by ice, and there have been few serious gales. But day has followed day of clouds and rain and drizzle and snow, and the universal and persistent damp has forecast the peril of a general mouldiness of things. Our future friend in the alcove may be glad to know that in such a season the elevated railroad has been so agreeable and convenient that the wonder has been how people went up and down town in such weather before it was built; and although the omnibuses and the surface roads have been as seemingly full as ever, yet in the morning and afternoon hours, curiously called commission hours, the elevated trains, each composed of four cars, have whirled along every four or five minutes packed with passengers, and during all the dismal days and nights up to the moment of this record no harm has befallen any traveller upon any of the four roads, and the alarms have been very few.

In the time of the reader to whom the Easy Chair now addresses itself there may be sunken roads added to those in the air, and more frequent and thronged river-boats may aid in transporting the teeming neighborhood to the lower point of the city, for the point nearest to the bay and between the mouths of the two rivers must always be the scene of commercial activity. The Stock Board, indeed—the financial exchange of Wall Street and the moneyed centre of the continent—begins to chafe in what it feels to be narrow quarters, and to question whether it shall not move uptown. But the local distribution which gives to commerce the lower part of the city will remain unchanged, and every day the vast living stream will pour along the railroads and over the ferries from New Jersey and Long Island, and all the suburbs will empty themselves upon the lower city.

The statue of Washington, which stands upon the steps of the Sub-Treasury, on the most interesting historic spot in the city, will perhaps suggest so plainly what might be done to enhance the interest of the old part of the city that it may be yet accomplished. Around the famous site upon which the statue stands, and which was old New York, there are other exceedingly interesting sites full of inspiring associations, and each one of them could be commemorated in a very simple manner by an engraved plate conspicuously placed upon the wall of existing buildings. The traveller will remember in Florence the house of Michael Angelo inscribed for the curious pilgrim, and in Frankfort the house where Goethe was born.

In the ancient cities, indeed, the genius of change and devastation is not forever active as in the newer country. Still the reverent son of a later European day may see, or until very lately might see, the walls of the old Tabard Inn, on Southwark, from which Chaucer's pilgrims set forth, and with Cunningham's hand-book of London in his hand, himself become an urban pilgrim to a hundred houses unchanged, save by the picturesque hand of Time, from an older day. Or journeying into rural England, he may sit where Burleigh and Ben Jonson sat at Penshurst, and beyond the Channel look from the windows whence Voltaire gazed upon the tranquil landscape around "fair, placid Leman," or

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those from which brave Father Luther looked into the green German forest.

But if we can not preserve the actual buildings, the sites do not vanish, and the magic of association touches even the sites with glamour. Nothing remains at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, where the statue of Washington stands. But the spot itself is full of secret charm and inspiration, and as thousands of passengers read every year the inscription at the base of the statue, and look upon the stone on which the first President stood, the whole neighborhood will be glorified in their eyes, and despite themselves they will be a little lifted in soul and a little more patriotic. By-and-by the old Washington head-quarters at the corner of Broad and Pearl streets will be pulled down. But the memory and identification of the spot should not be left to chance and wonder. The future reader in the alcove should know it as certainly as we, and know also that we cared enough for it to perpetuate its remembrance.

This could be done, we say, by a plate properly inscribed, to be inserted in each successive building as it arises upon the spot. If this generation places such a plate, future generations will not displace it. So at the corner of Broad and Wall, opposite the Sub-Treasury, is the site of the house of Hamilton, where the *Federalist* was chiefly written. That also is a site and a fact to remember. In William Street Washington Irving was born. Let a plate record the spot; and then mark the birth-place of John Jay; and they will be continued upon the future buildings that follow.

Gentle reader in the library alcove of a century hence, if in your day, as in ours, the weather is the constant and exhaustless topic of conversation, do not sneer at it or deride it. Speak it fair. Truly viewed, it is a great boon, for out of that common and universal topic, as from the Roman forum roads led into all the world, the most remote and seemingly unrelated suggestions may arise. Did we not begin by describing the vanishing vapors of a day or a month? Have we not ended by pleading for the perpetuation of a sentiment?

Some recent remarks of the Easy Chair to contributors and literary aspirants have produced very different impressions upon the editorial fraternity. Some have condemned such explanations as an effort at drawing water in a sieve, and have asked with asperity why editors should lose their time by apologizing to bores when less busy persons make very short work of them. Others ask, with an air of lofty pity, whether the Easy Chair really supposes that the *irritabile genus* can be placated, and whether it is so amiable as not to know that an author rejected is like a woman scorned, and that no soft prevarication of "unavailable" can soothe the angry wound of disappointment and indignation.

These editors seem to the Easy Chair like men who have forgotten that they were once boys. Have they never in younger years been doubting and hoping and at last grieved and indignant contributors? Have they never with palpitations and tremors committed the cherished article to the post, even as Dickens sent his first paper to the magazine, and then stole away with the first number of the new issue upon which they could lay their hands, to look, furtively indeed, but with intense feeling, to see if they were in print? If they have not, they lack one of the vital qualifications of an editor—sympathy with the contributor. They are like the parent who thinks it folly for his child to grieve when his hoop is broken, or when she discovers her doll to be stuffed with sawdust.

But an old and experienced editor who takes the Easy Chair's view, and who oddly seems to the Easy Chair a very judicious commentator, says that writers do not generally understand the position of an editor, and especially, he is pleased to add, the editor of a magazine. They have naturally so good an opinion of their own work that they can not imagine how an editor can hold a different opinion.

"Whenever," says the judicious commentator, "I hear an author complain of an editor's 'injustice' I am always reminded of the troubles encountered by a sculptor friend of mine in securing a piece of granite for the pedestal of a soldiers' monument he was completing for a New England city. He made his wants known through the newspapers, and found himself overwhelmed by offers from every section of the country. One knew of a massive bowlder on the top of a mountain at Mount Desert, another had found a suitable stone in Georgia, and a third offered a mass of granite from the Blue Ridge Mountains, in West Virginia, bearing the mark of a cannon-ball fired during one of the Shenandoah campaigns in 1861–5.

"After receiving nearly one hundred such offers, the sculptor finally took his pedestal from a quarry in a neighboring State, not because it was better than any of the others, but for the simple reason that it was near a railroad, and would cost the least for transportation. Those who were disappointed complained chiefly that personal examination had not been made in their case, as if the sculptor was compelled to climb every mountain in the country.

"The other day I stood watching a man building the front of a handsome edifice, and noticed that he occasionally threw aside a brick which to me seemed sound and square. Asking the reason, the workman good-naturedly laid one of the discarded bricks beside those already in position, when I immediately discovered that it was of different tint, a fact the trained eye of the mechanic had seen at a glance. What would any of these disappointed authors think of a bricklayer slapping into that wall every brick that came to his hand, and so destroying the uniformity of

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effect? An editor simply endeavors to select the best materials, and if he afterward discover that an article or a story is not up to the mark, he can not dig it out again as a brick-layer might, and substitute something better.

"One thing more. We never hear of an artist complaining about his drawings being rejected; yet I have no doubt the head of your art department often finds something which does not suit his artistic eye. If he didn't, we should not have so many handsome specimens of art in the pages of *Harper*. I suppose the artist throws his drawing aside and begins another.

"Now nothing is so difficult as deciding on the merits of a MS., whether it is intended for the printing-press or the stage; and how often it happens that an editor thinks he has found a gem, which in the pages of his magazine proves to be full of flaws and imperfections! Yet if that MS. had been rejected, do you suppose the author would discover these blemishes? No; he would rail at the editor instead of the critics.

"I know of an author who submitted his book to nearly every leading American publisher, only to have it returned. Finally it occured to him that it *might* be well to read the MS. over again, and as several months had elapsed since his previous revision, the written pages came fresh and new to him. Then he discovered why the copy had been so mercilessly rejected, and like a brave man and true artist he rewrote and polished until it became a first-class piece of literary work. Of course the next publisher who received it printed the book, and the readers who had rejected were really the cause of its ultimate success."

This sensible commentator reaches a conclusion which does not make his word of sympathy and approval less welcome. "So long," he says, "as the editor of *Harper* continues to get out such numbers," he ought to be satisfied. It is a gracious and courteous remark, but the editor of *Harper* will be satisfied with nothing less than getting out continually better numbers.

THE close watcher of the musical heavens sees strange perturbations. For the first time in its history, New York, during the last season of opera, offered the exciting spectacle of an operatic contest between the chief living singers of Italian opera, and could only pity poor Europe stripped of the famous masters and mistresses of Italian song. The Easy Chair, however, has faithfully pointed out that the contest must be ruinous to the interests of that school, and that even New York is not imperial enough to support two Italian opera-houses with the finest singers and at a vast expense.

But it has also remarked that even the finest singers seemed somehow to be unequal to themselves, that the enthusiasm and even the interest of other days were plainly wanting, and that amid the most brilliant roulades and the airiest *fioriture* there were muttering thunders of doubt and disapprobation, and a significant disposition to regard Italian opera itself as a kind of Mother Goose melodies, good enough for a childish musical taste, but ludicrous for the developed and trained taste of to-day. The good old days of Chambers Street and of Astor Place, quoth this iconoclastic spirit, were excellent in their way, like the tea-parties with doughnuts and crullers of the ancient little Dutch city of New Amsterdam. But new times and new men, new cities, new tastes, new music.

Because our grandmothers were content to play upon the spinet, shall we not sweep the Steinway or Chickering grand? Because we once read the primer and *Simple Susan* with delight, shall we refuse to own the charm of Shakespeare and of Dante? It is a far cry from *Rigoletto* to the *Götterdämmerung*, and from the *Sonnambula* to *Parsifal*, but it is plain that the Italian opera does not hold this generation as it held that of thirty years ago, and it is by a curious fate that upon the very scene of the latest effort of that opera, with all its resources to renew its old enchantment—an effort which has not succeeded—the new music of the Wagner opera is now to be presented by the chief singers of the school.

What that music actually is, the wonderful Thursday afternoon of the Musical Festival of two years ago revealed to us. The rendering of the "Rheingold" on that day was really not less than a revelation of the Wagner music, and Madame Materna herself declared that the composer had never heard his own music so magnificently performed. And now, when the old opera falls, the new music arises. "The town" will perhaps be surprised to find that another audience of the highest cultivation and of another taste has appeared in the city. The long cultivation of the popular taste by the Philharmonic and Symphony concerts, and chiefly by the devotion and ability of Mr. Thomas, has not been in vain. The German genius is master of the field here in every quarter but that of opera, and it is now to try its power upon that. It is very possible, if the success of the Wagner concerts of the spring be decided, that it should lead to the introduction of the German opera next year, and the city would gladly endure a contest between Italian opera at one house and German at the other.

It is not necessary, however, to enlist for a war of the roses to the death. To enjoy the Maréchal Niel is not to despise the Jacqueminot, or any of the newer—richer, it may be—or more magnificent growths. The charm of the Italian melody, of the association of the Italian school, is not to be extinguished by the German genius, as that of the olive grove or of orange-trees is not lost in the grandeur of the pine forest or of woods of hickory and oak. The quatrain of Goethe is as true of the

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world of music, of any form of art, as it is of the actual external world:

"Gottes ist der Orient;
Gottes ist der Occident;
Nord und Südliche Gelände
Ruht im frieden seiner hände."

It may be simply put into English:

"God's is the Orient;
God's is the Occident;
North and South and every land
Rest in peace within His hand."

It would be a sorry result of enjoying Shakespeare to be unable to enjoy Burns, and whatever delight the Easy Chair may derive from Materna and her companions, it will certainly not regret or deny that which long ago it derived from Jenny Lind. On the other hand, it is idle to cling to former tastes because they are old, or to deny that books which were once entertaining have ceased to fascinate. Forty years ago perhaps the mature reader of these words read Bulwer's novels with an eagerness of interest which seems ludicrous as he now turns the pages of Bulwer's memoirs. It would be hard to read *Ernest Maltravers* now, or to be thrilled with *Zanoni*. Yet again there are books which are now never read which it is not ludicrous to have read with ardor—books which were benedictions, although they bless no more.

Let us not despond, therefore, O thou who rememberest Sontag and the liquid gurgling note of Alboni, as we go to the Wagner concerts. That old joy is imperishable, although not to be renewed. Nor shall the spell of the Rhine daughters, penetrating and exquisite though it be, deaden our sense to the remembered voice of the Lind in Amina, or to the plaintive prayer of Casta Diva! It would be indeed a misfortune if we were so chained to the past by a taste that could not grow, that enjoyment of the violets made us indifferent to the roses, and the glory of the carnations blinded us to the beauty of the fringed gentian. If the Italian opera has begun to pale its fires, yet in the *entr'actes* of the *Meistersinger* we can still hum a defiant *tum-ti-tum*, and feel ourselves doubly armed against untoward fate by consciously enlarging our capacity of enjoyment.

THE other day the Easy Chair met a local news-man who said that the circulation of newspapers in that neighborhood had singularly changed, and asked the reason. "A year ago," he said, "I sold ten times as many *Daily Bugles* as *Daily Trumpets*, and now the tables are turned. The *Daily Horn* led all the other wind instruments, and now the *Daily Cornet* is far ahead. I can not make out the reason."

There is no doubt that the sudden change of price during the year marked a new epoch in the world of newspapers. The purpose of the change was to increase the sale by lowering the price. But that alone might not produce the result, because there is not an indefinitely large reading public for newspapers, and there are multitudes who would not read a paper even if it were given to them. The obvious way of increasing the sale was simultaneously to lower the price and to modify somewhat the character of the paper. It is this course which probably supplies the reason of the change which the news-man noted.

Newspapers have been generally gazettes of the news, accompanied with grave comments upon public questions. But the number of persons who take a serious interest in public questions is comparatively small, while the number both of men and women who do take an interest in general gossip and pleasant comment upon miscellaneous topics is very large. The staple of the daily conversation in a city like New York, as of all other communities, is not earnest discussion and comparison of views upon weighty subjects; it is personal gossip, scandal, events, accidents, crimes, and all kinds of minor tattle. A newspaper, therefore, which should serve as a whispering-gallery or exchange for this kind of conversation, as well as a medium of important news and the treatment of politics, and which should touch all its topics with a light gayety and brevity, would be like the most entertaining visitor who would please men and women alike, and charm the loitering and sauntering crowd as well as interest the more intelligent and public-spirited part of the community.

This is certainly not a new suggestion of what a newspaper desiring a large circulation should be. But however plainly outlined the model may have been, not many newspapers have conformed to it. The grave tendency has been paramount. The original idea, that of Addison's *Spectator*, of a cheerful gossip, not too sober in seeming, however earnest in spirit, had somewhat vanished. It is the return to the idea, but with a misconception of it, that marks the late change. We say misconception, because the pleasant gossip need not degenerate into a pander. A police gazette or a photograph of crime may attract a host of readers, but at a price which the domestic newspaper, the journal for the home, to please son and daughter as well as father and mother, does not wish to pay.

The distinction lies in the difference between the airy and general gossip and the pander, in touching all events of the day as the talk of the average household touches them, but governed and restrained by a skill which will permit no mischief. To satisfy this general interest is now plainly the aim, and it necessarily changes somewhat the character of the paper. Every great journal has established a certain general character, and commands a certain public. This situation it must respect in making a change, unless it is, for some reason, a character and a public which it intends to relinquish, and to begin anew. Unless that be its object it must be so

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conducted as to retain the old friends while winning the new, and this is an enterprise not to be lightly undertaken, nor can it be achieved without great sagacity.

—The news-dealer assented to the general view. "Yes," said he, reflectively; "people loves to read about murders and prize-fights, and I guess families cares more for scandal than politics." His mind was evidently not quite clear. "Well, I don' know—I don' know," he said, as he shook his head good-naturedly and walked away.

Editor's Literary Record.

NOT even the most critical reader would suspect from the serenity and ease of his style, and the breadth and vigor of his generalizations, that Mr. Green prosecuted the laborious and difficult researches that were needful for the preparation of his two latest and, in many respects, most valuable historical works, *The Making of England* and *The Conquest of England*,[1] while he was suffering from physical ailments of the gravest and most distressing kind, and that they were written while he was literally face to face with death. In the preface to the last-named work, now just published by the Messrs. Harper, Mrs. Green tells the pathetic but animating story of the circumstances under which both volumes were written. Her gifted husband, she informs us, had hardly begun to shape his plans for writing the history of early England when he was seized by an illness so violent that it soon became evident that there could never be any hope of his recovery. He knew that the days that might still be left to him must henceforth be conquered day by day from death; but believing that before he died some faithful work might yet be accomplished by him for those who should come after him, at the moment of his greatest bodily weakness, and when he was convinced that he had scarcely a few weeks to live, he drew up the scheme of these two volumes, one of which, *The Making of England*, he finally completed, although during the five months of 1881 in which it was written the shadow of death under which it was begun never lifted. It was the opinion of his physicians that his life was only prolonged from day to day by the sheer force of his will, and the constancy of a resolve that wholly set aside all personal considerations. During these five months his courage took no touch of gloom or disappointment. Every moment of comparative ease was given to his task, and when such moments were denied him, hours of languor and distress were occupied with the same unfaltering patience. Unable to write a line, he was forced to learn how to dictate. He had not strength even to correct the printer's proofs, and these too were dictated by him, while the references for the volume were carried one by one to his bedside, and the notes from them were made and entered by his direction. With such sustained zeal and eager conscientiousness was his work done that much of *The Making of England* was wholly rewritten five times, other parts three times, till, as autumn drew near, he was driven from England, and it became needful to bring the book rapidly to an end, and to give it to the press. The spring of 1882 still found him alive, but even yet more frail and suffering. In May he hastened to England, when the sense of weakness seemed to vanish before the joy of coming again to his own land, and he once more turned to the interrupted history of England, taking up the tale at the period of its greatest obscurity and difficulty. Thus the present volume, *The Conquest of England*, was begun. It was Mr. Green's original intention to bring it to a close with the conquest of England by the Danes, and with this object in view the eight admirable and elaborate chapters of the book which bring the narrative down to the Danish conquest were written. These were printed in the autumn of 1882, although in the pressing peril of the time the final chapters were so brief as to be mere outlines. Again he was forced to leave England for the south, and there, in spite of fast-increasing illness and the pressure of unrelaxing suffering, he revised his work with earnest care. In this review the work seemed to him still far below his conception of what it might and ought to be, and he resolved to make important changes in the original plan and in its order, to rewrite some portions, and to extend the history beyond the conquest by the Danes to the conquest by the Normans. The printed book was heroically cancelled, and with a last supreme effort he set himself to a task which he was never to finish. He wrote the masterly opening chapter of the volume, in which he gives a sketch of England and the English people at the opening of the long struggle with the Danish pirates, vikings, and invaders, and the pages which close it were the last words written by his hand; "words," says Mrs. Green, "that were written one morning in haste, for weakness had already drawn on so fast that when in weariness he at last laid down his pen, he never again found strength to read over the words he had written." Even then his work was not over. In this last extremity of weakness, and almost in the throes of dissolution, he dictated the larger account of the history of the English shires, and the more comprehensive view of the rule of the Danish kings, that had taken shape in his

[1] *The Conquest of England.* By JOHN RICHARD GREEN, M.A., LL.D. With Portrait and Maps. 8vo, pp. 607. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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mind, and which he has incorporated in the history as it now stands. At last death put an end to his labor while it was yet incomplete, and it was left for the loving hand of his intelligent and capable wife to incorporate the results of his latest thoughts and reflections and his final words in a historical narrative of singular beauty and profound interest. It will be remembered that *The Making of England*, as its title indicates, was a history of the period of nearly four hundred years when England was in the process of *formation* or *making*, reaching from the invasion, conquest, and settlement of Britain by the Saxons, the Jutes, and the Angles to the union of all Englishmen in what had then become England, under the rule of Ecgberht. The new volume, wrought amid the unexampled sufferings and discouragements that we have witnessed, is a continuation of the history of early England from that point onward to the Norman conquest, and describes the immediately succeeding period of national *development* and *organization*. Owing to the illness of the author, and the necessary haste in which this volume was written, much that illustrates the later portion of this interesting period is given in outline, without having had the benefit of his revision, and has been derived from materials that he left behind him, partly in printed form and partly in manuscript notes and papers written some years ago, and often consisting of rough and imperfect fragments. These have been drawn into a connected whole by Mrs. Green, and although incomplete are of great historical value. The more complete and elaborate portions of the work are those which describe the first invasion and conquest of England by the Danes, the making of the Danelaw, the political organization and local institutions introduced by the Danes, the career of Alfred, and his influence upon the literature, laws, religion, and national character, his defeat of the Scandinavian invaders and overthrow of their supremacy, the heroic but unsuccessful stand made by the kings of Alfred's line against the Danes, the final Danish conquest, and the rule of England by kings from Denmark till they were overthrown and succeeded by kings from Normandy. Like its predecessor, *The Conquest of England* is a living portraiture of the times, and exhibits with great minuteness and vividness the origin and development of the great body of laws, customs, traditions, territorial subdivisions, and social and political institutions which form the frame-work of the England of to-day. An extremely interesting feature of the volume is its explanation of the origin and meaning of English names, severally of persons and places, roads, land-marks, towns, cities, shires, and the like.

THE present younger generation of Americans can have but a faint conception of the detestation in which the name of "Hessian" was once held in this country. Nor has it yet lost all the odium that was once attached to it by our forefathers, although the lapse of time and the sober second thought that has ensued are gradually softening the harsh judgments that were once visited upon a body of men who were really more sinned against than sinning. The indignation with which our ancestors regarded "mercenaries" was just enough when applied to Great Britain, which bought, to the Hessian princes, margraves, and landgraves, who sold, and in a lesser degree to the officers, who suffered themselves, in obedience to a blind sense of duty as soldiers, to be placed in command of the men of Hesse; but for the men themselves, no one can read Mr. Edward J. Lowell's interesting historical sketch, *The Hessians and the Other German Auxiliaries of Great Britain in the Revolutionary War*,[1] without experiencing a feeling of genuine commiseration. They were our unwilling enemies. Not that they sympathized with us or for the principles for which we fought, for, in fact, they knew nothing of either, but because they were torn from their homes and families, were sold like so many dumb and helpless cattle by their sordid and unprincipled rulers, were driven into the ranks, and were forced to fight in a cause in which they had no interest or concern, and for a nation for whom they had no love. In an excellent and brief account of the German princes who were the real mercenaries in this transaction, and of the treaties that consummated their own and England's shame, Mr. Lowell places the matter in its true light; and by the weight of the facts that he adduces, rather than by any labored efforts of rhetoric or argument, fully exonerates the inoffensive and helpless soldiery from any participation in the base bargain. All this, however, interesting as it may be, is incidental to the main purpose of Mr. Lowell's able monograph, which is to give the history in detail of the German troops that served against us in the War of Independence, from their conscription, muster, and organization in regiments in Hesse to their arrival in America, and through the course of the various campaigns, and in the various actions in which they participated. Mr. Lowell's volume is made up largely of information derived from books and manuscripts in the libraries and archives of the German states, containing original accounts by Hessian officers and soldiers of every important engagement and of almost every skirmish of the war, from the arrival of the first Hessian contingent, on the eve of the battle of Long Island, in 1776, to the close of the war. These have been diligently sifted and collated by Mr. Lowell, and moulded into a narrative which forms a valuable contribution to the military history of the Revolution.

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[1] *The Hessians and the Other German Auxiliaries of Great Britain in the Revolutionary War.* By EDWARD J. LOWELL. With Maps and Plans. 12mo, pp. 301. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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AMERICAN readers have been made reasonably familiar with the history of Prussia from the time of Frederick the Great until a very recent date by the historical writings of Carlyle, Ranke, Professor Seeley, Professor Müller, and others; but owing to the non-translation into English of the great historical works of Eberty, Stenzel, Droysen, and Von Cosel, which treat in the most comprehensive way on the entire period of the national life, they are comparatively ignorant, at least those of them who can not read German, of the very early history of Prussia, and have only an imperfect knowledge of the origin and development of a political system which has converted a petty principality into the most puissant power in Europe. In order to arrive at a just comprehension of the influence that Frederick the Great really exerted in giving Prussia a national form and a position among the nations of Europe, it is essential that we should first familiarize ourselves with the long course of previous political, military, and institutional preparation and development, of which Frederick and his political creations were the legitimate outcome, and by which the latter were rendered possible; for, as the author of whom we shall presently speak very justly observes, in the life of a nation as in that of a man the natural dispositions and surroundings, the early education and early impressions, are all-powerful in giving form to character and in paving the way to great achievements; and it is therefore absolutely requisite, if we would accurately gauge and comprehend the manhood of Prussia, that we should study its childhood, and watch the slow steps of its organic growth. In default of access to the important German works to which we have above referred, which have been written upon this formative period of Prussian national life, we cordially commend to the attention of our readers a judicious epitome of the history of the national and political development of Prussia, from the earliest times down to the death of the second king, the father of Frederick the Great, which has been prepared by Professor Tuttle, of Cornell University, with the title, *The History of Prussia to the Accession of Frederick the Great.*[3] The period covered by this epitome embraces the six centuries from 1134 to 1740, the first four and a half of which —in brief chapters describing primitive and mediæval Brandenburg, its extent, its relations to the Holy Roman Empire, its dynastic partitions, its line of Bavarian and Luxemburg margraves, its early society and institutions, the career of the Hohenzollerns, the social and political changes which they introduced or which were effected by the spirit of the people and the inferior nobles, and by the Reformation —are sketched in rapid but glowing outline by Professor Tuttle, which gives an interesting view of the political, social, intellectual, and religious development of the people through all these years, as they were gradually but inevitably crystallizing into a nation, and exhibiting tendencies and activities that have since become national characteristics. The history of the country in the seventeenth century and the first four decades of the eighteenth century, covering the periods from the Peace of Westphalia to the death of the Great Elector (Frederick William), from the accession of the Elector Frederick III. to the acquisition of the crown, during the early years of the new kingdom, and during the reign of Frederick I., is related more fully in detail, and comprises luminous accounts of the territorial changes that were effected in each of these periods, of the financial methods that were resorted to by the various electors and kings, of the administration of the diplomatic and military service by each of them, of the growth of absolutism, of the play of the social and religious forces, of the rise of learning and of educational institutions, of the foreign policy and foreign relations of the successive sovereigns, of their wars, their administrative reforms, and their invasions upon the rights of the people and the privileges of the nobles, of the state of the industrial arts and of agriculture, of the social and domestic relations of sovereigns, nobles, and people, and of the development of the constitution. Professor Tuttle has succeeded in producing a volume which is at once timely, eminently instructive, and exceedingly interesting.

[3] *The History of Prussia to the Accession of Frederick the Great.* 1134–1740. By HERBERT TUTTLE. 12mo, pp. 490. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

STUDENTS of ecclesiastical history will regard with great interest the revised and enlarged edition of Dr. Schaff's sterling *History of the Christian Church*,[4] of which three volumes are now published. As originally published in 1858, the first volume of the work embraced the Church history of the three centuries from the birth of the Saviour to the reign of Constantine the Great; but in the process of reconstruction that was made necessary by the nearly thirty years of active research, discovery, and criticism that have since ensued, the original first volume has grown into two volumes. Of these the first is now confined to the history of the Church in the times of the apostles, and relates chiefly to the preparation of the world for Christianity before the coming and ministry of Christ, and to the theology and literature of the Church during the first century only; and the second contains the history of Ante-Nicene Christianity from the end of the apostolic age to the beginning of the Nicene, as illustrated severally by its martyrs and confessors, the persecutions to which it was subjected, its literary contest with Judaism on the

[4] *History of the Christian Church.* By PHILIP SCHAFF. A New Edition, thoroughly Revised and Enlarged. Vol. I.: *Apostolic Christianity*, A.D. 1–100. 8vo, pp. 871. Vol. II.: *Ante-Nicene Christianity*, A.D. 100–325. 8vo, pp. 877. Vol. III.: *Nicene and Post-Nicene Christianity*, A.D. 311–600. 8vo, pp. 1049. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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one hand and with Hellenism on the other, its organization, discipline, and worship as a Church, its art, the life and tendencies of its adherents, the heresies that vexed it, its patristic literature, and the development of its theology. The third volume covers the eventful Nicene and Post-Nicene period of Christian emperors, patriarchs, and œcumenical councils, from Constantine the Great to Gregory the Great, and contains a comprehensive survey of the history of the Christian Church in the centuries—from A.D. 311 to A.D. 600—that witnessed the downfall of heathenism and the triumph of Christianity in the Roman Empire, the alliance of the Church with the state, and its influence on religion and the public faith and morals, the growth of monasticism and the hierarchy, the change in the polity of the Church and in the character and relationship of the clergy and laity, the decline of discipline and the spread of schisms, the revolution in the cultus of Christianity and its effect upon public worship and the customs and ceremonies of the Church, and the development of œcumenical orthodoxy through the attrition of the Trinitarian, Origenistic, Christological, and anthropological controversies of the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries. As revised, rewritten, and enlarged by the fruits of Dr. Schaff's industrious studies and matured reflections, the work is in many of its aspects a new one, enriched with the last results of the best scholarship, and marked throughout by the catholicity and candor, combined with the historical accuracy and the penetrating critical judgment, for which its learned author is held in high repute by Biblical and ecclesiastical scholars.

MR. CHARLES H. MOORE, the accomplished instructor in drawing and the principles of design at Harvard University, has prepared a volume of *Examples for Elementary Practice in Delineation*,[5] the object of which is to place in the hands of the beginner such materials for practice as will train the hand and eye to habits of accuracy and precision, and also quicken his appreciation of those qualities of line which are expressive of living character and beauty. The combination of examples and instructions which he gives in the volume is admirably devised to secure these important ends. Rightly apprehending the weighty objections which lie against the exclusive use of examples, and also rightly appreciating the usefulness of drawing from nature, as well as the difficulties that lie in the way of it, Mr. Moore has adopted the course of combining the use of good examples with work from nature. But as delineation is the first step and the essential basis of everything in art—its alphabet, so to speak—his first attention is given to it, not only because of its importance as a manual exercise, and with a view to securing steadiness, precision, and freedom, but also because when these are attained, and a reasonable degree of skill is acquired, the mind will be left more free to observe and enjoy the beauty of living lines, and to work successfully directly from nature. Holding this distinctly and constantly in mind, the examples for practice which he gives in his earlier exercises consist of such significant and well-known natural objects as the spiral of the nautilus shell, the outline of the sea-urchin, the leaf of the bulbous crowfoot, the shoot of the lilac, the spray of the holly, and other sprays, leaves, and twigs of beautiful and familiar plants, flowers, and trees, all of which illustrate by their structure the vital truth that the symmetry of nature and of good art co-exists invariably with that living changefulness of form which is essential to beauty. The later examples are reproductions of special features of some noteworthy works of ancient and mediæval art in the realms of ornamentation, architecture, painting, and sculpture, which still further illustrate this important truth.

[5] *Examples for Elementary Practice in Delineation.* By CHARLES H. MOORE. Folio, pp. 56. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

THE practical value of statistics has seldom been as forcibly and as entertainingly illustrated as in a volume prepared by Dr. Alfred H. Guernsey, to which he has given the title of *The World's Opportunities, and How to Use Them*.[6] Premising that, notwithstanding its comprehensive title, it relates almost exclusively to the field of our own country, the book is an encyclopædic epitome of facts and information, interwoven with useful hints and suggestions, bearing upon the principal industries and avocations that are or may be carried on in the United States, considered specifically with regard to the opportunities which they severally offer for the attainment of success in life. In his indefatigable survey of the field of American business and industry, Dr. Guernsey has availed of those results of our late census, and of a large body of statistics derived from other authentic and not generally accessible sources, which are most immediately connected with the social, industrial, and intellectual well-being of our people, to give a close survey of the present condition and prospects of all the various occupations, handicrafts, pursuits, and professions in which our countrymen are or may be engaged, and to draw attention to the opportunities which each offers for remuneration and success. The information that he has collected and grouped under special appropriate heads covers a wide

[6] *The World's Opportunities, and How to Use Them.* A View of the Industrial Progress of our Country, a Consideration of its Future Development, a Study of the Sphere of Woman's Work, and Estimates of the Rewards which Art and Science, Invention and Discovery, have in Store for Human Endeavor. With an Analysis of the Conditions of Present and Prospective Prosperity. By ALFRED H. GUERNSEY, Ph.D. With Comprehensive Tables of Statistics. Richly Illustrated. Royal 8vo, pp. 600. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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field, and embraces replies to the following among other inquiries: how many persons are engaged in each calling, and whether the number is greater or less in proportion to the whole than formerly, and why; what are their several rates of wages or remuneration, and whether, and for what reason, they are stationary, diminishing, or increasing; whether the products of each will remain in demand, and whether there is likely to be any change in the methods by which they are produced; what improvements have been made, or may yet be made, in products of various kinds, or in their modes of production; what openings there are, and where, for the young and enterprising of that preponderating class among us who, from choice or necessity, are engaged, or must engage, in some one or other of the activities of the age, and what preparation is necessary in order to fill them; and what are those steady movements of our population, and those permanent developments in the various trades, occupations, businesses, and pursuits, which give clear intimations of the direction in which one may bend his energies with a reasonable prospect of success. Dr. Guernsey gives a condensed and graphic account of each of the great industries, callings, and productions of the country, and in connection with this combines a large body of well-considered suggestion and advice for the guidance or information of those who are preparing to embark in the battle of life. Especially full and valuable are his chapters on agriculture, mining, the fisheries, the professions, the trades and manufactures, and work for women. Those upon the first-named subject embrace an immense array of useful facts and information, reduced within small compass, relating to the products of the farm, the garden, the vineyard, the dairy, the forest, and the stock-yard, the number and remuneration of the persons employed in each, and the methods which have been most successfully followed in them. The volume is an invaluable treasury of knowledge, having a direct bearing upon a variety of subjects of great importance and of almost universal interest.

A COPIOUS vocabulary and the ability to draw readily upon it for words that shall give proper expression to thought are invaluable items in the equipment alike of the poet and the philosopher. But there is this difference, that while the philosopher uses words to convey a literal and strictly limited scientific meaning, the poet uses them as the painter uses colors—to heighten and give tone and warmth to his conceptions, and to clothe the true or the beautiful, the real or the ideal, in robes that shall reflect the myriad hues and forms of the imagination. It needs but a cursory perusal of Mr. Charles Leonard Moore's *Atlas*[7] and *Poems Antique and Modern*[8] to discover that he is the possessor of this inestimable quality; but only a close study of them will reveal the fine taste that presides over his choice of words, and his tact in the use of those that are the most thoroughly apposite as well as most richly expressive. It is true that this verbal affluence has its besetting evil tendency, and is apt to degenerate into mere volubility, as, indeed, is often exemplified by Mr. Moore in those of his poems that he classifies as "modern." But this is only faintly visible in the poems modelled upon the antique, in which he reproduces the mythological fables of Atlas, Herakles, and Prometheus. These are remarkable for the grace, stateliness, and severe simplicity of their style, and scarcely less so for the originality and beauty of their variations upon and interpretations of the ancient classical legends, and their subdued intensity of passion and feeling. Mr. Moore has a vigorous imagination, which he holds well in check while dealing with the ancient legends; but when he ventures away from classical originals, and treads upon the ground of modern romance, he betrays a strong tendency to the weird, the vague, and the extravagant. His verse, though occasionally marred by grave technical imperfections, is generally full, flowing, and musical.

ALTHOUGH the American Civil War is now removed from us by nearly a score of years, there has as yet appeared no history covering so fully or so minutely the military and political events of that great struggle as *Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion*.[9] Five years were occupied in the preparation of the work. The introductory chapters were written early in the war by Mr. Richard Grant White. The chapters relating to military operations in the East, with some exceptions, and the earlier ones upon political history were written by Dr. Alfred H. Guernsey. The remainder of the work was prepared by Mr. Henry M. Alden. The narrative was based upon official documents, and, wherever such citations were important, these documents were quoted in full. As the history was not completed until three years after the termination of the war, there was ample opportunity for the collection of material, embracing much important matter obtained directly from prominent military officers, National and Confederate. The issues since reached on disputed matters have tended only to confirm the accuracy of this history.

It is therefore not to be wondered at that this work has come to be regarded as the most important and comprehensive single history of the war for the Union.

Another feature has contributed to its popu-

[7] *Atlas.* By CHARLES LEONARD MOORE. 4to, pp. 56. Philadelphia: J. E. Potter and Co.

[8] *Poems Antique and Modern.* By CHARLES LEONARD MOORE. Sq. 8vo, pp. 334. Philadelphia: J. E. Potter and Co.

[9] *Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion.* By Dr. ALFRED H. GUERNSEY and HENRY M. ALDEN. With One Thousand Illustrations. Two Volumes, with Index, pp. 836. For sale only by M'Donnell Brothers, 113 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

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larity. It contains a thousand illustrations, taken mostly from *Harper's Weekly*, of which there are three classes: 1, descriptive pictures; 2, maps and plans of battles; 3, portraits. As the plates of the *Weekly* have been destroyed, these illustrations are now to be found only in this work. With the lapse of time these illustrations have come to have a special interest. Probably no great historical event was ever so fully illustrated as was the American Civil War in *Harper's Weekly;* and these pictures were made by special artists, who followed the various armies as closely as did the correspondents of the great daily papers, and who depicted with graphic power and accuracy the scenes enacted before them. What would we not give for similar representations of the war of the Revolution, or that of 1812? The value of the illustrations of the work, therefore, as well as the general accuracy and completeness of the narrative, account for the present vitality of *Harper's Pictorial History of the Rebellion* and for its universal popularity.

THE new and standard edition of Coleridge's *Works*,[10] edited by Professor Shedd, which was announced in the Record for last month as in course of republication by the Messrs. Harper, is rapidly approaching completion. In addition to the two volumes then noticed, four others have now appeared, comprising all his other prose writings, among them being the profoundly interesting autobiographical fragment published after his death with the title *Biographia Literaria*, and his invaluable *Lectures upon Shakespeare and Other Dramatists.*

IT is not necessary to be endowed with the gift of prophecy to be able to foretell that no novel of the month will create as great a flutter and stir in fashionable society, or will be as widely read and talked about, as Mr. Lathrop's pungent and attractive society novel, *Newport.*[11] The love story which the author has made the vehicle for his observations upon life and manners at that ultra-fashionable resort, and which serves as a frame for his spirited pictures of Newport society and of the men and women who "most do congregate" there, makes no large drafts upon the emotions or sympathies, but it is deftly and gracefully told, it abounds in skillful artistic touches, and a vein of genuine poetic feeling crops out here and there, even from its most caustic limnings. But clever and pleasing as is the story, its interest as such is secondary to that which attaches to Mr. Lathrop's delineation of the thin veneering of refinement, the selfish scheming, the absorbing worldliness, the vulgarity, the shallow pretentiousness, and the petty malice which characterize no inconsiderable proportion of those who figure in the artificial society of our most exclusive summer resort. The heartiness and vigor of his satire, delicate and almost impalpable as it often is, will doubtless cause some gnashing of teeth among those who discover that they are the originals of his acid etchings, more especially when they detect the "nods and becks and wreathed smiles" that are covertly indulged in at their expense by their whilom social intimates.

THE Messrs. Harper have printed a new edition, in permanent library form, of Mr. John Esten Cooke's spirited historical novel, *Bonnybell Vane.*[12] The tale is a delightful one, rich in romantic incidents and in fine delineations of the picturesque phases of society that existed in the Old Dominion on the eve of the Revolutionary War, and rich also in historic memories of the times that tried men's souls, and in speaking portraitures of the grand men who first pioneered the people of the ancient colony in their resistance to tyranny and then valiantly led them in their heroic struggle for independence. It is impossible to read Mr. Cooke's impassioned and sympathetic story without coming under the spell of the noble contagion which it so graphically depicts.

Of the other novels that have found their way to the editor's table this month there is scarcely one that does not deserve extended notice. None of them, it is true, can be classed in the first rank of prose fiction, but all are fresh, clever, and effective. Those of our readers who would enliven a weary or a vacant hour with a cheerful and entertaining companion can not choose amiss from the following list: *Pretty Miss Neville,*[13] by B. M. Croker; *Vestigia,*[14] by the author of *Kismet; Red Riding-Hood,*[15] by Mrs. Notley; *Prusias,*[16] by Ernst Eckstein; *The New Abelard,*[17] by Robert Buchanan; *Susan Drummond,*[18] by Mrs. Riddell; and *Only an Incident,*[19] by Grace Denio Litchfield.

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[10] *The Complete Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.* With an Introductory Essay upon his Philosophical and Theological Opinions. Edited by Professor W. G. T. SHEDD. In Seven Volumes, 12mo. Vol. III.: *Biographia Literaria*, pp. 751. Vol. IV.: *Lectures upon Shakespeare and Other Dramatists*, pp. 448. Vol. V.: *The Literary Remains and Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*, pp. 623. Vol. VI.: *Church and State; A Lay Sermon; Table-Talk*, pp. 528. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *Newport.* By GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP. 16mo, pp. 297. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[12] *Bonnybell Vane.* Embracing the History of Henry St. John, Gentleman. By JOHN ESTEN COOKE. 16mo, pp. 503. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[13] *Pretty Miss Neville.* A Novel. By B. M. CROKER. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 68. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[14] *Vestigia.* By GEORGE FLEMING. 16mo, pp. 288. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[15] *Red Riding-Hood.* A Novel. By Mrs. F. E. M. NOTLEY. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 84. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[16] *Prusias.* A Romance of Ancient Rome under the Republic. By ERNST ECKSTEIN. Translated by CLARA BELL. Two Vols., 18mo, pp. 355 and 325. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

[17] *The New Abelard.* A Romance. By ROBERT BUCHANAN. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 48. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[18] *Susan Drummond.* A Novel. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL. "Franklin Square Library." 4to, pp. 77. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[19] *Only an Incident.* By GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD. 18mo, pp. 286. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 18th of March.—President Arthur, in sending the first report of the Civil Service Commissioners to Congress, February 29, congratulated Congress and the people upon the good results already accomplished by the law, and avowed his conviction that it will henceforth prove to be of still more signal benefit to the public service. He heartily commended the zeal and fidelity of the Commissioners, and their suggestions for further legislation, and advised the making of such an appropriation as shall be adequate for their needs.

The following bills were passed in Congress: Military Academy Appropriation Bill, House, February 21, Senate, March 4; Mr. McPherson's currency bill, Senate, February 25; bill repealing the test oath, Senate, February 27, after being amended so that no person who held a commission in the United States army before the war, and was afterward engaged in the military, naval, or civil service of the so-called Confederate States, shall be appointed to any position in the army or navy of the United States; bill authorizing the construction of seven steel vessels for the navy, Senate, February 29; bill pensioning survivors of the Mexican war, House, March 3, by a vote of 227 to 46; bill to extend the limits of Yellowstone Park to 5300 miles (an addition of 2000), Senate, March 5; Naval Appropriation Bill, House, March 6; bill for the relief of Fitz-John Porter, Senate, March 13, by 36 to 25.

The Supreme Court of the United States, March 3, affirmed the constitutionality of the Legal Tender Act of 1878.

The Mexican treaty was ratified by the Senate, March 11, by a vote of 41 to 20.

The Louisiana Republican Convention, March 6, nominated John A. Stevenson for Governor.

The bill prohibiting the making of further contracts for the labor of convicts in New York State was signed by Governor Cleveland March 3.

The British government presented to the United States for the use of the Greely relief expedition the steamer *Alert*. The President accepted, with the thanks of the nation.

The British House of Commons, February 22, rejected Mr. Parnell's amendment to the address in reply to the Queen's speech, by a vote of 81 to 30.—Sir Arthur Wellesley Peel was unanimously elected Speaker of the House February 26.—The House of Lords appointed a committee on the housing of the poor, with the Prince of Wales as a member.

In returning the Lasker resolution to the United States government, Prince Bismarck gave the following reasons to the German Minister at Washington: "I should have gratefully accepted the communication made by Minister Sargent, and should have asked the Emperor to empower me to present it to the Reichstag, if the resolution had not contained an opinion regarding the object and effect of Herr Lasker's political activity which was opposed to my convictions. According to my experience of the political-economic development of the German people, I can not recognize the opinion as one which events I have witnessed would justify. I can not determine to ask the Emperor for the necessary power to communicate the resolution to the Reichstag, because I should have officially to advocate before the Emperor an opinion which I can not recognize as correct."

The Lower House of the Prussian Landtag refused to repeal the law abolishing the salaries of Catholic priests, by a vote of 209 to 152.

The treaty of peace with Chili was ratified by the Constituent Assembly of Peru, and General Iglesias took the oath as Provisional President of Peru, March 1.

The French troops occupied Bac-ninh March 12, the Chinese garrison fleeing in the direction of Thai-nguyen.

The outbreak in the Soudan is not yet quelled. On February 21 the garrison at Tokar surrendered to the rebels. Three days later a British expedition numbering 4300 men landed at Trinkitat, and on March 1 General Graham captured the city, inflicting great loss on the rebels. On March 12 Osman Digma's camp was taken by the same general. The Arabs lost 4000 to 6000 men.

DISASTERS.

February 19.—Tornadoes in Georgia, Missouri, North Carolina, and Kentucky, with great loss of life.

February 20.—Nineteen miners killed by a fire-damp explosion four miles from Uniontown, Pennsylvania.

February 25.—Seventeen passengers killed by the explosion of the boiler of the steamer *Kotsai*, from Hong-Kong for Macao.

March 13.—One hundred and fifty-four lives lost by an explosion in a colliery at Pocahontas, Virginia.

OBITUARY.

February 26.—In Paris, France, General Emmanuel Félix de Wimpffen, aged seventy-three years, and General Jean Paul Adam Schramm, aged ninety-five years.

February 27.—In St. Petersburg, Russia, W. H. Hunt, United States Minister, aged sixty years.

February 28.—At Hartford, Connecticut, ex-Governor R. D. Hubbard, in his sixty-sixth year.

March 10.—In Omaha, Nebraska, Right Rev. R. H. Clarkson, Bishop of Nebraska, aged fifty-eight years.

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Editor's Drawer.

THIS is something like it. A shower of apple blossoms. This is the sign that May has come in New England and other outlying regions of the habitable globe. Other signs, such as May-poles, fail, but this one never fails, although there are people who have seen the snow come down upon apple-trees in full bloom, greatly to the bewilderment of the birds, who in vain try by a flirt of the wing and a trill to pass it off as a joke. Yes, the apple blossoms have come, or are coming, for the editor of the Drawer can not be on other terms than those of absolute truth with his readers. He even believes all the stories they send him, incredible as they may sometimes seem to others. And he must confess that what suggests to him the apple blossoms at this moment of writing is one of the liveliest and most prevailing snow-storms of the season. It is the most general picking of geese in the upper air of this year. For a Christmas pantomime nothing could be finer: the white earth, the air full of shining crystals, the trees laden to the utmost twig with silver filigree-work, infinite depths of it in the interlacing branches of the forest, the whole aerial, bewilderingly beautiful canopy supported like a tent upon the dark stems of the trees. Below, the evergreens bend like heavy plumes, and sweep the white carpet, and above, the most delicate tracery in a million fantastic forms makes a picture of unrivalled loveliness. Many people enjoy it. There are no birds in the branches, no songs in the air, no cats leisurely walking about in the shrubbery. In fact, the scene is arctic, or would be if the arctic regions had forests. It is so arctic that I am sure if a tender-hearted Congress could see it, it would order a relief expedition up this way. It would be a service of some danger, but of certain honor, for the expedition would surely find its way out in May, and enjoy the apple blossoms of which we are trying to write.

A great deal has been said in praise of New England, and much remains to be said; but it is, after all, scarcely understood by its inhabitants. The only person who knows how to live in New England is the bear. There is no pretense about him. He goes into winter-quarters like a sensible animal when winter comes, and stays there, sucking his paws in content, and waiting for the May. All the trouble we have with the climate arises from the fact that we do not obey the laws of it as he does. By attending to them he gets an amount of pure enjoyment out of the whole year. He comes forth refreshed in time for the honey and the berries with senses keen to perceive the scent of the apple blossoms.

Do we welcome the May with that unquestioning, unsophisticated delight which the people and poets of the Middle Ages felt in its approach and appearance? It was, some one tells us, only this strong impulse of nature in spring, this decided contrast, and most objective manifestation of beauty, that could move them. But we in our refinement, and in our larger and more cultivated appreciation of scenery and of the peculiarities of each season, have come to distribute our appreciation more evenly through the year. Spring and the tender beginnings of life still hold the first place, partly because of the animal nature which we share with the birds and other animals, which begin a new activity in the resurrection of nature. The poet and the lover still feel, however highly cultivated they may be, the strong impulses of the spring; and the poetic impulse is a good deal a matter of the hot and coursing blood. In the refinement of our time we have come to appreciate "low tones" and quiet effects. The dull reds and umbers of a way-side swamp in the late autumn or snowless winter can call out almost as much admiration from a truly æsthetic soul as the tender flush of spring. We are trained and cultivated to see beauties in all seasons which were invisible to mediæval eyes, or were not attended to by them. There are numbers of us—thank Heaven!—who can almost go into an ecstasy over a "gray day," when all nature is toned down to a melancholy and suicidal point, and our exquisite senses are wounded by the rude attempt of nature to attract us by bright colors and the robust thrill of new and bursting life. We can suppose that there are sensitive souls that shrink away from a crude green lawn, gazing at them with its wide-open eyes of daisies and dandelions. It is discovered that nature can be a little too obtrusive. Better suit the fastidious the half-tones and fading-away sensations. Still a great many natural people are left who are unsophisticated enough to like the robust hilarity of spring. To such the Drawer holds out the apple blossom of peace and congratulation.

AN UNEXPECTED RESPONSE.

A YOUNG Presbyterian divine had accepted an invitation to preach in a country schoolhouse. Among the congregation was a family named Culbertson, who owned a savage-looking but really harmless dog. When they had arrived at the appointed place, the good wife was vexed to behold the dog very sedately entering with them. Not satisfied with being merely among the audience, Ponto ascended the platform, and composed himself for a nap behind the clergyman's desk. As the services were just beginning, no efforts were made to rout him from his chosen place, and he was allowed to slumber undisturbed. In the latter part of his sermon the minister had occasion to illustrate his subject by relating an anecdote of Libby Prison: "Each morning the roll was called, and daily there were names to

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which no answer would ever again be given. On the morning of which I speak the first name called was Henry Thomson. No answer came, and a death-like stillness pervaded the ranks. Again the name was repeated—'Henry Thomson—'"

A fatal step backward by the minister, "Bow, wow" was the loud response. The rest of the sermon was lost on the hearers, and ever afterward the dog was known as Henry Thomson. JUDITH EYRE.

A GENTLEMAN in Richmond, Virginia, had a servant named Joe. One morning he lay in bed till nine o'clock, but no Joe and no fire. The impossibility of shaving with water thirty degrees below freezing-point brought imprecations on the tardy domestic's head, when the door opened, and Aunt Polly leisurely began to light the fire.

"Where in thunder" (the historian is nothing if he is not accurate) "is that son of yours? I've been waiting for him two blessed hours."

"Now, Marse Trav, you must 'cuse Joe," said his mother, in her most conciliating tones —"you really must 'cuse Joe *dis* mornin'—Joe dead."

THE COQUETTES.

THEY say the brunettes are arch coquettes,
That they break the hearts that love them,
But eyes of blue are tender and true
As the sky that bends above them.

Ah! but you will find Love is color-blind,
And he comes with as little warning
To hearts that lie back of eyes of black
As of those that are blue as the morning.

For he comes and goes as the free wind blows,
That asks not, as it passes,
If it touches the head of the roses red,
Or the violets down in the grasses.

So the coquettes are not the brunettes,
Nor the maidens with golden tresses:
They are those unto whom Love never has come
With his kisses and fond caresses.

HOSEA G. BLAKE.

JUDGE M—— says that many years ago, when starting out to seek his fortune for himself, he went to the southwestern part of Texas. Riding one hot August afternoon along a cart-road cut for many miles through the chaparral, his pony stopped with such suddenness that he was nearly thrown forward over the animal's head. Said he, in further description, "I got off and looked about to see what the trouble was, and soon found about a rod ahead a huge rattlesnake asleep across the roadway, his head down the slope on one side, and his tail in the gutter on the other. I tried to make the pony jump the snake, but he wouldn't budge. There wasn't stone or stick big enough to handle in sight, and I had no fire-arms. I was in a pickle, but I couldn't go back, and didn't like to stay where I was. However, while considering the situation, I saw away ahead on the further side of the rattler a sapling—such as is used to bind hay upon a rick. Hitching my pony to the brush, I stepped back so as to get a good start, took a running jump, leaped over the snake, ran to the sapling, grabbed it with both hands, ran, swinging it over my head, back to his slumbering snakeship, and whacked him right across the neck, breaking it at once—when, hang me if I didn't discover that my sapling was the snake's mate, and that the same blow killed it also!"

APROPOS of the late Surgeon-General Hammond, the following story was related to us by one who was acquainted with both parties:

In the little town of L——, in southwestern Wisconsin, lived, some years ago, a shrewd, bright-witted Irishman by the name of John Doyle. He had served with honor during the late civil war in Company C——, Second Wisconsin Volunteers, until the battle of Gainesville, when a stray bullet ploughed its way through his head, and left him with the chances very much in favor of his becoming a dead hero. However, John recovered, with the loss of one eye, and returned home.

At the time of which we are about to speak, John was one of Uncle Sam's wards borne on the pension rolls; but his remaining eye was found to be losing its sight, and he was ordered to New York for treatment, where he was placed in a prominent eye and ear infirmary. On his arrival John was made acquainted with the cast-iron rules of the institution, which were anything but acceptable to the fun-loving Irishman; but he managed to manifest due submission until he was put into a ward with another patient who was troubled with some infectious disease of the visual organs.

John took a hasty survey of the prospect, and then entered a string of objections with all the volubility of his nimble tongue, backed by a rich Milesian brogue, but all to no purpose. He was informed that he must remain there, and, to add to the indignity, be locked in. This last was the straw that broke the none too calm temper of the Irishman, and he protested, indignantly, "But I don't want to be locked up, d'ye mind."

"Can't help it; such are the rules," gruffly responded the attendant.

"And is it meself has got to slape with that fellow there?"

"Yes." With a clang the door came to, and John was left to his reflections. Dinner hour came, and the rations served were not of a kind to render the situation any the more inviting. The indignant Irishman managed to get through the night, and by the next day had mapped out a line of operations that promised better things.

The next time rations were served, John grabbed his mess, slipped it hastily into a tin box, and securely locked it; then grasping his

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clothes, he slid out through the door, which had been temporarily unlocked by the attendant while he passed on to other wards, and stole quietly down-stairs and into the outer air, where he made a straight course for the office of Surgeon-General Hammond.

The General was in his office when John walked in with the remark that he "wanted to see Gineral Hammond."

"You can't see him now — he's busy," replied the orderly in attendance.

"But I must see him," replied the Irishman.

"I tell you he is busy, and can't be seen. Come another time."

"And I tell yez I must see him now, and I'll not come another time," replied the irritated Irishman, stubbornly holding his ground.

The door to General Hammond's private office stood open, so the altercation was plainly heard by the occupant. It appears he had heard of John before, and he now sung out, "Is that you, Wisconsin?"

"Yis, it's me, Gineral."

"Come in."

The Irishman did not need a second bidding, but marched triumphantly by the orderly, and made known his grievances.

The brow of the General clouded ominously as John poured forth his complaints; and at the conclusion of the statement wraps were ordered, and the Surgeon-General and the complainant started for the infirmary.

To say that the superintendent of the institution was astonished is stating the matter mildly.

John led the way at once to the room he had left so unceremoniously, and pointing to the patient on the bed, cried, "Do yez see that, Gineral dear? Is it meself that's got to slape with the likes ov that? Sure it's contagious, so it is; and it's only one eye I have now, and yez wudn't want me to lose that?"

Dr. Hammond leaned over the bed and carefully examined the man, and at once pronounced the case contagious. Turning to the superintendent, he asked if they had no other room. The official was profuse in apologies. "So crowded," "would have a room in a few days." But General Hammond cut short the apologies by inquiring if they did not have any private wards.

"Certainly."

"Then we will take a look at them."

"Hould on a minute, Gineral dear," cried the Irishman, as they turned to go, fishing out from his box the mess served out to him. "Will yez jist luk at that, and say if it's fit for a white man's stomach," holding up at the same time the bowl of thin soup or gruel.

General Hammond took it up, smelled and tasted, and replied: "Well, no, Wisconsin; that isn't remarkably good diet for a sick man. Is that what they give you here?"

"Faith it is, Gineral."

"Well, we'll see about it;" and the party started for the private wards, where large, pleasant, handsomely furnished rooms opened from the corridor on every side.

"Gineral, here's a moighty fine room," said John, insinuatingly, as the party stopped before one of the best on the floor.

"Is this room occupied?" asked General Hammond of the superintendent.

"No, sir; but that is a private ward, and costs extra."

"Never mind the cost. Here, Wisconsin, you take this, and"—turning to the superintendent—"hereafter you give him whatever he calls for, and the government will pay the bill. It can afford to, after the service he has rendered it."

This ended the interview, John triumphant, the superintendent stupefied, and the whole establishment impressed with a due sense of the lively Irishman's importance.

The next scene opened the ensuing day, when, in answer to what he would have for dinner, John ordered quail on toast.

"But there ain't any quails in the city, and you can't have them," cried the astounded attendant.

"Whist, now, ye blackguard; didn't the Gineral, God bless him! say I was to have what I wanted?"

"But you can't have what you can't get in the city."

"Now don't be onasy. If yez wuz to go down to the corner of Twenty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, it's yerself wud be findin' plinty ov them in the windy. Now begone wid yez, or I'll have the Gineral up here to attend to yer lazy carcass, so I will."

The result was, the audacious Irishman dined on his favorite dish. As the attendant came to take away the dishes, John re-assured him as to the future by saying, with a twinkle in the eye, "There, now, it's yerself may be asy after this; I wuz only thryin' ye to see if yez wud obey orders."

From that time, so long as he remained, John had the run of the institution. Finally the time arrived for his return home. On his eastern trip John had been bothered by conductors trying to "stale his pass"; so when the papers were furnished for transportation back, down he went to the depot to see if he could not exchange them for a coupon ticket. Marching up to the ticket window he presented his papers and request.

"We don't do that kind of business here," was the short reply.

"And yez won't change it?"

"No."

Without another word John turned on his heel and started for the office of the Surgeon-General. Arriving there, he laid his case before Dr. Hammond, who directed his secretary to write a note asking that the change be made. Armed with this the Irishman started again for the depot, presented the note, and renewed his request.

"Didn't I tell you once that I wouldn't

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make the change?" cried the irate dispenser of tickets, aroused by the persistency of the application.

"And yez won't change it?"

"No, I won't; and you get out of here quick."

Without a word John turned a second time, and back he went to his friend the Surgeon-General, where he related his second conversation with the ticket agent. General Hammond sat down and wrote on the back of the pass, "Change this at once for a ticket, or I will know the reason why," signed Surgeon-General Hammond.

Again the persistent Irishman found his way to the ticket window, and handed the pass, with the ominous sentence on its back, to the agent. The latter snatched the paper up, but a glance told him matters had reached a point where trifling was dangerous.

"Will yez change it now?" asked John, dryly.

"You know I have got to change it, you Irish rascal. If it wasn't for this, I'd have you fired out of here," was the angry response.

"I thought yez wud change it," said John, as he quietly stowed away his hard-earned coupons.

It may be added he arrived home safely. Where he is now, I do not know; but if on top of earth he is bound to be the same witty, energetic Irishman as ever.

A VIRGINIA correspondent sends the following "true" story:

About five years ago Mrs. H——, of Amelia County, Virginia, had in her employment in the capacity of nurse a colored girl named Betty. Betty was a delightful, frolicsome creature, abounding in anecdote, utterly irresponsible, and entirely self-satisfied. Unfortunately these excellent qualities were marred by a habit of thieving, which was overlooked by her soft-hearted employer, who was, sad to relate, rather given to excusing any lack of morality which did not interfere with the happiness of the denizens of the nursery.

But, alas, one fine morning poor Betty took twenty or thirty dollars from the pocket of a drunken Irishman. Through some law quibble, satisfactory to the jury and commonwealth's attorney, as the man was asleep on the public highway, giggling, light-headed Betty was transferred from the Redmoor nursery to the penitentiary at Richmond.

There she remained two years. One bright day in June the family was startled with screams of joy from the play-ground, and a shout of welcome from the back yard. Mrs. H—— hastened to the kitchen to find Betty sitting on the table surrounded by an admiring colored throng, and holding two of her former charges in her arms. We have high authority for receiving the prodigal, but to welcome a penitentiary convict as though she were the heroine of a romantic adventure was putting too high a premium on vice even for gentle Mrs. H——.

In as dignified a tone as the general hilarity permitted, she said, "I hope, now you've come home from that dreadful place, Betty, you will try to be a better girl."

"Miss Anna, honey," replied the utterly unsubdued, unabashed culprit, "penitentiary ain't so bad ez folks think; you gits vittles thar, an' fire an' close ef you 'have yourself; but den, Miss Anna, ef you was to go thar, you must 'member to 'have yourself, an' den when you come 'way dey gees you dollar an' dey gees you coat. No, Miss Anna, 'tain't bad whar I come from." So the effort to improve the occasion by a moral drawn from past experience fell to the ground.

"Oh, Betty," said John, a ten-year-old scion of the house of H——, who gloated over adventures, and in his inmost heart envied Betty's superior advantages, "did they put you in a cell all by yourself? and did you have on chains—oh, Betty, *you did* have on chains?"

"Chains, indeed!" with a toss of her head. "I slep' in a nice room, wid a nice colored lady, an' I 'ain't tase corn-bread sence I lef' dis here house."

"But what did the lady do to be put in the penitentiary, Betty—did she steal too?"

"Now, honey, you mustn't crowd me; I don't know, but I hear folk *say* she gwine stay thar some time. She car' her head *mighty* high, an' I ask no questions; but dey tell me she burnt up her chillun—yes, Miss Anna, she burn up five of her chillun."

"And you staid in the cell with such a monster, and can call her a nice lady? Oh, Betty!"

"Hi, Miss Anna, *dey was her chillun*—she cud burn um up ef she choose."

AT the request of many readers who were interested in the paragraph in a recent Drawer respecting the author of "Speak Gently," we reprint the poem. It has been set to music, and is published with the accompaniment in the "Franklin Square Song Collection," No. 2:

Speak gently—it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently—let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.
Speak gently to the little child;
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild,
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young—for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.
Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart,
Whose sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently to the erring, know
They must have tolled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again.
Speak gently, 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

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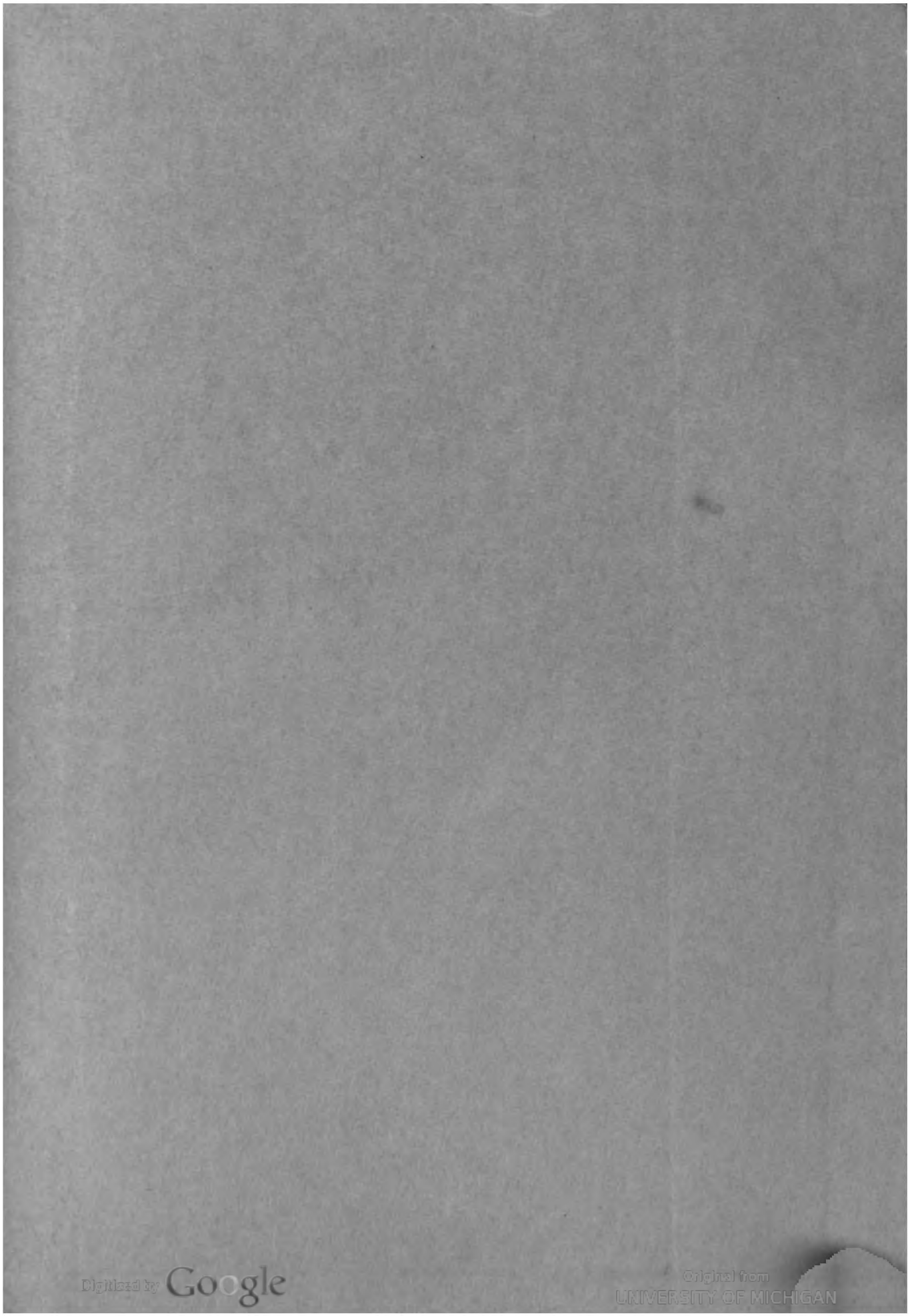
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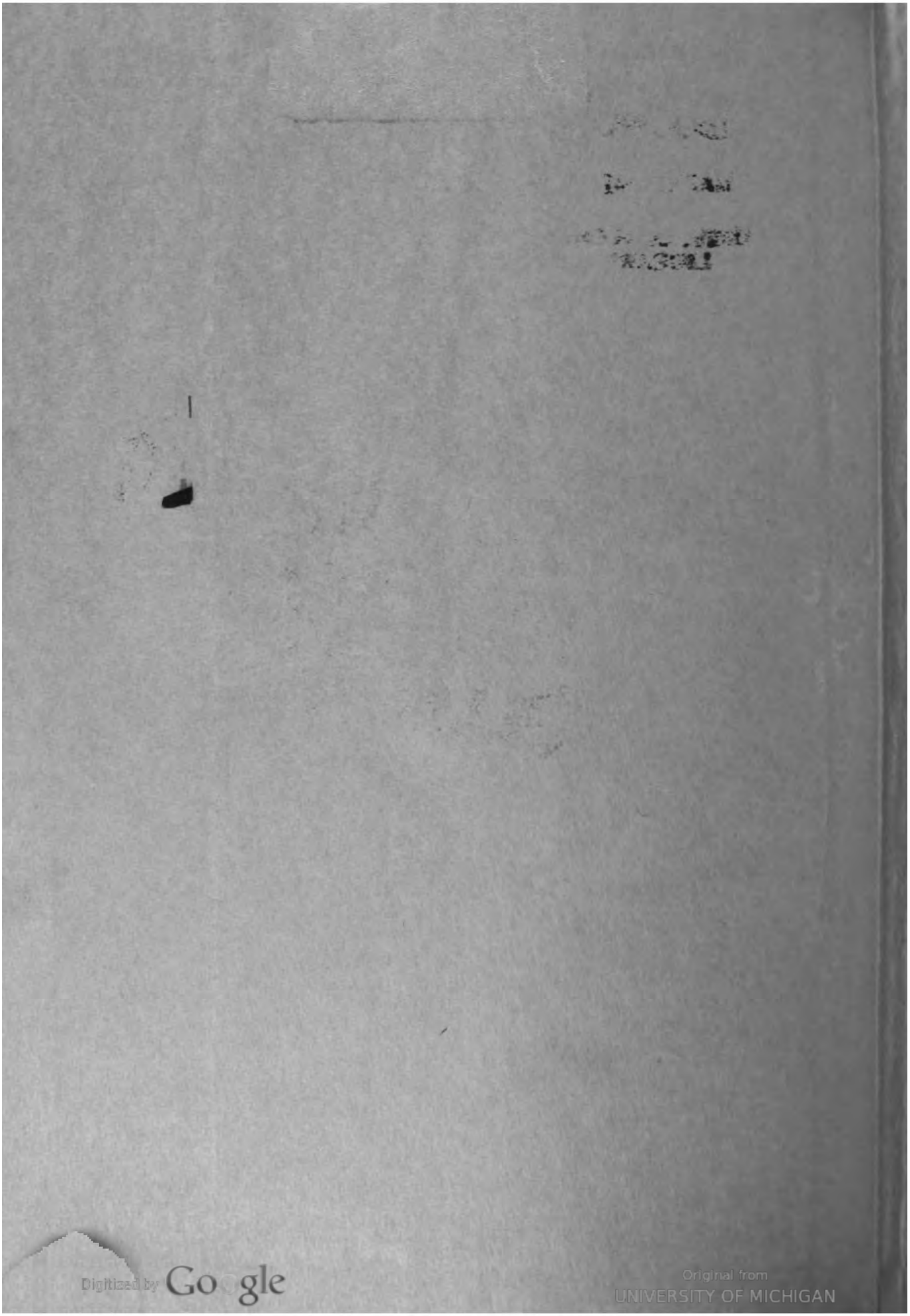
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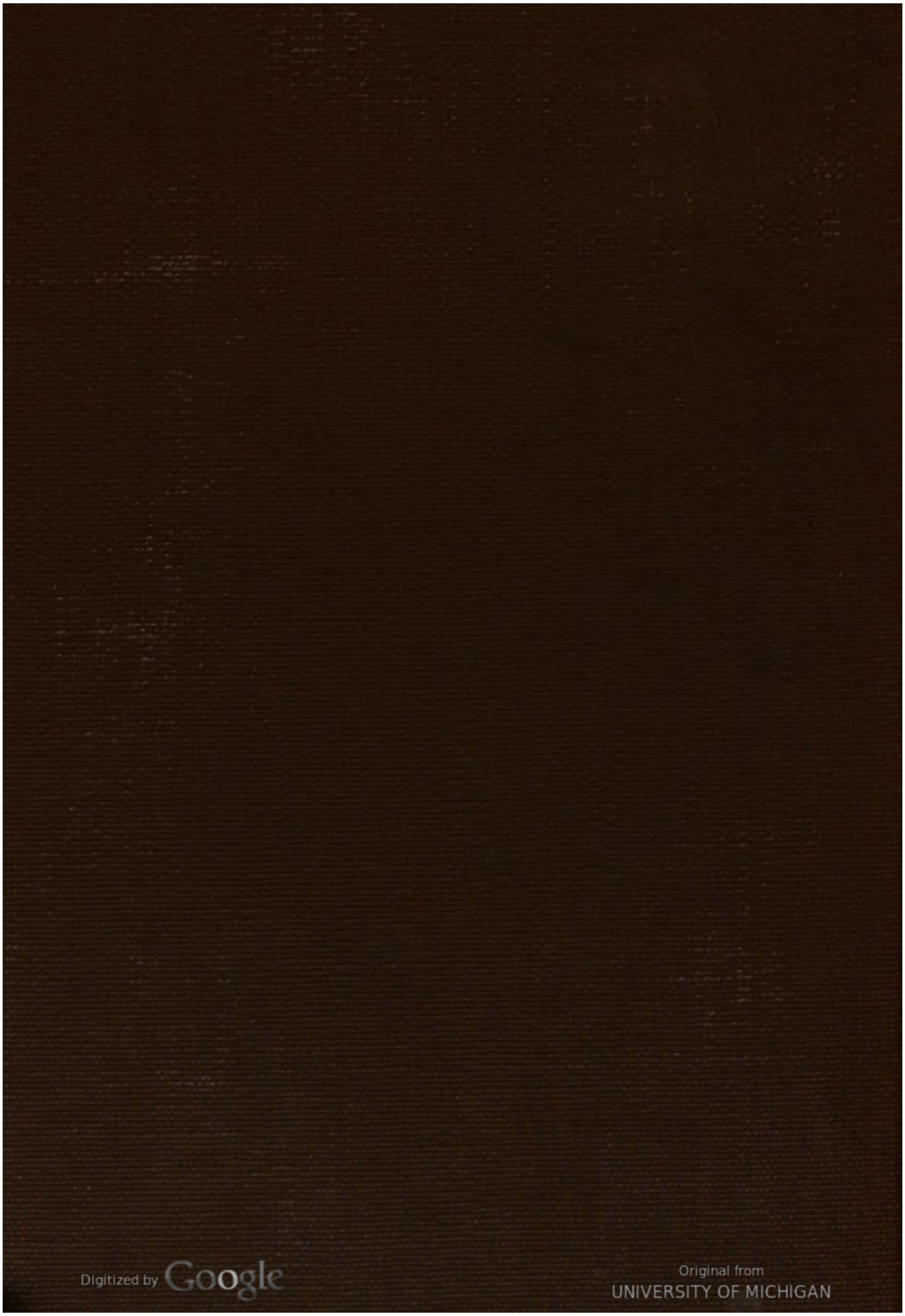
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